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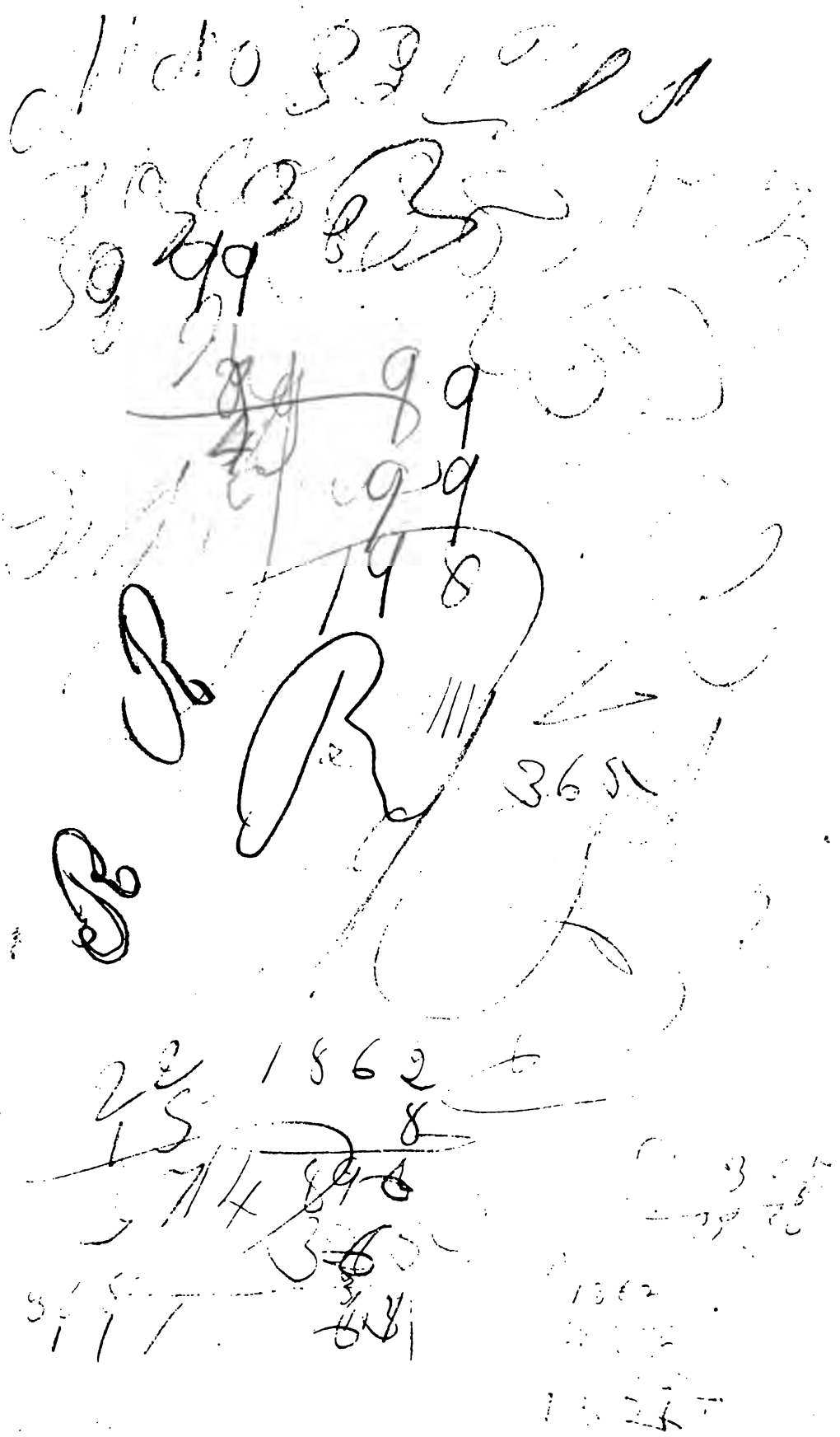

ENGRAVED BY J. SARTAIN. *THE ORIGINAL BY G. DUVAL.*

THE WIFE OF BUNYAN INTERCEDING FOR HIS RELEASE FROM PRISON.

ENGRAVED FOR THE [illegible] MAGAZINE.

THE BATTLE AT BUNKER'S HILL.

THE

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Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

JANUARY, 1862.

From the Westminster Review.

LIFE AND TIMES OF COUNT CAVOUR.*

"THOSE whom the gods love, die young," said the ancients: how fortunate would they have esteemed one who had carried through, with uniform success, an enterprise of such unparalleled audacity that, to borrow the words of Clarendon, speaking of our own great patriot statesman Hampden, he alone had "a heart to conceive, a head to contrive, a tongue to persuade, and a hand to execute it;" and who then died just as he had set his seal on the undertaking which, from being the dream of his youth, became the labor of his manhood, and finally, his claim to the grateful homage of all future generations, sinking down into his grave in the full glory of his intellect, at the very pinnacle of power and fame, amid the tears of friends and relations, mourned for by millions of his own nation who had never even seen his face, while neighboring peoples echoed back the note of woe, and his very enemies bowed their heads in respectful awe. Such fortune would have seemed too much for any one child of earth, yet this was in very truth the lot of Camillo Benso, Count de Cavour, so lately removed from amongst us. Posterity will probably record as its verdict that, though too soon for Italy, for himself his death was the crowning fortune of his life; so high had he climbed, that even fresh successes could scarcely have seemed other than a descent after those

* *Opere Politicke Economiche del Conte Camillo Benso di Cavour.* Cuneo. 1855.
Camillo di Cavour. Commemorazione, per Ciro d'Arco. Torino. 1861.
Camillo Benso di Cavour, dal Professore Roggero Bonghi. Torino. 1860.

that had gone before. In some sense, indeed, his work may be called incomplete, since he sank, like Moses, on the threshold of the promised land, yet so clearly had he marked out the road to be pursued, that the Joshua who caught the emblems of command as they dropped from his dying hand, can scarcely win greater glory than by steadily executing his plans, the triumph of the living being itself a new tribute to the memory of the dead. Could we divest ourselves of personal feelings, we might recognize a poetical appositeness in the death of Cavour ensuing immediately after the first celebration of the *fête* for the national unity of Italy—that darling object for which he had lived and toiled—just as the army, which his genius had roused after the crushing field of Novara, by pointing the way which conducted it to the regenerative baptism of blood on the Tchernaya, at Palestro, and Castelfidardo, had consecrated those triumphs by receiving a new name; so that the first occasion on which the banners inscribed "Armata Italiana" were borne in public, was at the funeral of the very man to whom that designation was mainly owing: never could he have been mourned over with such tenderness and unanimity as at that peculiar moment. It was, however, the singular characteristic of Count de Cavour to inspire attachment, no less than admiration, and as all earthly affection is proverbially selfish, those who at any time had the privilege of approaching him, can not but share in the passionate, and, as it were, personal grief of the Italian people, at the loss of their "Papa Camillo," as the great statesman was affectionately termed, and feel that they would fain have seen his days prolonged, albeit at the expense of dramatic propriety. But he is gone to the bourn whence none ever return, and that lamentation may not be altogether in vain, it is well, before the rapid current of passing events sweeps us too far away, to cast a tributary flower of respect on the lowly tomb of Santèna, and seek to garner up the moral lesson which we can not fail to derive from considering the life and character of one in whom a great state recognizes a founder and a creator.

Camillo Benso, Count de Cavour, was born at Turin on the tenth of August, 1810, the second son of an ancient and illustrious race, tracing back its pedigree far into the dark ages, when we find it already in possession of the fiefs of Chieri, which, acquired about 1150, are still owned by the family, and accordingly its then head, the Marquis Michael Joseph, was a thorough representative of the haughty and bigoted aristocracy of Piedmont, (so much so that the memory of the father for a long while cast a doubtful shadow over the liberal opinions of the son,) while his wife sprang from the no less noble Genevese house of Sellon. Though born at the very zenith of the first French Empire, the future statesman was scarcely more than an infant when the sudden extinction of that splendid meteor brought back from the island of Sardinia Victor Emmanuel I., with all the antiquated religious, political, and legislative institutions of old Piedmont in his train, and therefore, after having received the first rudiments of education at the hands of the Jesuits, he was consigned, in 1820, to the military college of Turin, whence he issued after some years as the page of King Carlo Felice, the last prince of the elder line of the House of Savoy. Such an education would scarcely have seemed fitted to develop the powers of an incipient journalist and liberal minister; but it was the orthodox training for a young noble of old Piedmont, where every member of the aristocracy held himself bound to pass at least some years in the military service of the state, at a time when all advancement depended on the personal pleasure of the sovereign, and the old Marquis looked to nothing beyond. His son, however, seems to have given early indications of his tendency to depart from the common course; for it is recorded that his vivacity and independence of spirit caused no little scandal at the stiff Court of Turin, where he seems to have played the part of Cherubino in Beaumarchais' comedy, while the distinguished Professor Plana already cited him as the best of his mathematical pupils. He, however, found the position of a courtier so uncongenial, that at the age of eighteen he was glad to exchange it for that of a lieutenant in a regiment of engineers quartered at Genoa.

Though so young, he had already attained such proficiency in his professional studies, that he was soon employed in making surveys of the passes of the Alps and Apennines, and it is a singular coïncidence that one of the earliest public employments of the stateman, who, toward

the close of his career, was destined to fix the political frontiers of his country at the natural mountain boundary, should have been the drawing-up of plans for the construction of a fort intended to guard the road from Genoa to Nice. But neither military pursuits, nor the pleasures of his age and society, which Count de Cavour never ceased to enjoy with the keenest relish, sufficed to absorb all the activity of his restless mind. French had been the language of his infancy, and to his death was more familiar to him than even Italian. While still a youth he made himself master of English, which he both spoke and wrote with remarkable facility, and became deeply engaged in the study of Adam Smith and other works bearing on political economy, finance, or the political institutions of our country; so that it is no exaggeration if we date from this early period his deep-rooted admiration and attachment for England. The politics of the day also excited his earnest attention, and while he watched the progress of the English Reform Bill with the liveliest interest, he was already beginning to meditate on the fortunes of Italy. Genoa was then the scene of the first efforts and conspiracies of Mazzini, and though the practical genius of the young Cavour preserved him from the fond belief that the liberty and unity of Italy could be achieved by underground plots and secret machinations, that illusion which has led astray so many noble spirits, wasting, or even worse, talents that might otherwise have been of the greatest service, his liberal opinions were too manifest for him not to incur the displeasure of the authorities, and in 1832, some unguarded expressions consigned him as a punishment to the gloomy garrison of Fort du Bard, in the valley of Aosta.

It was on this occasion that he wrote the following letter to a lady of Turin, who had condoled with him on his misfortune: "Je vous remercie, madame la marquise, pour l'intérêt que vous prenez à ma disgrace; mais croyez le bien, je ferai tout de même ma carrière. J'ai beaucoup d'ambition, une ambition énorme, et lorsque je serai ministre, j'espère que je la justifierai, puis que dans mes rêves je me vois déjà ministre du Royaume l'Italie.— C. CAVOUR." A singular prescience this, in a lieutenant of engineers of twenty-two, undergoing punishment for his liberal opinions, which in an officer, were then considered an offense little short of high treason, especially if we consider the state of Italy, the movements of the Duchies, and Romagna trampled down by a foreign soldiery, Naples apathetic, Austria more powerful than ever, and Charles Albert of Sardinia, the only sovereign who could be suspected of even national tendencies, withheld from all manifestation of them by engagements to his predecessor which seemed to fetter his very soul. It is little less singular that, when shortly afterward, having resigned his commission in the army, Count de Cavour wished to visit Lombardy, the Austrian police should have absolutely denied him leave to enter that province, and though this refusal was rescinded shortly afterward, an order was given to watch him as a most dangerous enemy, and to note the houses in Milan which he visited, and the persons with whom he associated.

In 1835, Count de Cavour left Italy for the first time, and during the seven years he spent abroad, resided alternately in Switzerland, France, and England. The last was the country of his preference; and had the future been unvailed before him, he could scarcely have prepared himself for his great destiny as parliamentary leader and constitutional minister more judiciously, than by the assiduity and eagerness with which he followed the debates of the House of Commons, and studied every social, agricultural, and financial subject that his quick spirit of observation brought under his notice. His views on all these points formed the matter of various pamphlets, in which he first developed his talents as a writer; that on the state and prospects of Ireland, in which we may trace the germination of his ideas on legal resistance to oppression and parliamentary warfare, may be especially cited as one of the most appreciative and remarkable productions on English affairs which ever flowed from a foreign pen, and when Count de Cavour returned home in 1842, it was to apply practically the lessons he had learned abroad.

Times had changed for the better in the course of ten years, and though the field of political action was still closed, the activity of a thoughtful lover of his country might find vent in other directions. Count de Cavour was one of the original founders of the Societá Agraria, (agricultural society,) intended as a means of developing the material resources of Pied-

mont, and he soon became chief editor of the journal of the society, in which he energetically combated (thirty-first August, 1843,) a scheme for establishing model farms under the immediate direction of the government, for even thus early he had embraced the belief that the best guarantee for the progress of a people, is the liberty of initiative. The death of his father having by this time put him in possession of a considerable fortune and large landed estates, he began practically to essay the theories he propounded at Turin, employing as much eloquence and earnestness to persuade his bailiff of the merits of an improved plow, or a new breed of pigs, as he afterward devoted to inducing the chambers to adopt some political plan of unparalleled boldness; for it was characteristic of the man to throw himself heart and soul into the prosecution of any idea that seized hold of him, and while no scheme was too vast for his intelligence, no detail seemed too small to engross his whole attention. Every thought that passed through his mind was either flung aside or grew rapidly into a conviction, which, with a natural expansiveness that has often been charged against him as a tendency to despotism, he eagerly sought to impress on all around him. Nor did these occupations suffice. More from love of excitement than any other motive, he entered on a series of bold speculations (only to be relinquished, suddenly and finally, the day he was appointed a minister of the Crown,) which proved generally successful, much to the surprise of his less venturesome and somewhat commonplace elder brother, who watched his proceedings with affectionate dread lest he should involve himself in difficulties; he made plans for railroads, and was an active promoter of infant schools, and other attempts to improve education.

Five years thus passed away; till, toward the end of 1847, deeming that the time for more direct efforts had at length come, he set up the *Risorgimento*, a paper of moderate and constitutional liberal views, destined to exert no inconsiderable influence, in conjunction with his friends, Counts Balbo and Santa Rosa, Buoncompagni, and Azeglio, himself assuming the office of chief writer and responsible editor. Events were now rapidly maturing to a crisis; the liberalism displayed by Pius IX. at the commencement of his reign, had acted like a spark igniting a train of gunpowder; the Italian party every where raised its head; and in the first days of 1848 the liberals of Piedmont met to consider the course they should pursue. The majority, including the most violent democrats, were in favor of asking for reforms, when Count de Cavour suddenly advocated the demand for a constitution. "Give us but the liberty of speech and writing," he exclaimed, "and all else will speedily follow." A petition was drawn up in accordance with this view, which, though never formally presented to the King, and now long since forgotten, then weighed heavily in the scale favorable to the grant of the Statuto, and when, a few weeks later, a commission was appointed to frame an electoral law, Count de Cavour became one of its principal members. Experience and the extraordinary extension of the State have since then caused many modifications to be introduced; but the essential clauses of the law now in force are still those originally adopted at his suggestion.

We may pass rapidly over the events of the next two years, important though they were, as foreign to our subject, for Count de Cavour exercised no direct influence upon them. Nevertheless he speedily made himself remarked by the singularly independent and original attitude he assumed in the first Sardinian chamber, where he sat as deputy for the college of Turin, which, save for one short interval, he continued to represent till his death, and took his place in the center. Holding aloof from all factions, his conduct was ever that of one who felt in himself the strength to form a party of his own, and to take upon his own shoulders all the responsibility of power. Thus, though denounced as a renegade by those with whom birth and education would naturally have connected him, and in spite of his having been one of the first to proclaim the necessity of war to the knife with Austria, the left soon perceived who was their most formidable antagonist, and the extreme democrats vowed against him that deadly hatred which, kept down during the latter years of his life by dread of his sharp sarcasm and unfailing logic, alone dared to break forth in indecent exultation over his tomb. The force of those weapons was not then known, and Count de Cavour found himself the butt of unceasing attacks both in the press and the chamber, where, when the arguments of

his opponents failed, the cries and hisses of the tribunes often drowned his voice. This enmity even went so far as to cause an unknown candidate to be preferred to him in the elections of January, 1849. But the future minister was not one to be turned from his course by idle clamor; he went his way, opposing or supporting the ministries that rapidly succeeded one another during that stormy epoch, in obedience to the dictates of his conscience, acknowledging but one aim, one principle—the greatness and good of Italy, the inviolable sanctity of the law. From the fourth of July, when he made his maiden speech on the bill for the annexation of Lombardy, he was perpetually in the breach, pouring forth in the tribune—as long as that remained open to him—and through the columns of the *Risorgimento*, his views on every question of the day. In these emanations of his intellect, all, whether written or spoken, remarkable for vigor of expression, clearness of view, and logical sequence of argument, we can not fail to recognize the leading ideas which inspired his ministerial career. His depth of acquired knowledge on financial subjects was not more singular than the native loftiness of spirit which, so early as 22d July, 1848, led him to induce the Chamber to reject all exceptional legislation for the maintenance of public order, while in the rare cases in which he entered on the field of speculation, as, for example, the speech on the opportunity or inopportunity of war, (20th October, 1848,) and the article entitled "Revolutionary Methods," of the 16th November, his words, now that we read by the light of subsequent events, seem those of one endowed with the gift of second-sight. By all these efforts, Count de Cavour made himself noted among the statesmen of Piedmont; but public opinion, which once conquered was never to waver in its allegiance to him, was first conciliated in his favor by his recommendation of Count Siccardi as keeper of the Seals, and his speech on the abolition of the ecclesiastical tribunals, (7th March, 1850,) in which we discern the early workings of his mind on the great problem which occupied his last days, *Chiesa libera in libero Stato;* and it was not till the following October, that, on the death of Count Santa Rosa, Minister of Commerce, Massimo d'Azeglio, the then Premier, proposed to the King his nomination to the vacant post. "Take care," observed Victor Emmanuel, "if Cavour once enter the Cabinet, he will soon be master of you all." Never was prophecy more literally fulfilled.

Had Piedmont been a great state, the acts of Count de Cavour, during the time he remained a member of the Azeglio Cabinet, would have sufficed to secure to him a lasting European reputation. From the moment he entered the Government, intrusted with the departments of commerce and agriculture, and of marine, to which the portfolio of finance was added early in 1851, he practically commenced the peculiar work of his life—the organization of the conservative forces of his country, and their direction to the achievement of the ends of revolutions; for the characteristic which, more than any other, sets him apart from all cotemporary statesmen, is, that with aspirations no less ardent and entire than those of Mazzini himself, his chosen instruments were the upper and middle classes—in Italy, even more than elsewhere, imbued with the constitutional timidity of men who have a large stake to risk. The position was a most difficult one. Piedmont was isolated both without and within the peninsula; her constitution was the object of constant attacks, in which extreme conservatives and democrats equally joined; her finances were shattered. It was no ordinary man who could then foresee the day when she would become the keystone of the arch of Italian liberty; and had they been ends, as they were only means, the treaties of commerce with England and the minor states of Europe, (1851,) with France, (1852,) the systematic inauguration of the strategic railway net, and the entire reconstruction of the tariff on free-trade principles, would have seemed colossal enterprises under such circumstances. Yet, though Cavour dared all this, supporting his measures in a series of speeches on finance, commerce, and the press, among which we may specially cite those on free-trade, (14th April, 1851,) on the press, (5th January,) the budget, (28th January,) and the French treaty, (8th April, 1852,) so masterly, as in each successive case to obtain the assent of the chambers; and, more than this, by applying his consummate knowledge of English parliamentary tactics, impressed upon the Sardinian chambers those usages of business

and courteous discussion which have especially distinguished them from all other free continental assemblies. Piedmont was so microscopic a state, that her progress remained totally unperceived save by those whom fortuitous circumstances led to take a special interest in the affairs of Italy; and even in the peninsula itself, few, if any, appreciated the skill which, in the treaties of commerce, foreshadowed the system of alliances to culminate in the Crimea; or when, in May, 1852, Count de Cavour broke with Azeglio and the majority of his colleagues, on the express grounds that they were tampering with interests which admitted of no compromise — even divined that the foundations of a great Italian monarchy were already laid.

At the end of the session, Count de Cavour paid a flying visit to England and France; and it was on this occasion, we believe, that he first met, face to face, the man with whom his destiny was to be so intimately connected, Napoleon III., who at once received him with the utmost cordiality. Soon, however, he was called home by the approaching opening of the Chambers, to see his calculations of the previous spring verified by the resignation of the Azeglio Cabinet, which, weakened by its failure to obtain a favorable concordat from Rome, did not feel equal to encountering a fresh parliamentary campaign deprived of its best champion. The King first summoned Cavour, but he having made it an absolute condition that every thought of further negotiation with the Papal court should be abandoned, various other combinations were essayed by Marquis Alfieri and Count Balbo, and it was not until all had failed, that Cavour received *carte blanche*, and, in the beginning of November, composed a government, in which he himself assumed the presidency of the council and the ministry of finance, to which, later, he added foreign affairs, one department never seeming enough for his insatiable activity. Henceforth first, or rather sole minister, for his colleagues were but pawns to be moved or set aside according to the exigencies of his game, secretaries whom he changed without exciting even the passing curiosity of the public, so certain was it that he would stamp upon all the potent impress of his own genius, he advanced toward his aim with longer and bolder strides, and we too must now take a wider range, for from this time, Sardinia was wedded to the Cavourian policy, by it to stand or fall, and the biography of one man becomes the history of Italy.

At first, however, Count de Cavour seemed disposed to devote himself to the completion of the internal reforms. He was preparing the dwarf Piedmont for a life-and-death-struggle with the giant Austria, and he felt the necessity of providing armor of proof, and of carefully testing every plate of the cuirass; so the internal administration, the code, the tariff, finances, public works, and education, the material resources of the country, were all reformed and developed in such a way as to bring them into harmony with one another and with the general design. But sword and banner were no less requisite than hauberk and shield, and as the one could only be the sub-Alpine army, no pains were spared to discipline that into a force, small indeed, yet perfect in its minute proportions, a task in which General della Marmora, Minister of War, showed himself a most worthy seconder, so the other was necessarily the tricolor of Italy, an opportunity of grasping which was not long to seek. The insurrection of Milan was taken by Austria as a pretext for sequestrating the estates of Lombard proprietors naturalized in Piedmont, (with the consent of the Imperial Government, be it remarked,) and when, after a spirited but fruitless diplomatic skirmish on their behalf, Count de Cavour haughtily recalled the Sardinian envoy from Vienna, Italians of all parties joined in applauding him; and still further encouraged by the liberal measures which made all natives of the peninsula eligible to public employment in Piedmont, thus making them in every respect the equals of the born subjects of the king, as soon as they elected their domicile within his states, they began to open their eyes to his ulterior views, and to see in him the captain of their national enterprise (a revulsion of feeling to which the total defeat of the Republicans indirectly contributed in no small degree) and the spokesman who might plead their cause before the tribunal of Europe.

While thus drawing on himself the favorable attention of his countrymen, Count de Cavour proceeded to draw closer that alliance with the more advanced sections of the chamber, toward which he had been tending for some time,

by taking into the ministry Signor Rattazzi, chief of the left center. This course has often been attacked as inconsistent, but although Cavour doubtless offers us the rare example of a statesman who grew less conservative as he advanced in his career, we are rather disposed to see in it a testimony to his real consistency. Let us explain. From 1848 till the end of 1851, the chief danger incurred by the Piedmontese constitution was that of submersion in the flood of democracy; then was the time to build dykes, for the priestly absolutist party was entirely impotent, but this relative position was reversed after the *coup d'état* in France, and still more so after the Austrian victory at Milan, and Cavour was clear-sighted enough to perceive that in order to guard the Statuto from the new peril, it was necessary to welcome every section of liberals willing to unite under its ægis, a perspicacity by which, to borrow the thought of Macchiavelli, he proved himself one of the few who know how and when to change their weapons and mode of warfare, according to the circumstances in which they are placed. This union was all the more necessary, as besides the diplomatic skirmish already mentioned, Count de Cavour was now taking measures calculated to excite to the utmost the hostility of Austria, by strengthening the defenses of Casale and Alessandria, and in proposing to transfer the naval arsenal from Genoa to La Spezia, an act which, though defensible on commercial grounds, was certainly prompted by deep motives of policy. These three measures, especially the first and third, encountered unusual opposition in the chamber, and it was in the debate on the last, that allowing himself to be carried away by the heat of discussion, in answer to the reproach that he was risking the very existence of the navy by placing its arsenal within a few miles of a hostile frontier, Count de Cavour suddenly, and for one moment, raised the vail which still shrouded his dearest thoughts, by exclaiming: "Who assures the honorable deputy that La Spezia will not one day be rather in the center than at the extreme point of our territory?" He said no more, but this cry of his heart, backed by the more cogent reasons adduced by his intellect, satisfied the chamber, and the project of law was voted.*

The poet sings—

"There is a tide in the affairs of man,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

And equally are there crises in the life of nations, which, as they are improved or neglected, make or mar the destiny of generations. Such a moment was now approaching for Italy. Early in 1854, France and England concluded their offensive alliance against Russia, and the courteous intimation of the event, usual in diplomatic intercourse, was followed up in December by a formal invitation to Sardinia to join in the league. It would be hard to prove, though we are inclined to believe that Count de Cavour provoked the invitation; but however that may be, he eagerly grasped the opportunity thus held out to him of at once rousing the army from the depression caused by the crushing defeat of Novara, and of placing the third-rate state he governed on a line with the great powers, and a treaty was speedily concluded, followed by a military and financial convention, in which, by scornfully rejecting any advantage to be obtained at the sacrifice of independence, and above all, the tempting prospect of a a subsidy, Piedmont assumed a footing of equality with her colossal allies.

Our readers may still remember the cry of astonishment, almost of derision, that rang through Europe at the news. Such audacity seemed incredible, it was David returned to life, again to defy Goliath, and no where was surprise and even dismay stronger than in Piedmont itself. The army, indeed, rejoiced at the prospect opened to it, but the politicians were loud and almost unanimous in their remonstrances. Members of the Cabinet, among whom General Dabormida, minister of foreign affairs, resigned office rather than affix his signature to a treaty he considered fatal, and the usually docile parliamentary majority suddenly turned restive, the men best known for their devotion to Italy were the most hostile, but Cavour stood firm. Within and without the chamber, such patriots as Tecchio, Pallavicino, Manin, and many others we could mention, vehemently denounced

* It may interest some of our readers to learn the prevision of Cavour in urging this bill, as one that admitted of no delay, by the fact, that the works at La Spezia, though actively pushed forward, are yet incomplete, and that the first project presented to the chambers after his death was one relating to them, found in his portfolio.

the treaty. The very idea of squandering the resources of the country for interests that only indirectly concerned her, in face of a yearly deficit, when every penny was required for objects of vital importance, and of shedding Italian blood in a foreign and distant quarrel, when the army might any day be called upon to defend its own homesteads, was represented as insanity, while running the risk that the banner of Piedmont might one day find itself floating beside that of Austria, was stigmatized as treason to the memory of Charles Albert, the abandonment of every dearest aim, and the ruin of Piedmont and of liberty was confidently prognosticated if the chamber consented to the treaty; but all this torrent of opposition was powerless to make Camillo de Cavour swerve from his conviction that, to cite his own words, "The independence of Italy must be conquered in the Crimea." Two noble soldiers alone fully shared his views and his hopes, their big hearts bounding at the conception of his vast intellect, and well was it for Italy that those hearts beat in the breasts of the King and of the dying Duke of Genoa. Both were so earnest in their approval, that the latter claimed for himself the chief command of the expedition, hoping thus to forestall his fatal malady by dying, as he lived, for Italy, and when death cut short that design, Victor Emmanuel, broken in spirit by the successive loss of wife, mother, and brother, even proposed to abdicate in favor of the Prince of Piedmont, and go to the Crimea as his general. Strong in such support, Cavour declared he would change every one of his colleagues and dissolve parliament, rather than give up one iota of his plan. Then, and then only, after a long and spirited debate, in the course of which the great statesman defended himself in one of the finest speeches ever heard from his lips, the chamber yielded, though with fear and gloomy forebodings, and ratified the treaty by a small majority, in the spirit of self-sacrificing loyalty which is so peculiarly characteristic of the Piedmontese.

The issue is well known, and within a few short months, the foremost opponents of the treaty were fain to rejoice at their own defeat, while the members of the majority congratulated themselves on the unbending allegiance to their sovereign and his representative which had stood them in lieu of conviction. But before we proceed to narrate the results of this daring measure, we must mark the completion of the scheme of internal reforms. The part concerning religious corporations had been left to the last, with a hope that the court of Rome might in time show itself better disposed to conciliation, but this illusion having finally been dispelled, a bill was presented to parliament at the end of 1854, for the suppression of a large number of chapters and convents, the members of which were to be pensioned off, and the surplus of their property applied to the better payment of the parochial clergy, and various charitable and educational purposes, the cloisters being appropriated for barracks, hospitals, or other objects of public utility; while such orders as had entitled themselves to exemption by their care of the sick or the young, were to be consolidated and reformed, for idleness being one of the greatest of sins in the eyes of the ever-active Cavour, he, not misled by blind prejudice, or revolutionary passion, was as ready to preserve those orders that in any way rendered themselves useful to society, as he was anxious to abolish such as lived in luxurious sloth, or demoralized the people by investing mendicity with the sanctity of a religious calling.

In his allocution of the twenty-second January, 1855, the Pope hurled all the thunders of the Church at the heads of the impious authors and supporters of this law, while, as if secretly doubting the efficacy of these spiritual weapons, he ordered the whole correspondence between the courts of Rome and Turin to be published, thus appealing to public opinion, a tribunal whose verdict was so little dreaded by Count de Cavour, that he caused the Papal edition of these documents to be reprinted and circulated as widely as possible. Not all the wrath of the Vatican, nor even the more formidable artillery booming in the Crimea, and the cares entailed upon him by the treaty, were able to arrest the progress of the convent bill. The public discussion began in the middle of February, and it passed both chambers before the end of spring. Details still required correction, but the main scheme of reform was henceforth complete, and Piedmont stood biding her time, girt with the panoply of her liberal institutions.

The battle of Traktir (16th August, 1855) restored the reputation of the Sar-

dinian army and its generals, and though untoward circumstances prevented the brigade under Cialdini from taking its destined part in the storming of Malakoff, condemning it to remain all day in the trenches under the galling fire of the fortress, enough had been done to prove that the Italian tricolor might worthily wave by that of France, and Della Marmora was admitted to the councils of war on equal terms with the leaders of the mightier hosts. When the subalpine parliament met at the end of autumn, many doubts and prejudices had already been dispelled, and supplies were voted with unusual readiness. But now it was for the diplomatists of Piedmont to continue in the Cabinet the work that her generals had so well begun in the field. Negotiations opened during the winter: Count de Cavour, having already secured all the advantages he had promised himself from war, was now foremost in wishing for peace, and we believe the arguments he urged, while accompanying his sovereign on a visit to the courts of Windsor and the Tuileries, to have been by no means uninfluential in promoting the congress of the following year. At all events, it was at this time that Napoleon III. first inquired of him, "What can be done for Italy?" a question which called forth in reply the celebrated memorandum known as that of the twenty-seventh March, 1856.

When the conferences were first appointed, it had been intended to send Massimo d'Azeglio to Paris as the Sardinian plenipotentiary; but the difficulty of giving him precise instructions was so great, that he speedily withdrew his acceptance of the office, and Count de Cavour, seeing no other worthy to be intrusted with a mission at once so delicate and important, resolved to take it upon himself. As the representative of a belligerent power, he was able to assume a tone most provoking to Austria, and in spite of her protests, took an active part in every discussion, signing the final treaty on equal terms with the other plenitotentiaries. Returned to Turin, Count de Cavour, on the sixth of May, rendered an account of his mission, and after reading his note of the sixteenth of April, was enabled, in proud consciousness of his triumph, to announce to the deputies, and through them to the whole country, that the Italian question was now fairly launched on the sea of diplomacy, England and France, by recording the opinion that its present state must be remedied in the general interest of Europe, having virtually pledged themselves to seek its solution, and that, far from the relations of Austria and Piedmont having been drawn closer by the almost daily meetings of their envoys at the same council-board, the gulf separating the political systems of the two states had never been more clearly defined than since the Imperial ambassadors were forced to sit in the position of culprits at the bar, and had not even dared to put forward a defense, when the wrongs and woes of Italy were denounced before the judgment-seat of Europe and of public opinion.

A great step had evidently been made. All Italy rang with acclamations: addresses of congratulation, medals of honor, poured from all sides on "him who defended her with raised vizor." * The noblest of the Italian exiles, Manin, abdicated his republican doctrines, declaring that Italy must be one, with Victor Emmanuel as her King, and made himself the chief promoter of a scheme for arming the new fortifications of Alessandria by national subscription, thus recognizing them as works of general utility, and Piedmont as the bulwark of the peninsula. The idea became so popular that the original number of one hundred guns was considerably increased, and they may now be seen on the walls of the fortress of the old Lombard League, inscribed with the names of the cities or provinces that offered them; and when the Sardinian regiments returned from the Crimea, their entry into Turin was every where celebrated as a national festivity. A vulgar observer would have thought that Cavour might now have rubbed his hands, (his constant gesture when pleased,) congratulating himself in unalloyed delight on his progress toward realizing the dream of his youth; but he was one whom no triumph could dazzle, and while a nation applauded, never had the obstacles to final success seemed to him more numerous or more formidable. Yet he shrank not from his purpose, and though he was once observed walking up and down his cabinet, in an hour of vexation, gloomily communing with his own heart as to whether it would not be wise in him, decorated with the highest hon-

* This was the inscription on the bust offered by Tuscany.

ors his sovereign could bestow, and possessed of all the gifts of fortune, to retire from the game rather than again set upon the die the European reputation for statesmanship he had just conquered, the fit of despondency soon passed away, and, striking his hand upon the table, he vehemently exclaimed, "But no; at all hazards Italy must be made, shall be made, and made by me!" This was indeed his one and true ambition; for this he sought power, not as an object, but as a means; and standing alone as he did in the grandeur of his own soul, without wife or child to smile upon his solitary hearth, Italy was as mother, and mistress, and daughter are to other and lesser men.

As compared with the years that succeeded, 1857 and 1858 seem tame and barren of events; but if we examine them more closely, we shall see that, as a ship of war does not sail forth upon the open sea without long preparation and toil in the dock-yards, so those years were the necessary forerunners of the more exciting ones to follow, and that without the previous coördination of parts, the great Italian drama could never have been played. The war of notes and protocols must precede that of shells and bullets, while the Italian populations must be disciplined to act unanimously, and take advantage of any opportunity that might present itself. Cavour steadily pursued both objects. In January, 1857, the Emperor Francis Joseph visited Milan, but no envoy of Victor Emmanuel complimented him on his arrival, and when, furious at the coldness of the Lombards, he ordered his diplomatic agents and paid press violently to denounce Piedmont as if her free government and journals were the sole causes, insisting on the modification of the one, and the suppression of the other; the dignified language of the notes and articles that appeared at Turin, upholding the independence of the state, and defending the liberties granted by the statute, made this vituperation recoil upon the heads of its authors, and all Europe applauded when diplomatic intercourse, tamely carried on by *chargés d'affaires* for the last four years, was entirely broken off. The enthusiasm and affection of Italy for the King and Minister of Sardinia daily increased, and, to train these feelings into engines of practical applicability, the "National Society" now formed itself at Turin, with the tacit consent of the government. This association, organized, though for a political purpose, after the model of the Manchester Corn-Law League, comprised all sections of Liberals, and, by its sub-committees, soon spread its ramifications through every city and village of Northern and Central Italy, and penetrated, though less completely, even into the southern provinces, every where pursuing its appointed task of instructing the people by the diffusion of news, and a knowledge of the ways in which liberal institutions work, training them to act together in such force as pacifically to compel their princes either to join Victor Emmanuel in the great purpose of expelling the foreigner, or to bind up their fate with that of Austria, by repairing to her camps, and thus leaving their subjects to act for themselves. When fully known, the history of this society will be one of the future curiosities of literature; here we need only allude to it sufficiently to make clear to our readers the uses to which it was put at a later period by Count de Cavour; for though we can not doubt his having been secretly cognizant of its acts, and many of its leaders were his personal friends, he never took even the smallest part in its proceedings.

The crisis was gradually drifting nearer. Count de Cavour was well aware that open war with Austria must break out sooner or later. He also knew that the material resources of Piedmont could not indefinitely resist the strain put upon them for so many years, and that her army of sixty thousand men, however excellent, even though reïnforced by the volunteers of all Italy, could not adequately encounter the imperial forces, and he anxiously looked around him for allies. He was too well acquainted with England, the country of his predilections, to hope active aid from her; France was his only resource. When and how negotiations were opened and carried on, whether the first overtures came from Paris or Turin, are questions which will probably not be fully answered until every individual interested in them shall sleep in the grave, and which we will not even attempt to solve. This much we know. In September, 1858, Count de Cavour visited Napoleon III. at the baths of Plombières, and, after long and frequent conferences, succeeded in convincing him that the state of Italy had in no respect improved during the two years that had elapsed since the Congress of Paris, and that there was no hope of amelioration

arising from any diplomatic remonstrances that could be addressed to Austria, or to the smaller sovereigns, so long as they could count upon her coöperation in forcibly suppressing the discontent of their subjects. These points once proved to his satisfaction, the Emperor clearly saw that the supremacy of Austria over the whole peninsula, not contemplated even by the treaties of 1815, must one day become fatal to the European balance of power; and we believe it to have been agreed, that France should aid Sardinia in expelling Austria from Lombardy and Venetia, and annexing those provinces, receiving Savoy and Nice in return. The marriage of Prince Napoleon was also discussed, and the fate of the secondary Italian princes was left to be decided by events.

Had Austria strictly confined herself to the limits assigned by the final settlement of Vienna, her position would have been diplomatically unassailable, since her Italian provinces were secured to her by the same title-deed which gave Genoa to Piedmont; fortunately, however, for the designs of Count de Cavour, her tenure was incompatible with good government in any part of the peninsula, and between treaties, family alliances, and armed occupations, she had for forty-four years maintained a supremacy contrary to the public law of Europe, and having obtained a guarantee against brute force, the Sardinian premier was not slow to take advantage of this flaw in her case. On either side the Alps the war of words began toward the close of 1858; and while the singular address of the Emperor Napoleon to the Austrian ambassador on the first of January intimated to the world in general the dissension which had arisen between the two empires, and the warlike speech of Victor Emmanuel, ten days later, roused the enthusiasm and hopes of the Italians, demonstrations the homogeneity of which was soon made manifest by the hastily concluded matrimonial alliance between the reigning houses of France and Piedmont, Austria found no better argument than the strengthening of her garrisons, the massing of her troops on the frontier, and the taking up of a large loan—evident preparations for war, which Count de Cavour lost no time in putting in the strongest light both in his circulars to the diplomatic agents abroad, and in his speeches to the Parliament at home.

TO BE CONCLUDED.

From the British Quarterly.

OLD ICELAND—THE BURNT NJAL.*

TRULY Iceland, that region of perpetual frost and fire, that "ultima Thule" of the habitable globe, is attracting no little attention just now. We have had of late yacht-voyages to Iceland, and rambles in Iceland, and ladies' visits to Iceland, besides Commander Forbes's elaborate work on its volcanoes and geysers, for the information and amusement of stay-at-home travelers; while advertisements of pleasant little parties to visit the "lions" of Iceland meet us in the weekly literary periodicals, and letters appear in the *Times* pointing out the best routes, and giving most useful warnings as to guides, and most needful information on all subjects relating to the commissariat department. Meanwhile, here are two handsome volumes, with maps of Iceland, ancient and modern, and plans of its ancient halls, and a most interesting introduction and elaborate appendices, placed before us by Dr. Dasent, illustrative of life among its ancient inhabitants nine centuries ago, and telling the tale, more popular among

* *The Story of Burnt Njal, or Life in Iceland at the End of the Tenth Century, from the Icelandic of Njals Saga.* By GEORGE WEBBE DASENT, D.C.L., with an Introduction, Maps, and Plans. Two Volumes. Edmonston & Douglas. 1861.

them than any other, of wise Njal, and his tragic end. A work from Dr. Dasent on such a subject would command attention even were its merits less; but this claims especial notice as the finest specimen extant of the Icelandic Saga, while the introductory essay supplies very important information respecting the early history, the every day life, and especially the legal usages of the people among whom its sad story took place.

The earliest inhabitants—probably the discoverers of Iceland — Dr. Dasent remarks, were not the Norwegian sea-rovers. Already, in the eighth century, Culdee anchorites had sought that remote solitude, and left traces of their residence in their cells and church-furniture. Positive evidence, indeed, of this earlier occupation by these peaceful anchorites is supplied by Dicuilus, an Irish monk, who, in the year 825, in a work entitled *De Mensurâ Orbis*, related that at least thirty years before he had seen and spoken with several monks who had visited the island of Thule, as they called it: "Besides other particulars, the story is accompanied with a calculation of the duration of the seasons and length of days at different times of the year, which shows clearly that Iceland, and Iceland alone, could have been visited by these anchorites." These first settlers died off, and then, more than half a century after, came the Northmen — stern contrast to the peaceful, solitary, meditative Culdees — heathen men, prompt for battle, and "whose creed was work rather than prayer."

Still it was no savage or servile race that now colonized Iceland. They fled from their fathers' land to avoid the yoke of kingly tyranny imposed by Harold Fairhead — that new and galling imposition which made them the king's men at all times, instead of his only at certain times for special service, and that burthen, always so intolerable at first to a rising people, taxation. Although all this might be a "a step in the great march of civilization and progress," so it did not seem to these haughty freemen. The Northman fought against it long, and at length, worsted in the struggle, "sullenly withdrew from the field, and left the land of his fathers, where, as he thought, no freeborn man could now care to live." Ingolf was the first settler in Iceland, in the year 874, and was soon followed by many of his countrymen:

"Now, too, we hear of the Northman in all lands. Now France, now Italy, now Spain feels the fury of his wrath and the weight of his arm. After a time, he spreads his wings for a wider flight, and takes service under the great Emperor at Byzantium or Micklegarth—the great city, the town of towns — and fights his foes from whatever quarter they may come. The Moslem in Sicily and Asia, the Bulgarians and Sclavonians on the shores of the Black Sea and in Greece, well knew the temper of the Northern steel, which has forced many of their chosen champions to bite the dust. Wherever he goes, the Northman leaves his mark, and to this day the lions of the Acropolis are scored with runes which tell of his triumph."

But the Northman was not merely the stern soldier or the fierce Viking. Even before Christianity had set her seal on him, he displayed excellences and virtues which we seek in vain for among the heroes of classical story. "To do things like a man, without looking to the right or the left," was the Northman's boast; and much was included in this. If he killed his foeman, it was openly; if the foeman slept, he must be awakened, and challenged; the evil-doer was to be openly defied; and even "the law of the strong hand" had its limitation. To say "stand and deliver" to the well-armed traveler was allowable, but "to creep to a man's abode secretly, at dead of night, and spoil his goods, was looked upon as infamy of the worst kind." Nor were gentler feelings unrecognized. The slain foeman was not to be left unburied, although a mere strewing of gravel might be the only rite possible to be bestowed. In almost the self-same words as those which, centuries after, the author of *Ysaie le Triste* uses, the Northman is bidden to be "gentle and generous to his friends and kinsmen; to be stern and grim toward his foes, but even toward them to fulfill all bounden duties; finally, to be neither truce-breaker, talebearer, nor backbiter. To utter nothing against any man that he would not tell him to his face; to turn no man from his door who sought food or shelter, even though he were a foe—such were the features of that steadfast faithful spirit which he brought with him to his new home." Very graphically do we find all these qualities illustrated in the fine saga to which we are about to call the reader's attention.

"Clinging to his natural kingship and priesthood as inalienable rights, and trusting to his own good sword, the Northman steered for Iceland, bringing with him his Odin worship, with the holy pillars of his high seat, the props of his tribunal, and the ornament of his drinking-hall; and sometimes he even brought with him a portion of the sacred soil itself—a foot or two of Norway earth—on which to pitch these holy pillars, or to rear a new shrine in a strange land in honor of the ancient gods." Dr. Dasent considers it idle—as very probably it is—"to attempt to trace in the creed which revered Odin and the Æsirs as gods, any echo of the Hebrew doctrine of the One True God;" but although the character of Odin and the nature of his Valhalla are singularly true to the character of the Northman, we can scarcely believe that "his creed was home-made." In a passage of great beauty, but too long for quotation, Dr. Dasent very ingeniously shows how, "in the gray dawn of time, came a worship of the elements," for they are more potent than the worshiper. Then, as he subdues nature to his service, he adores the god of the fields, or worships the hunter's god; and then, while "for every step which he makes in social progress he fills a new niche in the Pantheon of his faith, he at last rises to feelings and emotions, and adores his own passions as the gods of war, love, and song." But while the truth of all this may be allowed, surely the coïncidence of the Odin creed in some of its most marked peculiarities with that of the ancient world, seems to point to the fact that the religion, like the tales of the Northman, must have been derived from an Eastern and most ancient source. That the stern warrior should adore a god of war, and look forward to a Valhalla, was natural enough; but from whence came the sacrifice and the sprinkled blood, the holy fire too, which was to burn unquenchably on the altar, and that singular mode of taking possession of land, "hallowing" it by surrounding it with a ring of fire?

In their social condition the Icelanders, though simple and patriarchal in their habits, were far removed from barbarism. Although marriage was a matter of bargain and sale, the maiden, we find, expected to be consulted as to her willingness; and although the master of the household seems to have possessed an almost despotic power over his thralls and younger children, the mistress fully shared, and sometimes successfully disputed his authority. When Atli, the homeless man, inquires for Njal and his son, that he may proffer his service, and asks Bergthora, "Hast thou any voice in things here?" "I am Njal's wife," she replies, "and I have as much to say to our house-folk as he," and she forthwith hires him. Hallgerda's unrestrained power over her household involves her husband in continued feuds and losses, but even wise Njal never ventures to suggest that a little control might be beneficial. This equality of men and women is more remarkable, inasmuch as there appears to have been little trace of that chivalrous feeling which produced the "woman worship" of a later period. The households were large, and both master and mistress did not eat the bread of idleness. The stores of provisions were dealt out by the housewife, who also spun, and sewed, and wove, and set her maidens to the same occupations; while the master, although it might be a man of great wealth and power, literally "turned his hand to any thing." "These men were no idlers. They worked hard, and all, high and low, worked. In no land does the dignity of labor stand out so boldly. The greatest chiefs sow and reap, and drive their sheep. The mightiest warriors were the handiest carpenters and smiths. Njal's sons are busy at armorer's work, like the sons of the mythical Ragnar before them. To do something and to do it well was the Icelander's aim in life."

Iceland in these early days seems to have been far more fertile than it now is. Vast flocks of sheep fed on the fells, while wide tracts of meadow-land supplied hay for the winter provision of large studs of horses, and great herds of cattle, that roamed upon the hills and fells in summer. Hay was the main staple of the Icelander to supply his horses and cattle; but corn and even wheat was also grown, mostly in inclosures near the homestead. "It is needless," remarks Dr. Dasent, "to heap quotation on quotation to support what must be well known to every reader of the Sagas, that corn grew in Iceland in old times, just as wood grew there, and wood big enough to build a few ships, and abundantly enough to be used for charcoal burning." The houses of

this period were simple enough buildings; one huge apartment, the hall, where the family lived during the day, and where, in portions shut up from the rest, the chief persons slept at night, and outhouses and farm-buildings, all opening upon a yard. Some of these halls were of huge dimensions, even two hundred feet long. Dr. Dasent has given us plans of one of these halls, with its high-pitched open-timbered roof, its low "side-aisles," as we might call them, and the central lofty nave, with long hearths for fire down the middle, with louvres above to let out the smoke; and the benches on either side, with the "high seat," while before them the tables were placed, and to which, on occasion of a great concourse of guests, rows of stools were added. The raised platform, or dais, at the upper end of the hall, also a place of honor, reminds us of the arrangements in the old English hall, which we have little doubt, especially in earlier times, it closely resembled. And in these huge halls the whole household met at meal-times; and here were held those mighty feasts at Yule-tide, and the autumn gatherings of friends and kindred; and the "arvel," or "heir-ale" feasts, when heirs drank themselves into possession of their fathers' lands and goods; and where there was, as Dr. Dasent remarks, "no doubt great mirth and jollity, much eating and hard drinking of mead and fresh-brewed ale," (of the latter the Northman seems to have been as fond as our London forefathers;) "but these drinks are not of a very heady kind, and one glass of spirits in our days would send a man farther on the road to drunkenness than many a horn of foaming mead." Indeed, Dr. Dasent earnestly contends that this noble, energetic race were by no means the hard drinkers they have commonly been considered. "It is easier," as he truly says, "to rob a whole people of its character by a single word, than to take the pains to inquire into its history;" a remark which we would recommend to more than one of our "philosophic" historians of the Middle Ages. In some cases an apartment was added to the hall which bore the name of "the lady's chamber, or bower;" a word which recalls at once our romance and ballad-lore. This was called "búr," the original of our "bower."

On the legal institutions of the Icelanders, Dr. Dasent supplies much interesting information. Like all the Northmen, though ready enough to appeal to the sword, they were emphatically a law-loving people. "With law shall our land be builded up and settled," says wise Njal, "and with lawlessness wasted and spoiled." Thus, although the right of revenge, indeed in some cases we may say the duty, was fully recognized, still the law was always ready to interpose with its limitations.

"Every freeman in Iceland who felt himself aggrieved or injured in any of his rights, had three ways open to him for redress. He might betake himself at once to the man who had done him wrong, and after laying the grievance before him, demand a fine, compensation, and atonement in the way of money, [bót.] In this case the matter took the shape of a friendly agreement, and the difference was soon settled. . . . . But it sometimes happened that one or other side claimed what was called 'self-doom,' the right to make his own award. But if the wrong-doer refused to make any compensation, there were still two ways left of dealing with him. 1st. The injured party might fall back on his right of private war, and follow up the feud, and take vengeance on him by killing him or some near member of the family. Or, he might follow it up at law, and make a private wrong a matter for the consideration of the state. Here, in fact, we see the old freeman waiving both his old natural rights—the right of property and the right of revenge—and appealing to the new organization of things which he had accepted on the establishment of a commonwealth. . . . . With regard to the steps in such a trial—the Icelandic lawsuit was based on the evidence of the community, supported by oath. At every step solemn witness was taken, and to fail in producing such witness was to lose the suit."

The forms were very similar to our own, and both in Dr. Dasent's account, and in the narratives of the law proceedings in the venerable Saga itself, we have been repeatedly struck with the resemblance they bear to the ancient laws of London. In all cases of manslaughter, those nearest the spot were summoned on the inquest, and like as among us in ancient times, they were "jurors and witnesses in one." There was the same necessity too of the plaintiff giving "lawful notice of the assault against such and such a man, who fell on such and such a man, and gave him a death-wound." Indeed "so technical was the law in this respect, that it required the plaintiff to repeat this notice in almost the same words." Due notice was also to be given to the defendant when the cause would come on. On the open-

ing of the case the defendant had the right to challenge the inquest, and in the law proceedings related in the Saga before us, we find much ingenuity employed in raising technical objections, or finding flaws. After judgment was given against the defendant, he was made an outlaw, if the offense was such as called down that punishment. There were two kinds of outlawry, the lesser, involving a three years' exile, in which case he had three places of asylum granted to him until he could get a passage to foreign parts; and thorough outlawry, by which he was forced to fly from the haunts of men—that punishment far more dreaded than death by all the northern tribes. "The tendency," however, "of the whole Icelandic legislation was, not to put forth the full force of the law, but to make matters up."

Thus in important cases "daysmen" were appointed, who gave the award which they thought would meet the justice of each particular case. When such an award was uttered, the two sides were not thought fully atoned until they had granted one another "pledges of peace." The formularies of these pledges are very poetical. The following Dr. Dasent considers one of the most ancient:

"This is the beginning of our peace-telling, that as we are all atoned with God, so shall we be with all men atoned and reconciled, the one to the other, at meat and at drink, at market and meeting, at church-door and in king's hall, and whatever place men meet together. We shall be so agreed as though there had never been quarrel between us. We shall share knife and steak, and all things between us as friends and not foes. If strife arises henceforth between us, then fines shall be paid, but not blade reddened. But that man of our band who breaks the peace new made, and slays after pledges given, he shall be driven away as a wolf, and chased so far as men chase wolves farthest, or as Christian men seek churches, heathen men worship in shrines, fires burn, earth brings forth seed, maid calls 'mother,' ships skim the sea, shields shine, sunbeam melts snow, Finns glide on snow sheen, fir grows, hawk flies on a summer day with a fair wind beneath both his wings, heaven bends over us, earth is peopled, winds rise, waters run into the sea, and men sow corn. He shall be banished from churches and Christian men, from God's house and soil, from every home save hell."

Such were the people among whom the events of Njal's Saga took place, the people who listened to its solemn sad story, as it was told "from Althing to Althing, at Spring Thing, and Autumn Leet, at all great gatherings of the people, and over many a fireside," for more than a hundred years, until at the close of the twelfth century the unknown writer handed it down to us in its present form. The translation of this venerable Saga, the largest and most interesting of all that interesting series of Icelandic literature, has been indeed a labor of love to Dr. Dasent, who tells us he commenced it as far back as the year 1843; and those who remember the delightful style of his *Tales from the Norse* will be well prepared to welcome a translation as distinguished for beauty and force as were those suggestive relics of a remote past. Najal's Saga is, indeed, a prose epic, wonderfully perfect in its construction, marvelously lifelike in all its portraits, even the most subordinate; and it is narrated in such a style of simple beauty, that it is not surprising that the reader of the nineteenth century should linger over its pages with an interest well nigh as absorbing as the Icelander of the eleventh century felt when the events were new, and he heard it told near the cairn of the well-remembered Gunnar, or beside the still recent ruins of wise Najal's homestead. The period during which the events took place—for it is a veritable narrative—ranges between 950 and 1017.

The story of Burnt Njal—true to the character of the venerable epic of remotest times—is a narrative of strife and stern retribution, of bloodshed and war. Very singular does it appear that while the early traditions, and the yet earlier myths of these ancient races of men abound in pleasant incident, and have in most instances a happy ending; while, as we have seen in Dr. Dasent's delightful Norse tales, the sunshine of life so predominates—the hardy adventurer achieving wealth and honor, the "friendless man" rising to high station, the desolate maiden finding her home in the king's palace; while all is hopeful and inspiring in the fireside story, so stern a shadow of inevitable ill should loom over the loftier and more elaborate composition, intended to be said and sung at solemn gatherings of the people, and meetings, not for feasting alone, but for grave deliberation. Was it that while the pleasant tale of successful endeavor was deemed most suitable to awaken the hopes and enterprise of the young, these stern old teachers thought a sterner lesson was needed for the men on whom the burthen of the commonwealth lay, a lesson that

worth is not always successful, that evil may sometimes for long years work its will, although at length strict retribution will be relentlessly exacted?

And admirably are these lessons brought out in this venerable record of the hopes and fears, the feuds and litigations, the every day life on the land and on the sea, of that energetic race to whom we ourselves owe more than we are aware—this graphic record of life in Iceland almost nine hundred years ago, the Njala Saga. A vivid illustration, too is it of the singular combination of deepest, most unquestioning faith in an overruling fate, with the most unlimited exercise of free agency. "All must come to pass, as to man's life, as it is foredoomed," says one of the warriors in the story; but still he forms his plans as freely, and sets forth on his death-doomed journey as unfettered, as unappalled by omens of coming ill, as though he alone were the ruler of his destiny. The Northman, stern fatalist as he is, yet goes, as Dr. Dasent remarks, "cheerily and heartily to his work. He might die. Why, Odin himself was to die at last. Let him die then, but die bravely." Vividly and most spiritedly is this peculiarity of the old Norse creed illustrated in this fine tale, which begins simply as a nursery story, while even in the first chapter the warning note is given of impending doom.

"There was a man named Mord, whose surname was Fidelle. He was the son of Sigvat the Red, and he dwelt at the 'Vale' in the Rangrivervales. He was a mighty chief, and a great taker up of suits, and so great a lawyer that no judgments were thought lawful unless he had a hand in them. He had an only daughter, named Unna. She was a fair, courteous, and gifted woman, and was thought the best match in all the Rangrivervales. Now the story turns westward to Broad-firth dales, where, at Hauskuldstede, in Laxriverdale, dwelt a man named Hauskuld; he had a brother named Hrut. . . . . It happened once Hauskuld bade his friends to a feast, and his brother Hrut was there and sat next him. Hauskuld had a daughter named Hallgerda, who was playing on the floor with some other girls. She was fair of face, and tall of growth, and her hair was as soft as silk; it was so long, too, that it came down to her waist. Hauskuld called to her: 'Come hither to me, daughter.' So she went up to him, and he took her by the chin and kissed her, and after that she went away. Then Hauskuld said to Hrut: 'What dost thou think of this maiden, is she not fair?' Hrut held his peace. Hauskuld said the same thing to him a second time, and then Hrut answered: 'Fair enough is this maid, and many will smart for it, but this I know not, whence thieves' eyes have come into our race.' Then Hauskuld was wrath, and for a time the brothers saw little of each other."

Hrut woos Unna, and is betrothed; but he subsequently postpones the marriage for three years, and sails to Norway. Here he falls under the spells of that wicked queen Gunhilda, who was believed to possess magical power, and when at the end of the three years he takes leave of her, she says: 'If I have as much power over thee as I think, I lay this spell on thee — that thou mayest never have any pleasure in living with this woman on whom thy heart is set.' Hrut laughs at this as an idle prophecy; but he returns to Iceland, marries Unna, and lives unhappily with her, until at length she goes back to her father.

"Now it must be told how Hallgerda, Hauskuld's daughter, grows up, and is the fairest of women to look on; she was tall of stature, too, and therefore she was called 'Longcoat.' She was fair-haired, and had so much that she could hide herself in it, but she was lavish and hard-hearted." "Thorwald, who was rich and well to do," asks her in marriage, and the father assents without "ever asking his daughter what she thought of it, for his heart was set on giving her away." But, however patriarchal in some respects the family compact might be, the free women of the North claimed a voice in an arrangement that so nearly concerned them, and thus Hallgerda gives her father a good specimen of what he calls her "hard temper." But as he determines to conclude the marriage, she goes to her foster-father Thiostolf, and tells him her trouble, receiving from him the ominous consolation: "Be of good cheer, for thou wilt be married a second time; and then they will ask thee what thou thinkest of the match." After that we are told "they spoke no more of the matter;" so the bridal feast was held, and Thorwald at its close takes Hallgerda, with her evil counselor, home. Little comfort did the poor man have in his fair bride. "She was prodigal and grasping, and there was nothing that her neighbors had but she must have too, and all that she had, whether it were her own or belonged to others, she wasted. But when the spring came, there was a scarcity in the house of both meal and stockfish. So Hallgerda went up to Thorwald and said: 'Thou must not be sitting

indoors any longer, for we want for the house both meal and fish.'" Thorwald remonstrates, she answers him insultingly, and he, giving her a blow on the face, hurried off to seek the needful supplies. "Who has been playing you this sorry trick?" inquires her foster-father Thiostolf, and he forthwith takes his murderous ax, follows Thorwald, attacks him, and "lifting up his ax a second time, gave him a blow on the head, and he fell down dead on the spot." Thiostolf returns to the house. "Thine ax is bloody," says Hallgerda, "what hast thou done?" "What will cause thee to be wedded a second time," is the welcome reply. Hallgerda sends Thiostolf to a place of safety, and rides home to her father, who, though he receives her reluctantly, remarks, with true fatalist coolness: "There's no good in troubling one's self about a thing that's done and gone."

Like Queen Gunhilda, the baleful Hallgerda seems to have possessed some spell to draw men's hearts to her; for in the very next chapter we find her wooed and married a second time, her consent having now been duly asked. The marriage is a happy one, until an evil day Thiostolf goes to the house, and asks an asylum. This Hallgerda affords him; but ere long he quarrels with her husband, and while they are seeking the sheep on the fell, kills him. Again he returns to Hallgerda, but not to receive her thanks, for she sends him to her uncle Hrut, who, on learning the reason of his coming thither, slays him forthwith with heartiest good will, while Hallgerda with her infant daughter takes possession of the homestead to which she is entitled on her husband's death. It is now that the chief personages of the tale, Gunnar and Njal, "come into the story."

"There was a man whose name was Gunnar, a tall man in growth, and a strong man—best skilled in arms of all men. He could cut, or thrust, or shoot, if he chose, as well with his left as with his right hand, and he smote so swiftly with his sword that three seemed to flash through the air at once. He was the best shot with the bow of all men, and never missed his mark. He could leap more than his own hight, with all his war-gear, and as far backward as forward. He could swim like a seal, and there was no game in which it was any good for any one to strive with him; and so it was said that no man was his match. He was handsome of feature, and fair-skinned. His nose was straight, and a little turned up at the end. He was blue eyed, and bright-eyed, and ruddy-cheeked. His hair thick, and of good hue, and hanging down in comely curls. The most courteous of men was he, of sturdy frame and strong will, bountiful and gentle, a fast friend, but hard to please when making them. He was wealthy in goods."

The photographic minuteness of this full-length portrait will amuse the reader, who, however, must allow that the gallant Northman was no unworthy representative of that race to whom we ourselves owe so much. The hero of the tale, Njal, is scarcely painted in such vivid colors:

"There was a man whose name was Njal. He was the son of Thorgeir Gelling, the son of Thorolf. Njal dwelt at Bergthorsknoll in the Vandisles; he had another homestead on Thorolfsfell. Njal was wealthy in goods, and handsome of face; no beard grew on his chin. He was so great a lawyer, that his match was not to be found. Wise too he was, and foreknowing, and foresighted, [gifted with a power of foreseeing future events.] Of good counsel, and ready to give it, and all that he advised men was sure to be the best for them to do. Gentle and generous, he unraveled every man's knotty points who came to see him about them. Bergthora was his wife's name; she was Skarphedinn's daughter, a very high-spirited, brave-hearted woman, but somewhat hard-tempered. They had six children, three daughters, and three sons, and they all come into this story."

"Now it must be told how Unna had lost all her ready money." Her father having died, we find that the lady, being of very lavish and unthrifty habits, speedily made an end of her goods, and at last had nothing left but land and stock. She therefore made her way to Lithend, to Gunnar her kinsman, "and the end of their talk was"—what is a common enough subject of talk in the present day—"how heavily she was pressed for money." Gunnar very liberally offers her help, though in a way we should scarcely have expected among so simple a people. "Take as much money as thou needest from what I have out at interest," is his reply. Now this did not suit Unna, for when she separated from Hrut her father claimed back her dower; but Hrut having challenged him "to fight on the island"—demanding in this case "wager of battle"—"he spake out and said that he would not fight with him," and thus he lost his claim. Her answer, therefore, was, "I wish thee to get my goods out of Hrut's hands," and she urges upon him that with his dar-

ing he might easily vanquish Hrut. Gunnar is at length persuaded to undertake the challenge, but it is necessary that legal notice should be given—a task apparently as difficult and dangerous as serving a writ on an Irish squire surrounded by bogs and "the finest pisantry," and armed to the teeth besides. So Gunnar seeks counsel of Njal. "A very hard suit to undertake," replies the wise man, "and one very hazardous;" still, "the end will be good if thou breakest none of the rules I lay down; if thou dost, thy life is in danger." He then proceeds to direct him; and there is so much *naïve* humor in the advice, and the whole narrative affords so vivid a picture of the times, that we must endeavor to epitomize it:

"Thou shalt ride from home," says Njal, "with two men at thy back. Over all thou shalt have a great rough cloak, and under that a russet kirtle of cheap stuff, and under all thy good clothes. Thou must take a small ax in thy hand, and each of you must have two horses, one fat and the other lean. Thou shalt carry hardware and smith's work, and ye must ride off early to-morrow morning, and when ye are come across Whitewater westward, mind and slouch thy hat well over thy brows. Then men will say: 'Who is this tall man?' And thy mates shall say: 'Here is Huckster Hedinn the Big, a man from Eyjafirth, who is going about with smith's work for sale. This Hedinn is ill-tempered, and a chatterer, a fellow who thinks he alone knows every thing.' So thou shalt ride west to Bagafirth, offering all sorts of ware for sale; and be sure often to cry off thy bargains, so that it will be noised abroad that Huckster Hedinn is the worst of men to deal with, and that no lies have been told of his bad behavior. So thou shalt ride to Hauskuldstede; there thou must stay a night, and sit in the lowest place, and hang thy head down. Next morning thou must go to the farm nearest Hrutstede, and offer thy goods, praising up all that is worst, and tinkering up the faults."

Here he was to quarrel with the master, and Hrut would be sent for to part them. He was then to go with Hrut to his house, and in answer to his questions about "stout champions"—a theme which seems always to have been welcome—he is cunningly to direct the conversation until he could introduce Fidelle Mord's name. "At the same time," suggests the wary Njal, "sing some stave to please Hrut, for I know thou art a skald." Hrut being thus put in good humor, the pretended Huckster Hedinn was to lead the conversation to the dangerous subject of Mord's claim for his daughter's dower. "Thou didst challenge him to single combat," thou must say, "but he was old, and so his friends advised him not; and they let the suit fall to the ground." "True enough," Hrut will say; "but the suit might have been taken up at another Thing." Then the pretended smith was to express surprise, and innocently inquire what the form would be. Hrut will answer, "I must be summoned so that I can hear the summons, or I must be summoned here in my lawful house. "Recite the summons, then," thou must say, "and I will say it after thee."

Gunnar promises to follow this advice to the very letter, and, two nights after, rode from home with his two companions,

"until they got to Bluewood heath, and then men on horseback met them, and asked who that tall man might be of whom so little was seen. His companions said it was Huckster Hedinn. Then the other said a worse was not to be looked for behind, when such a man as he went before. Gunnar went on doing every thing as Njal had laid it down for him; and when he came to Hauskuldstede, he staid there a night, and thence he rode down the dale till he came to the next farm to Hrutstede. There he offered his wares for sale, and Hedinn fell at once upon the farmer. This was told to Hrut, and he sent to Hedinn. He went at once to see Hrut, and had a good welcome. Hrut seated him over against himself, and their talk went pretty much as Njal had guessed, but when they came to talk of Rangrivervale, and Hrut asked about the men there, Gunnar sung this stave:

"'Men, in sooth, are slow to find,
So the people speak by stealth.
Often this has reached my ears
All through Rangar's rolling vales.
Still, I trow that Fidelle Mord
Tried his hand in fight of yore.
Sure was never gold bestower
Such a man for might and wit.'

"Then Hrut said, 'Thou art a skald, Hedinn; but hast thou never heard how things went between me and Mord?' Then Hedinn sang another stave:

"'Once, I ween, I heard a rumor,
How the Lord of rings bereft thee;
From thine arms earth's offspring tearing,
Trickful he, and trustful thou.' . . .

"So they went on till Hrut, in answer, told him how the suit must be taken up, and recited the summons. Hedinn repeated it all wrong, and Hrut burst out laughing, and had no mistrust. Then he said Hrut must summon once more; and Hrut did so. Then Hedinn repeated the summons a second time and this time right; and he called his companions to witness how he summoned Hrut in a suit which Unna, Mord's daughter, had made over to him with her plight-

ed hand. At night they went to sleep; but as soon as ever Hrut was sound asleep, they took their clothes and arms, and rode off.

"Hauskuld wakes up that night at Hauskuldstede, and roused all his household. 'I will tell you my dream,' he said. 'I thought I saw a great bear go out of this house, and I knew at once this beast's match was not to be found. Two cubs followed him, wishing well to the bear; and they all made for Hrutstede, and went into the house there. After that, I awoke. Now, I wish to ask if any of you saw aught about yon tall man?' Then one man answered him, 'I saw how a golden fringe and a bit of scarlet cloth peeped out at his arm, and on his right arm he had a ring of gold.' Hauskuld said, 'This beast is no man's fetch, but Gunnar of Lithend; and now methinks I see all about it. Up, let us ride to Hrutstede!' And they did so. Hrut lay in his locked bed, and asks who have come there. Hauskuld tells who he is, and asks what guests might be there in the house. 'Only Huckster Hedinn is here,' says Hrut. 'A broader man across the back it will be, I fear,' says Hauskuld. 'I guess here must have been Gunnar of Lithend.' 'Then there has been a pretty trial of cunning,' says Hrut. 'What has happened?' says Hauskuld. 'I told him how to take up Unna's suit; and I summoned myself, and he summoned after; and now he can use this first step in the suit, and it is right in law.' 'There has, indeed, been a great falling off of wit on one side,' said Hauskuld, 'and Gunnar can not have planned it all by himself. Njal must have been at the bottom of this plot, for there is not his match for wit in all the land.'"

Gunnar arrives safely at home, and from thence rides to the Althing; and thither come Hrut and Hauskuld, with a numerous gathering. Gunnar opened his case, and brought forward his witnesses. Hrut replied, "and said there was a flaw in the pleading;" whereupon Gunnar challenges him to single combat. The brothers go aside to consider of it; but eventually deem it the safest to pay down the money. "I will be thy meed for this," says the irritated Hrut. "Be that as it may," is the reply. Poor Gunnar, however, paid dearly, although in a way neither he nor the brothers never dreamt of. "Now men rode home from the Thing, and Gunnar got great honor from the suit." He handed the whole sum over to Unna, and would have none of it. She soon after married Valgard, "without advice of any of her kinsfolk, which Gunnar and Njal, and many others, thought ill of, for he was a cross-grained man, and had few friends."

Soon after there came a ship out of Norway, and the master went to visit Gunnar, and told him such stirring tales of Viking life, that he takes counsel of Njal, "whether he thought it would be a wise step in him to go abroad." "I think it wise," is the prompt reply. So Gunnar sets forth, and fares "eastward ho," gaining great honor and worship from all men. The chapter which tells how he went "a sea roving," reads wonderfully like one in the history of our early voyagers. The same delight in danger, the same reckless bravery, the same uprightness and generosity. Gunnar returned home laden with spoils and gifts. Among the former a wondrous bill, possessing the magical property of foretelling what is to be done, "for when a man is to be slain with that bill, something sings in it so loudly that it may be heard a good way off." We do not recollect ever having met with this singular superstition before. Among his gifts, Gunnar receives from King Harold Gorm "a robe of honor, and golden-seamed gloves, and a fillet with a knot of gold on it, and a Russian hat." Earl Hacon, too, gives him a gold ring. Gunnar reciprocates these gifts by handsome presents, and returns to Iceland with his company; where "all men were glad to see them, for they were blithe and merry to their household, nor had their haughtiness grown while they were away."

Gunnar goes to see Njal, who heartily welcomes him. "Thou hast been much proved," he says, "but still thou wilt be more tried hereafter; for many will envy thee." "With all men I would wish to stand well," is the reply. "Much bad will happen," says the far-seeing Njal, "and thou wilt always have some quarrel to ward off." "So be it, then," is Gunnar's chivalrous answer, "so that I have a good ground on my side." "So it will be too, if thou hast not to smart for others," is the ominous reply.

Alas! the guileless champion, "well arrayed," and with a goodly following, rides to the Thing. "Many men came to see Gunnar, and ask tidings of him; and he was easy and merry to all men, and told them all they wished to hear." Unhappily, here he met the baleful Hallgerda, dressed for conquest, in "red kirtle and scarlet cloak trimmed with needlework down to the waist," while her still beautiful

hair "came down her bosom, and was both fair and full." He readily falls into the snare, and proceeds to the booth of Hauskuld and Hrut, to ask for her. Hauskuld hesitates, but Hrut speaks out most honorably. "In this wise will I answer thee, as is the very truth. Thou art a brisk, brave man, well to do, and unblemished; but she is much mixed up with evil report, and I will not cheat thee in any thing." So Hrut "told Gunnar unasked all about Hallgerda's temper, and Gunnar at first thought that there was more than enough that was wanting—but at last it came about that they struck a bargain." Gunnar rode to Njal, and told him. He took it heavily, and Gunnar asked him wherefore. "Because, from her will arise all kinds of ill, if she comes hither, east."

And now begins in good earnest the story of strife and bloodshed, and stern retributive justice. Gunnar takes his bride on a visit to Bergthorsknoll, and here she and Bergthora, Njal's wife, have a bitter quarrel, which is carried on for years, each year being marked by the slaying of one of their respective "housecarles"—Kol slaying Swart, Njal's woodman, and Atli slaying Kol, Gunnar's grieve. Atli in turn is slain by Brynjolf the Unruly, who the following year is killed by Thord Freedmanson, who also eventually falls a sacrifice to the vengeful Hallgerda. A strange state of things does this appear. The mistresses of each household coolly send their "house-carles" to hew timber or burn charcoal, or to waylay her rival's servant and "do him to death;" while the husbands, determined that nothing shall cause strife between them, quietly pay down the money-fine for each manslaughter. Nor is the feeling of the "housecarles" less suggestive; they seem to have been as ready to take up their mistresses' quarrel as their appointed work; or, rather, to have considered this as part of it. "Wilt thou do all the work that I set before thee?" says Njal's wife when hiring Atli, "and that though I wish to send thee where a man's life is at stake?" Atli's only objection is that, as she has so many men at her beck, he is not likely to be needed. And when she coolly tells him, "Thou shalt go and look for Kol, for now thou shalt slay him this very day;" "This work is well fitted for us," is Atli's reply, "for each of us are two bad fellows;" and forthwith he goes and challenges Kol, and spears him with as much *nonchalance* as though he were spearing a salmon.

Many years does this feud between the wives continue, while Gunnar and Njal hold fast their long-tried friendship; and then a time of famine comes on, and while Gunnar is absent at the Thing, Hallgerda fulfills her uncle's ominous prophecy of the "thieves' eyes," and sends her thrall to plunder the rich miser Otkell. Gunnar comes home, and Hallgerda sets food on the board, cheese and butter. Gunnar knew such food was not to be looked for in his house, and asked Hallgerda whence it came. "Whence thou mightest well eat it," is her reply; "besides, it is no man's business to trouble himself with housekeeping." Gunnar got wrath, and said, "Ill indeed is it if I am a partaker with thieves," and with that he gave her a slap on the cheek. She said she would bear that slap in mind, and repay it if she could; a threat which the ferocious woman amply fulfills years after.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

CAUTION TO MUSICIANS.—Some players of wind-instruments devote so much time to music, to the entire neglect of their minds, that they may be literally said to have blown their brains out.

THE reasoning power is the corner-stone of the intellectual building, giving grace and strength to the whole structure.

IT isn't enough that men and women should be of the true metal; they should also be *well-tempered*.

A TOAD EMBEDDED IN COAL.—A few days since, in one of the coal-pits of Mr. B. Botfield, of Oldpark, Dawley, two hundred yards deep, one of the workmen was struck with the singular appearance of a lump of coal, which he proceeded, out of curiosity, to break. He then discovered in the middle of the lump a toad inclosed. The mouth of the creature is shut close, but that it breathes is evident from the fact of the distending and contracting of the body. Mr. Robert Poole, ground-bailiff to Mr. Botfield, has the animal in his possession.

From the London Review.

THE GENEALOGY OF CREATION.*

We shall come right at last. Geology has set us all astir to find spectacles that will see in the first chapter of Genesis what Lyell and Murchison see in the earth's crust. What if our want is supplied? The amiable and ingenious author of the book before us believes he has discovered them; and assuredly he has, if a deeply modest and reverent spirit are an infallible test of scientific truth. Our difficulty, according to Dr. Pratt, is the effect of a very simple cause. We have altogether misread and misunderstood the Mosaic Hebrew. The authors of the Septuagint did the same before us. So did the writers of the Peshito-Syriac and other ancient versions. For more than twenty centuries the meaning of very much of the Old Testament Scriptures has been utterly overlooked and mistaken. The fact is, there are two Hebrew languages. There is the one which commonly passes by the name, the historic, traditional, pointed, Masoretic Hebrew. This, however, is only a derived and, in great measure, an artificial tongue, which owes its existence partly to changes occasioned by time and accident, partly to the influence of the Greek of the Seventy. There is another and older Hebrew, which is the original and true one. It is the pure text of our Bibles, disengaged from the orthographical envelopments and modifications of the Masoretes, and interpreted in accordance with the "mystical and prophetic character" which properly belongs to the language, and with certain grammatical and lexicographical principles, which our author indicates. Dr. Pratt believes, that if the key, which his views furnish for the elucidation of the Old Testament, be duly applied, not only will the cosmogony of Moses be completely reconciled "with the revelations of science even in its most minute details;" this, he assures us, it has already done; but "the great truths of Christianity" as a whole will be brought out "in such a forcible manner, that none but the willfully blind will be able to reject them." Meanwhile he gives us "a few selected readings for the purpose of illustrating his system, and showing the power of the ancient Hebrew tongue." Of these the first, as might be expected, is the opening paragraph of the Pentateuch; and we quote some portions of it for the encouragement of those who may wish to pursue the line of inquiry which Dr. Pratt has opened. 'With deliberation God created the heavens and the earth; and the earth was crude and unorganized, and inert as to the crust of the heaving mass; and a mighty wind was rushing over the surface of the waters. And God said, 'Let there be volcanic action,' and there was volcanic action, and God saw the volcanic action that it was good; and God distinguished between the volcanic action and between the inertia, and God called the volcanic action 'the Active Condition,' and the inertia he called 'the Passive Condition.' And it was redistributive, and it was developmental, the first formation." This is the beginning of the paragraph. It ends thus. "And God saw every thing that he had made, and, behold, it was very good. And it was redistributive, and it was developmental, the sixth formation. Thus were completed the heavens and the earth, and all their development; for God had accomplished in the seventh formation his purpose which he had formed; so he rested in the seventh formation from his whole plan which he had made; and God blessed the seventh formation and hallowed it; for in it he who had created—the God of the formations—rested from all His design. These are the generations of the heavens and the earth during their creation; by a succession of formations God created heaven and earth." Now altogether apart from the philology of the case, we put it to Dr. Pratt, whether he really supposes that the inspired author of Genesis ever wrote any thing like this, for the benefit of the people whom he led through the wilder-

* *The Genealogy of Creation.* By Henry F. A. Pratt, M.D. London: John Churchill. 1861.

ness; or whether he imagines that, if he had done so, one soul in a thousand of them would have had the smallest conception of his meaning. To say nothing of those to whom the Pentateuch was first addressed, what sort of harmony is there, we would ask, between this philosophical jargon, and the simple, popular style which the Scriptures invariably adopt in speaking of the phenomena of nature? Surely, if the writer is not so mystified by his theory as to be past seeing what every one else will see, he must perceive that his Hebrew is the child of his geology, and that there is no manner of reason why the first of Genesis, on his principles of interpretation, should not mean precisely what any one wishes it to do. We will undertake, by Dr. Pratt's method, to prove to demonstration from the Old Testament Hebrew as many absurdities in religion, ethics, history, and science, as he chooses to name. With regard to the linguistic argument in which the writer has netted himself, we can only say, that it is a series of fallacies and illusions from end to end. It is a mere hypothesis, that the Hebrew at any stage of its history had the typical and symbolical meaning which Dr. Pratt attributes to it. There is no evidence whatever, that the language underwent any such changes of vocabulary and idiom as he believes it to have passed through: on the contrary, nothing is more certain than that, with few exceptions, the Hebrew of Malachi is that of Moses. Scripture and science too are both emphatic in their teaching, that the languages of Assyria, Aram, and Arabia are not lineal descendants of the Old Testament Hebrew. If chronology and ethnology did not forbid the supposition, the structure of these languages is an unanswerable objection to this part of Dr. Pratt's theory: and we have great difficulty in understanding how any one, who has the smallest acquaintance with them, could hazard such an opinion. History, tradition, analogy, and, we are bound to add, common-sense, are all clean in the teeth of the reasoning of this strange book. It will be a kindness to the author not to go into detail. We sincerely respect the motives which led him to the studies out of which his work has sprung. There is not a word in the whole volume which betokens conceit or moral littleness of any kind. It contains much which the scholar, the natural philosopher, and the student of Revelation may turn to good account. But as a contribution to philology and Biblical criticism it has no value whatever. It is one of those curious day-dreams, in which good and gifted men are sometimes led to indulge, and of which it is hard to say whether the simplicity or the ingenuity that gave them birth is the more astonishing.

From the London Review.

TRAVELS OF THE BIBLE IN INDIA.*

On February sixteenth, 1861, the Hon. William Ambrose Morehead, then governor of Madras, laid the foundation stone of the "Madras Memorial Hall, destined to commemorate the exemption of the Madras presidency from the mutiny of 1857." One of the speakers on that occasion, in the course of his remarks, stated the use of the building about to be erected. "The building which is destined to rise on the foundation-stone now laid by our esteemed governor, is to be a Memorial Hall available for religious, educational, benevolent, and other general purposes not inconsistent with Protestant principles and the glory of God, to be surrounded by offices for the Bible, Tract and South-India Chris-

* *Reports of the Madras Auxiliary Bible Society for* 1857, 1858, 1859, 1860.

tian School Book Societies." The Bible Society is beyond doubt the most important of those which are to receive accommodation in the new Hall, and the event recorded affords a favorable opportunity for considering the history of the Bible in South-India its translation and distribution, and the results which have been, or are likely to be, obtained.

The Bible Society's house, with its associations, is soon to become a thing of the past. Let us sketch it before it is gone. Popham's Broadway is the principal street of Black Town, Madras. There the Anglo-Saxon proves on a foreign soil his hereditary love of shopkeeping, characterized by a jaunty, gentlemanly kind of ease which would be deemed much out of place in the Strand, or Ludgate Hill. The Hindoo follows his conqueror's example keenly, quietly, gainfully. In the midst of these places of business there are, or were, till lately, in this street, two large printing establishments, under the control of missionaries; besides an electric telegraph office, the central post-office, a literary institution, two mission chapels, a Hindoo progressive seminary, and the house of the Madras Auxiliary Bible Society. Essays have been written on representative men; and if, after the same fashion, some one would spend a little thought upon the representative buildings so oddly thrown together in that dusty Broadway, he would learn much of the past, present, and future of India.

The Bible Society's house has become throughly impregnated with the brown dust of the street. It boasts not a gleam of architectural beauty; the talent of its architect has been limited to four walls and a flat roof. A sign-board informs the passenger by Tamil characters that it is the "house of the book of the Vetham." On entering, long files of book-shelves present themselves, whereon are stored in very modest covering "the leaves which are for the healing of the nations." Beyond, a group of men, squatted on the floor, are engaged in binding or packing copies of the Scriptures. The Vishnarite, with glaring trident crossing the forehead, the Sevaite, with the sacred ashes running in the furrows time has traced, the Roman Catholic with the crucifix and charm about his neck, and the sign of the cross stained upon his brow, all give their hands to the demolition of their own erroneous creeds. The same observation holds good of the presses where the Scriptures are printed; for though Christians are welcome to the toil, they are not sufficiently numerous to supply the required amount of laborers.

Upstairs, we come upon a large room, which more book-shelves are ranged; high-caste shelves, these, with glass doors, containing English Scriptures handsomely bound, and the better sort of vernacular ones. Here we have the small but valuable reference library of the Society; great lexicons, and first translations in dwarfed volumes with rickety type; means and end appropriately brought together; authorized versions, around which the fibers of a nation's heart are firmly knit; tentative versions, which have crept from a studious brain, to see if they can bear the light; manuscripts which may be versions, and are at home when called for. On one side of the room, a pair of large doors may be seen generally closed. A year or two ago, when we visited the place, a hum of voices came from behind them. The bolts being removed, and the doors opened, we found ourselves in the midst of a swarm of Hindoo boys learning English. Part of the building occupied by the Society was then rented by the patrons of "the Hindoo progressive Seminary," a school set up in avowed opposition to the missionary establishments and the non-caste Government schools. Here Ramasawneys and Gopalsawneys could be taught the rudiments of English by teachers wearing the orthodox marks, learn morals from Æsop's fables, enjoy every idolatrous holiday without let or hindrance, and escape the pollution of sitting on the same bench with a pariah. Strange that the Bible Society should have such a neighbor! The house, with its conflicting tenants, was a type of that great dwelling-place of diverse creed and races, which is walled in by the Himalayas, two great rivers, and the waves of the sea.

In this upper room the committee holds its monthly meetings; and when the subject is one of interest, as, for instance, the preparation of a standard Tamil version, and consequently the room is full, the group presents many features of interest, and suggests many weighty reflections. Quondam servants, civil and military, of the "loving friends" in Leadenhall Street, and missionaries of all denominations, mingle together. An agent of the Gospel

Propagation Society and a Methodist stand pitted against an Evangelical and a Presbyterian in friendly discussion. One argument is vigorously pressed by a Free Church brother with a brogue fresh from the north of the Tweed, and is supported by a native minister speaking unshackled English, with a brogue almost as decided as his colleague. We have before us missionary scholars, men of the study, whose known philological attainments secure universal regard for their opinions. One has carried through the press a good portion of a monster lexicon; another, a patriarch among his brethren, is now busy in a similar undertaking; a third is the author of what is technically called "the tentative version." There are practical missionaries, men of the festival, the bazar, and the market. They have gone in and out among the people, sounded their feelings, acquired their idioms, and are well able to give evidence on the current worth of any version. They hold the chief place in all discussions upon the tactics of Bible distribution. Others are there, born on the soil, speaking its language from their birth; quiet and valuable, upon whom the work of evangelization draws largely, both for its ministry and literature. We would not have it supposed that the committee is rigidly subdivided into these sections. No missionary is exclusively given up to one branch of toil; nevertheless certain characteristics become prominent, and suggest such a classification as that attempted above. The committee is seldom without a band of novitiates fresh from home, about to be located at Madras, or to itinerate in the provinces. They are all eye and ear, looking with a kind of reverence on the group before them, almost fearing to enter it. Alas! that the eye should miss from their accustomed places the forms of Scudder, Anderson, and Drew!

If we throw back a glance from that committee, through the past one hundred and fifty years, we shall see how many hindrances have been removed from the pathway of the Book. In 1707, Ziegenbalg sent home a rough draft of the four Gospels in Tamil, from the then Danish settlement of Tranquebar. In 1795, Dr. Carey, in the white jacket of an indigo planter, was trying his hand at a Bengali Bible. In 1793, a resolution favorable to missionary operations in India passed the House of Commons, but was never carried into effect. In 1813, a resolution more forcible than the former was carried triumphantly by Mr. Wilberforce, though not without resolute opposition. The Hindoo character was drawn in the brightest colors; the Vellore mutiny was dragged in, and thrust upon the shoulders of the missionary; and the safety of the empire depended, it was said, upon the soil being preserved free from the missionary's foot, and the national mind undisturbed by his doctrines. O shades of mighty orators! A member of council is in the chair of this Bible Committee, and is supported by a secretary of government. An officer high in rank is bringing up a report of a Hindustani version of the mis sionary's Book, done by himself in the tent, the traveler's rest-house, or in his home at the presidency. Nor do these stand alone. Every mess-room has its Bible men, and a collector foremost in every good work and word (of course, not in his official capacity) is no phenomenon.

That committee suggests another reflection: the advance made in mission agencies. When the first Tamil version was commenced, the Tranquebar missionaries stood alone. When Fabricius revised the same translation, a line of stations, stretching eastward from Trichinopoly to the coast, and northward from Negapatam to Madras, comprehended the entire camping-ground of missions in South-India. In 1813, Wilberforce's resolution opened the door of ingress; and amongst the pioneers of the coming force was Rhenius, the author of the third version of the New Testament in Tamil. There are more missionaries now in the committee-room than all South-India could at that time boast. Then Tamil was the only mission language; now the up-country colleagues of these committee-men speak Telugu on the banks of the Kistna, Canarese in the plateau of the Mysore; Malayalim at the foot of the Western Ghauts, and in tolerable strength keep up the Tamil succession from the then small city of Madras, to the hutting-ground of the Shanar beneath his own palmyras in the far south. Subordinate agents are at work around each missionary, and better ones are being trained. Large Bible schools are collected from among those who, fifty years ago, were left in undisturbed enjoyment of ancestral ignorance

and superstition. This enlargement of mission agency is telling strongly on the mission of the Bible. It has created an extensive demand, and is prepared to be the channel of supply.

Again: that committee marks the completion of the preliminaries needful for obtaining standard translations of the word of God into the chief languages of South-India. For example, the missionaries who there discuss the subject of a new Tamil version have not to begin with the erection of scaffolding—the compilation of grammars and lexicons. Not the scaffolding only, but a substantial framework has been put together; they are required only to finish the work. The difficulties of doing it are many and serious, yet nothing in comparison with those of the commencement; and we may expect that in a short time a great proportion of the people of South-India will have received their greatest boon, a uniform version of the word of God.

But enough of the committee. It has a large attendance of sub-committees for various purposes, as colportage, translation, revision. The Auxiliary has several off-shoots. Local Associations are formed at Vizagapatam, on the east coast; at Mangalore, on the west; at Secundurabad, in the Nizam's country, in the north of the Peninsula; at Tanjore, Tinnevelly, and Travancore, in the south. These Associations collect subscriptions, and, in some instances, have control over a staff of agents. Missionaries, catechists, and colporteurs, complete the mechanism of the Society.

There is a class of men, not exactly the Society's agents, yet intimately connected with its interests, whose case is peculiar, and merits a reference. We refer to the moonshees engaged with the missionaries in superintending revisions and translations. Take one man as a specimen of the corps. In caste he is a chetty or merchant, but has devoted himself to learning, and possesses a wide reputation for erudition and intellectual acumen. In religion, he is a Vishnaite, and bears the sign of his sect prominently upon his forehead. A furrowed countenance and a gray lock "bespeak him past the bounds of freakish youth." In manners, he is courteous, devoid alike of the superciliousness of the Brahmin, and the sycophancy so common amongst Hindoos. He is an adherent of the Vethanta school of philosophy, and has much to do with the Suthur Vetha Sittanta Sabay, a society incorporated for the purpose of diffusing and upholding the principles of the four Vethams. Yet he professes the widest liberality in matters of religion; and, amongst Christians, is a Christian, barring the vident on his brow. We believe this man to be a fair type of the attainments and religious status of his class. Many of them know the Scriptures from back to back, having traveled through them many times, pen in hand. They are acquainted with the leading Christian doctrines, having heard them stated and defended by the ablest missionaries in the field. In the Tinnevelly mission, there are six of this class who have embraced the Gospel, and broken from their heathen connection. With these exceptions, we have heard of no case of conversion amongst them. Poor Henry Martyn vexed his righteous soul by friction with a choleric Mohammedan to no good. Judson translated the Scriptures into Burmese, with one of these *savans* by his side, "a venerable-looking man in his sixtieth year." His talented wife gives an account of a conversation upon religion with her teacher. We do not read that either of these gentlemen descended into the Rangoon Bethesda. This fact must appear somewhat strange to Christians at home; but the causes of it do not lie far below the surface. Years of training have imbued the minds of these pundits with the faith of a metaphysical polytheism. Their reputation and learning are bound up with this form of belief. Their perusual of the Scriptures is undevotional and critical. In the same spirit they would con over the title-deed of a Brahmin village, or a proclamation of government in the vernacular. They take the lamp and sweep the house, but not for the lost treasure of divine favor. Perhaps the missionaries confine themselves, in discussion with these men, too much to philological subjects, and lay aside the plain statement and appeal with which they would greet a shopman in the bazaar, or a loiterer trolling a religious ballad at the foot of a shady-tree. The men want the "honest and good heart," in which alone the seed takes root. The race is becoming gradually extinct. The gifts which have brought them before great men, and given them favor in the sight of the people, are losing their price.

The influx of a new language and a new wisdom, the currency of the West, has caused a revolution in the scale of intellectual values. The language and learning of the soil are at a discount.

From that center, in "Popham's Broadway," the Book carries its mission over a wide and varied field. Its first dress is Tamil; for we suppose it to travel southward, and in its journey it must often change its attire. The hand that moves in all history has left its mark engraven in the deeds done and the changes wrought upon the Coromandel coast. Upon its towns, villages, and rivers are written the letters-patent of the great proprietor, conveying a continent over to the leasehold of a distant land possessed of the Bible. The Book touches at Sadras. Where is now the Dutch power in India? It reaches the Seven Pagodas, the city submerged in the sea. Centuries hence Brahminism may be sought for, and fragments of its mystical polytheism fished up from the past, as men now watch the retiring sea to drag out the fragment of a pillar, or recover an inscription, from the ruins of one of its head and ancient cities. Pondicherry tells its story to the traveler. Ambition and Dupleix lost the prize of Indian sovereignty; commerce and Clive won it. Had Pondicherry become Calcutta, and all Dupleix's schemes been fulfilled, where now would have been the Book and its mission in India? A few miles from the French settlement, and the Book passes by the way of the sea — on the one hand, the dashing, rolling surf; on the other hand, vast sand-hills, shaded by topes of palmyra-trees. On that strip of land was fought one of India's decisive battles. Twenty years before the Bible Society was thought of, Coote and Hyder Ali put its interests at the point of the bayonet. Hyder was routed. The Book travels on to the small Danish settlement of Tranquebar, where Ziegenbalg learned Tamil from his servants, and printed the first leaves of the tree of life in that language. It passes the holy Cavery, so holy, that a sinner of deepest dye need but cry, "Râma, Râma," wash, and be clean. Its waters will lose their sanctity, and the Jordan of South-India be counted with Abana and Pharpar, the Mersey and the Thames. At Ramiseram, a long line of pilgrims seek the spot where Rama, in search of his lost wife Seta, confined Seva to a stone, and bathed in the sea. A grain of happy heresy falls among them: "Neither in this place nor yet in Jerusalem shall ye worship the Father: but the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshipers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth." Turning Cape Comorin, it enters the only country where the Mohammedans never ruled. In Travancore, Hindooism holds its own. Passing northward into Malabar, the Book clothes itself in Malayalim. What a work for it there in the homes of Nairs and Tiers: in the hearts of the bigoted Moplahs, to turn a furnace-flame of zeal for the Prophet of Mecca into fervent affection for Jesus of Nazareth; amongst the Syrian-Christians, inheritors of an honorable name, to erase the "Ichabod" of their later history, and bring back the glory of their primitive Christianity. A few miles more are passed, another garb assumed, the Canarese; and, attired in this, the Book ascends the Western Ghauts, and enters the plateau of the Mysore. It passes the city where Tippoo, the tiger of Mysore, was found buried amongst the slain. The hand that there lay stiff in death was the last raised to propagate the Koran by the sword. "Buckler, nor sword, nor shield" forms part of the equipment of the Book; yet by its might the Koran will as assuredly be dethroned and ejected as was that propagandist by the bayonets of the Company's forces. Turning due north, it penetrates in Hindustani costume the dominions of the Nizam, the last large fragment of the once formidable empire of the Mogul. There to this day the Mussulman feels a pride and hatred to the Giaour, which he dares not vent save by a supercilious curl of his mustache, or an insulting spit upon the ground. Touching at Nagpore and Gaugam, where a Babel of tongues have currency, the Book again reaches the Coromandel coast. There it turns southward, and, clothed in Telugu, its last and most pleasing dress, reaches once more its home in Popham's Broadway.

The ground thus rapidly passed over in company with the Book incloses an area of 335,315 square miles, with a population of 42,958,506; that is, about fifteen millions greater than that of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, seven

millions greater than that of France, six millions greater than that of the Austrian empire. So vast is the multitude to which the Madras Auxiliary Bible Society proposes to break the "bread of life."

From the National Review.

THE GREAT ARABIAN.*

WITH these two volumes Mr. Muir has worthily completed a great task. In a review of the former half of the work we commented slightly on its obvious defects, an occasional indifference to sound canons of evidence, and a tendency to overrate the undoubted value of unbroken tradition. But, reading his work as a whole, we are half disposed to retract even those gentle animadversions in our keen appreciation of the duty he has so successfully performed. His book is a distinct addition, if not to human at least to English learning; and the books of which that can be said are so few, that the inclination to criticise, however just, is almost forgotten in the rich pleasure of new and perfected knowledge. Our business in this number is not with Mr. Muir, but with the great Arabian, whose life he has undertaken to narrate, and we may therefore state at once in what we conceive the special merit of this biography to consist. It is not a history of Mohammedanism, or a diatribe against Mohammed, or even an analysis of the special influence Mohammed's opinions have exercised on the world. There are books of that sort enough and to spare, and the effect of them all has been to shroud the life of their hero in that dim cathedral gloom which covers as with a mist the lives of all great religious teachers, and through which their forms and acts are only fitfully apparent. The real life of the man, the successive steps by which he attained power, the influences which produced his opinions, and the circumstances which, if they did not produce *him*, at least allowed full scope for his grand and consecutive action, are lost in a cloud of opinions, till the bewildered Englishman falls back on Gibbon's imperfect but lucid narrative as a relief from the deluge of mere commentary. It is as difficult to extract any notion of Mohammed's actual life from the majority of books about him, as to compile a life of Kant from the libraries written on the Kantian philosophy. Mr. Muir has avoided that gross mistake. His work is a real life, a life as minute, as reasonable, and, with an exception here and there, as impartial, as if Mohammed had been only a king, a great politician, or a successful leader of revolution. The development of the man is shown as much as his full maturity. The slow and painful efforts by which he rose to power in Medina, the almost as slow operations by which he first subdued and then amalgamated the clans of the desert into one mighty and aggressive dominion, are set forth with a patient accuracy, which rather increases than weakens their native dramatic force. The reader sees clearly, without being directly taught, how far Mohammed was indebted to existing circumstances, and how far to his own genius, and discerns for the first time the true influence of that strange *personnel*, slaves and chiefs of clans, relatives and hereditary foes, among whom the prophet had to pass his daily and outer life. He comes to regard Mohammed at last in his true light, as a great man, instead of a mere abstraction, to predict his action in his own mind as a new obstacle reveals itself, to feel something of that glow of personal interest with which a clever boy traces the conquests of Alexander, or exults and desponds with the alternating fortunes of Cortez or Christopher Columbus.

To create such an impression about any

**The Life of Mahomet.* By W. MUIR, B.C.S London: Smith, Elder & Co.

man is no mean triumph; but to elicit it of Mohammed is a positive gain to the generation among whom it is produced. In the whole compass of knowledge, looking down all that stately line of figures whose mere names serve as the best landmarks of human history, there is not one whose life better deserves to be known, to become, as some of Shakspeare's characters have become, an integral part of thought rather than a subject for thought, than that of the great Arabian. That a man's opinions should circulate widely, survive himself, and help to modify human action for ages after he is forgotten, is, though a wonderful, not an infrequent phenomenon. That a man obscure in all but birth, brought up among an unlettered race, with no learning and no material resources, should by sheer force of genius extinguish idolatry through a hundred tribes, unite them into one vast aggressive movement, and, dying, leave to men who were not his children the mastery of the Oriental world—even this career, however wondrous, is not absolutely unique. But that a man of this kind, living humbly among his equals, should stamp on their minds the conviction that he whom they saw eat, and drink, and sleep, and commit blunders, was the vicegerent of the Almighty; that his system should survive himself for twelve centuries as a living missionary force;* that it should not merely influence but utterly remold one fourth of the human race, and that fourth the unchangeable one; that it should after twelve centuries still be so vital that an Asiatic, base to a degree no European can comprehend, should still, if appealed to in the name of Mohammed, start up a hero, fling away life with a glad laugh of exultation, or risk a throne to defend a guest; that after that long period, when its stateliest empires have passed away, and its greatest achievements have been forgotten, it should still be the only force able to hurl Western Asia on the iron civilization of Europe; this indeed is a phenomenon men of every creed and generation will at least be wise to consider. What this Mohammed was, and what he did, is a question the masters of the second Mohammedan kingdom may well think as important as Pompey's intrigues or Diocletian's policy, and it is this which Mr. Muir has enabled them for the first time fully to comprehend. There is much to be told besides, and libraries will yet be exhausted in the description of all the effects which this man's life produced on the world; but of the life itself, of the manner of man Mohammed was, of the deeds he really did, and of the things he can be proved to have said, no man who can read Mr. Muir's book need henceforward remain ignorant. We shall, we believe, best serve our readers if we reduce for them, into a few pages, some idea of the life of the great man who is here presented. Our object in so doing, like Mr. Muir's, will not be to analyze opinions, except so far as they are indispensable to a true comprehension of his acts, but to give succinctly an accurate account of his career, passing somewhat lightly over the history already well known to Europeans, and depicting more in detail those facts which intervened between his assumption of supernatural knowledge and the complete success of his mission—an interval of which the popular histories make one unintelligible jumble. Throughout, it is as the great Arabian—the character in which he is not known, and not as the prophet, the character in which he is known—that we intend to consider him.

Mohammed was born at Mecca, in the autumn of the year 570 A.D.; the posthumous son of Abdallah, a younger son of the hereditary chief of the Koreish clan, and therefore of the highest and purest blood possible in Arabia, of the only blood, in fact, in which resided any claim, however slight, to superiority throughout the entire peninsula. Englishmen, deceived by the epithet "camel-driver," so often applied to Mohammed, are accustomed to consider him low-born, and, indeed, so greatly underrate both his own position and that of his country, that it is necessary to expend a few words in showing to what he really was born. Arabia, then, is not what Englishmen habitually conceive it to be, a mere sandy desert, flat as sands generally are, traversed by bands of half-starved horsemen, with two little but sacred cities, and a port which an English frigate can reduce to reason by a

* Mohammedanism is still widely propagated in India and Africa. In Africa it is marching south, and in India its gains are supposed to counterbalance its losses every where else. In Bengal alone the converts number thousands yearly, and one of the most serious dangers of the government arises from the frantic zeal of the new converts made by the Ferazee Mussulmans.

bombardment. It is a vast though secluded peninsula, with an area one hundred thousand square miles greater than that of Europe west of the Vistula—greater, that is, than the territories of four of the five powers, with Germany, Spain, Portugal, Greece, Scandinavia, Poland, and Italy added thereto. This enormous region, so far from being a mere sandy plain, is traversed by high ranges of mountains, filled with broad plateaus, many of them as wide as European kingdoms, and full of magnificent though dreary and awe-inspiring scenery. The highest Arab tribes—and the point is one too often forgotten—are *mountaineers*; share in the fervid imagination, the brooding and melancholy thought, which have in all ages distinguished men bred on the higher regions of the earth. Even the aridity of the soil of Arabia, though great, is, as a political fact, seriously exaggerated, partly because the districts nearest to civilization are the worst, partly because travelers select the winter for explorations—a time when even the fertile plains of Upper India look hideously desolate; but chiefly because the European mind has a difficulty in realizing territorial vastness, or comprehending how enormous may be the aggregate of patches of cultivation spread over a peninsula like Arabia. When, some two years ago, the Governor of Aden was permitted to visit Lahej, he, filled like all other Englishmen with the "idea" of Arabia, was startled to find himself, only a few miles from his own crackling cinders, amidst pleasant corn-lands and smiling villages, in which dwelt a population showing every sign of prosperity and content. There are thousands of such spots in Arabia, to which the eternal boundary of the desert blinds all but the keenest observers. In such oases, scattered over the broad plateaus, and down the arid slopes, and amidst the half-watered valleys, dwelt, in the time of Mohammed, a series of clans, divided politically as much as the modern nations of Europe. What the aggregate of their numbers may have been, is a point which for ages to come must remain uncertain. Orientals object to counting, and similes derived from the stars and the sands by the sea-shore satisfy only the imagination. Burckhardt believed them to be fourteen millions; and, tried by the only test observers can apply, that number is within the truth. It is nearly certain, that at one time during the second great outflow to conquer the world, Arabia had more than a million and a half of her children scattered over Western Asia and the shores of the Mediterranean. They colonized wherever they conquered; and from Syria to Tetuan, through a belt of country a thousand miles in depth, the basis of the population is still Arabian. It may be affirmed safely, that no race that ever existed ever sent ten per cent of its resident population to battle at once. The Convention, when France was in its death-grapple with all Europe, never mustered, on paper, more than a million of men round her standards, or four per cent of her population. Allowing for the impulse of poverty as stronger in Arabia than in France, we can not set the population of the peninsula at less than fifteen millions, while it is more than probable that it greatly exceeded that number. This population dwelt, when it could, in fenced cities and strong defensible villages, a section only living in tents and the desert. The clans fought, and negotiated for plunder or territory; but their wars, though constant and bloody, were not internecine, and it was an understood rule that conquerors should not injure property more than they could help, fill wells, or cut down palm-trees. They had, moreover, some strong bonds of national cohesion. The tribes all spoke one tongue. The great majority either were, or fancied themselves to be, of one blood. They had one form of worship, — a cult, not a creed — which compelled them to regard Mecca as sacred, and the Koreish, as the guardians of the sacred territory, as the highest among mankind. Above all, they had but one character and one social system. They were not divided by the democratic idea and the aristocratic idea, by religious feeling or skeptical feeling, by an antagonism of races or a conflict of classes. Every Arab was, in essentials, like every other; full of poetry and sentiment, with the greediness, which, among poverty-stricken races, is a passion; with a knowledge of traditionary history, and consequently an ingrained reverence for pedigree; brave, accustomed to arms, and carrying the point of honor — revenge for insult or injury to the clan — almost to ferocity. All united, too, in the *moral* necessity of maintaining the neutrality of Mecca, and

in respecting the blood of Maadd, the chieftain who just one thousand years before had rebuilt the power of a house which stretched back straight to Ishmael, and dying, left Mecca to the descendants whom the Arabs called the Koreish.

Mohammed, therefore, as the son of Abdallah, son of Abdul Mutalik, chief of the clan Koreish, was simply a cadet of the highest aristocracy in a land of aristocrats, a man of the only tribe from which princes could be expected to come; a man at least as well born as the descendants of any house in Europe not actually on a throne. Poverty, it must be remembered, does not in Asia affect pedigree. A Brahmin begging is greater than a Sudra reigning; and, though born poor himself, Mohammed stood from his birth armored in wealthy relatives and highly-placed kinsmen. The child was born after his father's death, and, according to a custom still prevalent in Arabia among the population of the cities, was sent at once into the desert to breathe a freer air, and lived for five years with a wandering tribe called by the Arabs the Sons of Saad. In the fifth year, Halima, his foster-mother, though fond of the child, was frightened by some symptoms of epilepsy, and restored him to his mother Amina; but Mohammed never forgot the kindness he had received. Thirty years afterward, when he had become comparatively wealthy, he raised Halima from her poverty, and, after the lapse of half a century, the appeal of his foster-father instantly sufficed to release his clan, while his adopted relatives were offered wealth and position at their will. The only recorded incident of his childhood, apart from legends, was a visit to Medina with his mother; a visit which stamped itself so strongly on his memory, that at fifty he remembered every detail. On her return she died, leaving Mohammed, still a child, to the care of his grandfather, Abdul Mutalik. He speedily followed, and all power in Mecca passed to another branch of the Koreish, and away from his own immediate connections. A wealthy and powerful uncle, however, Abu Talib, took charge of the boy, and became so attached to him that, after a life passed in struggles on his behalf, his last words were a prayer to his kinsmen to protect his nephew. With this uncle he made a journey into Syria, then a nominally Christian country, and took some part in a feud called the Sacrilegious War, because it begun in the holy month, and violated, in the end, the sacred territory. Every year, too, he was present at the annual fair, attended by Christians from Syria, Jews from the neighborhood, and representatives of all the tribes of Arabia; and listened, as he tells us in the Koran, to the eloquent preaching of the Syrian Bishop Koss, and to the orators of the tribes as they contended with each other for the palm of eloquence. He was present also at a scene which, if he had not himself proscribed all art, his followers in after-ages would have loved to paint. Owing to the absence of any central authority, Mecca was full of disorder, and the heads of four sub-clans of the Koreish, tired of the misery before them, met together at night with Mohammed in their midst, and swore "by the avenging Deity to take the part of the oppressed, and see his claim fulfilled so long as a drop of water remained in the ocean, or to satisfy the claim from their own resources." Mohammed in after-life declared, that he would not lose the recollection of having been present when that oath was taken for the choicest camel in all Arabia. Though thus admitted to council in right of his birth, his daily work was that of a shepherd, an office then deemed honorable, and, by his own account, he was singularly free from vice of every kind. The silent, lonely life must have done much to strengthen a mind naturally tender, and increase that habit of brooding thought to which he was addicted through life, and for which he had presently an ampler opportunity.

Mohammed was twenty-five years old before any change took place in his career; and there is no reason to believe that his opinions were in the smallest degree in advance of those entertained by the same class of his countrymen. He was then asked by his uncle to take charge of a caravan, which Khadijah, a wealthy widow of their house, was about to dispatch to Syria. He accepted the office, and traveled to Bostra, a place about sixty miles beyond the Jordan, whence he returned without adventure, and with a fair but moderate profit of cent per cent on the caravan. None of this profit was for himself; but during the journey he had gained something more valuable than his salary. That royal sweetness of nature which from boy-

hood distinguished Mohammed had so impressed a slave attached to the caravan, that, on his return, he besought his leader to present himself to the widow, with the tidings of his successful merchandise. The slave himself never tired of sounding the praises of the handsome agent, and Khadijah, a comely widow, fell deeply in love with him. She is said by Arabs to have been forty; but as she subsequently bore him six children, her age has been probably exaggerated. She gained her father's consent while he was tipsy, and offered Mohammed marriage, and his instant acceptance raised him at once to a place among the wealthy men of the city. The union was a happy one for thirty years. Khadijah left him entirely to his meditations, relieving him of all cares of business; and Mohammed, giving full swing to his natural temperament, wandered incessantly among the mountains which overlook Mecca, feeding his heart with reverie. None but those who have lived long among Asiatics can understand how an Oriental mind can brood over an idea. It is perhaps the most marked distinction between him and the Western man. The European thinks, the Oriental only reflects, and if left to himself the idea, turned over and over endlessly in his mind, hardens into the consistency of steel. Thenceforward it is part of the fiber of his mind, something on which argument is lost, on which he at all times, and in all circumstances, bases immediate action. Mohammed had not, as the popular histories aver, given himself up to inquiries into Christianity and Judaism, nor is there any evidence that he ever talked with a Christian monk named Sergius or Nestorius, nor had he ever been taught by a follower of the Jewish Scripture; but he had from his earliest days been surrounded by the Jewish tribes settled in Arabia, and had learnt vaguely and imperfectly their more imaginative traditions, derived, it would seem, from the source whence Josephus derived *his* antiquities. We conjecture this from the frequent recurrence of names which exist in Josephus's account, and not in the law he professed to follow. He had also talked with Christian slaves, particularly an acute Greek, who became a disciple; and his mind brooded over the possibility of reconciling these creeds with the Pagan cult of Arabia. Gradually, perhaps very early, a horror of idol-worship arose in his mind, a belief in one true, impersonal, and absolute Deity, so strong and vivid as to color his entire future life. How long his faith was in development, he has not informed us; but, once developed, it took entire possession of his mind. Brooding for months in solitude on the tops of the Hira range, he gradually obtained that ecstatic conviction which, in better creeds, their followers term conversion, and with that conviction came the impression that it had been given for a purpose; that he had been selected to become the Messenger of the Most High, to preach the unity of the Godhead unto all mankind. Thenceforward he esteemed himself a specially chosen instrument, one whose reveries were revelations; and throughout his further life, under the most extreme temptation, and in the darkest adversity, Mohammed never for a moment swerved from his central belief: "God is the God: I am the Sent of God." When, years after, he lay hidden in a cave, with the footsteps of his pursuers sounding overhead, and Abu Bekr his only companion, he cheered his friend with the calm assurance, that though they were but two, God was the third. When a great tribe offered to follow him, and give him the sway of a third of Arabia, if he would leave to its chief some section of authority, he calmly answered: "Not one green date." How *could* authority be shared with the Messenger of the Most High? This, and not the doctrine of conversion by the sword, was what he announced to his household; and it is perhaps the most marvelous fact in his history, that the three nearest to him, nearer than any valet ever was to his master, accepted his assurance of divine commission. Khadijah his wife, Ali his nephew, and Zeid his freedman, believed in his mission, treasured up the bursts of mystic poetry in which his first convictions were expressed, and after twenty years of suffering, protracted through every conceivable variety of disaster, remained steadfast in the faith that this man was verily sent of God.

It was in the forty-fourth year of his age (A D. 614) that Mohammed first announced to the sneering Meccans that God had elected him Prophet of a faith which, as its first step, involved their secular ruin. *Their* importance depended on their character as hereditary guardians of Ozza and Lat, the

two idols of the sacred shrine. If idolatry were a crime, their office ended, and with it their rank in Arabia, the rich tribute of the tribes, the gains of the central mart, and the incalculable advantage of the one city which no Arab dared attack. In exchange for this they were offered an idea; for the elevation of Mecca was not Mohammed's original intention—he rather leaned to Jerusalem. They sneered carelessly, for Mohammed was too strongly protected to be attacked, but they rejected him without any very great excitement or attention. Some few, however, chiefly among his own connections, confided in him, ignorant that many, in accepting his statements, accepted also thrones and places in the front rank of human history. Abu Bekr, a chief of the Bani Saym, a subclan of the Koreish, listened to the new revelation gladly, and lived and died—refugee, soldier, vizier, and caliph—always the bosom-friend and believing disciple of his kinsman. Saad, the next disciple, was a nephew of Mohammed's mother, Amina; Zoheir, the next, a nephew of Khadijah; Othman, the next, a grandson of Abdul Mutalik, Mohammed's grandfather; and Abdul Ruhaman, the fifth, was of the Bani Zohra, Amina's clan. Numerous slaves also announced their adhesion to the new opinions. Abu Bekr exhausted great wealth for an Arab in purchasing slaves who had been persecuted for their admiration of Mohammed, and from that day to this, Islam has been distinguished by its adherence to one high principle. The slave who embraces Islam is free; not simply a freed man, but a free citizen, the equal of all save the Sultan, competent *de facto* as well as *de jure* to all and every office in the state. The total number was few, not five score; but after four years of preaching it had become sufficient to arouse discontent and enmity. The Koreish dared not attack Mohammed himself, for he was protected by his relatives; but they jeered at him, and threatened the disciples, who one by one dropped into the little house where he preached, still called the House of Islam, and took the oath of allegiance to the one God and his Messenger. So fierce became the persecution, that Mohammed sent some of his followers to Abyssinia, and even tried by a momentary concession to idolatry to gain them protection from assault. The Meccans heard with delight that he had named Ozza and Lat, the two great idols, as intercessors before the Throne; but the weakness lasted only a few days, and the storm, intensified by disappointment, raged more violently than ever. His uncle, Abu Talib, was compelled to threaten all who should attack him with death; and when, in the sixth year of his preaching, two powerful citizens, Omar and Hamza, professed themselves disciples, even *his* influence could not restrain the Koreish from proceeding to extremities. They solemnly placed all the descendants of Hashim, Mohammed's greatgrandfather, under the ban, refused to intermarry with them, or trade with them, or supply them with food, and drove them *en masse* into the quartier occupied by the relatives and descendants of Abu Talib. There they were cut off from the city, none venturing to sell them any thing except by stealth, and none of them daring to go out except during the holy month, when Mecca was a sanctuary to all Arabs. In this imprisonment the Prophet and his followers remained three years, until his enemies, wearied out, accepted the accidental destruction of the paper on which the ban was written as a sign that God willed the interdict to be lifted. The release, however, was followed by the deaths of Khadijah and Abu Talib, and at the end of the tenth year of his ministry Mohammed found himself with his means diminished, his band of followers not increased, his protector dead, and the Koreish at last apparently at liberty to extirpate his disciples. In this extremity he resolved on an enterprise which, we agree with Mr. Muir, would alone suffice to prove his own belief in his mission. Followed only by Zeid, he set out for Tayif, a city sixty or seventy miles from Mecca, inhabited by Pagans of a peculiarly bigoted character, and boldly appealed to its people for aid, protection, and belief. They stoned him out of the city, and he returned to Mecca wounded and defeated, calmly repeating to himself: "Thy anger, O Lord, alone I dread." The Koreish were exulting in the certainty of victory, when aid suddenly appeared in another quarter.

In the season of pilgrimage, A.D. 620, Mohammed, who always preached to the crowds which at that season gathered from all parts of Mecca, had attracted the regard of a few pilgrims from the

rival though inferior city of Medina. The Jews were powerful in Medina, and the idolaters there had gathered from them a vague idea that a mighty prophet was at hand, whom it was advisable for the idolaters speedily to conciliate. Five or six of them took Mohammed to be the prophet expected, and they promised on the next pilgrimage to bring him more of their brethren. Time is nothing in the East, where nothing ever occurs; but that year must have been a weary one to the prophet and his followers. It passed away, however, and at the next pilgrimage the number of the Medinese was doubled, and twelve converts took the oath of allegiance to Mohammed. Again they were sent home, and again Mohammed, with the stolid patience which in Europe belongs only to the greatest, and in Asia to every body, waited through the year in peace. He even intermitted preaching, keeping his followers in heart by occasional revelations, and confirming his own authority by the distinct announcement, "Whoso obeyeth not God and his prophet, verily to him shall be the fire of hell," a declaration almost superb in its pride when the circumstances are considered. The men who were to obey it were his own kinsmen, men who had known him from his youth up, who lived with him almost in imprisonment in Abu Talib's quartier, among whom he ate and slept, and had begun to marry wives, to whom his demeanor in every hour of the day was thoroughly known. Twelve years of Mohammed's preaching, eight of their fidelity, had brought them nothing except injury to their substance, and the hatred of their relatives; they had no conceivable chance of earthly power, and most of them little chance of escaping the Koreish. Yet here, in the midst of their tribulation, while still sick with longing for aid from a distant and inferior city, Mohammed asserted authority without limit or bound, and was cheerfully, even eagerly obeyed. The year passed at last, and this time a numerous band, seventy-three men in all, met him from Medina, and in the dead of night, in the stony valley of Akaba, swore to obey Mohammed, and protect him with their lives. Great precations had been taken to insure secresy; but the Koreish heard of the meeting, and pursued the retiring Medinese. They returned, however, from a fruitless expedition, and in a few days Mohammed gave the command: "Depart unto Medina."

Secretly, by twos and threes, his disciples left the city; and as house after house was deserted, and quartier after quartier became vacant, the Koreish looked on with amaze. Themselves an aristocracy, they could not comprehend the faith which induced wealthy men of high blood to go forth penniless to a distant and usually hostile city, two hundred and fifty miles away, at the bidding of one no greater than themselves. Mohammed staid to the last; and it was not till a rumor reached him that the Koreish had resolved on his death, that he and his faithful Abu Bekr fled from Mecca. Fearful of pursuit, they ascended the mountain Thaur, and there lived three days, hunted by the Koreish, who at one time passed over the cave in which they lay concealed, and fed by a shepherd formerly in Abu Bekr's employ. On the third night, the twentieth June 622, the Prophet commenced his ride, and reached Medina in safety with his friend. His family, and that of Abu Bekr, remained in Mecca, protected by the strong clans to which they belonged, until they also set out for Medina, and the Hegira — the flight, from which one fourth of the population of earth compute time — was at last complete. Eight years of public preaching and teaching the unity of God had ended in this, the flight of the Prophet from the city in which his ancestors reigned, with the loss of his patrimony and that of his scanty following.

The points on which this narrative differs from those commonly circulated will be at once perceived. The legendary elements is in the first place entirely struck out. The miraculous light which shone from Amina, the long conversations with Nestorius, the spider's web woven across the entrance of the cave on Mount Thaur, and a hundred stories of like character, which only distract attention from the true facts of his career, are entirely omitted. On the other hand, the element of *time*, which figures so strongly in real life, and has so little influence on fiction, is once more restored to its legitimate place. Mohammed was for three years assured of his own mission before he ventured to preach, and four before he had made a convert beyond Khadijah, Ali, and Zeid. He was six years striving in vain to convince the citizens of Mecca before he

made any offer to the men of Medina, and then he waited two more to organize their assistance, and fled at last rather for the sake of his followers and his faith than for his own. His own life was probably in no especial danger. Had he been put to death, all the sons of Abdul Mutalik, and all the descendants of Hashim, all the relations of Khadijah, and all the kinsmen of Abu Bekr, four strong houses out of the ruling clan, would have pursued the murderers to the destruction of themselves and their kinsmen. A sense of this danger was never wholly absent from the minds of the Koreish, who, moreover, always received the slightest concession from Mohammed with undisguised exultation. The real marvel is not in his safety, which was protected by the social system of Mecca, but in the amazing constancy which induced him year after year through the whole maturity of manhood to struggle on, proclaiming his divine mission, preaching the unity of God, and demanding obedience to his prophets, confirming the faith of his followers, strengthening the weak, speaking kindly to the few backsliders, every day building up a dominion over their hearts which, in all the changes of his career, never grew feeble, which induced them, as we shall see, to pour out their lives like water, and, most wonderful of all, compelled them after his death, to sacrifice themselves in defense of the truth of his pretensions. To suppose that such inflence was ever wielded by a man who did not believe in himself, is to us an absurd sketch of credulity, and his personal power indicates at once the character Mohammed must have borne. Authority of that kind is given only to one class of men, the leader in whom immutable will makes the manner gentle and the speech kindly, while it confers also that grave dignity and that consistent habit of thought before which the mass of men bend as easily as clay to the potter. And this we find to have been the character universally ascribed to Mohammed. Mr. Muir, who is no apologist, speaks repeatedly of the gentle stateliness which was his first obvious attribute, as it is that of all men whom God intends for princes.

"A remarkable feature was the urbanity and consideration with which Mohammed treated even the most insignificant of his followers. Modesty and kindness, patience, self-denial, and generosity, pervaded his conduct, and riveted the affections of all around him. He disliked to say *No;* if unable to reply to a petitioner in the affirmative, he preferred to remain silent. . . . He possessed the rare faculty of making each individual in a company think that *he* was the most favored guest. When he met any one rejoicing, he would seize him eagerly and cordially by the hand. With the bereaved and afflicted he sympathized tenderly. Gentle and unbending towards little children, he would not distain to accost a group of them at play with the salutation of peace. He shared his food, even in times of scarcity, with others; and was sedulously solicitous for the personal comfort of every one about him. A kindly and benevolent disposition pervades all these illustrations of his character."

Ten years of command and self-restraint do not diminish dignity; and Mohammed rode into Medina, in all things fulfilling the highest Oriental ideal of the true king. Tall and spare, and of amazing strength, with his cheek still ruddy, and his beard falling in black waves, just streaked with silver, to his waist, his manner soft to feminine grace, his eye black, restless, and slightly bloodshot, and his gait that of one who ascends a hill, that is, firm but springing, he must have looked as fit to be a leader of men as any the Arabs had ever seen. Add to these advantages, birth derived from the sacred race, the unhesitating devotion of a small but long-tried band, a widespread fame throughout Arabia, some political popularity in Medina, and a claim to authority men could not even examine, much less question, and we have some idea of the true position of Mohammed as the so-called "powerless fugitive" rode into the city, which had turned out its population in mingled curiosity and awe.

The first half of the life of Mohammed was completed, and also the first half of his religion. Up to this time, he preached only a faith, but henceforward he was to pile upon this a cult, a series of observances, and many laws which had no necessary bearing upon religion at all. He merged the prophet in the legislator, and it is as the legislator that in Europe he has been most harshly judged. His creed, as evolved at Mecca, had a majestic simplicity, lost to Europeans in their unconscious confusion between creed and laws. It may be summed up in a dozen lines. Mohammedanism, stripped of its accessories, is pure theism, enjoining justice, brotherhood among the faithful, abstinence from breaches of the universal

moral law, the sexual law partially excepted, and persistent and regular public prayer. That is the substance of Islam, the only creed essential to Mussulman salvation, the only law binding upon the soul. An active Moslem *ought* also to perform his social duties, to obey the Khalif, to defend the faith by arms, to bind himself under some few ceremonial laws. But all the doctors agree that he who observes only the precepts just quoted, as, for example, a cripple, will still be saved; that the remainder are the ornaments of Islam, rather than its foundation. The notion of an inevitable fate, of a power before which human effort is powerless, and which is now universal in the Mohammedan world, was no idea of the Prophet. He doubtless caused it by the excessive rigor with which he pressed upon his followers the notion of the immediate and incessant application of the divine power to earthly affairs — a notion which makes the strong Puritan doubly energetic, but inclines the weaker Asiatic to indolent acquiescence; but it was no theory of the Koran.

Europeans will readily perceive wherein this scheme falls short of perfect religious harmony. As a religion for the soul, Mohammedanism is too negative, fails to meet the inherent sense of sin, and entirely omits the great correlative of benevolence, love to God, as a motive to action. By Asiatics, however, who consider that love and obedience are not so much cause and effect as absolutely synonymous, this deficiency is rarely felt; and in all other respects Islam, as a creed, is an enormous advance, not only on all idolatries, but on all systems of purely human origin. It utterly roots out idolatry, and restores the one ever-living God to his true place, if not in the heart, at least in the imagination and reverence of mankind. It establishes the principle, not indeed of benevolence toward all God's creatures, but of benevolence toward all who have deserved it by expressing their faith in the one true Deity. It prohibits all the universally recognized crimes save one, makes temperance a religious obligation, and finally releases its followers at once and forever from the burden of a cult, of a law which made ceremonial observance a source or condition of salvation. Prayer does not become a ceremony because it is fixed for stated times, and the Koran never intended it should degenerate into a form. Other ceremony in Islam there was none, circumcision being no where ordained, and only retained by the Moslem in imitation of their Pagan ancestors. It is doubtful whether Mohammed was circumcised himself; and the learned reasons assigned by commentators for Mohammed's adoption of this rite are just so many exercises of mistaken ingenuity.

There remains one other point which in Europe is considered, justly enough, a dogma of Islam — the duty of extending the faith by force. This, however, formed no part of the doctrine as preached at Mecca. It is very doubtful whether Mohammed had ever thought out his terrible sentence — the sword is the key of heaven and hell; the dogma which, chiming in it as it does with the fierce courage of the bravest of Asiatic races, and adding to "the triumph and the vanity, the rapture of the strife," the grandeur of moral well-doing, has proved the political safeguard of the Mussulman tribes, urging them onward perpetually to broader dominion, and enabling them, when defeated, to die fighting in the assured hope of a sensual immortality. It is quite certain that at Mecca Mohammed never issued the command in any distinct form, and that he hoped against hope, for twelve long years, to succeed by the simple massiveness of his doctrine and the eloquence of his own tongue. It was in all probability not till the resort of the Koreish to force made him doubt whether argument would henceforward be even accessible to them, that the thought of compulsion, of arguments addressed to the fears instead of the reason, flashed across his mind. The idea, however, was developed fullgrown, for the Sura which recommended the first war with Mecca promised also paradise to him who fell in arms; and of all the revelations this was the one most eagerly believed. It is to this day the last which a skeptical Mohammedan doubts, and it exercises a power over inferior races almost as extraordinary as the sway Christian truth can sometimes obtain. It is related of Tippoo's Hindoo converts, seventy thousand of whom were made Mussulmans by force in a single day, that this was the doctrine they accepted with their hearts; and at the siege of Seringapatam they courted death in scores—men utterly lost to every call of honor, or patriotism, or family af-

fection, whose only occupation is eating, and whose only recreation is woman, still thrill with excitement at the summons for the faith, and meet death with a contempt the Red Indian could only envy. In the recent war in Upper India, even the Highlanders wavered as the Ghazees flung themselves on their bayonets; and the Moplahs have been known to yell with exultation as the bayonets passed through them far enough to allow their short knives to stab deep. The promulgation of this order marked the completion of a political rather than a religious position. Mohammed could add nothing to his power as prince—no compact with his people, no conceivable subtilty of legislation, no fanaticism of loyalty could invest him with any thing but a faint shadow of the despotic power which *must* appertain to a recognized vicegerent of God. But the additional belief that death in war is an instant passport to heaven turned all his followers into willing conscripts, and war into the most solemn and most sacred of ordinary duties. Imagine the Puritan soldiers convinced, not only that their cause was favored of God, but that Cromwell was his vicegerent, and that the day of judgment could never arrive for the soldier slain in battle, and we gain some idea of the spirit in which the first followers of Mohammed advanced to the conflict with the infidels.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

From Bentley's Miscellany.

MY BIRTH-DAY DREAM.

BY EDWARD KENEALY, LL. B.

THE golden Julian morn was gleaming o'er me,
  The diamond stars were waning one by one,
When, lo! methought a vision rose before me,
  Two maidens, beauteous as the rising sun.
On the pale brows of one were towers shining,
  A glory burst like Hero's from her eyes;
But round the other's forehead I saw twining
  Laurels and roses bright as brightest skies.

Then, quoth the first: "My name, beloved, is Power:
  I come to thee, and woo thee for mine own;
Wealth, grandeur, titles—these shall be thy dower,
  But thou must seek, court, worship me alone.
The marble palace glittering in its glory,
  The pomp, the power, the attributes of kings,
These I can give thee, with a name in story;
  Canst thou for these put forth thine eagle wings?"

Then, quoth the second: "Pomp, and power, and palace,
  And royal wealth and grandeur are not mine;
I can not give thee garden, bower, or chalice,
  Resplendent with its gems, and crowned with wine.
Titles I can not vaunt, sway can not proffer,
  In sooth, what I can give, I scarce can name;
Thy bright soul seeks not gaud, nor gaudy coffer—
  I know *thee*—know *it*—what thou lov'st is Fame.

"*This* I can give thee, on thy temples wreathing,
Immortal honor, glory ne'er to end;
Renown, unto all future times bequeathing
A bright example, guiding foe and friend.
A shining place in history—a splendor
Out-dazzling kings—the sunshine drowns the star—
A name to which all time its meed shall render,
Which Change can ne'er destroy, nor Folly mar."

She ceased, and I was left alone unguided,
A little cradled child to choose between
Power and Fame!—alas! alas! divided,
Why should these golden goddesses be seen?
Why should not Fame and Power, like smiling Graces,
Wander along the earth to woo and win?
Why should not he who seeks the soft embraces
Of Power, gain them but by aid of Sin?*

I know not—care not. Virgin Fame immortal,
To thee, and not to Power I yield my soul;
Guide her, oh! guide her through thy crystal portal,
Blazon her name upon thy bannerol.
What care I for the lures of proud dominion?
Dominion is of earth, and scents of crime;
Give me, sweet Fame, to soar, with heavenly pinion
Above the paltry pride of earth sublime.

From the Temple Bar Magazine.

KINGS AND QUEENS OF DIAMONDS, OR PRECIOUS STONES.

STONES proper for personal adornment may be classed as—first and supreme of all, of a species apart, peculiar, and isolated, holding no connection with any other "mineral flower," but standing alone in its kingly pride—the DIAMOND; then the princes of the throne, the hyaline or glass-like crystals—such as the ruby, sapphire, emerald, etc.—what fine people call "hyaline corindons;" then the translucent silicates, rock-crystal, and all the transparent quartz group; then feldspar, chalcedony, lapis lazuli, malachite, jasper; then jet and amber and coral; and, last of all, that peerless bit of phosphate of lime and gelatine, the moonlight-colored pearl hid in the depths of the Indian Seas. This is not quite the classification of mineralogy, nor yet of taste or commercial value, but it answers the purposes of the present paper.

And first as to the diamond, that mineral king, crowned with such a diadem of glory as no other created thing possesses. The diamond—Adamas, or the Indomitable, as it was called—is the hardest body known: it refuses to be tried save by its peers, and will not be cut or polished by any thing yet discovered but itself. A diamond must be cut by a diamond, and polished by diamond-dust; and when De Boot's apocryphal friend, the learned physician, said he could stick one on the point of a needle, and divide it into scales by the help of his nails alone, we are sorry to say that De Boot's apocryphal friend ut-

* "It very rarely happens," says Macchiavelli, "or perhaps, never occurs, that a person exalts himself from a humble station to great dignity without employing either *force or fraud*."—*Reflections on Livy*, lib. ii. cap. 13.

tered simple fabrications. Unless, indeed, he had found out, in a secret Baconian kind of way, that diamond was only pure carbon—the spiritual evolution of coal, the realization of the carbonic ideal—and so, when he spoke of the gem, meant only the chrysalis—diamond in its antenatal tomb—diamond with a smutty face and a flaming tongue—diamond burning in the grate, and helping to cook kid-steaks or fry the inevitable omelet—diamond as coal or, scientifically, carbon. But as De Boot gives another anecdote of another apocryphal friend of his, who knew of his own knowledge that a lady had two hereditary diamonds, male and female, which engendered other diamonds in a quite satisfactory and matrimonial manner, we may dismiss his assertions with more respect for his learning than reliance on his accuracy. It was a very common belief, though, that all the nobler gems were sexual, as also that they possessed various mystic and even intelligent qualities which bound them up in close relation with man. Thus they all represented certain spiritual and moral virtues; they all gave certain powers to their wearers; they all showed the presence of poison—some of them turning dark and turbid, others pale and sickly, and some shattering themselves to pieces in passionate despair and abhorrence at its touch. But, beyond these useful generic properties, the diamond had its own peculiar virtues such as none other possessed. Thus, when worn in the ephod of the Jewish high-priest, it gave token of the guilt or innocence of the accused. If guilty, the gem became dim and lustreless; if guilty unto death, it flamed with a sullen flare of fierce blood-red; but if innocent, it shone with tenfold glory. The diamond symbolized innocence, justice, faith, strength, and the impassivity of fate, and, under the name of Adamant, expressed all that human life knows of unchangeable will and the power of resistance. "It gives way to no sort of matter, neither fire nor iron," says Camillus Leonardus, physician to Cæsar Borgia, "but despises all;" and an old black-letter book says that "God hath induyd hym with greatter vertues than many other stones," albeit all are indued with many.

If a diamond has a greenish tinge on the thick vail or covering which it has worn in the mine, it will prove a fair and noble gem; if tinged with yellow, it will be greasy, soft, and comparatively valueless. Diamonds are often found colored, and when so are valuable in proportion to the fullness and richness of the tint; as witness Mr. Hope's magnificent blue diamond, and that glorious green gem which forms the button in the King of Saxony's state-hat. Even perfectly black diamonds have been found, but these are rare; and Mr. Meyer's, in the Great Exhibition, was held to be a great curiosity. It weighed three hundred and fifty carats, (a carat is equal to three and one sixth grains troy, six carats being equal to nineteen grains troy,) and was so hard that nothing could cut or polish it, not even the dust of its white brethren. The small, soft, and ill-complexioned diamonds, neither purely colorless nor richly tinged, are broken up for diamond-dust worth fifty pounds the ounce, and used for cutting cameos and onyxes, as well as for polishing their uncivilized relations. Indeed, carnelians, agates, cairngorms, etc., could not be engraved by any other agent than diamond-dust; though the ancients engraved even the "hyalfne corindons" by means of their metal tools alone, and made no use of diamond-dust. But we have lost a few arts, as well as gained many, since the days of our brave old bearded elders.

The difference between brilliant, rose, and table diamonds consists only in the cutting. Three hundred and fifty years ago all diamonds were cut with four flat surfaces—these were Indian-cut or table diamonds; later they were cut in the form of half a polyhedron resting on a plane section—this was the rose diamond; and a short time after this innovation Mazarine caused twelve to be cut as brilliants, yet known among the crown-jewels of France as the Twelve Mazarines. That is, they were cut into the form of two truncated pyramids, the upper, or bizel, being much more deeply truncated than the lower, or collet, and having thirty-two facets inclined under different angles, while the lower has but twenty-four; each facet, both of the bizel and collet side, having its own distinctive name and arbitrary proportion. This is the most effective, but the most wasteful, way of cutting diamonds—about one half the weight being lost in converting them into brilliants or roses from the rough. Old diamonds are more carefully cut than the quite modern, and are worth forty or fifty per cent more. The most celebrated diamonds known at the present day are,

first, the "Orloff," or "Grand Russian," weighing one hundred and ninety-three carats, called "The Moon of the Mountain" when it belonged to Nadir-Shah, or, according to another account, when it made one of the idol's eyes in the beautiful Brahminical temple, whence a horny-fisted French soldier stole it. It fell into the hands of Shafrass, the Man of Millions living at Balsora, (1747;) and, after a lapse of ten years, when reports had died away, and the scent after the missing twin of poor Monoculos had grown cold, it was offered for sale at Amsterdam, and purchased by Count Orloff for his imperial mistress. It is about the size of a pigeon's egg, of exquisite lustre but defective form. Magnificent as it is though, the Rajah of Mattan is said to possess one superior to it, and, indeed, superior to any other diamond extant. But no threats nor bribes will induce the Rajah to part with a gem which is not only the finest in the world (it weighs, or is said to weigh, three hundred and sixty-seven carats,) but has also mystic powers of healing, and with the preservation of which the family fortune is inextricably interwoven: something like the Luck of Edenhall, in a more magnificent translation. Then comes the "Grand Tuscan," which has passed now into the possession of Austria, a nine-sided rose diamond weighing one hundred and thirty-nine and a half carats, of a yellowish tint, which somewhat lessens its value, and worth one hundred and fifty-five thousand six hundred and eighty-two pounds. That eighty-two pounds is a delicious piece of mineralogical precision. The "Regent"—though not the largest, yet of the purest water and most perfect shape of all the great diamonds in Europe—was stolen from the mines of Golconda, and sold to Thomas Pitt, grandfather of the Earl of Chatham, and governor of Fort St. George. He in turn sold it to the Duke of Orleans, then regent, for ninety-two thousand pounds, though it was worth double that sum; reserving to himself the waste caused by the cutting, which made a small fortune in moderate-sized diamonds and diamond-dust, but spending five thousand pounds in the negotiation. After a few vicissitudes, the "Pitt" or "Regent"—it has both names—returned to the crown of France, and is now in the center of the imperial diadem; but Napoleon wore it mounted in the hilt of his state-sword. The "Star of the South" is the largest diamond as yet brought from Brazil, and belongs to the King of Portugal. Uncut it weighed two hundred and fifty-four and a half carats; cut, it is one hundred and twenty-five; it is estimated as worth three millions, and is slightly approaching to pink in hue. It was found by three Brazilian exiles, poor fellows! and brought them wealth and freedom, as it ought to have done. The grandfather of the present King of Portugal used to wear it in the rough: he had a hole bored through it, and slung it round his neck on gala-days. The "Koh-i-noor," or "Mountain of Light," is the eighth and smallest of these paragon diamonds, (all diamonds weighing over a hundred carats are called Paragon;) but it was originally the largest diamond ever known, weighing uncut nine hundred carats. It was reduced to two hundred and eighty by Hortensio Borgis, the Venetian diamond-cutter, who was the first to try his hand on it, and who managed to lessen it to this enormous extent, though not attempting to cut it into a brilliant. The Great Mogul, to whom it belonged, instead of paying him for his labor, fined him three thousand rupees, and would, in his Great-Mogulish wrath, have fined him more, had Hortensio Borgis possessed more wherewith to pay. It is believed that the Koh-i-noor and the Orloff are one and the same diamond, and that, if they could be reunited, they would make up the size and weight described by Tavernier, and prove to be this matchless gem of nine hundred carats which once belonged to the Great Mogul, and was the very paragon of paragons. Since the Mountain of Light came into the possession of the English it has been cut as a brilliant, whereby it has been still further diminished in weight, but enhanced in value and beauty. The old Iron Duke was the first to place it in the mill; and it took thirty-eight days to cut, working twelve hours a day without intermission.

Next to the Paragons come a few highly celebrated diamonds of rare value and beauty, but below the paragon standard of a hundred carats. There is the "Shah of Persia," with its curious inscription of Indian possessors, now belonging to Russia—a long irregular prism weighing eighty-six and three sixteenths carats; and the pear-shaped "Sancy," which was the small-

est of the three possessed by Charles the Bold of Burgundy, and which now belongs to France—the others having gone by circuitous routes, the one to the Pope and the tiara, the other to Austria and the imperial crown. For Charles the Bold, and, indeed, all his congeners, were the greatest patrons of jewels known in medieval Europe; and all the royal collections extant gained by the fall of the House of Burgundy. The Sancy was lost on the field of Nancy, where Charles had worn it, and where he lost not only his diamond but his crown and his life. Picked up by a common soldier, it was first thrown away as a piece of glass, then sold for a florin to a Swiss priest—afterward falling into the hands of the Baron de Sancy, a Huguenot nobleman, who caused it to be conveyed to the King, Henry III. But the messenger was attacked by brigands on the way, and swallowed the gem to preserve it. The corpse was opened, and the diamond found in his stomach. Then there is the marvelously pure "Nassack" diamond, pear-shaped, and weighing seventy-eight and five eighths carats; and the beautiful brilliant, "Pigott," bought by the Pasha of Egypt for thirty thousand pounds; and the magnificent triangular "blue diamond," which was stolen from the French regalia in the famous robbery of jewels, and never more heard of; and there are the grand crown-diamonds of Spain; and the diamonds of the imperial crown of Brazil, "beyond doubt the most splendid of any crown possession, either in ancient or modern times," according to the authoress of *Lithiaka*. And then there is a new diamond lately found in the Brazils, and in the possession of Mr. Dresden; a diamond as yet unchristened, but "decidedly one of the finest and purest in color known," says Mr. Pole: it is a large pear-shaped or triangular brilliant, weighing seventy-six and a half carats—nearly the weight of the Nassack—and will probably soon become the property of a crowned head.

The diamond-mines are well guarded every where, but sometimes thefts take place undiscovered; and sometimes even the most cunning hiding-places are found out—as when a negro stole a diamond weighing two carats and hid it in the corner of his eye; but was detected. If any one is suspected of theft, he is taken to a solitary room, locked up, and given powerful emetics; for the most common place of concealment is the stomach, and the Management only does what the negro himself would do a few hours later to obtain repossession of the gem. But notwithstanding all these precautions, and notwithstanding that all stones weighing more than two carats belong to royalty (referring, at least, to the mines of Golconda, the most celebrated and richest in the world,) yet several gems of ten, and even twenty carats, make their way into the market, and find purchasers in spite of risk and law. If a slave finds a stone weighing seventeen and a half carats, he is a free man on the spot. The mines are scientifically worked, and gems are no longer got by flinging beef-steaks down inaccessible precipices, for vultures and eagles to bring up again, with a fringe of diamonds adhering to them; which was the manner in which they were procured in mythic times, according to the assertions of philosophers and Sindbad the Sailor. Diamonds and gold have always had a strange connection together, and in Brazil are found in close union. In some parts of the country, gold can be picked up in the streets after a shower of rain, and diamonds have been found entangled in the roots of vegetables, and in the crops of chickens. Diamonds are supposed to grow and ripen in the mines; thus rock-crystal, which is found in the same kind of matrix, is called the "unripe," diamond the "ripe" gem; and Madame de Barrera tells a curious story, quoted from Mr. Mawe, of a negro who found a magnificent bit of "unripe diamond," weighing near a pound, and which for its lustre and purity was taken for the real thing. It was only when Mr. Mawe scratched the surface with a real diamond, that it was found to be nothing but a very perfect bit of rock-crystal, and worth only a handful of pence instead of a king's revenues.

The diamond is phosphoric and electric; possesses the property of simple refraction; but, in spite of its marvelous brilliancy when cut and polished, is duller than even fine quartz-crystals when uncut. Many colorless gems—as white rubies, emeralds, sapphires, etc.—have been passed off in the trade as diamonds; but they are neither so hard nor so heavy, nor would they resolve themselves into pure carbon if they were burnt, supposing that any owner chose to make that crucial experiment. Guyton Morveau, in 1772,

triumphantly proved that the diamond was nothing but a combustible crystal of pure carbon, and converted a bit of iron into fine steel in the process. And lately M. Despretz has been said to have made microscopic crystals possessing all the properties of real diamonds, or crystallized carbon. But this, again is denied. The trade of polishing and cutting diamonds is almost entirely in the hands of the Jews of Amsterdam, and about ten thousand persons are employed in it. Louis Bergheim, or Berquen, of Bruges, was the first diamond-polisher in Europe, and he performed his first feat in the year 1456. Artificial diamonds are made by fusing a sliceous base with chloride of silver, which is also the composition, varied in proportion, of the artificial opal. The lower kinds of paste are formed of rock-crystal or fine glass thrown up by tin-foil.

Next to the diamond in hardness, beauty, and value, comes the sapphire — the holy sapphire, "which renders the bearer pacific, amiable, pious, and devout, and confirms the soul in good works," which refuses to shine for the beautifying of the unchaste or the impure, and, which, by the mere force of its own pure rays, kills all noxious and venomous creatures. How to describe that soft deep blue — deepest in the males, fairest in the females — to which nothing living can be compared, save perhaps the exquisite glory of an Irish eye? The sapphire in its true color is blue — blue as an Italian heaven, blue as the deep blue sea; but it is also red and yellow and green and violet and hair-brown — such a brown as the Venetian painters loved, with a golden light striking through — and it is bluish-gray and blackish, and it is sometimes radiated and *chatoyant*. But when all these various colors, it is called by various names: — it is oriental ruby when red; oriental topaz when yellow; oriental emerald when green; oriental amethyst when violet; adamantine spar when hair-brown; emery when in granulated masses of bluish-gray; asteria, or star-stone, when radiated; corundum when dull and dingly colored. Thus all the finest gems are mere varieties of the sapphire, which stands next in order to the kingly diamond himself. The sapphire sometimes changes color by artificial light, and Mr. Hope's "saphir merveilleux," which is a deep delicious blue by day, becomes distinctly amethystine at night. The finest blue sapphires come from Ceylon, which is a very island of gems; and one of the most magnificent in the civilized world is that in the insignia of the Saint Esprit, among the crown-jewels in France. The dove is formed of a single sapphire of great size and marvelous beauty, mounted on white diamonds, and surrounded by the finest suite of blue diamonds in existence. The blue diamonds are almost as intense in color as the sapphire itself. The asteria, or star-stone sapphire, is a singularly lovely gem; grayish-blue in color, but turn it which way you will, you see ever six rays of brilliant silver light stream from it. Sometimes the stone is red, — when the star-rays are golden yellow; and sometimes they are purely white on a ground of red or blue. The girasol sapphire has a most beautiful play of opalescent light, pinkish, aurora-colored, or bluish. The sapphire is pure alumina, colored by one of the magic agents by which Nature transforms her children and masquerades her servants.

"The emeraude passeth all grene thynges of grenesse," says the old black-letter book sententiously, and with a beautiful ignorance of alumina and glucina, of sapphire and beryl. "The finest come from the floode of Paradyse terrestre," wherever that may be, and are called on earth the Stone of God; for the emerald too was a holy gem. "There be a matter of beestes that be called Gryffons that keepeth these stones emeraudes in the floode, that cometh from a Paradyse terrestre into the land of Beheste. And these manner of beestes have iiij. feete and ij. iyen, and the body before lyke an Egle and behynde lyke a Lyon. And a manner of folks that be named Arymples, (Arimaspes?) that have but one iye in the forhede. And they seke and finde these Emeraudes, and when they go for them they be all armed, and so they seke the sayde stones in the sayde floode of Paradyse terrestre, and there they fynde them. And the sayd Gryffons flye all about and seke these sayde folkes that have but one iye in the forehede: and they do theyr power to take away the stones from them, for they be right fearse and angry with them, that they bere them away, but these sayd folks be so armed that the sayde fowle gryffons may do them no harme. That emeraude that is most clennest and passynge grene, he is most gentyll, precyous, and best." Echoes of these old superstitions still lin-

ger round the emerald-mines; and if the one-eyed people and the griffins have gone, there is yet living an enchanted dragon which watches over the mines of Las Emeraldas in Peru, and prevents curious people from visiting them too narrowly; and the famous gems of Mount Zeborah are guarded by terrible genii. But nothing worse than the peril of the place itself hides in that awful rift in the Tyrolese Alps, where the earthquake has rent the hills in sunder, and torn out from the darkness a very wealth of emeralds, loosely imbedded in the sides of the rock. It is a terrific venture to be swung over the abyss, and lowered down those steep precipitous sides, kept back from eternity only by the strands of a frail hempen rope: but Madame de Barrera knew a woman who had nerve enough to face the danger, and who came back from her perilous journey with a rich harvest of gems as her reward. Though the first yield of these stones came from Africa, the African mines are by no means the most prolific, nor are the African stones the finest. South-America is the real nursery for emeralds; and marvelous stories are told of Montezuma's clasp, and the sacred emerald, as large as an ostrich-egg, which was the mother of all the emeralds, and desired nothing so much as the company of her young daughters, the smaller emeralds—whereby the priests got an immense collection together, as is the manner of priests every where. It was a holy gem with them, as with the Jewish rabbis—worn by the one in a ring, by the other in the ephod or breast-plate. Cortez stole five of these emeralds from one of the temples; the first of which was cut into the form of a rose with its leaves, the second was a toy, the third a fish, the fourth a bell with its clapper of one large pear-shaped pearl, and the fifth a cup, for which a Genoese lapidary offered forty thousand ducats. And in the Temple of the Sun was found one as large as a pigeon's egg. But the mother was never found, though all her daughters were hunted up and captured. Dr. Burns speaks of an emerald parroquet, as large as life, and cut out of one single stone, which the Ameers of Scinde possessed; and is it Theophrastus who mentions two emerald columns sent to Ptolemy Philopater for his wife Arsinoë, which were three cubits broad and four cubits high; as well as an obelisk forty cubits high, and made out of forty solid emeralds? All these enormous masses, though, were probably blocks of green jasper; or they might have been blocks of beryl, for beryl is a very mammoth among the precious stones, and sometimes found in immense masses. A block weighing eighty pounds, but opaque, was sent to the Great Exhibition, where every thing great and curious was sent; and another of about the same size and weight is now in the British Museum. And lately a monster, weighing two hundred and thirty-eight pounds, has been found in the United States, at New-Hampshire. But we will come to the common beryl presently. Yet emerald is a beryl—it will be remembered that oriental emerald, the noblest kind, is a green sapphire; and there are two other varieties of beryl—very humble cousins of the emerald—the precious beryl or aqua marine, and the common beryl. It is said that the emerald is born white, and ripens in the mine to its mature perfectness of meadow-green; and an account is given, but not authenticated, of one found in the province of Cuzco with two white corners, while all the rest of the stone was green—the ripe gem not fully ripe, and still retaining traces of its infantine condition. One of the largest emeralds on record was in the Great Exhibition, and belonged to the Duke of Devonshire. It weighed eight ounces eighteen pennyweights, was two inches long and two and three eighths in diameter. The chemical composition of the emerald is sixty-six and a fraction of silica, fifteen and a fraction of glucina, (a sweet earth,) sixteen and a fraction of alumina, with a dash of the oxides of iron and chrome. Its crystal is a long six-sided prism; and men once thought that this long six-sided prism restored sight and memory; sent evil spirits howling into space; gave its wearers the power of finding out secrets; changed color when the lover was faithless, passing from the hue of the spring-leaf to that of the sere; and if unable to do its possessor good, or to avert evil, shivered into a thousand atoms—broken by despair.

The beryl is a kind of poor relation of the emerald, with some of the family features of my lord. When very pale, clear, and finely tinted, it is known as the aqua marine, and though not valuable, is a pretty gem, chaste and simple. In general, the beryl is of a sea-green color or a pale blue, partaking both of emerald and

sapphire combined, but not equal to either; and sometimes it is golden yellow, and sometimes it is white. It cures liver-complaints and the jaundice, reconciles married folks, chases idleness and stupidity, and is sacred to the month of October; but is of no special value, unless it has risen from beryl to emerald, or has lightened from the opaque and lustreless mammoth of the mines to the clear and dainty sea-water gem. The finest aqua marines come from Siberia, Hindustan, and Brazil; and Don Pedro has one flawless specimen as large as a calf's head, and weighing more than eighteen and a half pounds troy.

The ruby, the flaming blood-red ruby, the "live coal" of the Greeks, the anthrax, which, under its name of carbuncle, was one of the twelve gems that made up the sacred ephod—the ruby is one of the most magical of all gems. It is to be found in all Eastern romances, lighting up enchanted halls, and filling the dragon-guarded caves with floods of radiance; and what but the ruby gave that magnificent stream of living glory from the bowl of jewels which Abraham set in the midst of his iron city, to give light to his imprisoned wives? For Abraham was a jealous polygamist, according to the Talmud, and must needs shut up his numerous wives in an iron city, where the very sunshine might not reach them. Yet to give them light he set a bowl of jewels in the midst, which filled all the air with lustre. And as the ruby is really phosphoric, and, when set in the full rays of the sun, or exposed to a great amount of heat, gives out a certain radiance, this property was quite groundwork enough for Eastern exaggeration to embroider with fable. To the present day, the Indian princes are more tenacious of the ruby than of any other gem, and are exceedingly jealous of their wealth either in the mines or out of the mines, guarding both mines and jewels as if half the glory of their empire, and all its stability, depended on the safety and the numbers of their rubies. The ruby is of many kinds—not counting the oriental, or red sapphire—the carbuncle of romance. There is the spinel or full scarlet-red, the best form of true ruby; the balass or rose-red; the rubicelle or orange-red; the almandine or violet red; the chlorospinel or green-red, and the pleonaste or black; there is also a cat's-eye or opalescent ruby, found in Burmah. The finest ruby in the world belongs to the King of Pegu, but the Subbah of the Deccan possesses also a magnificent ruby, a full inch in diameter; and the noblest in Europe was brought from China, and is in the imperial crown of Russia. There is also a great beauty set in the center of the Maltese cross in the English crown. It is heart-shaped, unpolished, of the hue of a Morella cherry, and semi-transparent. It was brought from Spain by the Black Prince, and worn by Henry V. at Agincourt. The ruby, like all the nobler gems, gave notice of poison, and refused to endure its presence; it also grew dark and cloudy if any evil was about to befall its wearer; but it banished sadness and many forms of sin and vice. Rubies were held to be male and female; Pliny saying that "the males were more acrid and vigorous, the females more languishing;" while old Leonardus explains the difference as that "in the males the stars appear burning within them, but the females throw out their brightness." The chemical composition is seventy-five per cent of alumina, seventeen of magnesia, four of peroxide of iron, while a fraction of silica, and the fractions of the elements mentioned above, make up the rest. But it is essentially alumina and magnesia.

Chemically allied to rubies—being composed of the silicates of alumina, lime, iron, and manganese—and naturally following after in a paper on gems, comes the family of the garnets. And not a small family either. For, first there is the precious or noble garnet, of a deep clear poppy red, and not so very unlike the braver ruby, called also almandine like the violet-red ruby, and got from Ceylon and Greenland; and there is the common garnet, with a dash of tawny in the red, and not so transparent as the precious; and the grossularia, like a gooseberry, from Siberia, and of a dirty yellow-green; and there is the cinnamon-stone, of a light cinnamon color; and the melanite or black; and the ouvarovite or green, very like an emerald; and the oriental garnet found in Pegu, of an orange-red drawing on a hyacinthine yellow; and another of so fine a violet that it is often mistaken for an amethyst, but betrays itself at night—for the violet-red becomes orange-red under artificial light, and so proves itself to be no Wine-Stone after all. Garnets can be melted into a black enamel:

they vary in size from a grain of sand to an apple, and are held by some to have been the ancient carbuncle, though others say this was the ruby. Of the garnet family, are the tourmalines, red, green, and yellow; but *not* of the family is the hyacinth or zircon — that brownish-red, and sometimes scarlet-red, and sometimes pale straw-color, and sometimes smoke-tinged green, (called then jargon,) which has been more than once passed off as a diamond, when colorless and of fine proportion. But the hyacinth has been made before now to do duty both for rubies and garnets, when the seller was quick-witted and the buyer slow-sighted.

There is an oriental topaz which is a sapphire, and a false topaz which is a quartz, but the true topaz is different to both, and with its own peculiar and special virtues. The topaz was believed to have certain cooling and medicinal properties, "and was sought for by mariners when they had no light." For the topaz has such a gift of inner radiance that it can dispel darkness like the carbuncle; and one which the noble Lady Hildegarde gave to a certain Monsieur Adalbert threw out a light so brilliant that it illumined all the chapel where it hung, and enabled the priests to dispense with any of the paraffine or colza of the period. The oriental topaz, or yellow sapphire, is of a soft jonquil or citron color, at times bright and golden, but when finest then softest in hue, and sometimes as if full of golden fragments. Next to the oriental in hardness and richness of color, comes the Brazilian, of a deep orange-yellow, or sometimes so languid and colorless as to be mistaken for diamonds — called "gouttes d'eau." Sometimes the orange-red topaz is made to imitate a balass ruby by heating in sand, when the yellow is discharged, and it becomes of a pure rose-red. The Bohemian are hyacinthine, red, brown, or tawny, and sometimes of a dirty yellow-white; those from Saxony hard, clear, and yellow; the native topaz of Ceylon is a pale soft blue, and called the "white and water sapphire;" and very fine green and blue varieties are brought from Siberia and Kamschatka. Set in gold, and worn round the neck or left arm, the topaz was a charm against all sorcery and magic; it had also the power of dispelling night-terrors, banishing melancholy, curing cowardice, calming anger and madness, and brightening the wit. It gave notice of poison by losing its color, and was the chrysolite or gold-stone of the ancients. Its composition is thirty-four of silica, fifty-seven of alumina, and seven of fluoric acid—the fractions not counted. It is most esteemed when rose-red or pure white, like those from Minas Novas in Brazil.

From the Temple Bar Magazine.

ICE-CAVERN TEMPLES OF THE ALPS.

The rapid tourist sees less than he fancies he does; he misses, ten chances to one, the precise spot from which, and the exact time at which, to view the landscape. Assume he is about to visit a charming vista, a magnificent panorama—the theme of poets and painters, the rapture of hand-book makers. He ascends the beaten path; he pauses at the appointed resting-places; he eulogizes the choice bits of scenery which his veteran guide points out to him. He is enchanted, and gapes with delight; he knows not, however, that, had he deviated a few yards to the right or the left, or perched himself upon yonder easily accessible pinnacle of rock, a far finer expanse of woodland and river and lake and upland would have unfolded themselves before him, and that he would have seen an altogether new picture, from the mere fact of its having been contemplated from

an altogether new point of view. The shifting of the kaleidoscope would have presented new charms.

A thousand illustrations, both at home and abroad, are ready at hand; but volume-making is not my object. I will not commence so vast a topographical indicator. It has, however, been my lot to pity the poor Englishman "doing" the Rhine, or may be Switzerland, in a short fortnight. Housed for some time on the shores of one of the prettiest lakes of the Bernese Oberland, it was my custom of an afternoon or evening to stroll down to the pier of the adjoining town, and watch the gangs of my compatriots arriving in hot haste from the diligence to be transferred to the panting steamboat. A turn of the paddle-wheel, and off they go on their mission of pleasure and excitement. But look at that crowded deck. What chance is there of one visitor seeing the magnificent scenery at hand to any real advantage? The main effort is directed toward assuaging the affliction of the "cram," or preventing the rickety flat-bottomed boat from capsizing. In vain one traveler, better acquainted with the local beauties than another, points out to his neighbor or friend an object of special interest; a twist of the head and a stretch of the neck is all that can be effected. Contrast this with the quiet, luxurious, and contemplative manner in which Harry Lounger surveyed the glories of the same scene. Possessor of a light skiff, he would invite a friend or two to enter it, and pushing off from land toward sunset, or in the early morning, would float lazily along on the face of the blue waters, leisurely admiring the towering slopes covered with fir-forests, or the grassy knolls dotted with *châlets* looking no larger than sheep, or the alternating valleys abrupt and precipitous, the tangled channels of gleaming torrents. The accessories of cloudless skies and genial sunshine, of light and shade so thrown in as to bring out into high relief the splendid features of this grand panorama, rarely adapt themselves to meet the convenience of the hurrying tourist; and without them the searcher after the sublime and beautiful only sees the scene in its half-dress; the toilette is incomplete, and he gazes upon a landscape of whose full charms he must necessarily be totally ignorant.

The true secret of pleasure-travel is quietude. Resolve where you will pitch your tent, and make for it with all speed; but having gained the goal, lie on your oars, and survey leisurely the district in which you have ventured to temporarily locate yourself. The reasons that might be adduced in favor of such a course are multitudinous. Some of them have been glanced at already; but in addition to those already mentioned, I may add the pleasure of visiting spots rarely, if ever, visited before, at least by aliens to the neighborhood. In Switzerland there are thousands of places and objects of interest at every turn, and yet how few of them are seen or even heard of by that vast array of crusaders who, alpenstock in hand, hunt after the magnificent. I will take one place for example. Lying high back from the Lake of Thun is the Justis-Thal, a narrow valley of singular grandeur and wildness. On either side walls of rock tower perpendicularly two or three thousand feet; a gushing stream pours with giddy roar through its very heart; a straggling *châlet* may be met with here and there at long intervals; whilst huge boulders, torn by the action of time from the mountain ridges, strew the few grassy spots in what it seems paradoxical to call a plain, and which afford scanty pasture to a drowsy flock of goats and cows. But the most remarkable phenomenon of this scared valley is the *Schafloch*, a huge ice-cavern, bored, as it were, in the solid rock nine hundred feet above the level of the valley, and apparently inaccessible to human approach. Neither the peasants of the village nor the mountaineers could give any account of the interior. The oldest inhabitant did believe that some bold adventurer in his younger days had reached it—but it was a dangerous enterprise, forsooth—and even that exploit had faded into tradition. Fortunately on the outskirts of the town of Thun—it might have been at Hilterfingen, whose pretty church, on a beechen knoll, overlooks the bright waters of the lake—there dwelt, I heard, a middle-aged man, who had really once visited the cavern—but that was many summers ago—and who even boasted that his memory of the track still served him well enough to reach it once more. He would venture to act as guide, he said, should I or my friends like to explore that isolated region. "I will leave my wife and children in pledge with the syndic," he added, "if I don't bring you back again safe."

"But if the path be free from danger," I interposed, "how is it that the place is only known by tradition? How is it so few visit it?"

"Simply," responded the Swiss, "because so few desire to. We peasants have little leisure and less inclination to go a holiday-making up in those cloudy nooks," pointing to the direction of the crags of the Justis-Thal; "and few less of us find it pay to go exploring where neither blade of grass can grow nor chamois wander."

Eager myself to see the *Schafloch*, I at once struck a bargain with Johann. He was to procure another trusty fellow to accompany us — more as an auxiliary in case of need than as a guide — and early the next morning we were to set off on our excursion. It was late in July. By five o'clock I was in my little boat, and rowing toward Oberofen, the spot where we had agreed to meet and start from. The dappled dawn had risen most promisingly. Fortunately it had rained the previous three days; and as I found from a ripe experience that the weather alternated in triplets of fine and foul, I had a glorious day. The sky was not clear from clouds, but those that floated over it were high, broken into white solid masses, and assuming every instant new and grotesque forms. The mists had already begun to rise from their moist beds in the valleys, and to curl up round the colossal bases of the Stockhorn and Niesen. The light of the morning had converted the lily-whiteness of the Blumlis Alps and those other ridges of never-melting snow into the most delicate pink—the lake glowed like a surface of burnished topaz—whilst the leafy woods on the low margin of the water and on the western slopes of the hills were bathed in a dim purple atmosphere, or robe of imperial hues.

All this was seen and felt as I moved onward to the place of rendezvous. Arrived there, Johann and Franz were at their post, laden with cloaks and provisions. To the former I objected as an unnecessary incumbrance; no where had we to mount into the region of perpetual snow, and a light paletot would therefore be sufficient to keep out any extra cold which we should experience in our high latitude. From inquiries made, too, and calculations based upon my own knowledge of the whereabouts of the cavern, I felt certain it could not be above ten miles from our starting-point, and that therefore we ought to reach it by eleven o'clock. Five hours going, two or three devoted to exploring, and one or two to descending the precipitous slopes, why should we not be back to Thun at the latest by three or four in the afternoon? Seizing, therefore, my alpenstock, which lay at the bottom of the boat, and taking no more stomach ammunition than would serve for a solid lunch, I called on Johann and his companion to follow.

We wound slowly up out of the village by a zigzag pathway, at first broad enough for a horse to traverse. A torrent, rudely economized to turn a dilapidated mill click-clacking in the midst of an orchard of decayed apple-trees, swept by us as we commenced our journey; terraces, too, planted with vines rose high above our heads; but these were soon left far beneath us, and seemed but as grass-tufts on the side of a river's bank. After we left Sigriswyl, a village at the foot of the Blume, and where, by the by, is a very excellent pension in the house of the simple-minded and ill-paid pastor of the place, the pathway, which had become more and more narrow and arduous, forsook us altogether, and we were landed upon a wide, undulating wold, covered with a short, dry herbage — one of those pasture-fields, indeed, from which the name of the Alps is immemorially derived. By this time the lake had been lost sight of; the Blume and the hills overlooking the town of Thun were far behind, and only a wild, elevated down, if I may use the expression, in front. At the further extremity of the plain, however, expanded a scene of unrivaled grandeur and beauty. A vast castellated wall of rock rose abruptly a thousand feet, seeming to challenge our further progress. The most remarkable feature about it was its softness; for though picturesquely savage in effect, it was clothed with a magnificent pine-forest, which, in the distance, gave it the appearance of a colossal ruin, shattered by time and fortune, and overrun with thick masses of ivy. As we approached nearer and nearer, the picture became still more charming and wonderful, till we gradually entered the deep shades of the pine-groves. The panoramic view was then lost for a time. Occasionally, however, glimpses beyond, as we clambered and toiled up the steep ascent, relieved the dark monotony

of the deep somber wood in which we were buried, and the branches of whose lofty trees, swept by the gale, ever

> "A ceaseless utterance give
> To soothe the fantasies of waking hearts,
> Or lull the dreams of night."

Patiently we strove up the steep incline, meeting here and there with verdant thickets of the wild raspberry, or the rhododendron — the rose of the Alps — or patches of wild strawberries, which eat most refreshingly, and which the most fastidious *gourmet* of the *Trois Frères* or the *Café de Paris* would have pronounced perfect in flavor and relish. At last, after a four hours' ascent, we wended our way through what seemed to be a natural gateway of the mountain, and suddenly confronted the valley of the Justis-Thal. A new scene now opened before us. A small plateau lay at our feet, which presented a scene of desolation it would be as difficult to forget as it would be to describe. The rocks of Linton may afford a faint idea of it. But in addition to the mighty boulders which seemed scattered about by the hands of giants, or the sons of Anak, struggling in an angry mood, it was evident that the spot had once been a forest. Some pines, towering a hundred feet, still stood erect; others had been snapped off midway, and their lofty heads drooped downward to the earth; others, again, lay prone on the ground, singly, or huddled together like corpses on a battle-field. But the most extraordinary phenonenon was their trunks and branches, which had been literally stripped of their bark. Some were black, as though scarred by lightning; others were already converted into the softest touchwood, which crumbled into dust on the least handling. Every where the melancholy signs of decay and desolation presented themselves; and it required no stretch of the fancy to make us imagine we had reached the outskirts of nature.

After admiring this magnificent view for some time, we determined to move on. The question, however, was, which way were we to go? Johann admitted that he was now out of his latitude and longitude. The cavern might be in the perpendicular rock immediately below us; or it might be to the left; it was impossible to be to the right. Since leaving Sigriswyl, we had not seen a single individual, not even a woodman or a goat-herd; so it was impossible to appeal for information to a human creature. However, the face of the rocks on the other side of the valley were familar to the guide, and by comparing the positions of certain prominences in relation to the Schafloch, he came to the conclusion that it lay to the left. To the left, therefore, we turned, and crossing the sylvan Golgotha already described, and descending a little, we came upon the face of the mountain, about five hundred feet from its summit. At this point the Schafloch was full in view, a mile or more in front of us; but how was it to be reached? There was no beaten track; the rock was almost perpendicular; the surface crumbled beneath our feet at every step, and the slightest mishap would precipitate us a thousand feet into the valley beneath. I was not disposed, however, to turn back; nor was Johann; but his companion declared he would stay where he was to watch the issue, feeling assured he would have to carry back the tidings of our lamentable but by no means "mysterious" deaths. Yielding to his fears, we allowed Franz to remain, and set off on our now really perilous adventure. We embarked upon the crumbling *débris*, the dust of ages, and sank at once deeper than our ankles in the stony detritus. At every step, a mass of this uncomfortable and instable *terrain* was set in motion, and it was scarcely possible to prevent ourselves moving downward with it. Occasionally the force of this sliding mass would communicate a locomotive impetus to a huge boulder, when might be heard a sound of something leaping and dashing from point to point, crashing through brakes and bramble or the branches of trees, and at length plunging with a voice of thunder into some cryptic chasm, there to rest itself till Doomsday. I had, however, learnt to walk the mountain side; and notwithstanding the almost insurmountable difficulties of the track we had to traverse, I contrived, by the use of the alpenstock, which served as a kind of Blondin's balancing-pole, as well as the exercise of a nervous caution, to reach the entrance of the cavern. Johann followed at a respectable interval, so as to let the crumbling earth settle before planting foot upon it again. But it was found I had disturbed the surface deep enough to render the path for Johann comparatively easy and secure. The last few paces, however, were the most hazardous, for

Schafloch was guarded by two projections of rock, to which I had to cling with my hands, and around which I had to swing myself. No sooner had we set foot on the edge of the cavern than we opened our little store, and took out a flask of wine—my favorite Cahors. Congratulating myself and country on the success of my enterprise, I planted a diminutive Union Jack on an overhanging pinnacle of rock at the entrance of the Schafloch.

Away with sentiment! otherwise I might indulge the reader with a romantic declaration of the feelings that rushed across me when the goal was reached, and the stupendous valley of the Justis-Thal lay at my feet. I might tell him or her what emotions overwhelmed me at the idea, that I was probably the first Englishman who had ever gone over the wearisome paths I had trodden that morning. But I forbear; it will be enough to proceed with a narrative of my explorations.

Turning my back upon external nature, let me describe what I saw "far down in this rocky den."

Immediately before me was an antechamber, running, as well as I can compute, some seventy or eighty feet back from the front of the precipice. The entrance might be thirty feet high, by forty wide, the roof rising internally like a domed vault, until another twenty feet was added to the hight. This natural vestibule was sufficiently lighted from without to require no torch; but as we advanced inward, the gloom gradually deepened. On the left was the real cavern, the colossal hall, which I had come to see. Yet, how was it to be approached? The threshold for fifty feet or so was strewn with rough pavement of splintered rock, the sharp edges of which cut like the blade of a knife; or huge boulders, so smooth and slippery with perennial damp, that it was almost impossible to scramble over them; or perhaps a huge quadrangular slab, polished as a glass mirror, on a gradient of fifteen or twenty degrees, invited the foot only to betray. Added to this, after the first few steps, the light of day became extinguished, and the eye rested upon a vista of Cimmerian darkness, through which the vision could not penetrate, but from whose cold depth gushed a stream of icy air, chilling the body, and making me grateful for the wrapper which Johann had persisted in bringing.

At this point we lit our lamps, and commenced groping our way slowly and painfully over the sharp flint-like *débris* which constituted the floor of this "Inferno." Mostly on hands and knees, rarely erect, we traversed this stony Slough of Despond, hoping that every step would land us on level ground. Vain hope! only new obstructions, new difficulties, new perils were to arise. At the extremity of the first plateau the ground made a rapid descent, not rough and rigid, not sharp and cutting, as hitherto, as though so many stilettoes were stuck handle downward in the ground, or the surface strewn with broken bottles, but smooth and glacial. In fact at this line the region of ice began, and we had to descend the side of a cylinder, as it were, over which water had been thrown—water which had frozen as soon as it touched the surface. Like Canadians over a rapid, Johann and myself yielded to the force of circumstances, and trusting ourselves to the treacherous decline, glided down, holding our lamps as best we could, and using our alpenstocks as safety-drags. It was necessary to use great caution, for in the vague obscurity beyond we could define neither space nor limit; the fall might lead to an abyss into which, without warning and quick as thought, we should be engulfed forever. The story of the calamity of our deaths might be noised abroad, and made the theme of innumerable epistles in home and continental journals by Alpine tourists, but who would be able to point out the locality of the catastrophe, or know where to look for our remains? I must confess to a momentary hesitation, to a beating heart, to a nervous tremor, as we launched ourselves, like Columbus, upon this unknown, invisible sea of ice. It was, however, but a transient feeling. The "rapid" was ventured, and in a few moments we were at the foot of this miniature precipice. Now opened upon us in the deep gloom a splendid scene. Not many feet beyond us blazed innumerable stars, which glistened like spangles or diamonds in the ebon horizon. Wherever the light of our lamps fell, a rainbow radiance illumined a little sphere, which twinkled and sparkled like the planets on a dark December night. From the roof to the ground this brilliant galaxy of stars continued in a broken, but not less beautiful, chain. Place a piece of phosphorus in a rayless room, watch the pretty coruscations of the glow-worm on a sylvan

bank in June when the warm sun has long set, multiply the effect a thousand-fold, and then you may conceive something of the witchery of the picture of which we were witnesses.

All the loveliness of this ice-scene, or all its terrors, however, were not yet exhausted. Johann, who seemed to understand how to set the cavern off to its best advantage, now lit up a score or two of tapers which we had brought with us, and adroitly arranging them in different nooks, enabled me to form an estimate of the magnificence of the Schafloch. We we were now fairly in the interior. How, then, shall I describe it? Many of my readers have seen stalactite caves, with their clammy, chalk-like pendents. But the recollection of these caves will afford but a faint conception of the scene I should like to pencil. From the roof the water had evidently oozed down from time immemorial. Its fall, however, had been arrested by an icy hand, even at the roof; as fresh streams from the rock above penetrated through and trickled over the congealed surface, icicles grew and grew till they reached the ground, but instead of falling perpendicularly to the floor, they formed outward and bent inward. Interlacing these props, as it were, of a structure built from the top, frozen bands, or branches which intersected each other, created the most perfect trellis-work, or, more properly speaking, the most delicate filigree-work. The result was a scene of real enchantment, and I seemed transported, as in a dream, into the midst of an eastern paradise. Kiosks, with innumerable minarets, or pavilions, or painted pagodas, or what you will, rose before me, vanishing away in the distance, all of the purest crystal. Johann likened the view to a pine-grove clad in snow; but the illustration was feeble. It might have been better to have described it as a Gothic cathedral, the pillars in the nave being constructed of glass, and lit up from the interior; but even this similitude is faint and imperfect.

Into one or two of these pretty mother-of pearl-looking temples—capable of holding perhaps six or eight persons—Johann had forced an entrance, for the purpose of placing a few lighted tapers within. These, lit up in the interior, produced a most striking and charming sight, and afforded a fairy-like spectacle. So absorbed were we, however, with the scene, that we forgot the cold and the damp, nor should we, perhaps, have thought of retiring, had not a voice called to us from the entrance. At first we were startled to hear other than our own voices in that dread cavern, especially as the echoes multiplied the sound until it resembled thunder; but Johann at once recognized the dialect of his friend Franz. Either overcome by curiosity, or ashamed of remaining behind, or perhaps fearing that something might occur to us, he formed the resolution to push on and join us. The marks which our footsteps had made were a sufficient indication, and he arrived just in time to see the splendid illumination which Johann had lit up.

Franz would, however, penetrate no further than the threshold of the inner hall, the *sanctum sanctorum* of this wild cavern. I, however, determined to push on to the end, or as far as it was possible with safety. Johann was a plucky fellow, and would not abandon me. Seizing our lamps, we advanced cautiously into the thick of the gloom beyond. We passed upward of thirty of these subterranean temples, and then a rayless void loomed upon us. The ground became more and more steep, and it was with the utmost difficulty we could prevent ourselves from losing all control over our locomotion. Johann's experienced ear, too, caught a sound of dripping water, and he communicated to me his suspicions that there was danger ahead. We paused and listened. Drip, drip, drip—the drops fell at intervals, but where or how far off we could not tell; only we could hear that the drops fell into a body of water from the dull splashing sound they made. I suggested we should search for a stone, and test the space beyond by rolling it ahead of us. Fortunate was it we did so. For a moment the stone—it was as large as a pine-apple—glided, as it were, over a ledge of ice, and then, after a second or so, we heard it plunge into a deep well. I could not for the instant repress a feeling of horror. The depth of the water below we could not ascertain; but pushing our lamps, and letting them swing by means of a piece of string for some distance, a dark, deep chasm mysteriously revealed itself.

It is useless to apply potent epithets to give a deeper dye to the narrative. The reader must imagine the sensations of one standing on the slippery verge of an

abyss, into which he might instantaneously glide down. We felt awe-stricken, for it was doubtful how we should be able to remount the incline, paved with the smoothest ice, which we had partially descended, and at the bottom of which yawned the watery gulf. In turning round our foot might slip, or any thing might occur to throw us off our balance. However, volunteering to regain the summit of the perilous steep, I achieved the task safely, and to make assurance doubly sure, I rendered aid to Johann. The tapers were still burning in the niches of the rock and pavilions as we left them, and beautiful was the picture when we turned to contemplate the fairy-like illumination we had created.

Whether we had become accustomed to the slippery flooring, or whether we felt more certain of our ground, certain it is that we did not experience the difficulty of reäscending out of the Shafloch we had in descending into it. As we arrived at the extremity of the rough, sharp threshold, the last lights were flickering far down in the cavern, and probably before we gained the entrance, and inhaled once more the fresh balmy air of the upper world, had died out, and left kiosk, temple, and hall in their primeval gloom.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE LIFE OF THE SEA, AND LIFE IN THE SEA.*

THE first impression received from contemplating the sea is fear. Its enormous mass, boundless in extent and dark in its depths, can not but be formidable to human imagination. No terrestrial creature can breathe in it; it irremediably separates the two worlds. Its very name in most ancient languages is synonymous with desert, night, and darkness; and so it is to the present day figuratively designated among the Orientals. It is impossible to see even daily the sun going down over the sea without a feeling of melancholy. In its depths all is eternal obscurity, save for some rare phenomena of startling phosphorescence. Hence it is, that from its vast mass it seems like a world of darkness. Even animals have a natural dread of the sea: the horse recoils before it, and the dog expresses its fears by barking. In many parts a stunted withered vegetation, especially marked in shrubs and trees, announces the vicinity of the sea. The dull heavy sound is heard from afar. It vibrates like the pulse of life. Man, who is so feeble in the presence of an immutable nature, is grieved to see the land worn away by the sea incessantly, and forever. He knows that he, too, will pass away and shall be as dust, but that the sea is unchangeable and eternal. However firm his convictions of a future life, still the indomitable ocean seems to scorn him. It seems to say: "To-morrow you go—I never. Thy bones shall be in the ground, dissolved by the lapse of time, bu I shall continue majestic and indifferent."

M. Michelet, to whom the study of the sea, except as a thoughtful philosopher communing with its wonders from the sands of Saint Michel and Ostend, seems to be a new thing, treats of the great features in the life of the ocean, as he calls it, as quite recent discoveries. They are by no means so. They have long been familiar to all accomplished seamen, and they were reduced to scientific principles by Major Rennell. Humboldt and Bory St. Vincent have the credit of having given them their more captivating application to the natural history of the sea; the latter in a treatise not generally known in this country, published in the French Dictionary of Natural Sciences.

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* *Le Mer.* Par J. MICHELET. Paris: L. Hachette et Cie.

As the blood circulates in certain creatures of low organization—mollusks and annelids—in currents before it enters into determinate channels—veins and arteries—so Michelet would have it, after Maury, the currents brought about by the infinitely numerous interruptions to the regularity of tidal movements and gulf streams, in coasts, islands, capes, straits, and rivers, represent a similar state of things. Chazallon having propounded that the undulations of the tide in a harbor follow the law of vibrating chords, Michelet concludes that the sea resembles a great animal arrested at the first degree of organization. Deprived of these movements, the sea would in places become saturated with salt, or encumbered with detritus. Maury has also shown, with the foresight of true genius, the harmony that exists between the air and water. As is the maritime ocean, so is the aërial ocean. The movements of both are analogous. There are aërial and maritime pulsations besides those of the tide. The latter is brought about by the influence of other bodies, but the pulse of the different currents is intrinsic to the terrestrial globe; it constitutes the phenomenon of its own particular vitality.

Michelet holds one of Maury's most remarkable determinations to be when he says that the most apparent agent in the circulation of the sea, heat, would not alone suffice. There is another, not less important, and even more so, and that is salt. Salt is so abundant in the sea, that, if it was accumulated over America, it would cover it with a mountain four thou sand five hundred feet in thickness. The saltness of the sea, whilst not varying much, still increases and diminishes with localities, with currents, and with the neighborhood to the poles and the equator. The sea is more or less light or heavy, and more or less mobile, according to the proportion of saline substances held in solution. It is this continual admixture which makes the fluid move with greater or less rapidity, and which gives origin to currents, both to horizontal currents in the bosom of the sea, and to vertical currents corresponding in the sea to what are met with in the atmosphere.

Brimful of life at its surface, the sea would be incumbered if that prodigious power of production was not kept somewhat in check by the antagonist power of destruction. Only imagine that every herring has from fifty to seventy thousand eggs! If every egg was to produce a herring, and every herring fifty thousand more, were there not an enormous destruction going on, the ocean would very soon be solidified and putrified. The great cetacea drive them toward the shores, ever and and anon diving into their ranks and swallowing up whole shoals. The whiting eat their fry; cod again devour the whiting. Yet, even here, the peril of the sea, an excess of fecundity, shows itself in a still more terrible shape. The cod has up to nine millions of eggs, and this creature, of such formidable powers of maternity, has nine months of love out of twelve. No wonder that the fishery of this productive fish has created towns and colonies. But, even then, what would the power of man be opposed to such fecundity? He is assisted by others, among which the sturgeon takes chief rank. Then, again, the sturgeon itself is a very fecund fish. This devourer of cod has itself fifteen hundred thousand eggs. Another great devourer is not proportionately reproductive, and that is the shark; so Michelet calls it "Le beau mangeur de la nature, mangeur patenté, le requin." Vivaporous, he nourishes the young shark in his bosom, his feudal inheritor, who is born terrible and ready armed. Hence are sharks called in many countries sea-dogs, and so we lately saw the French *chien de mer* literally translated.

But the sea, we are told, can afford to smile at the very destroyers to which she gave birth; she is safe to bring forth only the more. Her chief riches defy the fury of these devouring creatures, and are inaccessible to their assaults. "I speak," says M. Michelet, "of the infinite world of living atoms of microscopic animals, veritable abyss of life, that ferments in its bosom." It has been said that the absence of solar light excluded life, yet is the sea strewn with sea stars at its greatest depths. The deepest waters are peopled with infusoriæ and with microscopic worms. Innumerable mollusks drag along their shells there. Bronze-colored crabs, radiating actiniæ, snowy porcelliæ, golden cyclostomiæ, undulated volutes, live and die there. The luminous creatures, which are at times drawn to the surface, appear there like trains of fire-lights; fiery serpents and sparkling garlands so fill up space in those remote depths, that they

must at times and in portions be perfectly illuminated. This is also aided by the phosphorescence peculiar to itself, as well as to many other things, and there is reason to believe that the depths of the ocean have their own lighthouses, their own heaven, moon and stars!

"The fruitful waters are positively dense with all kinds of fat atoms, admirably adapted to the soft nature of fish, that idly open their mouths and inhale food, as if it itself was an embryo in the bosom of a common mother. Does he know that he is swallowing? Scarcely so. Microscopic food is like a milk that comes to him. The great fatality of the earth, hunger, is only for the earth; here, it is anticipated, unknown. There is no effort of movement, no search for food. Life must float on like a dream. What shall such a being do with its force? All expenditure of such is impossible. It is reserved for love."

This is, according to Michelet, the real work, the all in all of the great world of the sea: to love and to multiply. Love fills up its fruitful night. It dives into its greatest depths, and seems still more rich among the infinitely small. And what, he asks, is an atom? When you think you have got hold of the last, the indivisible, you find that it still loves and divides its existence to give birth to another being. In the very lowest grades of life, where all other organism is wanting, the reproductive functions are all complete. Such is the sea. She is, it would appear, the great female of the globe, whose indefatigable desires, whose permanent conceptions, and whose productiveness never cease.

Sea-water, even the purest, taken at a distance from land and devoid of all impurities, is slightly white and viscous. Chemical analysis does not explain this feature. Marine animals and plants are, more or less, covered with this viscosity. M. Michelet, who calls this "sea-milk," looks upon it as animal water, organized: mucus or gelatinized water—the universal element of life. From out of this mucus issues forth the vegetable thread, the silky down, which, no matter whether one naturalist calls it vegetable and another animal, it oscillates and moves. From it, also, first issues the primitive monad, which, moving and oscillating, ultimately becomes a vibrion. It is upon the ruins of the first, be they confervæ or microscopic algæ, atoms still undecided between vegetable and animal life, that rises up the immense, the marvelous, maritime flora. Michelet admires this flora exceedingly. It is harmless. No subtle poison lurks in any sea-weed; all, on the contrary, are more or less nutritious. Some, like the laminaria, are sweet; others, as the ceramiæ, have a wholesome bitter; still more are full of excellent mucilage. But the most striking feature, he declares, is their love, which carries them beyond their sphere, and, for the time being, endows them with the properties of animals.

To carry the same train of ideas into the realms of geology. In olden times, volcanoes, especially submarine ones, exercised much greater power than in the present day. The sea-milk accumulated in their ravines and hollows was warmed and electrified and fermented into animalization. The first results perished, and were succeeded by more perfect creations. Some, as polypi, corals, and shell-fish, absorbed lime; others, as the microscopic animals of tripoli, absorbed silex; and the residue of successive creations went to clothe the gloomy nakedness of the first crystalline rocks, daughters of fire, which had torn them from the planetary nucleus and launched them into the living sea, sterile and burning.

A fisherman once gave Michelet, from the bottom of his net, a sea-egg and two fragile sea-stars. He gave them some sea-water and forgot them, but, when he returned, they were dead, and a thick gelatinous scum was on the surface of the water full of living things, active, daring kolpods, darting in every direction, and devouring numbers of microscopic eels, (vibrions,) and other small creations. Here was a fertile theme for speculation! Harvey had said every thing comes from an egg, or from the dissolved elements of a previous existence; and M. Ponchet has shown that, from the residue of infusoria and other atoms, come the fertile jelly—the proliferous membrane, whence spring not new beings, but the ovules which give birth to them.

The microscopic world presents a kingdom of nature that is infinitely and admirably varied. Almost all the forms of life are there honorably represented. They have collective beings, as we have our polypi and corals. They have little mollusks that inhabit tiny shells. They

have fierce-looking crustaceæ armed to to the teeth, and rapacious monsters, like our sharks. And their productiveness casts all experience of the visible world into the shade. The rhizopods clothe the Cordilleras and the Apennines with their little mantlets; the foraminiferæ number two thousand species. They are cotemporaneous with all the geological epochs of the earth's crust. In our times they are almost limited to the Indian and American gulf-streams, and their myriads, killed by contact with colder waters, go to form the bottom of our seas. Ehrenberg declared that they had many stomachs—in some instances, one hundred and twenty. Dujardin declared this to be a mistake, and argued that they improvised stomachs just as they wanted them. Ponchet, however, inclines to the opinion of Ehrenberg.

The vigor of their movements is especially to be admired. There is scarcely a known means of impulsion or progression that is not to be found in the microscopic world. And yet how simple the means! Some move with graceful undulations like serpents; others dart as if by a spring or elastic force; others move by means of vibrating ciliæ, while the charming vorticellæ have a rotatory motion. The rotiferæ, again, have two little wheels on each side, which propel precisely as do the paddle-wheels of steamers.

Already in the north of Africa the vegetables which reign solely in the temperate sea, begin to be rivaled by animated vegetables, that grow also and flower also. Twice a year the common sponge gives off little spheroids, which, starting from the mother sponge, and provided with a slight fin-like apparatus, enjoy a few moments' liberty and movement till they fix themselves, and a new sponge arises. This may be either an ovule, a sponge, or a vegetable seed. The same is seen in both the kingdoms of nature. According to Michelet, a sponge, a l'amour à sa manière, and is even more richly endowed than many other beings. As we advance toward the equator, the number, size, and splendor of the animated vegetables go on increasing. Strange trees, of elegant forms and brilliant colors, the gorgonias and isis, spread their rich, fan-like shapes. The stone-plants, madrepores, and the corals, appear at the same time, claimed at once by the mineral, the vegetable, and the animal kingdoms. "They are," says Michelet, "the real point at which life rises obscurely from its stony sleep, without entirely detaching itself from that rude point of departure; as if to teach us—proud and exalted as we are—of the ternary fraternity, of the right which even the humble mineral possesses of ascending in the scale, and of animating itself, and of the deep aspirations that lie in the bosom of nature." "Natura non fit saltus," said the old Swedish naturalist Linnæus; and if all the steps have not yet been definitely marked out by which the transition is effected, from gaseous elements to stony compounds, from minerals to plants, and from plants to animals, we may feel quite assured it is our limited means of observation that are to blame, not the order of creation.

"Our meadows and the forests of the earth we dwell upon appear," says Darwin, "desert and void as compared to those of the sea." And not the least curious incident of the prodigious productiveness is that plants seem to delight in assuming animal forms, whilst animals take upon themselves that of a lithophytic or stony vegetation. Others, again, perish away like flowers. The sea-anemone opens its rose-colored corolla with azure eyes, but the moment that a daughter is born it fades away and dies. The alcyonium, the Proteus of the sea, on the other hand, assumes all kinds of shapes and forms, and is one moment a plant, at another a fruit.

What a stirring sight does this submarine world present on a calm day! Look down upon the reefs of the Pacific, and you see a green carpet of tubiporas and astreas, diversified by more bright-colored meandrinæ and cariophyllæ, swiftly vibrating their rich golden stamina. Over this world beneath, as if to shade it from the sun, majestic gorgonias and the less lofty isis undulate like the willows and aspens and climbing-plants of our own forests. The plumaria sends forth its spirals from one submarine tree to another, just like the grape-vine of the south. Another world lives within this stony world. Mollusks drag their shells of pearly lustre along these labyrinths; crabs run and hunt there; strange fish of golden hues rove tranquilly about. Purple and violet-colored annelids creep snake-like among those delicate stars—the ophiuri—that alternately roll up and then stretch forth their delicate and fra-

gile arms to the descending sunbeams. The madrepore alone has no beauty of color. Its perfection lies in its shape; in it, too, especially is the individual modest and humble, whilst the republic is imposing. It is the reverse of what we sometimes contemplate in this world when the individual would be imposing and the republic appears to be the contrary. In Michelet's playful fancy the complicated twistings and turnings of the madreporite have a meaning. They would seem to say something, to anticipate hieroglyphics and arrow-heads and alphabets, by a strange natural cryptography or lithography; but no Sharpe or Rawlinson has yet stood forward to decipher their secret meaning. "On sent bien qu'aujourd'hui encore il y a une pensée là-dedans. On ne s'en détache pas aisément." Pity it is a mere fancy. Such a writing would be a communication from the unknown world to the known!

Neither sculpture nor painting can reproduce these delicate creations. The latter paints living things as it would paint flowers. The colors given to them, however, are, in reality, quite different. They no more represent the reality than do the attempts to represent minerals colored. Palissy attempted to produce the same effects by enamel. It answered pretty well for reptiles and scales of fish, but failed utterly in reproducing these soft, warm, and delicately colored transparencies. Why do ladies delight in coral ornaments? Because their dull fleshy redness enhances the natural bloom, which only pales away by contrast with more brilliant gems.

The corals the same fantastic writer calls "faiseurs de mondes"—"constructors of globes." The day that the microscope discovered the infusoria, they were found to have constituted mountains, and to pave the ocean. The hard silex of Tripoli is a mass of animalcules; sponge is an animated silex. Paris is built with the remains of infusoria; a part of Germany reposes upon a bed of coral. Infusoria, corals, testaceous animals, and others, contribute to form chalk and limestones. The fish that devours the tender coral restores it as chalk. The coral sea, in its great work of construction, of movements, upraisings, and subsidences, building up, tumbling down, and rebuilding, is an immense factory of limestone. Forster, Cook's companion, was the first to point out that the circular coral islands are craters of volcanoes brought to the surface by the labors of polypi. They are always more or less circular rings, precipitous and beaten by the waves on the outside, sloping down more gradually into the depths of a central basin. Tempests in these great seas have their multiple uses. They sweep over the old lands, tear up trees and plants, and their roots and seeds, and convey them to new territories. The cocoa-nut is an especial messenger of life; it bears long transits best. Cast upon a coral rock, it finds a little sand, the residue of corals ground down, and it is satisfied where other plants would perish. It germinates, and becomes a tree. Trees bring fresh water and soil, and other plants soon find a home. With the progress of time the coral reef is an inhabitable island. According to Sir James Emerson Tennent, also, by a kind provision of nature, salt water, percolating through coral reefs, becomes fresh.

Nor is the rapidity of this work less remarkable than the results. Boats have been known to disappear at Rio Janeiro in forty days beneath a mass of tubularia that had got possession of them. There were formerly twenty-six islands in a strait near Australia; there are now fifty; and it is anticipated that, before twenty years have elapsed, the strait, a hundred miles in width, will be no longer practicable. It will be the same with Annesley Bay with its port of Adule, so coveted by France; it will probably be barely accessible with the lapse of years. Even Sicily is becoming imbedded in an outer reef. Then look at the extent of these creations. The chain of the Maldives is five hundred miles long. The reefs of French Caledonia, as it must be now called, are one hundred and forty-five leagues in extent. The eastern reef of Australia has an expanse of three hundred and sixty leagues. There are groups of coral islands in the Pacific four hundred leagues in length by one hundred and fifty in width. The mariner dreads these reefs. It is vexatious to see a tranquil basin at a distance of a few hundred yards, and to be tempest-tost where no anchor will hold, and where corals, sharp as razors, will cut the stoutest ship into shavings. But the philosopher, utopian Michelet says should look upon these structures with another spirit. He must look upon these polypi as constructing a world in case of the breaking

up of the present one. If, as is said, every ten thousand years the sea rushes from one pole to the other, many will one day be happy to find a refuge in the coral islands of the Pacific.

Michelet call those beautiful things in shape like an umbrella, so delicate, and of such light and shady colors—opal white passing into a crown of light lilac, and which naturalists call Medusa—"daughters of the sea." Nothing, he says, is more fugitive than these beautiful things: there are some so fluid, as, for example, the light azure bend called the belt of Venus, which, taken out of its warm and congenial element, dissipates and disappears. Poor daughters of the ocean! they are the food for fishes and the delight of birds, and, scarcely provided with independent means of locomotion, they are balloted about here and there at the mercy of the winds and waves, broken to pieces on hard rocks, or strewn on the sandy shores, where they soon dry into a shapeless gelatinous mass. Perchance they are as easily created as other ephemeral existences—born for a calm, clear, sunny day, and destined to perish when night or storms overcloud the sea. The only defense of some—and not a very lady-like one—is, that they can give out a kind of electric shock or sting like a nettle, but shock or sting are alike most trifling. A medusa, the lamented naturalist Forbes said, is an emancipated polypus. That is to say, free, it yet obeys the laws of vegetable life. A tree is a collective thing, but it gives off fruit which is detached to give birth to others. "As the branch of a plant or of a tree which was about to send forth leaves stops in its development, contracts, becomes an organ of love—I mean a flower—so the polypiferæ, contracting some of its polypi, transforming their contracted stomachs, makes the placenta, the eggs, whence issues its mobile flower, the young and gracious medusa. Thus viewed, the medusa is the first and touching escape of a new creation, sent defenseless, from the safety of a life in common, endeavoring to be itself, of acting and suffering on its own account—first attempt of nature set free—embryo of liberty."

The medusa, trembling on the limits of emancipation, which others of its class more advanced in organization enjoy with a certain amount of almost dashing independence, plays a great part in the phosphorescent illumination of the sea. When the atmosphere is charged with electricity, and a storm approaches, long lines of pale light are seen on the sea. This is the electricity of the sea; almost all living creatures absorb a portion of it, and give it up with interest at their death. Here immense surfaces of infusoriæ make of the sea a milky way, giving off a mild white light, which, when disturbed, becomes yellow, like burning sulphur. There cones of light go turning upon themselves, or rolling along like red-hot balls. The pyrosoma appear like a disk of fire, one moment of an opaline yellow, with a tinge of green; at another, red, orange, and finally azure blue. The biphora and salpas congregate in bands, like serpents of flame, miles and miles in length. Separated, their free members give birth to little free atoms, which, in their turn, engender new serpentine and dancing republics, to diffuse their fiery bacchanals over the sea. The vellelue light up their little embarkations by night; the beroes go triumphant, like flames. But none are more magical in their effects than the medusas. Their luminous hair, like gloomy night-lamps, send forth mysterious rays of emerald-green, and other colors, which fade away, revealing a sentiment. It is, as with the glow-worm, the signal of that love which alone comforts us here below. Only the medusas give up their life with their lambent flames. The fecundating sap, the power of generation, abides with that light-giving power, and with each beam that flickers away life is also being exhausted. Expose them to warmth, and they radiate still more brilliantly, and become so beautiful that all is soon over. Flames, love, and life, are all fled, all extinguished at once.

Acalepha, echinoderms, and mollusks are, for the most part, harmless things, preyed upon by others, but among the latter we find carnivorous creatures, endowed with great powers of destruction; such, more especially, are the suckers among the Cephalopoda, whose armed or unarmed acetabula can seize and let go their hold alike instantaneously, by pushing forward or drawing back a piston, according as the animal wishes to make or to destroy a vacuum. Professor Owen, to whom we are indebted for this curious fact, has also pointed out that, in the calamary, the base of the piston is inclosed by a horny hoop, the outer and anterior margin of which

is developed into a series of sharp-pointed, curved teeth. These can be firmly pressed into the flesh of a struggling prey by the contraction of the surrounding transverse fibers, and can be withdrawn by the action of the retractile fibers of the piston.

If, says Michelet, we should pay a visit to the rich collection of armor of the middle ages in Paris, and should go thence to the Museum of Natural History, and examine the armor of the crustacea, we should feel nothing but pity for the arts of man. The first are a carnival of ridiculous disguises, of no use but to incumber and stifle a warrior, and render him inoffensive. The other, especially the arms of the terrible and voracious decapods, are so frightful, that if they were upon the same scale as man, it would be impossible to contemplate them without terror. Every thing is superior in the crustacean. The eyes see before and behind. They embrace the whole horizon. The antennæ have the organ of touch at the extremity, of smelling and hearing at the base. (May not the acalephæ, so much despised, have these senses diffused over the whole surface?) Immense advantages, says Michelet, that we do not possess. No doubt, too, for very wise purposes. It may be habit, but we would rather smell with our noses than with our fingers. Of the decapod's ten feet, six are hands and organs of respiration. There is security in this, at all events. Next to the crustaceans come fish — not only the varied, bright-colored, quick-moving denizens of the sea, but the most useful of all its products. We can not follow our author in his speculations upon fishy matters. "Happy as a fish," he declares to be a true proverb. The great and perpetual struggle between death and love, ever going on on the earth, is as nothing compared to what is going on in the bottom of the sea. Nor can any one contemplate that great element—massive when tranquil, threatening when disturbed —in the same light as our author, as itself a living thing, containing inconceivable myriads of other living things in its bosom, and busy preparing another world for humanity when the present one shall be swept away by its all-powerful agency, without looking with a little more philosophical respect at its boundless expanse.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

THE EIGHTEEN QUEENS OF NAPLES.

BY ANTONIO NICOLO.

SEARCH the history of the world; fix your eyes upon the pages concerning Italy, dwelling especially upon the stories of the lives of the Queens of Naples; and the result of such a perusal will be, that the name of the Queen of Naples has been fatal to almost all those who have ever borne it; and, commencing with Constance, we will endeavor to prove the truth of what we have just stated:

1. She was the only legitimate descendant of the royal Norman line, and the wife of the Emperor Henry VI., who, after the death of William II. of Sicily, had a legitimate pretension to that crown, and attempted to obtain it by force of arms. The nobles of the Two Sicilies, however, disdaining the German yoke, had elected for their King Tancred, the natural son of Roger the Second, joining him with all their hearts, and yielding him all the assistance in their power. In 1190, a war was engaged in between Henry and Tancred; but the latter was beaten, and compelled to a precipitate retreat from the Neapolitan dominions. Constance, how-

over, fell into the hands of his enemies; when she was sent in chains from Salerno to Sicily, to Tancred, who generously restored her, without ransom or condition, to her husband.

2. The unhappy Queen Sibilla was the wife of Tancred, the conqueror of Charles VI. of Germany. In 1194, Tancred died, leaving as a successor to his crown a helpless boy, who was unable to defend it. Charles, who in 1190 had been defeated, again invaded the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, and this time took possession of it. The wretched family of Tancred, surrendering themselves upon promise of favorable treatment, were sent into Germany by the savage conqueror, who detained them in long captivity, and deprived the youthful King of his eyes.

3. Ellen was the wife of King Manfred. In 1265, a battle was engaged in on the plain of Grandalla, near Benevento, between her husband and Charles of Anjou. Manfred, betrayed by his army and subjects, was killed, and his corpse mangled and torn in pieces. The Queen was besieged in Lucera, made a prisoner, and shut up in the Castle of Dell Uovo, where she happily died without having heard of Comzadin, her son, being carried to the scaffold, and the rest of her family expiring amid the most excruciating sufferings.

4. Queen Lancia was the widow of Robert, King of Naples, the son of Charles II., and the chief of the Guelph party. Having no offspring, Robert bequeathed his crown to Joanna, his niece; and, when he died, the new Queen oppressed the widow in a thousand ways, who was obliged to shut herself up in the Convent of Santa Croce, and died there.

5. The name of this Queen Joanna is abominable in history, and her end not less infamous and horrible. She ascended the throne of Naples in 1343; married Andrew of Hungary, who was assassinated in the solitary Convent of San Pietro, she herself being an accomplice in the murder. Publicly acknowledged as a Messalina, on account of her debauchery, she was twice besieged by her own subjects, and driven away from the kingdom. She was bereft of her sons, who died, one after the other, in their infancy. Four times she was a wife, and four times a despised and disgraced widow. She was unhappy in the selection of those upon whom she bestowed her benefits. For want of an heir, she adopted Charles of Durazzo, who, alarmed and offended by her fourth marriage, declared war against her. Naples was conquered, and Joanna taken, imprisoned, murdered, and her body exposed to public ignominy in 1382.

6. Margaret was the wife of Charles of Durazzo. The widow of Louis of Hungary invited King Durazzo to a private interview in her royal palace in Hungary. The King went, and was there treacherously murdered in the presence of the Queen, by assassins whom she had concealed there on purpose. In consequence of this murder, Margaret was confined in Gaeta in 1386.

7. Constance, of Clermont, the poor and virtuous queen-wife of Ladislaus, the son of Charles III., was the heiress of the most opulent noble of Sicily, and was asked in marriage by Ladislaus on account of her immense dowry, which contributed to maintain him on his throne. When he had dissipated her fortune, and the death of her father left him nothing more to hope or to fear from his influence in Sicily, he repudiated her, and obtained in 1392 a Papal bull from Boniface IX. to annul his union with her. She was thenceforth insulted in the presence of her rival, reduced to a poor and private position, placed in confinement for three years, and finally compelled to marry the Count Andrea, of Capua, one of the favorites of the King.

8. Joanna the Second was the sister of Ladislaus, and ascended the throne of Naples in 1414. She has left in history a page stained with the most shameful and scandalous vices of which a woman is capable; so that when the Neapolitans wish to name a woman of bad character, they call her "Queen Joanna II.," as if they could have nothing worse to say to her. She was devoid of all mental energy and talent, and the slave of sensual appetites, that seemed to strengthen in intensity as her advancing age increased the shame of indulging in them. She married James of Bourbon, Count of la Marche, who, in reward for having obtained a kingdom, gave her, in return, contempt, domestic war, and sorrow. His first acts were to deprive her of the royal authority; to arrest, torture, and put to a cruel and an ignominious death, Jacopo Pandelfello—the first minion of Joanna, a young man of five-and-twenty, of low birth, and with the solitary recom-

mendation of a handsome person—and to imprison and subject her for one year to a rigid state of durance. She was then rescued from her guards, in a popular tumult, and compelled to besiege and expel her husband from the kingdom, who died in a Franciscan convent in France. Being without offspring, or the hope of having any, she adopted as her heir Alfonzo of Aragon, King of Aragon and Sicily, who, jealous of her power, came to an open rupture with her, arrested her second minion, (she could not remain without one,) Sir Giovanni Caraccioli, besieged herself in her palace, and compelled her to summon Sforza to her deliverance. Scarcely was she delivered than she substituted (1423) Louis of Anjou for her heir; but this substitution proved not useful to her also. After ten years of peace, in which she was tyrannized over by Caraccioli, even beyond the endurance of woman's love, and doubting in her safety, she sought refuge in the confidence of the Duchess of Suessa, the consequence of which was painful to her. This new favorite inflamed her weakness to anger against Caraccioli, awakened her apprehensions of his designs, induced her to permit his arrest, and obtained a pardon for all those who assassinated him in the same royal palace. This very Duchess afterward took the part of Alfonzo, and obtained from Joanna a secret revocation of her adoption of Louis of Anjou, which was of no use to him. She at length adopted Regnier, brother of the Duke of Anjou, and died utterly worn out in mind and body in 1435.

9. Isabella was a princess of great spirit, and the wife of Regnier, to whom Joanna had bequeathed the kingdom of Naples. On the death of the latter, Alfonzo of Arragon immediately made his claim upon her kingdom, and trusted to the force of his arms. Unhappily for Regnier, he was at that time a prisoner to the Duke of Burgundy, and Isabella hastened to Naples to maintain the rights of her captive lord; but she brought with her neither treasure nor soldiers. She supported with difficulty the unequal conflict against the King of Aragon, but yet prolonged it for three years, when her husband, having effected his ransom, (1438,) joined her. When the troops began to desert, and his possessions were gradually wrested from him, until the city of Naples alone remained in his interest, the Queen Isabella escaped from the kingdom with her children. Shortly after, the troops of Alfonzo entered Naples by surprise, through a deserted aqueduct; Regnier then escaped also, and, perceiving the hopelessness of a further struggle, he finally abandoned the kingdom to his rival, and joined the Queen, bringing her the sad news of the loss of a crown in 1442.

10. Another Isabella was the wife of Frederick, who ascended the throne of Naples in 1496, on the death of Ferdinand the Second of Aragon. She was exiled and imprisoned in France in 1501; then escaped and took refuge in a small convent in Ferrara, where she was miserably supported by the charity of some friars.

11 and 12. Two other queens, the last of the proud dynasty of Aragon, were, one after the other, oppressed, abused, and shut up in the small castle of the rocky Ischia.

13. Caroline of Austria, (nicknamed Pappea,) a woman whose ambition caused a river of blood to be shed in the kingdom of Naples, was the first wife of Ferdinand I. of Bourbon. She was three times a fugitive, despised, disgraced, and cursed by the people; and she died of a broken heart, in exile.

14. Caroline Murat, sister to the first Napoleon, after a short reign, descended from the throne of Naples and returned to France, only to hear of her husband being shot at Pizzo, in Calabria, by order of Ferdinand the First.

15. Clementina was the wife of Francis I., who ascended the throne of Naples in 1825. This queen was always unhappy. After her marriage she was a long time delayed in Austria by the hindrance of war. She at length reached Naples, during the French armistice, and shortly after was obliged to fly with her husband to Sicily; finally dying, in her twentieth year, of melancholy and a broken heart.

16. Maria Christina, the good and sainted queen of Ferdinand the Second, of cursed memory, was his first wife, as well as his first victim. Abused by her husband, after her accouchement in 1836,*

* When well enough to get up after her accouchement, the King, playing with her in his room, as she arose took away the chair where she had been seated; so that when she bent to sit down again, she fell on her back. The King beginning to laugh, she felt indignant, and said: "Your majesty has just played the part of a Lazzarone." Upon which, Ferdinand gave her a severe blow on her cheek—an insult not only unkingly, but unmanly.

and frightened by a duel which was about to take place between the King and his brother Charles, she died after a few days, regretted by all who knew her.

17. Maria Theresa of Austria was the second wife, and is now the widow, of Ferdinand Bomba. She was, as a queen, cruel and sanguinary, like her husband, and hated by the people to death. When Francis the Second granted a constitution to save his dynasty, she, to escape the popular fury, was obliged to fly from the capital, and shut herself up in Gaeta for several months, and then leave for Rome, exiled, despised, and accursed by all.

18. The young Queen Maria Sophia was deemed to close the list of the queens of Naples. Scarcely had she married Francis II. (who was brought up to be a Capuchin) when she was put into mourning by the death of her father-in-law. As soon as she was a queen, Garibaldi upset the throne of her husband, and, being shut up in Gaeta, she suffered the shame and grief of a defeat; and, after a reign of one year, in the very hour in which Cialdini entered Gaeta, she left the Neapolitan shores, never, it would seem, to see them again.

This historical sketch speaks too plainly of the sad destiny of the Queens of Naples; and it can not be considered any thing else than a piece of good fortune for the princesses of Europe, that the line of the Queens of Naples has finished, and that of the Queens of Italy begun.

From Fraser's Magazine.

EXAMPLES OF RUSKINIAN POETRY.

HERE are a few stanzas from the song upon the Pine, the Greek Hymn, and the Ode to Venice:

THE PINE.

"Magnificent erectness!—nay sometimes almost terrible. Other trees, tufting crag or hill, yield to the form and sway of the ground, clothe it with soft compliance, are partly its subjects, partly its flatterers, partly its comforters. But the pine rises in serene resistance, self-contained; nor can I ever without awe stay long under a great Alpine cliff, far from all house or work of men, looking up to its companies of pine, as they stand on the inaccessible juts and perilous ledges of the enormous wall, in quiet multitudes, each like the shadow of the one beside it, —upright, fixed, spectral, as troops of giants standing on the walls of Hades, not knowing each other—dumb forever. You can not reach them, can not cry to them; those trees never heard human voice; they are far above all sound but of the winds. No foot ever stirred fallen leaf of theirs. All comfortless they stand between the two eternities of the Vacancy and the Rock; yet with such iron will that the rock itself looks bent and shattered beside them—fragile, weak, inconsistent, compared to their dark energy of delicate life, and monotony of enchanted pride;—unnumbered, unconquerable.

"And indeed you may pass under them if, leaving the most sacred spot in Swiss history, the Meadow of the Three Fountains, you bid the boatman row southward a little way by the shore of the Bay of Uri. Steepest there on its western side, the walls of its rocks ascend to heaven. Far in the blue of evening, like a great cathedral pavement, lies the lake in its darkness; and you may hear the whisper of innumerable falling waters return from the hollows of the cliff, like the voices of a multitude praying under their breath. From time to time the beat of a wave, slow lifted, where the rocks lean over the black depth, dies heavily as the last note of a requiem. Opposite, green with steep grass, and set with chalet villages, the Fron-Alp rises in one solemn glow of pastoral light and peace; and above, against the clouds of twilight, ghostly on the gray precipice, stand, myriad by myriad, the shadowy armies of the Unterwalden pine.

"I have seen that it is possible for the stranger to pass through this great chapel, with its font of waters, and mountain pillars, and vaults of cloud, without being touched by one noble thought, or stirred by any sacred passion; but for those who received from its waves the baptism of their youth, and learned beneath its rocks the fidelity of their manhood, and watched amidst its clouds the likeness of the dream of life, with the eyes of age—for those I will not

believe that the mountain shrine was built, or the calm of its forest shadows guarded by their God, in vain."

A GREEK HYMN.

"The Greeks never shrink from horror; down to its uttermost depth, to its most appalling physical detail, they strive to sound the secrets of sorrow. For them there is no passing by on the other side, no turning away the eyes to vanity from pain. Literally, they have not "lifted up their souls unto vanity." Whether there be consolation for them or not, neither apathy nor blindness shall be their saviours; if, for them, thus knowing the facts of the grief of earth, any hope, relief, or triumph may hereafter seem possible—well; but if not, still hopeless, reliefless, eternal, the sorrow shall be met face to face. This Hector, so righteous, so merciful, so brave, has, nevertheless, to look upon his dearest brother in miserablest death. His own soul passes away in hopeless sobs through the throat-wound of the Grecian spear. That is one aspect of things in this world, a fair world truly, but having, among its other aspects, this one, highly ambiguous.

"And beyond that mortality, what hope have we? Nothing is clear to us on that horizon, nor comforting. Funeral honors; perhaps also rest; perhaps a shadowy life,—artless, joyless, loveless. No devices in that darkness of the grave, nor daring, nor delight. Neither marrying nor giving in marriage, nor casting of spears, nor rolling of chariots, nor voice of fame.

"Be it so. With no better reward, no brighter hope, we will be men while we may; men, just and strong and fearless, and up to our power, perfect. Athena herself, our wisdom and our strength, may betray us; Phœbus, our sun, smite us with plague, or hide his face from us helpless; Jove and all the powers of fate oppress us, or give us up to destruction. While we live, we will hold fast our integrity; no weak tears shall blind us, no unmanly tremors abate our strength of arm nor swiftness of limb. The gods have given us at least this glorious body and this righteous conscience; these will we keep bright and pure to the end. So may we fall to misery, but not to baseness; so may we sink to sleep, but not to shame.

"And herein was conquest. So defied, the betraying and accusing shadows shrank back; the mysterious horror subdued itself to majestic sorrow. Death was swallowed up in victory. Their blood which seemed to be poured out upon the ground, rose into hyacinthine flowers. All the beauty of earth opened to them; they had plowed into its darkness, and they reaped its gold; the gods, in whom they had trusted through all semblance of oppression, came down to love them, and be their helpmates. Great Artemis guarded their flocks by night; Selene kissed in love the eyes of those who slept. And from all came the help of heaven to body and soul; a strange spirit lifting the lovely limbs; strange light glowing on the golden hair; and strongest comfort filling the trustful heart, so that they could put off their armor and lie down to sleep—their work well done, whether at the gates of their temples or of their mountains; accepting the death they once thought terrible, as the gift of Him who knew and granted what was best."

AN ODE TO VENICE.

"A city of marble did I say? Nay, rather a golden city, paved with emerald. For truly, every pinnacle and turret gleamed or glowed, overlaid with gold, or bossed with jasper. Beneath, the unsullied sea drew in deep breathing, to and fro, its eddies of green wave. Deep-hearted, majestic, terrible as the sea, the men of Venice moved in sway of power and war; pure as her pillars of alabaster stood her mothers and maidens; from foot to brow, all noble walked her knights; the low bronzed gleaming of sea-rusted armor shot angrily under their blood-red mantle-folds. Fearless, faithful, patient, impenetrable, implacable—every word a fate—sat her senate. In hope and honor, lulled by flowing of wave around their isles of sacred sand, each with his name written, and the cross graved at his side, lay her dead A wonderful piece of world. Rather, itself a world. It lay along the face of the waters, no larger, as the captains saw it from their masts at evening, than a bar of sunset that could not pass away; but for its power, it must have seemed to them as if they were sailing in the expanse of heaven, and this a great planet, whose orient edge widened through ether. A world from which all ignoble care and petty thoughts were banished, with all the common and poor elements of life. No foulness, nor tumult, in those tremulous streets, that filled, or fell, beneath the moon; but rippled music of majestic change, or thrilling silence. No weak walls could rise above them; no low-roofed cottage, nor straw-built shed. Only the strength as of rock, and the finished setting of stones most precious. And around them, far as the eye could reach, still the soft moving of stainless waters, proudly pure; as not the flowers, so neither the thorn nor the thistle, could grow in the glancing fields. Ethereal strength of Alps, dreaming, vanishing, in high procession beyond the Torcellan shore; blue islands of Paduan hill, poised in the golden west. Above free winds and fiery clouds ranging at their will; brightness out of the north, and balm from the south, and the stars of the evening and morning clear in the limitless light of arched heaven and circling sea.

"Such was Giorgione's school—such Titian's home."

We must record our deliberate conviction that Mr. Ruskin has completed a work which is destined to live, and that this, the closing volume, is its flower and crown.

From Fraser's Magazine.

CONCERNING PEOPLE WHO CARRIED WEIGHT IN LIFE.

WITH SOME THOUGHTS ON THOSE WHO NEVER HAD A CHANCE.

You drive out, let us suppose, upon a certain day. To your surprise and mortification, your horse, usually lively and frisky, is quite dull and sluggish. He does not get over the ground as he is wont to do. The slightest touch of whip-cord, on other days, suffices to make him dart forward with redoubled speed; but upon this day, after two or three miles, he needs positive whipping, and he runs very sulkily with it all. By and by his coat, usually smooth and glossy and dry through all reasonable work, begins to stream like a water-cart. This will not do. There is something wrong. You investigate; and you discover that your horse's work, though seemingly the same as usual, is in fact immensely greater. The blockheads who oiled your wheels yesterday have screwed up your patent axles too tightly; the friction is enormous; the hotter the metal gets, the greater grows the friction; your horse's work is quadrupled. You drive slowly home; and severely upbraid the blockheads.

There are many people who have to go through life at an analogous disadvantage. There is something in their constitution of body or mind; there is something in their circumstances; which adds incalculably to the exertion they must go through to attain their ends; and which holds them back from doing what they might otherwise have done. Very probably, that malign something exerted its influence unperceived by those around them. They did not get credit for the struggle they were making. No one knew what a brave fight they were making with a broken right arm; no one remarked that they were running the race, and keeping a fair place in it too, with their legs tied together. All they do, they do at a disadvantage. It is as when a noble race-horse is beaten by a sorry hack; because the race-horse, as you might see if you look at the list, is carrying twelve pounds additional. But such men, by a desperate effort, often made silently and sorrowfully, may (so to speak) run in the race; and do well in it; though you little think with how heavy a foot and how heavy a heart. There are others, who have no chance at all. *They* are like a horse set to run a race, tied by a strong rope to a tree; or weighted with ten tons of extra burden. *That* horse can not run, even poorly. The difference between their case and that of the men who are placed at a disadvantage, is like the difference between setting a very near-sighted man to keep a sharp look-out, and setting a man who is quite blind to keep that sharp look-out. Many can do the work of life with difficulty; some can not do it at all. In short, there are PEOPLE WHO CARRY WEIGHT IN LIFE; and there are some WHO NEVER HAVE A CHANCE.

And you, my friend, who are doing the work of life well and creditably; you who are running in the front rank, and likely to do so to the end; think kindly and charitably of those who have broken down in the race. Think kindly of him who, sadly overweighted, is struggling onward away half a mile behind you; think more kindly yet, if that be possible, of him who, tethered to a ton of granite, is struggling hard and making no way at all; or who has even sat down and given up the struggle in dumb despair. You feel, I know, the weakness in yourself which would have made you break down if sorely tried like others. You know there is in your armor the unprotected place at which a well-aimed or a random blow would have gone home and brought you down. Yes, you are nearing the winning-post, and you are among the first; but six pounds more on your back, and you might have been no where. You feel, by your weak heart and weary frame, that if you had been sent to the Crimea in that dreadful first winter, you would certainly have died. And you feel, too, by your lack of moral stamina, by your feebleness of resolution,

that it has been your preservation from you know not what depths of shame and misery, that you never were pressed very hard by temptation. Do not range yourself with those who found fault with a certain great and good Teacher of former days, because he went to be guest with a man that was a sinner. As if he could have gone to be guest with any man who was not!

There is no reckoning up the manifold *impedimenta* by which human beings are weighted for the race of life; but all may be classified under the two heads of unfavorable influences arising out of the mental or physical nature of the human beings themselves, and unfavorable influences arising out of the circumstances in which the human beings are placed. You have known men who, setting out from a very humble position, have attained to a respectable standing; but who would have reached a very much higher place but for their being weighted with a vulgar, violent, wrong-headed, and rude-spoken wife. You have known men of lowly origin, who had in them the makings of gentlemen; but whom this single malign influence has condemned to coarse manners and a dirty repulsive home, for life. You have known many men whose powers are crippled and their nature soured by poverty; by the heavy necessity for calculating how far each shilling will go; by a certain sense of degradation that comes of sordid shifts. How can a poor parson write an eloquent or spirited sermon, when his mind all the while is running upon the thought how he is to pay the baker, or how he is to get shoes for his children? It will be but a dull discourse which, under that weight, will be produced even by a man who, favorably placed, could have done very considerable things. It is only a great genius here and there, who can do great things, who can do his best, no matter at what disadvantage he may be placed; the great mass of ordinary men can make little headway with wind and tide dead against them. Not many trees would grow well, if watered daily (let us say) with vitriol. Yet a tree which would speedily die under that nurture, might do very fairly, might even do magnificently, if it had fair play, if it got its chance of common sunshine and shower. Some men, indeed, though always hampered by circumstances, have accomplished much; but then you can not help thinking how much more they might have accomplished had they been placed more happily. Pugin, the great Gothic architect, designed various noble buildings; but I believe he complained that he never had fair play with his finest; that he was always weighted by considerations of expense, or by the nature of the ground he had to build on, or by the number of people it was essential the building should accommodate. And so he regarded his noblest edifices as no more than hints of what he could have done. He made grand running in the race; but oh! what running he could have made if you had taken off those twelve additional pounds! I dare say you have known men who labored to make a pretty country-house on a site which had some one great drawback. They were always battling with that drawback, and trying to conquer it; but they never could quite succeed. And it remained a real worry and vexation. Their house was on the north side of a high hill, and never could have its due share of sunshine. Or you could not reach it but by climbing a very steep ascent; or you could not in any way get water into the landscape. When Sir Walter was at length able to call his own a little estate on the banks of the Tweed he loved so well, it was the ugliest, bleakest, and least interesting spot upon the course of that beautiful river; and the public road ran within a few yards of his door. The noble-hearted man made a charming dwelling at last; but he was fighting against nature in the matter of the landscape round it; and you can see yet, many a year after he left it, the poor little trees of his beloved plantations, contrasting with the magnificent timber of various grand old places above and below Abbotsford. There is something sadder in the sight of men who carried weight within themselves; and who, in aiming at usefulness or at happiness, were hampered and held back by their own nature. There are many men who are weighted with a hasty temper; weighted with a nervous, anxious constitution; weighted with an envious, jealous disposition; weighted with a strong tendency to evil-speaking, lying, and slandering; weighted with a grumbling, sour, discontented spirit; weighted with a disposition to vaporing and boasting; weighted with a great want of common-sense; weighted with an undue regard to what other people may be thinking or saying of them;

weighted with many like things of which more will be said by and by. When that good missionary, Henry Martyn, was in India, he was weighted with an irresistible drowsiness. He could hardly keep himself awake. And it must have been a burning earnestness that impelled him to ceaseless labor, in the presence of such a drag-weight as that. I am not thinking or saying, my friend, that it is wholly bad for us to carry weight; that great good may not come of the abatement of our power and spirit which may be made by that weight. I remember a greater missionary than even the sainted Martyn, to whom the Wisest and Kindest appointed that he should carry weight, and that he should fight at a sad disadvantage. And the greater missionary tells us that he knew why that weight was appointed him to carry; and that he felt he needed it all to save him from a strong tendency to undue self-conceit. No one knows, now, what the burden was which he bore; but it was heavy and painful; it was "a thorn in the flesh;" three times he earnestly asked that it might be taken away; but the answer he got implied that he needed it yet; and that his Master thought it a better plan to strengthen the back, than to lighten the burden. Yes, the blessed Redeemer appointed that St. Paul should carry weight in life; and I think, friendly reader, that we shall believe that it is wisely and kindly meant, if the like should come to you and me.

We all understand what is meant when we hear it said that a man is doing very well, or has done very well, *considering*. I do not know whether it is a Scotticism to stop short at that point of the sentence. We do it, constantly in this country; the sentence would be completed by saying, *considering the weight he has to carry*, or *the disadvantage at which he works*. And things which are *very good*, *considering*, may range very far up and down the scale of actual merit. A thing which is *very good considering*, may be very bad, or may be tolerably good. It never can be absolutely very good; for, if it were, you would cease to use the word *considering*. A thing which is absolutely very good, if it have been done under extremely unfavorable circumstances, would not be described as *very good*, *considering*; it would be described as *quite wonderful*, *considering*, or as *miraculous*, *considering*. And it is curious how people take a pride in accumulating unfavorable circumstances, that they may overcome them, and gain the glory of having overcome them. Thus, if a man wishes to sign his name, he might write the letters with his right hand; and though he write them very clearly and well and rapidly, nobody would think of giving him any credit. But if he write his name rather badly with his left hand, people would say it was a remarkable signature, considering. And if he wrote his name, very ill indeed, with his foot, people would say the writing was quite wonderful, considering. If a man desire to walk from one end of a long building to the other, he might do so by walking along the floor; and though he did so steadily, swiftly and gracefully, no one would remark that he had done any thing worth notice. But if he chose for his path a thick rope, extended from one end of the building to the other, at a hight of a hundred feet; and if he walk rather slowly and awkwardly along it; he will be esteemed as having done something very extraordinary; while if, in addition to this, he is blindfolded, and has his feet placed in large baskets instead of shoes, he will, if in any way he can get over the distance between the ends of the building, be held as one of the most remarkable men of the age. Yes, load yourself with weight which no one asks you to carry; accumulate disadvantages which you need not face unless you choose; then carry the weight in any fashion, and overcome the disadvantages in any fashion; and you are a great man, considering; that is, considering the disadvantages and the weight. Let this be remembered; if a man is so placed that he can not do his work, except in the face of special difficulties, then let him be praised if he vanquish these in some decent measure, and if he do his work tolerably well. But a man deserves no praise at all for work which he has done tolerably or done rather badly, because he chose to do it under disadvantageous circumstances, under which there was no earthly call upon him to do it. In this case he probably is a self-conceited man, or a man of wrong-headed independence of disposition; and in this case, if his work be bad absolutely, don't tell him that it is good, considering. Refuse to consider. He has no right to expect that you should. There was a man who built a house entirely with his own hands. He had never

learned either mason-work or carpentry; he could quite well have afforded to pay skilled workmen to do the work he wanted; but he did not choose to do so. He did the whole work himself. The house was finished; its aspect was peculiar. The walls were off the perpendicular considerably, and the windows were singular in shape, the doors fitted badly, and the floors were far from level. In short, it was a very bad and awkward-looking house; but it was a wonderful house, considering. And people said that it was so, who saw nothing wonderful in the beautiful house next it, perfect in symmetry and finish and comfort, but built by men whose business it was to build. Now, I should have declined to admire that odd house, or to express the least sympathy with its builder. He chose to run with a needless hundredweight on his back; he chose to walk in baskets instead of in shoes. And if, in consequence of his own perversity, he did his work badly, I should have refused to recognize it as any thing but bad work. It was quite different with Robinson Crusoe, who made his dwelling and his furniture for himself, because there was no one else to make them for him. I dare say his cave was any thing but exactly square; and his chairs and table were cumbrous enough; but they were wonderful, considering certain facts which he was quite entitled to expect us to consider. Southey's *Cottonian Library* was all quite right; and you would have said that the books were very nicely bound, considering; for Southey could not afford to pay the regular binder's charges; and it was better that his books should be done up in cotton of various hues by the members of his own family, than that they should remain not bound at all. You will think, too, of the poor old parson who wrote a book which he thought of great value, but which no publisher would bring out. He was determined that all his labor should not be lost to posterity. So he bought types and a printing-press, and printed his precious work, poor man; he and his man-servant did it all. It made a great many volumes; and the task took up many years. Then he bound the volumes with his own hands; and carrying them to London, he placed a copy of his work in each of the public libraries. I dare say he might have saved himself his labor. How many of my readers could tell what was the title of the work, or what was the name of its author? Still, *there* was a man who accomplished his design, in the face of every disadvantage.

There is a great point of difference between our feeling toward the human being who runs his race much overweighted, and our feeling toward the inferior animal that does the like. If you saw a poor horse gamely struggling in a race, with a weight of a ton extra, you would pity it. Your sympathies would all be with the creature that was making the best of unfavorable circumstances. But it is a sorrowful fact, that the drag-weight of human beings not unfrequently consists of things which make us angry rather than sympathetic. You have seen a man carrying heavy weight in life, perhaps in the form of inveterate wrongheadedness and suspiciousness; but instead of pitying him, our impulse would rather be to beat him upon that perverted head. We pity physical malformation or unhealthiness; but our bent is to be angry with intellectual and moral malformation or unhealthiness. We feel for the deformed man, who must struggle on at that sad disadvantage; feeling it, too, much more acutely than you would readily believe. But we have only indignation for the man weighted with far worse things; and things which, in some cases at least, he can just as little help. You have known men whose extra pounds, or even extra ton, was a hasty temper, flying out of a sudden into ungovernable bursts; or a moral cowardice leading to trickery and falsehood; or a special disposition to envy and evil-speaking; or a very strong tendency to morbid complaining about his misfortunes and troubles; or an invincible bent to be always talking of his sufferings through the derangement of his digestive organs. Now, you grow angry at these things. You can not stand them. And there is a substratum of truth to that angry feeling. A man *can* form his mind more than he can form his body. If a man be well-made, physically, he will, in ordinary cases, remain so; but he may, in a moral sense, raise a great hunchback where nature made none. He may foster a malignant temper, a grumbling, fretful spirit, which by manful resistance might be much abated, if not quite put down. But still, there should often be pity where we are prone only to blame. We find a person in

whom a truly disgusting character has been formed: well, if you knew all, you would know that the person had hardly a chance of being otherwise — the man could not help it. You have known people who were awfully unamiable and repulsive: you may have been told how very different they once were — sweet-tempered and cheerful. And surely the change is a far sadder one than that which has passed upon the wrinkled old woman, who was once (as you are told) the loveliest girl of her time. Yet many a one who will look with interest upon the withered face and the dimmed eyes, and try to trace in them the vestiges of radiant beauty gone, will never think of puzzling out in violent spurts of petulance the perversion of a quick and kind heart; or in curious oddities and pettinesses, the result of long and lonely years of toil in which no one sympathized; or in cynical bitterness and misanthropy, an old disappointment never got over. There is a hard knot in the wood, where a green young branch was lopped away. I have a great pity for old bachelors. Those I have known have for the most part been old fools. But the more foolish and absurd they are, the more pity is due to them. I believe there is something to be said for even the most unamiable creatures. The shark is an unamiable creature. It is voracious. It will snap a man in two. Yet it is not unworthy of sympathy. Its organization is such that it is always suffering the most ravenous hunger. You can hardly imagine the state of intolerable famine in which that unhappy animal roams the ocean. People talk of its awful teeth and its vindictive eye. I suppose it is well ascertained that the extremity of physical want, as reached on rafts at sea, has driven human beings to deeds as barbarous as ever shark was accused of. The worse a human being is, the more he deserves our pity. Hang him, if *that* be needful for the welfare of society; but pity him even as you hang. Many a poor creature has gradually become hardened and inveterate in guilt, who would have shuddered at first had the excess of it ultimately reached been at first presented to view. But the precipice was sloped off; the descent was made step by step. And there is many a human being who never had a chance of being good; many who have been trained, and even compelled, to evil from very infancy. Who that knows any thing of our great cities, but knows how the poor little child, the toddling innocent, is sometimes sent out day by day to steal; and received in his wretched home with blows and curses if he fail to bring back enough: who has not heard of such poor little things, unsuccessful in their sorry work, sleeping all night in some wintry stair, because they durst not venture back to their drunken, miserable, desperate parents? I could tell things at which angels might shed tears, with much better reason for doing so than seems to me to exist in some of those more imposing occasions on which bombastic writers are wont to describe them as weeping. Ah! there is One who knows where the responsibility for all this rests! Not wholly with the wretched parents; far from *that*. *They*, too, have gone through the like; they had as little chance as their children. *They* deserve our deepest pity too. Perhaps the deeper pity is not due to the shivering, starving child, with the bitter wind cutting through its thin rags, and its blue feet on the frozen pavement, holding out a hand that is like the claw of some beast, but rather to the brutalized mother who could thus send out the infant she bore. Surely the mother's condition, if we look at the case aright, is the more deplorable. Would not you, my reader, endure any degree of cold and hunger than come to this? Doubtless, there is blame somewhere that such things should be; but we all know that the blame of the most miserable practical evils and failures can hardly be traced to particular individuals. It is through the incapacity of scores of public servants that an army is starved. It is through the fault of millions of people that our great towns are what they are; and it must be confessed that the actual responsibility is spread so thinly over so great a surface, that it is hard to say it rests very blackly upon any one spot. Oh! that we could but know whom to hang, when we find some flagrant, crying evil! Unluckily, hasty people are ready to be content if they can but hang any body, without minding much whether that individual be more to blame than many beside. Laws and kings have something to do here; but management and foresight on the part of the poorer classes have a great deal more to do. And no laws can make many persons managing or

provident. I do not hesitate to say, from what I have myself seen of the poor, that the same short-sighted extravagance, the same recklessness of consequences, which are frequently found in them, would cause quite as much misery if they prevailed in a like degree among people with a thousand a year. But it seems as if only tolerably well-to-do people have the heart to be provident and self-denying. A man with a few hundreds annually does not marry unless he thinks he can afford it; but the workman with fifteen shillings a week is profoundly indifferent to any such calculation. I firmly believe that the sternest of all self-denial is that practiced by those who, when we divide mankind into rich and poor, must be classed (I suppose) with the rich. But I turn away from a miserable subject, through which I can not see my way clearly, and on which I can not think but with unutterable pain. It is an easy way of cutting the knot to declare that the rich are the cause of all the sufferings of the poor; but when we look at the case in all its bearings, we shall see that *that* is rank nonsense. And on the other hand, it is unquestionable that the rich are bound to do something. But what? I should feel deeply indebted to any one who would write out, in a few short and intelligible sentences, the practical results that are aimed at in the *Song of the Shirt*. The misery and evil are manifest: but tell us whom to hang; tell us what to do.

One heavy burden with which many men are weighted for the race of life, is depression of spirits. I wonder whether this used to be as common in former days as it is now. There was, indeed, the man in Homer, who walked by the sea-shore in a very gloomy mood; but his case seems to have been thought remarkable. What is it in our modern mode of life, and our infinity of cares; what little thing is it about the matter of the brain, or the flow of the blood, that makes the difference between buoyant cheerfulness and deep depression? I begin to think that almost all educated people, and especially all whose work is mental rather than physical, suffer more or less from this indescribable gloom. And although a certain amount of sentimental sadness may possibly help the poet, or the imaginative writer, to produce material which may be very attractive to the young and inexperienced, I suppose it will be admitted by all that cheerfulness and hopefulness are noble and healthful stimulants to worthy effort, and that depression of spirits does (so to speak) cut the sinews with which the average man must do the work of life. You know how lightly the buoyant heart carries people through entanglements and labors under which the desponding would break down, or which they never would face. Yet, in thinking of the commonness of depressed spirits, even where the mind is otherwise very free from any thing morbid, we should remember that there is a strong temptation to believe that this depression is more common and more prevalent than it truly is. Sometimes there is a gloom which overcasts all life, like that in which James Watt lived and worked, and served his race so nobly; like that from which the gentle, amiable poet, James Montgomery, suffered through his whole career. But in ordinary cases the gloom is temporary and transient. Even the most depressed are not always so. Like we know, suggests like powerfully. If you are placed in some peculiar conjuncture of circumstances, or if you pass through some remarkable scene, the present scene or conjuncture will call up before you in a way that startles you, something like itself which you had long forgotten, and which you would never have remembered but for this touch of some mysterious spring. And accordingly, a man depressed in spirits thinks that he is always so, or at least fancies that such depression has given the color to his life in a very much greater degree than it actually has done so. For this dark season wakens up the remembrance of many similar dark seasons which in more cheerful days are quite forgot, and these cheerful days drop out of memory for the time. Hearing such a man speak, if he speak out his heart to you, you think him inconsistent, perhaps you think him insincere. You think he is saying more than he truly feels. It is not so; he feels and believes it all at the time. But he is taking a one-sided view of things; he is undergoing the misery of it acutely for the time; by and by he will see things from quite a different point. A very eminent man (there can be no harm in referring to a case which he himself made so public) wrote and published something about his *miserable home*. He was quite sincere, I

do not doubt. He thought so at the time. He *was* miserable just then; and so, looking back on past years, he could see nothing but misery. But the case was not really so, one could feel sure. There had been a vast deal of enjoyment about his home and his lot; it was forgotten, then. A man in very low spirits, reading over his diary, somehow lights upon and dwells upon all the sad and wounding things; he involuntarily skips the rest, or reads them with but faint perception of their meaning. In reading the very Bible, he does the like thing. He chances upon that which is in unison with his present mood. I think there is no respect in which this great law of the association of ideas holds more strictly true, than in the power of a present state of mind, or a present state of outward circumstances, to bring up vividly before us all such states in our past history. We are depressed, we are worried; and when we look back, all our departed days of worry and oppression appear to start up and press themselves upon our view to the exclusion of any thing else; so that we are ready to think that we have never been otherwise than depressed and worried all our life. But when more cheerful times come, they suggest only such times of cheerfulness, and no effort will bring back the depression vividly as when we felt it. It is not selfishness or heartlessness, it is the result of an inevitable law of mind, that people in happy circumstances should resolutely believe that it is a happy world after all; for looking back, and looking around, the mind refuses to take distinct note of any thing that is not somewhat akin to its present state. And so, if any ordinary man, who is not a distempered genius or a great fool, tells you that he is always miserable, don't believe him. He feels so now, but he does not always feel so. There are periods of brightening in the darkest lot. Very, very few live in unvarying gloom. Not but what there is something very pitiful (by which I mean deserving of pity) in what may be termed the Micawber style of mind; in the stage of hysteric oscillations between joy and misery. Thoughtless readers of *David Copperfield* laugh at Mr. Micawber, and his rapid passages from the depth of despair to the summit of happiness, and back again. But if you have seen or experienced that morbid condition, you would know that there is more reason to mourn over it than to laugh at it. There is acute misery felt now and then; and there is a pervading, never-departing sense of the hollowness of the morbid mirth. It is but a very few degrees better than "moody madness, laughing wild, amid severest woe." By depression of spirits, I understand a dejection without any cause that could be stated, or from causes which in a healthy mind would produce no such degree of dejection. No doubt many men can remember seasons of dejection which was not imaginary, and of anxiety and misery whose causes were only too real. You can remember, perhaps, the dark time in which you knew quite well what it was that made it so dark. Well, better days have come. That sorrowful, wearing time, which exhausted the springs of life faster than ordinary living would have done, which aged you in heart and frame before your day, dragged over, and it is gone. You carried heavy weight, indeed, while it lasted. It was but poor running you made, poor work you did, with that feeble, anxious, disappointed, miserable heart. And you would many a time have been thankful to creep into a quiet grave. Perhaps that season did you good. Perhaps it was the discipline you needed. Perhaps it took out your self-conceit, and made you humble. Perhaps it disposed you to feel for the grief and cares of others, and made you sympathetic. Perhaps, looking back now, you can discern the end it served. And now that it has done its work, and that it only stings you when you look back, let that time be quite forgotten!

There are men, and very clever men, who do the work of life at a disadvantage, through *this*, that their mind is a machine fitted for doing well only one kind of work; or that their mind is a machine which, though doing many things well, does some one thing, perhaps a conspicuous thing, very poorly. You find it hard to give a man credit for being possessed of sense and talent, if you hear him make a speech at a public dinner, which speech approaches the idiotic for its silliness and confusion. And the vulgar mind readily concludes that he who does one thing extremely ill, can do nothing well; and that he who is ignorant on one point is ignorant on all. A friend of mine, a country parson, on

first going to his parish, resolved to farm his glebe for himself. A neighboring farmer kindly offered the parson to plow one of his fields. The farmer said that he would send his man John with a plow and a pair of horses, on a certain day. "If ye're goin' about," said the farmer to the clergyman, "John will be unco' weel pleased if you speak to him, and say it's a fine day, or the like o' that; but dinna," said the farmer, with much solemnity, "dinna say ony thing to him aboot plowin' and sawin'; for John," he added, "is a stupid body, but he has been plowin' and sawin' all his life, and he'll see in a minute that *ye* ken naething aboot plowin' and sawin'. And then," said the sagacious old farmer, with extreme earnestness, "if he comes to think that ye ken naething aboot plowin' and sawin', he'll think that ye ken naething aboot ony thing!" Yes, it is natural to us all to think that if the machine breaks down at that work in which we are competent to test it, then the machine can not do any work at all.

If you have a strong current of water, you may turn it into any channel you please, and make it do any work you please. With equal energy and success it will flow north or south; it will turn a corn-mill, or a threshing-machine, or a grindstone. Many people live under a vague impression that the human mind is like that. They think—Here is so much ability, so much energy, which may be turned in any direction, and made to do any work; and they are surprised to find that the power, available and great for one kind of work, is worth nothing for another. A man very clever at one thing, is positively weak and stupid at another thing. A very good judge may be a wretchedly bad joker; and he must go through his career at this disadvantage, that people, finding him silly at the thing they are able to estimate, find it hard to believe that he is not silly at every thing. I know for myself that it would not be right that the Premier should request me to look out for a suitable Chancellor. I am not competent to appreciate the depth of a man's knowledge of equity; by which I do not mean justice, but chancery law. But though quite unable to understand how great a Chancellor Lord Eldon was, I am quite able to estimate how great a poet he was; also how great a wit. Here is a poem by that eminent person. Doubtless he regarded it as a wonder of happy versification, as well as instinct with the most convulsing fun. It is intended to set out in a metrical form, the career of a certain judge, who went up as a poor lad from Scotland to England, but did well at the bar, and ultimately found his place upon the bench. Here is Lord Chancellor Eldon's humorous poem:

"James Allan Parke
Came naked stark,
From Scotland:
But he got clothes,
Like other beaux,
In England!"

Now the fact that Lord Eldon wrote that poem, and valued it highly, would lead some folk to suppose that Lord Eldon was next door to an idiot. And a good many other things which that Chancellor did, such as his quotations from Scripture in the House of Commons, and his attempts to convince that assemblage (when Attorney-General) that Napoleon I. was the Apocalyptic Beast or the Little Horn, certainly point toward the same conclusion. But the conclusion, as a general one, would be wrong. No doubt Lord Eldon was a wise and sagacious man as judge and statesman, though as wit and poet he was almost an idiot. So with other great men. It is easy to remember occasions on which great men have done very foolish things. There never was a truer hero nor a greater commander than Lord Nelson; but in some things he was merely an awkward over-grown midshipman. But then, let us remember, that a locomotive engine, though excellent at running, would be a poor hand at flying. *That* is not its vocation. The engine will draw fifteen heavy carriages fifty miles in an hour; and *that* remains as a noble feat, even though it be ascertained that the engine could not jump over a brook which would be cleared easily by the veriest screw. We all see this. But many of us have a confused idea that a great and clever man is (so to speak) a locomotive that can fly; and when it is proved that he can not fly, then we begin to doubt whether he can even run. We think he should be good at every thing, whether in his own line or not. And he is set at a disadvantage, particularly in the judgment of vulgar and stupid people, when it is clearly ascertained that at some things he is very inferior. I have heard of a very eminent preacher, who sunk considerably (even as regards his preaching) in the es-

timation of a certain family, because it appeared that he played very badly at bowls. And we all know that occasionally the Premier already mentioned reverses the vulgar error, and in appointing men to great places, is guided by an axiom which amounts to this: this locomotive can run well, therefore it will fly well. This man has filled a certain position well, therefore let us appoint him to a position entirely different; no doubt he will do well there too. Here is a clergyman who has edited certain Greek plays admirably: let us make him a bishop.

It may be remarked here, that the men who have attained the greatest success in the race of life, have generally carried weight. *Nitor in adversum* might be the motto of many a man, besides Burke. It seems to be almost a general rule, that the raw material out of which the finest fabrics are made, should look very little like these, to start with. It was a stammerer, of uncommanding mien, who became the greatest orator of graceful Greece. I believe it is admitted that Chalmers was the most effective preacher, perhaps the most telling speaker, that Britain has seen for at least a century; yet his aspect was not dignified, his gestures were awkward, his voice was bad, and his accent frightful. He talked of an *oppning* when he meant an *opening;* and he read out the text of one of his noblest sermons: "He that is fulthy, let him be fulthy stull." Yet who ever thought of these things, after hearing the good man for ten minutes! Ay, load Eclipse with what extra pounds you might, Eclipse would always be first! And, to descend to the race-horse, *he* had four white legs, white to the knees; and he ran more awkwardly than racer ever did, with his head between his forelegs, close to the ground, like a pig. Alexander, Napoleon, and Wellington were all little men; in places where a commanding presence would have been of no small value. A most disagreeably affected manner has not prevented a barrister, with no special advantages, from rising with general approval to the highest places which a barrister can fill. A hideous little wretch has appeared for trial in a Criminal Court, having succeeded in marrying seven wives at once. A painful hesitation has not hindered a certain eminent person from being one of the principal speakers in the British Parliament, for many years. Yes, even disadvantages never overcome have not sufficed to hold in obscurity men who were at once able and fortunate. But sometimes the disadvantage was thoroughly overcome. Sometimes it served no other end than to draw to one point the attention and the efforts of a determined will; and that matter, in regard to which nature seemed to have said that a man should fall short, became the thing in which he attained unrivaled perfection.

A heavy drag-weight upon the powers of some men, is the uncertainty of their powers. The man has not his powers at command. His mind is a capricious thing, that works when it pleases, and will not work except when it pleases. I am not thinking now of what to many is a sad disadvantage; that nervous trepidation which can not be reasoned away, and which often deprives them of the full use of their mental abilities just when they are most needed. It is a vast thing in a man's favor that, whatever he can do, he should be able to do at any time, and to do at once. For want of coolness of mind, and that readiness which generally goes with it, many a man can not do himself justice; and in a deliberative assembly he may be entirely beaten by some flippant person who has all his money (so to speak) in his pocket, while the other must send to the bank for his. How many people can think next day, or even a few minutes after, of the precise thing they ought to have said, but which would not come at the time! But very frequently the thing is of no value, unless it come at the time when it is wanted. Coming next day, it is like the offer of a thick fur great-coat on a sweltering day in July. You look at the wrap, and say, Oh! if I could but have had you on the December night when I went to London by the limited mail, and was nearly starved to death! But it seems as if the mind must be, to a certain extent, capricious in its action. Caprice, or what looks like it, appears of necessity to go with complicated machinery, even material. The more complicated a machine is the liker it grows to mind, in the matter of uncertainty and apparent caprice of action. The simplest machine — say a pipe for conveying water — will always act in precisely the same way. And two such pipes, if of the same dimensions, and subjected to the same pres-

sure, will always convey the self-same quantities. But go to more advanced machines. Take two clocks, or two locomotive engines; and though these are made in all respects exactly alike, they will act (I can answer at least for the locomotive engines) quite differently. One locomotive will swallow a vast quantity of water at once; another must be fed by driblets; no one can say why. One engine is a *fac-simile* of the other; yet each has its character, and its peculiarities, as truly as a man has. You need to know your engine's temper before driving it, just as much as you need to know that of your horse, or that of your friend. I know, of course, there is a mechanical reason for this seeming caprice, if you could trace the reason. But not one man in a thousand could trace out the reason. And the phenomenon, as it presses itself upon us, really amounts to this: that very complicated machinery appears to have a will of its own; appears to exercise something of the nature of choice. But there is no machine so capricious as the human mind. The great poet who wrote those beautiful verses, could not do *that* every day. A good deal more of what he writes is poor enough; and many days he could not write at all. By long habit the mind may be made capable of being put in harness daily for the humble task of producing prose; but you can not say, when you harness it in the morning, how far or at what rate it will run that day.

Go and see a great organ, of which you have been told. Touch it, and you hear the noble tones at once. The organ can produce them at any time. But go and see a great man; touch *him;* that is, get him to begin to talk. You will be much disappointed if you expect, certainly, to hear any thing like his book or his poem. A great man is not a man who is always saying great things; or who is always able to say great things. He is a man who on a few occasions has said great things; who on the coming of a sufficient occasion may possibly say great things again; but the staple of his talk is commonplace enough. Here is a point of difference from machinery, with all machinery's apparent caprice. You could not say, as you pointed to a steam-engine, the usual power of that engine is two hundred horses; but once or twice it has surprised us all by working up to two thousand. No; the engine is always of nearly the power of two thousand horses, if it ever is. But what we have been supposing as to the engine, is just what many men have done. Poe wrote *The Raven;* he was working then up to two thousand horse power. But he wrote abundance of poor stuff, working at about twenty-five. Read straight through the volumes of Wordsworth; and I think you will find traces of the engine having worked at many different powers, varying from twenty-five horses or less, up to two thousand or more. Go and hear a really great preacher when he is preaching in his own church upon a common Sunday; and possibly you may hear a very ordinary sermon. I have heard Mr. Melvill preach very poorly. You must not expect to find people always at their best. It is a very unusual thing that even the ablest man should be like Burke, who could not talk with an intelligent stranger for five minutes, without convincing the stranger that he had talked for five minutes with a great man. And it is an awful thing when some clever youth is introduced to some local poet who has been told how greatly the clever youth admires him; and what vast expectations the clever youth has formed of his conversation; and when the local celebrity make a desperate effort to talk up to the expectations formed of him. I have witnessed such a scene; and I can sincerely say that I could not previously have believed that the local celebrity could have made such a fool of himself. He was resolved to show that he deserved his fame; and to show that the mind which had produced those lovely verses in the country newspapers, could not stoop to commonplace things.

Undue sensitiveness, and a too lowly estimate of their own powers, hang heavily upon some men; probably upon more men than one would imagine. I believe that many a man whom you would take to be ambitious, pushing, and self-complacent, is ever pressed with a sad conviction of inferiority, and wishes nothing more than quietly to slip through life. It would please and satisfy him if he could but be assured that he is just like other people. You may remember a touch of nature (that is, of some people's nature) in Burns; you remember the simple exultation of the peasant mother when her daughter gets a sweetheart; she is "well pleased to see *her* bairn respeckit *like the lave*," that is, like the other girls round.

And undue humility, perhaps even befitting humility, holds back sadly in the race of life. It is recorded that a weaver in a certain village in Scotland, was wont daily to offer a singular petition; he prayed daily and fervently for a better opinion of himself. Yes, a firm conviction of one's own importance is a great help in life. It gives dignity of bearing; it does (so to speak) lift the horse over many a fence at which one with a less confident heart would have broken down. But the man who estimates himself and his place humbly and justly, will be ready to shrink aside, and let men of greater impudence and not greater desert step before him. I have often seen, with a sad heart, in the case of working people, that manner, difficult to describe, which comes of being what we in Scotland, sometimes call *sair hadden down.* I have seen the like in educated people too. And not very many will take the trouble to seek out and to draw out the modest merit that keeps itself in the shade. The energetic, successful people of this world are too busy in pushing each for himself, to have time to do *that.* You will find that people with abundant confidence, people who assume a good deal, are not unfrequently taken at their own estimate of themselves. I have seen a Queen's Counsel walk into court, after the case in which he was engaged had been conducted so far by his junior, and conducted as well as mortal could conduct it. But it was easy to see that the complacent air of superior strength with which the Queen's Counsel took the management out of his junior's hands, conveyed to the jury (a common jury) the belief that things were now to be managed in quite different and vastly better style. And have you not known such a thing as that a family, not a whit better, wealthier, or more respectable than all the rest in the little country town or the country parish, do yet, by carrying their heads higher, (no mortal could say why,) gradually elbow themselves into a place of admitted social superiority? Every body knows exactly what they are, and from what they have sprung; but somehow, by resolute assumption, by a quiet air of being better than their neighbors, they draw ahead of them, and attain the glorious advantage of one step higher on the delicately graduated social ladder of the district. Now it is manifest that if such people had sense to see their true position, and the absurdity of their pretensions, they would assuredly not have gained that advantage, whatever it may be worth.

But sense and feeling are sometimes burdens in the race of life; that is, they sometimes hold a man back from grasping material advantages which he might have grasped had he not been prevented by the possession of a certain measure of common-sense and right feeling. I doubt not, my friend, that you have acquaintances who can do things which you could not do for your life, and who by doing these things, push their way in life. They ask for what they want, and never let a chance go by them. And though they may meet many rebuffs, they sometimes make a successful venture. Impudence sometimes attains to a pitch of sublimity; and at that point it has produced a very great impression upon many men. The incapable person who started for a professorship, has sometimes got it. The man who, amid the derision of the county, published his address to the electors, has occasionally got into the House of Commons. The vulgar, half-educated preacher, who without any introduction asked a patron for a vacant living in the Church, has now and then got the living. And however unfit you may be for a place, and however discreditable may have been the means by which you got it, once you have actually held it for two or three years, people come to acquiesce in your holding it. They accept the fact that you are there, just as we accept the fact that any other evil exists in this world, without asking why, except on very special occasions. I believe too, that in the matter of worldly preferment, there is too much fatalism in many good men. They have a vague trust that Providence will do more than it has promised. They are ready to think that if it is God's will that they are to gain such a prize, it will be sure to come their way without their pushing. That is a mistake. Suppose you apply the same reasoning to your dinner. Suppose you sit still in your study and say: "If I am to have dinner to-day, it will come without effort of mine; and if I am not to have dinner to-day, it will not come by any effort of mine; so here I sit still and do nothing." Is not *that* absurd? Yet that is what many a wise and good man practically says about the place in life which would suit him, and which would

make him happy. Not Turks and Hindoos alone have a tendency to believe in their *Kismet.* It is human to believe in that. And we grasp at every event that seems to favor the belief. The other evening, in the twilight, I passed two respectable-looking women, who seemed like domestic servants; and I caught one sentence which one said to the other with great apparent faith. "You see," said she, "if a thing's to come your way, it'll no gang by ye!" It was in a crowded street; but if it had been in my country parish where every one knew me, I should certainly have stopped the women, and told them that though what they said was quite true, I feared they were understanding it wrongly; and that the firm belief we all hold in God's providence which reaches to all events, and in his sovereignty which orders all things, should be used to help us to be resigned, after we have done our best and failed; but should never be used as an excuse for not doing our best. When we have set our mind on any honest end, let us seek to compass it by every honest means; and if we fail after having used every honest means, *then* let us fall back on the comfortable belief that things are ordered by the Wisest and Kindest; *then* is the time for *Fiat Voluntas Tua.*

You would not wish, my friend, to be deprived of common-sense and of delicate feeling, even though you could be quite sure that once *that* drag-weight was taken off, you would spring forward to the van, and make such running in the race of life as you never made before. Still, you can not help looking with a certain interest upon those people who, by the want of these hindering influences, are enabled to do things and say things which you never could. I have sometimes looked with no small curiosity upon the kind of man who will come uninvited, and without warning of his approach, to stay at another man's house: who will stay on, quite comfortable and unmoved, though seeing plainly he is not wanted; who will announce, on arriving, that his visit is to be for three days, and who will then, without farther remark, and without invitation of any kind, remain for a month or six weeks: and all the while sit down to dinner every day with a perfectly easy and unembarrassed manner. You and I, my reader, would rather live on much less than sixpence a day than do all this. We *could not* do it. But some people not merely can do it, but can do it without any appearance of effort. Oh! if the people who are victimized by these horse-leeches of society could but gain a little of the thickness of skin which characterizes the horse-leeches, and bid them be off, and not return again till they are invited! To the same pachydermatous class belong those individuals who will put all sorts of questions as to the private affairs of other people, but carefully shy off from any similar confidence as to their own affairs: also those individuals who borrow small sums of money and never repay them, but go on borrowing till the small sums amount to a good deal. To the same class may be referred the persons who lay themselves out for saying disagreeable things: the "candid friends" of Canning: the "people who speak their mind," who form such pests of society. To find fault is to right-feeling men a very painful thing; but some take to the work with avidity and delight. And while people of cultivation shrink, with a delicate intuition, from saying any thing which may give pain or cause uneasiness to others, there are others who are ever painfully treading upon the moral corns of all around them. Sometimes this is done designedly; as by Mr. Snarling, who by long practice has attained the power of hinting and insinuating, in the course of a forenoon call, as many unpleasant things as may germinate into a crop of ill-tempers and worries which shall make the house at which he called uncomfortable all that day. Sometimes it is done unawares, as by Mr. Boor, who, through pure ignorance and coarseness, is always bellowing out things which it is disagreeable to some one, or to several, to hear. Which was it, I wonder, Boor or Snarling, who once reached the dignity of the miter; and who, at prayers in his house, uttered this supplication on behalf of a lady visitor who was kneeling beside him: "Bless our friend, Mrs. —— ; give her a little more common-sense; and teach her to dress a little less like a tragedy queen than she does at present!"

But who shall reckon up the countless circumstances which lie like a depressing burden on the energies of men, and make them work at that disadvantage which we have thought of under the figure of *carrying weight in life?* There are men

who carry weight in a damp, marshy neighborhood, who, amid bracing mountain air, might have done things which now they will never do. There are men who carry weight in an uncomfortable house: in smoky chimneys: in a study with a dismal look-out: in distance from a railway-station: in ten miles between them and a bookseller's shop. Give another hundred a year of income, and the poor struggling parson who preaches dull sermons will astonish you by the talent he will exhibit when his mind is freed from the dismal depressing influence of ceaseless scheming to keep the wolf from the door. Let the poor little sick child grow strong and well, and with how much better heart will its father face the work of life! Let the clergyman who preached, in a spiritless enough way, to a handful of uneducated rustics, be placed in a charge where weekly he has to address a large cultivated congregation; and with the new stimulus, latent powers may manifest themselves which no one fancied he possessed, and he may prove quite an eloquent and attractive preacher. A dull, quiet man, whom you esteemed as a blockhead, may suddenly be valued very differently when circumstances unexpectedly call out the solid qualities he possesses, unsuspected before. A man, devoid of brilliancy, may on occasion show that he possesses great good sense; or that he has the power of sticking to his task, in spite of discouragement. Let a man be placed where dogged perseverance will stand him in stead, and you may see what he can do when he has but a chance. The especial weight which has held some men back—the thing which kept them from doing great things and attaining great fame—has been just this: that they were not able to say or to write what they have thought and felt. And indeed a great poet is nothing more than the one man in a million who has the gift to express that which has been in the mind and heart of multitudes. If even the most commonplace of human beings could write all the poetry he has felt, he would produce something that would go straight to the hearts of many.

It is touching to witness the indications and vestiges of sweet and admirable things which have been subjected to a weight which has entirely crushed them down: things which would have come out into beauty and excellence if they had been allowed a chance. You may witness one of the saddest of all the losses of nature in various old maids. What kind hearts are there running to waste! What pure and gentle affections blossom to be blighted! I dare say you have heard a young lady of more than forty sing; and you have seen her eyes fill with tears at the pathos of a very commonplace verse. Have you not thought that there was the indication of a tender heart which might have made some man happy; and, in doing so, made herself happy too? But it was not to be. Still, it is sad to think that sometimes upon cats and dogs there should be wasted the affections of a kindly human being! And you know, too, how often the fairest promise of human excellence is never suffered to come to fruit. You must look upon gravestones to find the names of those who promised to be the best and noblest specimens of the race. They died in early youth; perhaps in early childhood. Their pleasant faces, their singular words and ways, remain, not often talked of, in the memories of subdued parents, or of brothers and sisters now grown old, but never forgetting how *that* one of the family that was as the flower of the flock was the first to fade. It has been a proverbial saying, you know, even from heathen ages, that those whom the gods love die young. It is but an inferior order of human beings that makes the living succession to carry on the human race. A. K. H. B.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE MEETING IN MANCHESTER OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION

FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE, 1861.

BY A MANCHESTER MAN.

If the British Association had been in scientific search of a contrast, it could not have succeeded better than in fixing upon Manchester next after Oxford as its place of meeting. The two cities are striking types of two phases of society; how distinctively marked, and how widely dissimilar! Around Oxford are gathered the historic associations of many centuries. Kings have had their residence in its palaces; parliaments have met in its halls; superstition has brooded over its towers; martyrs have died in its streets, leaving a purified faith to revive and spread from their ashes; and from its colleges have issued forth the learned and the noble of our land — generals who have led armies to victory, statesmen who have swayed senates by their eloquence and wisdom, preachers who have stirred up the soul from its depths, and philosophers who have won their trophies from the deep mysteries of nature. Manchester, indeed, is not without its historic associations, but they are of a less romantic character. It is of ancient origin, but of modern celebrity. The conflict of armies has sometimes raged in its streets; but it is better known as having long been the seat of peaceful commerce. It is only, however, within the last century that it has risen to its great eminence, and achieved a name and a fame which have been carried by its ships and merchandise to the furthest and darkest corners of the world. In the very buildings of the two places there is a striking contrast. On looking at those somber colleges, our minds are carried back to the days of gloom and monasticism. Those shady cloisters and low windows, and cell-like rooms, tell of times and customs and phases of thought long past; they impress you with a feeling of medievalism. The architecture of Manchester, on the other hand, is remarkable, but it is in contrast with that of Oxford. The warehouses are palaces, costly and highly embellished, decorated within and without, stretching along whole streets, and forming large squares, which in architectural effect may vie with any in the capitals of Europe. How different, again, is the employment of the people you see in these two cities. In Oxford the mind is concerned most with the abstract and the ideal—the philosophy, the history, the poetry of ancient times, as handed down in the languages of Greece and Rome, are the subjects over which the head becomes confused, and the eye grows dim. The Manchester mind deals not with abstractions; it is employed only on the practical business of life. It would turn from the dead languages as things to be most properly buried out of sight, and rest on the tangible productions of living industry and skill. The very faces of the men and the aspect of the streets in these two cities bear ocular testimony to these truths. Transfer the contemplative philosopher from his Magdalen Gardens or Christ Church Walk, where he takes his daily airing, solving a problem peradventure, or reducing an argument to a syllogism, or weighing in his mind the ponderosity of a Greek particle; transfer him to the streets and squares of Manchester, and the bustling, energetic men who are there in desperate pursuit of their calling would at the best sadly discompose his philosophy of thought and temper. How the old gentleman, dignified and corpulent, would be jostled in his walk, as though he were no more than some movable antediluvian petrifaction, even if he were not annihilated by some impetuous spring-van, or rolled over bodily by the shot of some lurryman as he was pitching his parcels from his vehicle into the warehouse! Oxford is the embodiment of a stationary idea. Men

pass their lives there in easy study and quiet contemplation, eating well-cooked viands, and drinking choice wines, and pondering over ancient folios. They dread change, whether in university statutes or national laws; they are well content with the present condition of things, and are ready to bring down Scripture on the head of him that is given to change. Manchester, on the other hand, is the type of progress. Its watchword is Onward. Change it must have, whether its tendency be to reform or to deform. Manchester must ever be devising fresh laws, and demanding more freedom—freedom of conscience, of controversy, and of commerce. Manchester must be still inventing and advancing, striking out new kinds of trade, and discovering fresh outlets for its manufactures. The Manchester train sometimes hurries on too fast, it is true, and rolls down an embankment with a crash; but even this is assumed to be better than for the wheels and springs to rust from inaction, and the carriage-timbers to rot in the rain and mire.

Now we firmly believe, almost paradoxical as our assertion may seem on the first consideration of it, that Manchester is really a more appropriate center for the gathering of our scientific men even than Oxford. What! you may exclaim in astonishment, the metropolis of cotton to become the metropolis of mind — where the atmosphere is an impregnation of sulphuric acid, tar, and coal-dust, and the rivers run ink and a decoction of logwood; where clouds are suspended overhead like a pall, and five days out of the seven drop, not fatness, but a solution of soot; where the eye is attracted by tall chimneys vomiting forth their volumes of coal-black smoke, and the ear is assailed by the rattle of machinery, and the ringing of anvils; where the ledger is the book of science, and a knowledge of double entry is more coveted than a mastery over the subtlest investigations of Newton; where free-trade is the noblest of sciences, and money-getting is the noblest of arts; where the cotton-plant is held to be the finest specimen of vegetative nature, and cotton-twist the finest production of human skill; where the merchant-prince and the cotton-lord think much of their ventures as they consign them for transit across the great deep, but care very little *per se* about the theory of tides, or the influence of the magnetic pole; where ——

Thank you, thank you, my good sir! Now that you have almost "tired yourself with base comparisons," listen to what we have to say: Oxford was pursuing her investigations into the mysteries of mind, the subtleties of philology, the dark records of ages long gone by, and the disputed tenets of theology, a century and a half ago, as she is at this day, and we honor her for her discoveries in the regions of the immaterial and the abstract; but the mind of Manchester, in its combination of science and art, has been directed to the advancement of national wealth and greatness, and to the increase of social and individual comforts. Consider the changes that have passed over our country during the last hundred and fifty years. Of those which have contributed to our daily convenience and personal well-being, how few have had their origin in our learned universities! On the other hand, how many in a greater or less degree have sprung either out of Manchester itself, or the trade that centers in and radiates from Manchester! If Lord Bacon could have seen these improvements, he would have hailed them as the triumph of his own philosophy.

But, without further preface, let us open the thirty-first meeting of the British Association; and the President's address, though it were not so intended, may supply us with some reasons in proof of our theory, that Manchester is entitled to a high position as the promoter of science in its application to the arts.

Assuming that the Committee of the British Association, last year, in Oxford, decided, not inappropriately, upon holding their next meeting in Manchester, then very gracefully did they select for their President, Mr. William Fairbairn, LL.D., F.R.S., a good specimen of a Manchester man. Dr. Fairbairn entered the battle of life with no other advantges than those of a clear head and a strong will; but these, as a rule, are more powerful auxiliaries than any which can be derived from the prestige of rank, wealth, or position. He is of Scotch extraction, and carries on his face every mark of the rugged, hard-headed native of the North. He has raised himself into celebrity mainly by his powers of mechani-

cal calculation, and his experiments on metallic substances. His distinction is associated chiefly with the profession of the engineer, and his efforts have been constantly directed to the development of practical truth in constructive science by the patient induction of experiment. He has published several works, which, being the result of his personal investigations, are of undisputed accuracy. The titles of his publications are a sufficient indication of their contents; as, for example, *Remarks on Canal Navigation; Application of Cast and Wrought Iron to Building Purposes; Account of the Construction of the Britannia and Conway Tubular Bridges; Useful Information for Engineers; A Treatise on Mills and Mill-Work;* the article "Iron" in the *Encyclopædia Britannica.* There are other treatises which he has read before various philosophical societies, and which have been published in their records. He is at this time carrying on his experiments on the construction of metal plates for the most effectual resistance to the heavy-rifled ordnance of the present day. The Queen's medal was presented to Dr. Fairbairn this year by the Royal Society for his experimental researches in practical science, when the chairman, Major-General Sabine, paid him some graceful compliments: "Perhaps it may be said with truth," were his words, "that there is no single individual living who has done so much for practical science, who has made so many careful experimental inquiries on subjects of primary importance to the commercial and manufacturing interests of the country, or who has so liberally contributed them to the world." Mr. Fairbairn probably did not start in life with the presentiment that he would obtain the medal of the Royal Society, or be distinguished by the title of LL.D. *honoris causâ;* but it is quite certain that his honors have not spoiled the unassuming character of the man, or changed the native kindliness of his disposition. He is now more than seventy years of age, but hale, tall, wiry, and strong. We profess ourself to be a fair walker, but he sometimes passes us in the street at his ordinary stride, as though our pace was decidedly slow. One of the workmen in the Fairbairns' establishment, not long ago, described to us, in his own graphic and laconic vernacular, the Doctor's activity and powers of endurance: "Th' owd maester," he said, "'il lick 'em o' yet." That is, the old master would get through more work still than any of the younger members of the firm.

On the evening of Wednesday, the 4th of September, the session of the British Association was opened in our Free-Trade Hall — a building so called rather from traditional associations than its present uses. It is now turned to account for any purpose whatever, social or political, secular or religious, when a sufficient attraction is held out to draw, or to be likely to draw, a large body of persons together. The old, plain building, the veritable Free-Trade Hall, has been supplanted by an edifice of considerable architectural pretensions. The sweet voices of Messrs. Cobden and Bright have given way to the sweeter voices of Mrs. Sherrington and Mr. Sims Reeves; the amusing political pantomimes of former years have yielded to the more amusing ventriloquisms of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul; and instead of some yeasty patriot frothing and perspiring for his country's good, and out of his electric flashes summoning "thunders of applause," we find, on the evening mentioned, our townsman, Dr. Fairbairn, opening in a quiet unobtrusive manner, a scientific meeting, in the presence of some three thousand ladies and gentlemen, and surrounded by men of deep still thought and patient investigation from many lands.

The scene was a gay one; but the ladies will pardon us if on such an occasion we naturally turn our opera-glass toward the men of European reputation that surround the President. There we see veterans in scientific research, still hearty and vigorous in their pursuits—such as Airy, Murchison, Brewster, Sedgwick, Sabine, Phillips, Owen, Hopkins, Daubeny, Willis, Miller, Crawfurd, Lankester, Belcher, Robinson, Hamilton, Wheatstone, Rawlinson, Sykes, Harris, Babington, Richardson, and a host of others. There is something very overpowering as you feel yourself in the presence of such an assembly. You have before you the embodiment of the collective science of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. Novel thoughts chase each other through your mind as you gaze thereon. These men, who must be sublimated into the abstract and ideal, how do they live, we wonder? Have they wives at home? Have they children? Do they ever rock the cradle?

Do they condescend to mix themselves in the affairs of every day life? Suppose these walls were to collapse and extinguish altogether the lamp of science that is burning so brightly before us: how long would it take to repair the shattered argand, and re-fan the flame of knowledge to its present brilliancy? At how much would you think it necessary, in a commercial point of view, to insure the lives of these wise men, if they were collectively in danger? Such a question, perhaps, has never entered into the deliberations of the "Sun Fire and Life" Directors. It is true, men's lives are valued in our courts of law, and the price is deducted from railway dividends. A peer of this realm, a bishop, a dean, a member of parliament, a cotton lord, a railway director—each of these may be the subject of a jury's assessment, be his value much or little: yea, that poor horse, Klarikoff, will fetch his price even in his ashes. But how value a man of science? The broken leg of a cattle-jobber, or the dislocated knee-pan of a pig-butcher, or the fractured rib of a butter-badger, may be worth forty pounds on an average; but the head that carries in it the unwritten history of the pre-Adamite world—at how much, Mr. Foreman, would you assess the damage if that head were smashed? Awe-inspiring, doubtless, is the presence of this learned assembly; and yet, by degrees, as you watch the motions of these men, and see that they are but corporeal beings in coat, waistcoat, and trowsers, your feeling of timid wonderment wears off. One of them you had pictured to yourself as constantly wielding the thigh-bone of a megatherium, as Hercules brandished his club; another you could only fancy as existing in the midst of variously colored flames, chemically produced, like some awful stage impersonation; another you had figured to yourself as peering perpetually through a mighty telescope; another as stirring up metallic substances in a fluid state; another as reducing eternity to seconds by means of cabalistic letters and mathematical symbols. But after a while they come down to your own level as ordinary bread-consuming mortals. Indeed, we have found out that philosophers are not necessarily stoical ascetics, but oftentimes men of good appetites and sound digestions, of clear heads and stout viscera—men who love turtle in its real entity better than in its mock substitution—men who can not only discuss the organization of the finny tribe generally in the deep waters, but in particular the appetizing qualities of turbot and lobster sauce on the mahogany—men who can analyze the ingredients of fluids and propound to you the laws of hydrostatics in the lecture-room, but do not object to enter upon the more practical test of imbibing moderately in the dining-room the juices of the grape in their several varieties, vintages, and flavors.

We propound a question for the ladies: What is your opinion of the personal appearance of our scientific visitors as a whole? When great names have been long familiar to us, we have a natural curiosity about the looks of those who own them. Are they handsome or plain, bulky or thin, awkward or graceful? Philosophy somehow, from the days of Socrates downward, seems to have been associated with unprepossessing features, though Aristotle is said to have been a dandy. "He is very clever," we once heard a man say of another. "Yes," was the reply, "he is quite ugly enough to be clever." We think, however, that the theory is falsified by the most prominent members of the British Association. Occasionally you saw a quaint set of features in union with a comical figure; but generally the philosophic faces were very pleasing.

The President's address was a lucid, carefully written, but, at the same time, unpretentious review of the progress of science, especially of that department of science with which he is most familiar. He considered it more particularly in its application to works of practical utility, such as canals, steam navigation, machinery, railways—which in combination have multiplied almost beyond calculation the industrial resources of our country. Now, in so far as regards what is termed Applied Mechanics, Manchester need not yield to any other place in the successes it has achieved.

"One hundred years ago," says Dr. Fairbairn, "the only means for the conveyance of inland merchandise, were the pack-horses and wagons on the then imperfect highways."* First of all, probably, the pack-horse track was beaten out; then succeeded the primitive carriage road, following this path, which generally

* Address.

took the high ground, to avoid the undrained swamps and marshes.* Along this ill-formed way heavy carriages lumbered slowly, with their wheels deeply-sunk in rut and mire. By degrees the highways were improved, straightened, macadamized, and scientifically constructed, till thirty or forty years ago they had arrived at perfection for all the purposes of traveling; and along their smooth surface the gallant stage-coach, drawn by four high-mettled thoroughbreds, dashed at the rate of twelve miles an hour to the lively march of the guard's bugle. Then came the railway, with its train shaking the very earth by its motion, outstripping the swiftest race-horse, and never tiring in its speed. We have often stood on a hill-side—a small property of our own—along the great northern road, and marked the old pack-horse path, the original carriage-road by its side, the scientifically constructed highway, and the railway, all within a stone's throw—symbols of the several stages of progress and civilization through which our country has passed.

Facility of transit is at once the precursor and the corollary of enlarging trade. Thus canals began to be cut some hundred years ago, and increased gradually till they traversed difficult tracts of country, rose to seemingly impossible levels, and penetrated into apparently impracticable localities. "The impetus," says Dr. Fairbairn, "given to industrial operations by this new system of conveyance induced capitalists to embark in trade, in mining, and in the extension of manufactures in almost every district."† Now, among the first promoters—if not the very first promoter—of this mode of carriage, was the last Duke of Bridgewater—the father of British inland navigation, as he is termed—an eccentric character, who left the gay world of London on the rupture of a love-match with one of the beautiful Misses Gunning, and reduced his expenditure to four hundred pounds a year at Worsley, that he might complete his daring undertakings, in conjunction with Mr. Gilbert, his agent, and Brindley, who was originally a millwright. Of this remarkable man we have neither biography,* nor monument, nor statue, though much has been said about his introduction to the company of the great Duke, Sir Robert Peel, Dalton, and Watt, in our Infirmary Square; but the monuments of his wonderful enterprise yet remain, and to him assuredly applies the inscription on the tomb of the great architect—"Si quæris monumentum, circumspice." His canals—for they are yet called the Duke's—still penetrate far away under the hill-sides—awful tunnels, which nevertheless our Queen has explored;† his barges, or those of his successors, still bear the produce of his mines to Manchester and the surrounding districts, not, certainly, over pellucid waters, but over a fluid compounded of dingy and odoriferous ingredients. He was a great man, and he did a great work in his generation. What would have been his sensations if, as he stood on the Worsley hill-side, he could have seen the first railway train rumbling over Chat Moss, and could have heard it, as it were, snorting and shrieking an unearthly defiance to all past projects of conveyance and locomotion! ‡

* From an advertisement in the *Mercurius Politicus*, April 1st, 1658, we find that stage coaches were then beginning to run from London. From cotemporaneous history, however, we may gather that the roads were what the Americans call "Corduroy." Indeed, they can have been but little traversed by carriages for another century. In the *Autobiography of the Rev. Dr. Alexander Carlyle*, we find that he and his friends performed the journey from London to Scotland on horseback about a hundred years ago. In 1784, when Pitt, at the suggestion of Mr. John Palmer, of Bath, reformed the system of mail conveyance, the post-office coaches traveled at the rate of barely four miles an hour.

† Address.

* In *The Lives of the Engineers*, by Mr. Smiles, which is announced as nearly ready for publication, we see that he will give us biographies both of the Duke of Bridgewater and Brindley.

† The Earl of Ellesmere, writing before this event says: "Distinguished visitors have visited this curious nether world. The collective science of England was shut up in it for some hours, rather to the discomfiture of some of its members, when the British Association held its meeting at Manchester in 1843. Heads, if not crowned, destined to become so, have bowed themselves beneath its arched tunnels; among others, that of the present Emperor of Russia. The Duc de Bordeaux is the last in the list."—*The Quarterly Review*, No. cxlvi.

‡ Only the other day we met with a lady, between eighty and ninety years of age, who recollects the Duke very well. She was a relative of one of his stewards, and a friend of Mr. Gilbert, his head agent. She prides herself on once having had, as a girl of fifteen, a recognition from him at Worsley—a very unusual occurrence, for he invariably turned aside when he caught sight of a female dress at a distance. She described him as a man of middle hight, inclining to be stout, somewhat undukely, and with an aspect not unlike that of George the Third. He took an immense quantity of snuff; and consistently he was dressed from head to foot in a snuff-

And here we are reminded that from Manchester our present system of railway conveyance took its rise. "I well remember the competition at Rainhill in 1830," says Dr. Fairbairn in his address, "and the incredulity every where evinced at the proposal to run locomotives at twenty miles an hour. Neither George Stephenson himself, nor any one else, had at that time the most distant idea of the capabilities of the railway system." Since that time, what a social revolution has been effected by it! Our country has embarked millions upon millions in the construction of railways; trade has enlarged itself with enlarged facilities of carriage and communication; national wealth has proportionately increased; the broad and unreasonable distinctions of society are in some degree broken down; domestic comforts are placed more within the reach of the poor; distant places are brought near; intercourse is facilitated; and the smoke-begrimed operatives of the town have their pleasant trips, and are enabled on occasions to bask awhile in heaven's sunshine, as they gaze on the well-wooded hillside, the glittering lake and the green valley, or as they inhale the refreshing breezes that come from the "hoary sea," unthought-of recreations in olden time!

In the discovery of steam as a motive power, Lancashire, we know, had no share; but in the application of this stupendous agency our county has a peculiar and preëminent concern. Beneath its surface lie coal-beds in great abundance, which more than compensate the sterility of the soil where they are found. The southern division of the county, it is true, is almost destitute of iron, but it has a ready communication by rail, canal, and sea-coast, with Warwickshire, Staffordshire, Yorkshire, Furness, and Wales, where this metal is plentiful. Without overlooking our unrivaled water-power and convenient sea-ports, on our coal-beds and minerals, it may be asserted, rests mainly our manufacturing and mercantile supremacy. Then comes in mighty steam, the offspring of our coal, and the fellow-worker with our iron; and if we were not at the birth of the young Titan, we have given him plenty of employment as he grew up; we have arrayed him becomingly in his working-dress; we have invented instruments by which he might labor, and improved upon engines by which he might labor more effectually. In our foundries he is engaged in wielding the hammer that would crush the granite rock, or driving the delicate lathe that polishes the finest steel. In the mine he toils unceasingly, lightening labor in that "void abysm." On our railroads he whirls along incalculable burdens as lightly as the child drags its miniature wagon. From our ports he carries forth our merchandise to every land, almost in defiance of the elements above and the great deep beneath. Consider the action of steam and machinery on cotton manufacture alone:

"When Arkwright (says Dr. Fairbairn, in his Address) patented his water frames in 1767, the annual consumption of cotton was about four million pounds weight. Now it is about one thousand two hundred million pounds weight—three hundred times as much. Within half a century the number of spindles at work, spinning cotton alone, has increased tenfold; whilst by superior mechanism, each spindle produces fifty per cent more yarn than on the old system. Hence the importance to which the cotton trade has risen, equaling at the present time the whole revenue of the three kingdoms, or seventy million pounds sterling per annum. As late as 1820, the power loom was not in existence; now it produces fourteen million yards of cloth, or, in more familiar terms, nearly eight thousand miles of cloth per diem. I give these particulars to show the immense power of production of this country, and to afford some conception of the number and quality of the machines which effect such wonderful results."

Nor is the machine itself more wonderful than are the tools employed for its construction:

"When I first entered this city (says the President) the whole of the machinery was executed by hand. Now every thing is done by machine-tools, with a degree of accuracy which the unaided hand could never accomplish. The

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colored cloth. He was never seen after dinner, except by some favorite agent, and he is said, like Cato of old, to have warmed his cold chastity every evening with mellow wine, (Hor. *Car.* iii. xxi.) This agrees on the whole with what Lord Ellesmere has related of him in the *Quarterly Review*. He seems to have had some presentiment of the reign of railways. "At a period," writes Lord Ellesmere, "when he was now beginning to reap the profit of his perseverance and sacrifices, Lord Kenyon congratulated him on the result. 'Yes,' he replied, 'we shall do well enough, if we can keep clear of those d——d tramways.'" It is clear that in 1796 he was not wanting either in patriotism or money. When Pitt started his "Loyalty Loan," the Duke "tendered a draft at sight on his banker for £100,000.—*The Annual Register*, 1796, quoted by Lord Stanhope in his *Life of Pitt*, vol. ii. p. 390.

automaton, or self-acting machine-tool, has within itself an almost creative power; in fact, so great are its powers of adaptation, that there is no operation of the human hand that it does not imitate. For many of these improvements the country is indebted to the genius of our townsmen, Mr. Richard Roberts, and Mr. Joseph Whitworth."

And further on, the President alludes to the inventive faculty of the latter—a man who has raised himself from a comparatively humble position solely by his energy and skill:

"To Mr. Whitworth, mechanical scienceis indebted for some of the most accurate and delicate pieces of mechanism ever executed; and the exactitude he has introduced into every mechanical operation, will long continue to be the admiration of posterity. His system of screw threads and gauges is now in general use throughout Europe. We owe to him a machine for measuring with accuracy to the millionth of an inch, employed in the production of standard gauges; and his laborious and interesting experiments on rifled ordnance have resulted in the production of a rifled small arm and gun, which have never been surpassed for range and precision of fire."

The science of chemistry, again, comes within the special cognizance of certain departments of the Manchester trade. Chemical theories on calico-printing, dyeing, and bleaching, seem to be yet somewhat crude and imperfect among us. Hitherto those engaged in these trades have been guided more by their experience as colorists than by the study of chemical laws in the abstract. In France, this science in its application to calico-printing, has been made an especial subject of investigation in the government schools, and it has consequently made greater progress there than in our own country. Here, however, the subject is attracting more attention from year to year; fresh facts are brought out from time to time on the nature of coloring matters, and the application of colors; and we doubt not but that the field of exploration, yet only imperfectly worked, will one day yield a plentiful harvest of discovery and of profit to the scientific analyst.

In proposing a vote of thanks to the President for his Address, Lord Stanley dwelt in eloquent terms on the characteristics of the Lancashire mind which we have been considering.

"Lancashire (he said) has contributed her full share to the long list of English cultivators of science. There are many names which will occur to every one here—the name of the illustrious Dalton; the name of Dr. Whewell, one of the first mathematicians of the day; and the name of Professor Owen, whom we have fortunately present among us. But passing from this topic, I will only say this, that I believe there is no city and no district in the country which has profited more by the practical applications of science, than the city of Manchester, and the district of which it is the center. What is it that has made this great metropolis of manufacturing industry what it is? It is not manual labor; that we have every where. It is not the abundance of capital; for capital goes wherever it can find an investment. It is not even the coal under our feet, or the water which feeds our steam-engines, nor is it our proximity to the sea. Though all these are great, and some of them indispensable advantages, still they may be found in other localities less distinguished. What, I believe, has made us a race of practical workers, is the inventive aptitude, and peculiar, the almost exclusive devotion which has been shown here to the practical application of scientific methods and processes to supply the material wants of mankind."

It is in this utilitarian turn of the Manchester mind which not funrequently raises the sneer on refined lips. There is something ignoble in this toiling and moiling after the useful, backed by the question, "What can we make by it?" Well be it so. This mode of thinking and acting, when carried too far, is of the earth, earthy; no doubt there is something more sublime and spiritual in the love of knowledge for its own sake. But this is not "human nature's daily food." Men and women have to eat and drink, to be warmed and clothed, to be housed and bedded; and in providing such rather important items of hourly existence, Manchester has done good service. Come, now, grumbler as you are, be candid and charitable; look around you, and see what you owe to our energy. As a husband of a stout wife, and father of six extensively dressed daughters, calculate what you would have had to pay in the articles of dress merely, if our Lancashire faculty of invention had not been exerted in cheapening their production. Each of those dear pledges of affection is enveloped from head to foot, from flounce to flannel, in our manufactures, which we have reduced in cost some five or ten-fold for your benefit. Look around your drawing-room, and consider how much you owe to us for the quality and low price of much of its furniture.

Your coals are cheapened through our means; your household expenditure is reduced; your traveling is facilitated; your general comforts are increased. Enjoy, then, the benefits we confer on you, and be ashamed of your sneers.

On the Thursday morning the sectional meetings commenced, and continued throughout the session with unabated success. They were as a rule well attended both by ladies and gentlemen, and the audiences seemed to take a lively interest in their proceedings. The several lecture rooms were in the very heart of the business part of the city; and there seemed something like an incongruity in the scene as flocks of scientific ladies and gentlemen were threading their way in pursuit of knowledge in the midst of spring vans and loads of calicoes, as fat lurrymen were gee-who-ing to the interruption of learned conversation, and omnibus conductors were touting for sedate philosophers who would not respond. It was science among cotton bales. We asked an amiable lurryman whom we knew what this "British Association" meant, and his reply was: "I dunno know, maester; but it has summut to do wi' ateing an' drinking, yo' may depend." In this particular, we admit, Oxford presented a more consistent picture. The pedestrians you met there were habited in academical costume, moving along with classic step; its very streets were silent and decorous: there was not an echo to disturb the ideal.

Our readers need scarcely be told that the sections are arranged under the following heads—Mathematics and Physics, Chemistry, Geology, Zoölogy and Botany, Physiology, Geography, and Ethnology, Economics and Statistics, and Mechanics. If we were to attempt to give merely the substance of one half the papers that were read before them, it would occupy more than this number of *Fraser;* a brief passing allusion to some of them must therefore suffice.

Mr. Warren de la Rue opened the mathematical section with a very interesting contribution "On the Progress of Celestial Photography since the Meeting at Aberdeen." By improvements in that marvelous art he had succeeded in fixing the images of the heavenly bodies; in the case of comets, however, he had been entirely baffled. A very valuable "Report on the Manufactures of the South-Lancashire districts," had been prepared by Dr. Schunck, Dr. Angus Smith, and Professor Roscoe, and was read before the Chemical section. The title does not convey its purport; it treated of chemical products in their applicability to manufacturing, bleaching, dyeing, and printing purposes. Our townsman, Mr. Binney, gave a succinct and clear description of the geological features of our neighborhood. Professor Owen read five short papers on topics which he seems to almost wrested from others and to have made his own—"On the Vertebræ of the Mole," "On some Objects of Natural History from the collection of M. du Chaillu," "On a Dinosaurian Reptile from the lower lias of Charmouth," "On the Remains of a Plesiosaurian Reptile from the Oolitic formation in the Middle Island of New-Zealand," and "On the Osteology and Dentition of the Natives of the Andaman Islands." Sir David Brewster contributed several dissertations on different phases of vision. Du Chaillu read two papers—"On the Geography and Natural History of Western Equatorial Africa," and "On the People of Western Equatorial Africa," which, however, did not give any additional information to that contained in his book of adventures. Mr. Crawfurd, the President of the ethnological section—and, we may be permitted to say, the most dogmatic of all the Presidents—delivered an address "On the Antiquity of Man from the Evidence of Language," in which he brought together a great amount of information, but deduced no logical conclusion whatever from his much-elaborated premises. There was a discussion on Darwin's Theory, introduced by Mr. Fawcett, to which hypothesis the same remark will apply. Darwin's facts are well arranged so far as they go, but they do not prove his theory; there is no logical link between the two. Dr. Daubeny contributed several interesting essays on botanical and chemical subjects. Professor Airy gave the result of his Greenwich observations on the laws of terrestrial magnetic force. In the mechanical section, there were some useful treatises produced, and discussions elicited, on such topics as Steam-ships, Artillery *versus* Arms, Iron-cased Ships, Experimental Targets, Iron Columns, Wrought-iron Bridges and Girders, and Enlarged Projectiles, in which debates the principal speakers were Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mr. J. Scott Russell, Dr. Fairbairn, Captain Blakeley, Mr. Vig-

noles, and Mr. Bateman. In the Economic and Statistical department, our own townsmen came out vigorously; and we had papers on the Cotton Trade, Printing, Bleaching, Manchester Improvements, Strikes, Coöperative Societies, Taxation, Sanitary Improvements, Education, the Census, Capital Punishments, and questions of a like character.

The officials who have to decide on the papers to be produced, have doubtless a difficult and delicate task; and they fulfill it very satisfactorily on the whole. Still we think they might have curtailed the list with advantage, striking off what was very obscure on the one hand, and what was only commonplace on the other. The Astronomer Royal in his opening address laid it down with his characteristic good sense, that "nothing ought to be brought before the meeting which could not be comprehended *ipso facto* by the majority of those present—that it was no use to bring complicated formulæ, which could not be understood without a month's study in a printed book." And yet he admitted his bewilderment when his eye met such a thesis as this: "On the Canonical Form of the Decadic Binary Quantic." On the other hand, we venture to think that the importance of some of the essays would have been amply satisfied by their being read before the members of a local Athenæum or printed in the *Weekly Chronicle*.

The lion of the meeting was unquestionably M. du Chaillu. The ladies were all inquiring, which is Du Chaillu? And then they were amazed to find that this gorilla-killer is a little thin man, who does not look very formidable after all. Yes, but his face had been bronzed by an African sun, his moustache was very black, and his accent was quaint and foreign, all which characteristics are so interesting. It is true there were Anti-Chaillu-ites of the male species, but they were silenced, of course. Then, we think Professor Owen, his chivalrous supporter, though not a handsome man, was next favorite with the ladies. His fine head—his modest but cool, self-possessed manner—the interesting subjects he handles so well—are all in his favor.

Professor Owen is a native of Lancaster; he was educated at the Grammar School there,* and there also he passed through his preparatory training for the medical profession. We are ourself a native of the neighborhood of Lancaster, and Owen used to be a frequent visitor at our house in the holidays, as a friend of some members of the family who were our seniors; he is described as a rough, straightforward lad, without a particle of conceit in his composition. That he should then manifest no assumption of superiority, is reasonable enough; but that he should still retain the same unpretending character, after a course of unexampled scientific success, would be more remarkable, did we not generally find that a consciousness of mental power is associated with a freedom from silly vanity and rude dogmatism. It is a vague sense of their own mental weakness that makes men arrogant and presumptuous. They are desirous of compensating for want of mind by confidence of manner. A near relative of our own had the control of a ducal mansion and property near Lancaster; and as the family never resided there, picnic parties were occasionally permitted to enjoy themselves in the grounds and to practice the patient art of angling in the fishponds. Professor Owen, long after he had acquired a name of world-wide celebrity, used to ask permission when he came down to Lancaster, to have an afternoon's fishing in the old grounds; he would wend his way three miles, rod in hand and pannier on back, to enjoy himself, doubtless; but not so much in catching half a dozen roach, with an occasional perch of some few ounces in weight, as in reviving old recollections and youthful associations, in sauntering through pleasure-grounds linked with pleasing memories, and reclining under the shadow of some ancient beech, while a pert sportive dace might be making free with the bait of the great anatomist. He would delight in spending a solitary sunny afternoon, not reconstructing some gigantic skeleton from a few of its smallest relics, bringing together like the prophet in the wild valley "bone to his bone," investing them with "the sinews and the flesh," and "covering them with the skin from above," but forgetful of pre-adamite creation in the gush of youthful feelings long pent up, turning back the finger of time, reducing the man

* The Rev. Mr. Rowley, of Lancaster, who has now arrived at a very advanced age, can dwell with a lively recollection on having disciplined and, we trust for his satisfaction, having caned both Professor Owen and Dr. Whewell, Master of Trinity.

into the boy, and reveling for a space in childish day-dreams.

There were not many incidents of a salient kind in the sectional meetings. Dr. Gray wrote a letter to the President of the Zoölogical department, in reference to the death-wound of the large gorilla, impugning in some degree Owen's statement on a previous day. It was not much commented on, as the Professor had left Manchester. A letter was also read in the same section from Professor Huxley, in which he denied that Owen's distinction between the brain of a human being and of a gorilla is accurate. He maintains that the *hippocampus minor* is to be found in the brain of the ape tribe. When Du Chaillu had finished one of his readings, he was subjected to a somewhat severe cross-examination on his African knowledge; the interrogation, however, was not well received by the audience. In one of the sections an erratic associate got up and declared that he was permeated bodily by a powerful current of electricity—that it had burnt a hole in his flannel shirt and discolored his watch. He pulled out his watch for inspection, and would willingly no doubt have pulled off his flannel for the same purpose. The President, however, on gravely examining the piece of mechanism, decided that it was in very serviceable order and not at all injured. The eccentric member did not consider that he met with becoming attention; so he issued a "proclamation" summoning a meeting in which he engaged to elucidate "all the phenomena of nature;" but whether he achieved his arduous enterprise we never heard. The only discussion of genuine liveliness was on the Patent Laws, in which Sir W. G. Armstrong, Dr. Fairbairn, Lord Wrottesley, Mr. Groves, Captain Blakeley, the Right Hon. J. Napier, the Mayor of Manchester, Lord Stanley, Mr. Aston, and Mr. Scott Russell took part. Whether new light was thrown on the Patent Laws we pretend not to say; but this effervescent debate proves thus much—that it is every day needs which really come home to the heart—that our globe may revolve, comets burst on us, eclipses appear, and marvelous discoveries be made in the heavens above and in the earth beneath, and that the while the mind moves serenely as the moon itself; but only enter that innermost shrine, that *adytum*, the breeches-pocket or the bank-book, and the heart waxes warm, the face red, and the tongue voluble. What is there for dinner? or, is there any dinner? is a more pressing problem than, Who inhabit the planets? or, have the planets any inhabitants at all?

But the most popular entertainments of the week were the evening *soirées* and lectures in the Free Trade Hall. The large room had been elegantly fitted up and decorated with choice pictures for the meeting of the Association; and when filled with some three thousand ladies and gentlemen, it presented a gay and pleasing sight, without any reference to scientific attractions. Then some of our best organists were engaged, and played at intervals selections from the music of our great masters on the fine instrument which is in the hall. Here the ladies were at home; it might be a question how far they had been able to follow in the morning that paper *On the Theory of Glacial Motion;* but now the eye was fascinated by agreeable scenes, and the ear entranced with harmonious sounds, and the thoughts engaged in interesting conversation, without any anxious study or sense of mental perplexity.

On the Thursday evening there was an exhibition of first-class microscopes, under the direction of the microscopical section of the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society. In all there were some hundred and fifteen instruments with their respective curious objects—an unprecedented number to be collected under one roof. The Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society is an institution venerable in years and distinguished in the world of science. Among its members, past and present, honorary and ordinary, we find many distinguished names; and discoveries have emanated from it of world-wide celebrity. The results of Dr. Dalton's researches were for the most part first published in its memoirs; the original conception of his Atomic Theory seems to have sprung from his essay on mixed gases.* We have the germs of Dr. Fairbairn's future discoveries in some of his papers read before the Society. In his memoirs we first find an exposition of Dr. Joulé's researches into the laws of elastic fluids. There also were originally made known the results of some of Professor Hodgkin-

* *Memoirs of Dr. Dalton*, by Dr. Henry, pp. 24 and 62.

son's experiments—to whose life of patient investigation and recent death the president made graceful allusion in his opening address.

On the Friday evening, Professor Miller delivered in the Concert Hall a lecture "on the Spectrum Analysis," a subject of considerable interest and some difficulty. We should despair of making it intelligible to our readers, even if our space permitted the trial; but the Professor, with his abundant illustrations, succeeded in leaving a general idea of it on the minds of his hearers. He traversed the path of discovery on this subject step by step, from the researches of Newton to those of Kirchoff and Bunsen, showing how these investigations revealed to us, not only something of the nature of those distant solar orbs which stud the firmament, but also substances so minute as to have hitherto defied all the powers of analysis and the subtlest chemical skill. "What a wonderful triumph of human intellect it was," said Dr. Robinson, on proposing a vote of thanks to the lecturer, "even to measure the dimensions of the sun; to pass over that vast field that separated him from us, and to weigh that great orb in the balance, and to say that it was of such a specific gravity! By the marvelous powers of sight—those powers which linked together for us distant portions of space — it might be conceived that we could pass over that enormous void; but what a triumph it was to say that we could travel there with the understanding—to say that the sun was of such a magnitude, of such a gravity, contained such elements, was composed of such substances, and was a part of our system, bound to us by a community of elements!"

On the Saturday evening the *soirée* in the Free Trade Hall might be termed magical without indulging in rhetorical hyperbole. Arranged in the central part of the room were nearly eighty telegraphic instruments, illustrative of the progressive improvement in their structure, and of their varieties as in present use. Mr. Grove gave a very instructive address of half an hour on the history of the telegraph, tracing the several steps of invention whereby it had arrived at its present completeness. Then messages were dispatched from the hall to distant parts, each of which received an almost immediate answer. Can you in your imagination picture a scene of more lively interest? The wildest fancies of Eastern romance never came up to the reality as here brought before the eyes. A hall of magnificent proportions and size, splendidly fitted up, overcrowded with the representatives of beauty and fashion, of philosophy and commerce! the eye resting on fair faces, rich dresses, gay colors in motion, intellectual features, wherever it turned! Then we hear the whirring of wires, the ringing of bells, the flashes of the electric spark, and the click of the telegraphic instrument. Next a message is dispatched to St. Petersburgh—"What is the time and how is the weather?"—and the reply is almost instantaneous—"Weather beautiful, sky clear, time 10·52, temperature 12½ degrees Reaumur." But this is not enough; the question must be speeded on to Moscow, whence also comes an immediate answer. Nay, more—communication is opened with Odessa, and still further, with Nicolaief; and had not a violent storm intervened in some unknown locality, it would have been carried to Taganrog on the north-east coast of the Sea of Azof. As it was, there were compliments interchanged in sixty seconds between that hall and some bleak, dreary place twenty-eight hundred miles away. It is with majestic power that the Greek poet describes how the lamp of fire flashed from promontory to hill, from hill to shore, from shore to isle, from isle to watch-tower, skimming over ocean, and lake, and plain, till the message of the destruction of Troy was conveyed from the burning city to the haughty Queen Clytemnestra in her halls at Argos;* there is something grand and graphic in the onward speeding of the fiery cross of Roderick Dhu; there is a spirit-stirring dash in Macaulay's description of the telegraphic rousing of the nation by watch-fires, when the Spanish Armada was expected on our shores; but all these poetic descriptions, beautiful as they may be—strained as the mind must have been to summon images from the realms of fancy to produce them—how tame are they in comparison with such a scene as is here exhibited in fact, when the spark of heaven is made the messenger of man, and does his bidding at the speed of two hundred thousand miles—as much as eight times round the earth—in the space of a single second!

* Æschylus: *Agamemnon*, 1, 273–307.

On the Monday evening the lecture of the Astronomer Royal on the late eclipse was a great treat. What a pleasing impression does Professor Airy leave upon the mind, not so much from that unrivaled mathematical genius with which he is confessedly gifted, as from his affability and good-humor! He seems to be a man who would adapt his conversation to the capacity of a child with as much genial kindliness as he would discuss some abstruse problem with the mathematician. His lecture was illustrated by a large orrery and numerous drawings of eclipses under every phase. He exhibited also very effectively the process of the polarization of light. After the lecture, Mr. Warren de la Rue projected upon the screen the two photographs he had taken of the eclipse, which were singularly striking and beautiful. Professor Airy's voice was too weak for a room so large and overcrowded; but they who could not hear from the distance kept quiet for the benefit of those who could. We have frequently witnessed speakers called popular, and who thought themselves somewhat, put down ruthlessly on that platform by an assembly which could not hear; but the visitors on this occasion maintained a becoming and respectful stillness, and there was never the slightest prospect of the Astronomer Royal being Free-trade-hall-ed.

We are here reminded of an incident preceding the lecture which is very characteristic of our people. In consequence of the crowded state of the hall no places could be obtained near the platform; but unluckily some gentlemen who were perspiring in the crowd caught sight of a considerable number of reserved seats, empty and tempting. Now, Manchester hates monopoly; the name of protectionist is an abomination to it; besides, monopoly in the Free Trade Hall! Gradually we observed a moving of heads in the direction of the reserved seats—a swaying about as if certain bodies were put under particular pressure; then exclamations arose, apparently of defiance between the propelling and the resistant forces; it was a question between anti-monopoly and police protection. All the time the Astronomer Royal, who was on the point of commencing his address, looked down from his altitude with philosophic composure, as though he had witnessed such scenes before. At length the barrier gave way, and the anti-monopolists rushed into the reserved seats. We marked one brave combatant in particular, who took up a conspicuous position; he was round-faced, corpulent, and palpitating; his white waist-coat and his shirt-front were disordered; he hitched up first one shoulder and then the other, as though his braces were deranged; he moved restlessly even on the favored seat, as though his trowsers were not comfortable; he wiped his forehead convulsively with his white handkerchief; and he glanced defiantly on all the people before him, much as we might suppose Tom Assheton Smith did when the mob persisted in drowning his oratory, and he, desirous of changing the mode of dialectics, challenged the best man of the crowd to a fair stand up-fight. Our friend's tumultuous emotions might perhaps subside under the oil of science, as the storm abated when the Ledæan star arose; * but we fear much that he would only enter imperfectly into the arcana of eclipses and the polarization of light.

The last *soirée* was as well attended as the preceding ones. There was on the occasion an exhibition of botanical and zoölogical specimens, numerous and choice, contributed by the members of the Manchester Field Naturalists' Society. This association is mainly indebted for what success it has achieved to Mr. Leo H. Grindon, a naturalist of considerable eminence, by whom a paper "On the Flora of Manchester" was read before the Botanical section. The members during the summer months take Saturday afternoon excursions into the country by rail and otherwise; and as ladies are of the company, we may conclude that the trips are agreeable, if not altogether devoted to science. How far all may add to their zoölogical knowledge and botanical specimens, we can not say; but they will add to their health by breathing the pure air of the country, and they will share in and diffuse a rational enjoyment.

"It had been a great pleasure to all present (said Dr. Lankester, in a very effective address delivered on the occasion) to find that in the midst of this mass of smoke — in the midst of these tall chimneys—there was still a heart beating in sympathy with green fields and the beautiful flowers. They were delighted to find that, in the midst of this great city, a club—a field naturalists' club—had been established; not

* Hor. *Odes*, i. 25.

a club of dry scientific students who studied their specimens in their closets with their books, but a club of men and women, with hearts fresh enough to glow with delight when they met the green fields, and the bright flowers, and the beautiful creatures with which God had adorned the earth."

On looking back over the week's session, a bystander might perhaps be impressed with the notion that but few new truths had been elicited, but few doubtful speculations cleared up, but few discoveries achieved in the limitless region of the unknown. Be it remembered, however, that the process of discovery is a tardy one; the whole science of physics is one of induction; and this procedure is slow, if it is to be sure. The metaphysical and moral sciences have advanced but little since the days of Aristotle; nor is there any scope for their progression, from the very nature of their subject-matter; but physical science has only been commencing its onward march in earnest within a comparatively recent period. The collective gathering of one year's truths may seem to be small, but it is merely the addition to the previously accumulated mass. The ἐπιστήμη of the Greeks implies a step onward; and at every meeting of the British Association there is some further advance into the Cimmerian region of the undiscovered—some higher stand-point taken in the atmosphere of knowledge—some observable ascent into the dark defiles and mountain fastnesses of nature. Consider, not how much one year or one session has brought to light, but howmuch has been recovered from obscurity since the formation of the society. If but a few shells yearly be picked up by the side of the great ocean truth, the museum is enlarging silently and gradualy; and we are permitted to inspect at our leisure those articles of rarity which have cost the philosphers so much labor, anxiety, and time in the search.

The museum of inductive truth is now coëxtensive with the world. Philosophers pass away; but their contributions to this world-wide exposition of facts remain behind. Particular languages are so generally intelligible, that a discovery in one tongue becomes a discovery among all civilized nations. Intercourse between the ends of the earth is now so comparatively easy and rapid, that the knowledge of one hemisphere is equally shared by the other. Discoveries may be concealed for a time; the spread of invention may for a while be restricted by laws; but the truth developed by the individual soon becomes the property of the world. And more than all, science is indebted for its duration to one of its own offspring, the marvelous art of printing. Without this, we can have no guarantee but that in the lapse of ages, or the devastation of kingdoms, or political revolutions, or national decay, arts may perish and knowledge vanish away. It has been so in former times. The literary products of mighty minds have crumbled away and gone forever; the light of discovery has been re clouded; science, in some of its departments, has gone out, leaving succeeding generations darker than their predecessors; inventions have been lost, and been revived after the lapse of ages; specimens of art have come down to us from remote antiquity, which baffle the ingenuity of the nineteenth century and defy our attempts at imitation. But this gradual extinction of the lamp of knowledge can not be apprehended now. The known is stereotyped in a thousand forms, and, so far from being stationary, is borne over land and sea, to be reproduced in every quarter of the globe, and to endure, we may suppose, so long as the earth shall endure.

To some minds there is a justifiable cause for alarm in this intense love of investigation and this wide diffusion of knowledge. They are in perpetual dread lest the discoveries of physical science should come into collision with divine revelation. But while we advocate ever a reverential investigation into the secret things of the material world, we would venture to ask whether the very sensitiveness of such men, springing through it does out of a good motive, may not in its excess injure the very cause of divine truth which they are so anxious to maintain? We will not call this, as Lord Macaulay does in the well known anecdote of the missionary, "a blundering piety;" but it is often prejudicial in its effects. There will be found no discrepancy whatever between the terms of revelation and the discoveries of physical science which the sincerest Christian may not willingly allow. It resolves itself mainly into a question of words. It is not the purpose of divine revelation to teach the laws of physical science. Revelation, strictly speaking, is concerned only with matters above the investigation of unaided reason; the hid-

den things of creation are properly left for the exercise of the reasoning faculties alone. Why reveal what is not essential to our eternal welfare, and what our intellect can sufficiently explore for any needful purpose? Whatever statements are made in Scripture on natural laws are but incidental to the main design, and were clearly intended to be in consistency with the intellectual advancement of the people to whom they were addressed. Could it have been otherwise? Would not scientific explanations have been the means of darkening spiritual knowledge? Should we not have suspected the genuineness of a writing which propounded certain minute laws of astronomy, for example, in scientific terms some thousands of years before they could be comprehended? The language of Scripture in the merely subordinate description of natural phenomena is evidently addressed to the eye, and senses, and comprehension of men in their existing state. R. L.

From Colburn's New Monthly.

QUEEN HORTENSE, MOTHER OF LOUIS NAPOLEON.

Recently great sensation was excited among English readers by the publication of the life of that great and good woman, the Duchess of Orleans. In our present paper we propose to run through the life-history of another very remarkable woman, the mother of the present Emperor of the French, whose memory has been strangely disregarded in this country. We are therefore glad to see a memoir of her announced in the papers, and, *en attendant*, offer our readers the following details:

Hortense was the daughter of Viscount de Beauharnois, who had married, against the wish of his relatives, Mademoiselle Tascher de la Pegarie, of Martinique. The marriage was an unhappy one, and it was only the fact of two children being born to them that prevented their separation. At last the disputes became so violent that the wife determined to return to her island home, taking her little daughter with her. Ere long, however, the revolution reached Martinique, and Josephine had to fly with Hortense, and with great difficulty escaped on board a merchantman while the maternal house was burning. On her return to Paris, the Viscount for a long time refused to see her, but, by the intercession of friends, they were brought together again, only to be parted and forever by the revolution.

The Viscount received a high command in the republican army, but, being denounced as an aristocrat, was sent to prison and condemned to death. Josephine interceded on his behalf, and the result was that she in her turn was shut up in the prison of Sainte-Pélagie. The children would have starved, had it not been for the kindness of a Madame Holstein, who, at her own peril, gave them shelter. Josephine was herself condemned to the guillotine, and would doubtless have shared her husband's fate, had it not been for the downfall of Robespierre. She quitted the prison, but it was as a beggar.

Josephine found a kind friend, however, in Madame Tallien, who interceded with her husband to remove the sequestration from the Beauharnois estates, and in the mean while invited the family frequently to dinner, on the stipulation that they brought their own bread, which was an article of luxury in Paris, as it threatens to become again ere long. On many occasions, however, Josephine was too poor to buy bread, and had to depend for her supply on the charity of friends. When her estates were restored to her, all this changed: Eugène doffed his blouse and gave up the carpentry trade to begin his military education, while Hortense remained with her mother, and enjoyed the advantage of the best masters Paris could produce.

It was at Madame Tallien's house that Josephine met Napoleon, and formed a strong attachment for the young general, in spite of the warnings of her friends, who saw in him a soldier and nothing more. Napoleon was any thing but a lady's man, and paid them the quaintest compliments. Thus he said once to the Duchess of Chevreuil: "What splendid red hair you have!" To which the lady replied: "Very possibly, sire; but it is the first time a man has told me so." But, for all that, he had eyes for Josephine's beauty, and was ready to give up his ambitious dreams to live happy with her.

A few weeks after the honeymoon was over the ambitious dreams returned, however, with full force, and Bonaparte started for Italy, taking Eugène with him, while Hortense was sent to Madame Campan's school, where she spent several happy years with her aunt, Caroline Bonaparte, and her cousin, Stephanie de Beauharnois. When the republican general left France again for Egypt, Hortense's education was completed, and she returned home to be a consolation to her mourning mother. Napoleon's absence lasted six years, during which Hortense grew in grace and beauty, knowing no cares, and these were probably the happiest days of her eventful life.

With Napoleon's return the fate of the revolution was sealed: he moved to the Tuileries as First Consul, and Josephine and Hortense became the leaders of society. Ere long she fell a victim to love's young dream: she became attached to Duroc, the consul's aide-de-camp, and her father did not object to the match. But Josephine had other views for her daughter: she knew the enmity Napoleon's brothers bore her, and resolved to seek an ally among them. This could be most easily effected by giving Hortense as wife to Louis.

After repeated solicitations, Napoleon reluctantly assented to the marriage, but only on condition that Duroc's sincerity should be first tested. A message was sent the aide-de-camp through Bourrienne that Napoleon consented to his marriage with Hortense, but he would be at once expected to leave Paris, as the First Consul did not care to have a son-in-law in the house. Duroc refused the alliance, and Josephine triumphed. She worked on Hortense's pride until she consented to give her hand to Louis. The young couple hardly knew each other, but Napoleon's will was law, and they went to the altar with loathing in their hearts. In his own case Napoleon had been satisfied with a civil marriage, but the marriage of Hortense had to be blessed by the Church—perhaps to render it indissoluble, for Napoleon regarded Hortense's children as his future heirs. As Providence had not blessed him with children, he was resolved to act as a father to the family his beloved step-daughter might have.

From the outset they were an unhappy couple. Hortense wept the live-long day, while her husband was gloomy and ill-tempered. She detested him for accepting her hand while knowing that she loved another; while he hated her, in his turn, for marrying him, although he had never spoken of love to her. They had both obeyed the iron will that dictated laws not only to France, but to his own family, and the consciousness of compulsion rose as an insurmountable barrier between them. They made no attempt to love each other, or to find that happiness together which they were forbidden seeking elsewhere.

In their strange confidence the young people went even so far as to tell one another that they could never be lovers, but they pitied each other so sincerely, that this pity might have been converted with time into love. Louis would sit for hours by his wife's side trying to dispel the cloud on her brow, while Hortense was beginning to regard it as her most sacred duty to greet her husband kindly.

"If I give you a son," Hortense would say, with a smile, "and when he addresses you by the sweet name of father, you will forgive me for being his mother."

"And when you press your son to your heart, and feel how madly you love him," Louis said, "then you will pardon me for being your husband, or, at any rate, no longer hate me, for I shall be the father of your beloved child."

Had they been left to themselves they might have learned to respect, even love each other, but calumny interfered. A rumor spread through Paris that Napoleon himself was the father of Hortense's child. It was expected that Napoleon would be so horrified at this foul tale that he would at once send Louis and Hortense away, and thus Josephine would once again be left defenseless. When Hortense

heard this rumor, she fell insensible at her mother's feet, and not long after gave birth to a still-born child.

When Hortense again arose from her couch she sought relief in society, and in her salons the most distinguished men of France were wont to assemble. At length some degree of comfort was restored her, for at the period of the imperial coronation a son was born to her—the future heir of France. Ere long, too, and Louis became a king, but this only increased the sorrow of the ill-assorted pair. In Paris they were enabled to forget, but in Holland they would be compelled to live together. Still Louis was compelled to obey, and resolved that, as destiny compelled him to be a king, he would perform his regal duties so that they would be a blessing to his subjects.

While in Holland, Hortense gave birth to two more boys, Napoleon Louis and Louis Napoleon, but her first-born, her darling, Napoleon Charles, died of the small-pox. This loss was too much for her: combined with her husband's irritable temper it crushed her to the earth, and she sought shelter and consolation in her mother's arms. But Josephine herself needed words of comfort to be addressed to her, for her husband had resolved on carrying his long-meditated design of a divorce, and, as Lord Castlereagh wittily remarked: "A virgin was about to be sacrificed to the Minotaur.' When the dissolution of the marriage was effected, Josephine retired to Malmaison, and Hortense implored the Emperor that she might be allowed to follow her example, in which wish Louis joined. But Napoleon was inexorable, and Louis returned to Holland more gloomy than ever, while Hortense, by the Emperor's express orders, remained in Paris for a season with her two sons. At the new marriage festivities she held the train of Marie Louise, and was the only one of the family who did so without a murmur.

Fresh troubles were in store for Hortense: her husband, faithful to his duties as monarch, aroused the wrath of his brother, who eventually drove him from the throne because he studied the prosperity of his new country more than the interests of France. King Louis descended from his throne and retired to Gratz, in Styria, where he lived as the Count of St. Leu. But when misfortunes fell upon his brother he forgot all private feelings, and returned to Paris to cast in his lot with the other members of the family.

And Napoleon required assistance if he was to maintain his throne. On his return from Moscow he ordered Hortense to drown the memory of the past by brilliant balls, but the crippled, mutilated soldiers were not fitted for the joys of the revel. All Paris suffered from a foreboding of what was about to happen, and Hortense, perhaps, was the most wretched of all in that great city, for she felt that all was lost, even before the cry ran through the streets: "The Cossacks are coming!" But she could not be induced to leave Paris even when the Emperor fled, and it was not till her husband threatened to tear her children from her if she remained, that she consented to join Josephine at her château of Navarre.

In her adversity, Queen Hortense had one sincere friend, the Emperor Alexander. At an early period he proceeded to Malmaison to see the two ladies, and promised to do all in his power to alleviate their fate. He it was who induced Hortense to give up her idea of emigrating to Martinique with her two boys, and remain in France. But fresh troubles were in store for her: ever since Napoleon's exile to Elba, Josephine had slowly pined away, and she received her death-blow when the Duke of Blacas proposed to remove the body of Hortense's first-born son from Notre-Dame, and place it in an ordinary cemetery.

The news of her death ran through Paris, and created a profound sensation, for Josephine had made herself generally beloved. Carriages crowded the road to Malmaison, the owners of which testified their respect to the ex-Empress. Even the royalists had a word in her favor: the King's favorite, Madame du Cayla, said, for instance: "What an interesting woman was that incomparable Josephine! What kindness, tact, and moderation there was in all she did! It is exactly in accordance with good taste that she should die at this moment."

The Queen had been removed almost by force to St. Leu, where Alexander spent his last evening prior to his departure for England. He gave her much good advice how to conduct herself, and, as he knew how adverse Pozzo di Borgo was to all the Napoleons, he appointed a special secretary to the embassy, through whom her letters should pass. But Hortense felt

that her period of adversity had arrived, and that she would have to struggle against calumny to maintain the name of her family unstained. Her previsions did not deceive her.

Strange events occurred in Paris during the abode of Napoleon at Elba. The Bourbons seemed to have awaked from a long lethargy, and were quite astounded at finding the children they had left in arms grown-up men. The King was the best of a bad lot, and did not at all stomach the homage paid to his "dear friends the enemy," as he sarcastically termed them. Still, he was dreadfully embarrassed how to treat Eugène and Hortense; the latter he tried to elevate to the rank of Duchess of St. Leu, as a plain Mademoiselle de Beauharnois, while at his interview with Eugène, he addressed him as Marshal of France. But both defeated him by their straightforwardness, and Louis XVIII. was forced to recognize the fact that somebody had ruled in France during his absence, which he would have so gladly ignored.

In other respects nothing was altered, and the old court ceremonial flourished magnificently again. Nor was impudence wanting. At one of the first dinners Louis XVIII. gave to the allies, the Duchess of Angoulême, who was sitting next to the King of Bavaria, pointed to the Grand-Duke of Baden, and said: "Is not that the prince who married a princess of Napoleon's manufacture? What weakness to ally one's self with that general!" Considering that the Emperor of Austria, who sat on her other side, and the King of Bavaria, were both allied to "that general," this remark displayed profound ignorance, or consummate assurance.

The worst of the whole party were the wicked old émigrés, who returned with all their vices unannealed. On one occasion the Marquis of Chimene and the Duke of Lauraquais met in the king's ante-chamber—two old heroes of that frivolous age, when the boudoir and the *petites maisons* were the battle-field, and the victor's crown was composed of myrtles instead of laurels.

The King, as we said before, was the cleverest of all, and did not conceal his surprise at finding that Napoleon's generals, who had been described to him as peasants and ruffians, were as polite as his own followers. Tired of the constant squabbles, Louis withdrew into the recesses of his palace, and left the cares of government to Blacas. In his retirement he conversed with his "lady friend," a fashion which the royalists had restored. Madame du Cayla held this honorable post, and obtained the title of the "King's Snuff-box," because his majesty was fond of strewing some snuff on her round plump shoulder, and inhaling it thence. The king rewarded her nobly. Finding that she was not well versed in the Scriptures, he gave her a copy of an illustrated edition with one hundred and fifty engravings, after Raphael. Instead of tissue paper, each cut was protected by a thousand-franc bank-note. On another occasion he gave her a copy of the "Charte," and each page was interlined with a bank-note of the same quality. But those who feel interested on this subject we may refer to the lady's *Mémoires d'une Femme de Qualité.*

During this period Queen Hortense resided in Paris, enjoying the society of the few friends who had remained faithful to her. But her presence caused great alarm to the Legitimists, who believed that she was conspiring the return of Napoleon. Fouché, the double-faced, was at the bottom of all the intrigues against the Duchess, and sowed the seeds of dissension on either side. At length Hortense felt it her duty to put a stop to all this scandal, and requested an audience of the King. She went, saw, and conquered, for, from that time, the Desired one never ceased talking of the grace and beauty of his visitor, to such an extent that his family spitefully suggested that he had better marry her.

But Hortense had something else to think about at this moment besides conspiring on behalf of her father. A messenger had arrived from her husband, then residing at Florence, insisting on the immediate surrender to him of her two sons. She refused, and appealed to the laws for protection. One trait, referring to this period, is note-worthy: although Hortense never paid attention to the slightest calumny affecting herself in the public press, she at once ordered an answer to be given to an insulting article directed against her husband. To do so at a moment when she was contending with him for the dearest of her possessions, is an act of magnanimity that needs no comment at our hands.

Hortense was not to be comforted even

when she heard of her step-father's return from Elba, and the triumphant reception he had met with. She felt that his victory could not be permanent, and foresaw fresh troubles for herself. Still she did swerve from her duty. As she had remained in France under the Bourbon rule for the sake of her sons, she resolved not to alter now. The Emperor received her unkindly, and blamed her for having remained in France among his enemies: she merely bowed her head, and left it to time to justify her conduct. The Emperor was speedily appeased, and regarded her with more affection than before.

During the Hundred Days, Hortense was really the empress, and her first act was to obtain from her father a pension for the Duchess of Orleans, mother of Louis Philippe, who had been unable to leave Paris owing to a fracture of her leg. She shortly after extended the same favor to the Duchess of Bourbon, who implored her intercession. Hortense was the queen at the Champ de Mars, and her salons were once again the resort of all the first men in France. Benjamin Constant read there his *Adolphe* while Talleyrand seemed to have no other occupation than inventing fresh social games to amuse the queen and the ladies assembled around her.

We need not dwell on Waterloo: suffice it to say, that Napoleon when he made up his mind to proceed to Rochefort and embark for America, resided for a while at Malmaison, where he took a last farewell of Hortense and her sons. The queen handed him a belt, which she requested him to wear round his waist: he demanded what it contained, and after long hesitation, Hortense confessed that she had sown up her diamonds in it, which she hoped would be of use to him hereafter. At first the Emperor declined to accept the costly gift, but, fearful of wounding his daughter's feelings, he made her the happiest of women—for she had been able to requite a portion of the generosity Napoleon had ever displayed toward her.

The last person the Emperor saw at Malmaison was his mother, and the interview took place in the presence of Talma, who had glided in, under the disguise of a National Guard, to bid farewell to his beloved master. He has recorded for us the parting scene of mother and son, worthy of the most noble days of Sparta; how Madame Letitia stretched forth her hand, with the words, "Adieu, mon fils!" and Napoleon, after looking his mother fixedly in the face for a few seconds, said, with the stoicism of a Red Indian, "Adieu, ma mère!" and slowly quitted the room forever.

For the second time the Bourbons returned to France, but their resolve was, on this occasion, vengeance. Louis XVIII. reëntered the palace of his ancestors to punish and reward, but the idea of mercy was banished from his thoughts. His whole fury was concentrated on Hortense, whom he had been taught to regard as the head of the conspiracy that brought Napoleon back, and he requested it as a personal favor of Alexander that he should not intercede in her behalf. She was compelled to quit Paris by order of the Prussian general Von Muffling, and proceeded to Geneva, not without danger of her life. But there was no resting-place for her; the French envoy in Switzerland would not tolerate a defenseless woman so near the French frontier, and when asked whither she would proceed she replied, in her despair: "Throw me into the lake, and there will be an end of all my troubles."

But Hortense soon regained her equanimity, and proceeded to Aix, in Savoy, where the most terrible blow that fate reserved for her fell upon her. She had lost her cause against her husband, and had been condemned to give up to him her elder son, Napoleon Louis. He sent for the boy, and Hortense surrendered him. All her hopes were thenceforward concentrated in her second son, who has attained a position which she could hardly have entreated for him in her prayers. But Louis Napoleon can not forget how much he owes to the teaching of that devoted mother, who was his guardian angel, and sacrificed herself so repeatedly for him.

Fate at length appeared weary of persecuting the poor Duchess of St. Leu. She was allowed a few peaceful years in the canton of Thurgau, at her pleasant château of Arenenberg, but they were troubled by painful interludes. In 1821, the Emperor died on the rock of St. Helena; in 1824, Hortense lost her only brother, Eugene. Nothing was then left her to love but her two sons, who prospered

in health and strength, although banished from their fatherland, and compelled to lead an inactive life.

At length came the year 1830, and there seemed a chance of revenge for the Napoleons. France hurled down the throne of the Bourbons, but the nation feared the revolution too much to desire a republic. They turned their eyes to the nearest relative of the throne, and Louis Philippe gratified their pride by restoring the tricolor, which reminded them of such mighty deeds. He brought back to Paris the ashes of Napoleon, and replaced his statue on the Place Vendôme, but his nephews must still remain in banishment. For such was the sole condition on which the European powers would recognize the new king, for, as Metternich said, "it was a question of legitimacy, not to suffer a Napoleon again on the throne of France." So Louis Philippe very calmly purchased his recognition by a renewed decree of banishment against the Napoleonides.

This was a terrible blow for their ambition, and the two young men resolved to try their hand elsewhere. Although separated, they kept up an eager correspondence, and when Hortense, in 1830, on her periodical visit to Rome, remained for a while in Florence, the brothers agreed as to their future course. Louis Napoleon accompanied his mother to Rome, and his presence was the signal for effervescence. So far did this proceed that the Papal government ordered him from the city, and the only friend who stood up for him was the envoy of Russia: we all know how Louis Napoleon repaid this act of kindness in the Crimea.

When the Italian revolution broke out in Modena, the two brothers joined the insurrectionists. Their relations were in a horrible state of suspense about them, and succeeded in getting them removed from the staff of General Menotti; but they joined the insurgents as volunteers. So soon as Hortense heard that the Austrians were on the march, she started in search of her sons, determined to save them or to die. She arrived at Pesaro, after undergoing countless difficulties, and found her sons there; but one of them lay a corspe in a village inn.

But Hortense had no time to bewail him; she must save the last joy left her. With Louis Napoleon she proceeded to Ancona, resolved to embark for Corfu, and throw herself on the mercy of the English. But that chance had to be given up, for Louis Napoleon had scarce reached Ancona ere he was attacked by small-pox, and brought to death's door. Here was a position: the Austrians were within two days' march, and Hortense could not remove her darling son under a week, said the physicians. But she did not lose her presence of mind: she sent his baggage abroad, and resolved to spread the report that he had followed. In the mean while she kept her son in the innermost appartments, and watched over him herself.

But she had a fearful week to pass through: the Austrian commander-in-chief took up his head-quarters in her palazzo, and malicious fate decreed that his sleeping apartment was next to that in which Louis Napoleon lay in the fever phantasms of small-pox. Whenever he coughed his head was concealed under blankets, and if he spoke it must be in a whisper, through fear of arousing the suspicions of the Austrian, who had solely been prevented paying his respects to the duchess because he was led to believe that she was the patient. At length the physician declared Louis Napoleon in a fit condition to move, and Hortense made a mighty resolve. In the determination to save her son, she decided that she would reach England through France, risking all the consequence of the rupture of her ban. She had already secured a passport through the kindness of an English nobleman, and the only chance of getting her son off was under the disguise of a footman.

They reached France, where a sentence of death awaited them, and passed their first night at Cannes. What reminiscences were connected with that place for Hortense! At Cannes it was that Napoleon landed on his return from Elba, from Cannes he started with a handful of troops on his march to Paris, which city he reached at the head of an army. Labédoyère and Ney had joined him there, and paid bitterly for yielding to their enthusiasm. What guarantee had Hortense that the same fate did not await her and her son? And yet she passed boldly on. She had been a friend to Louis Philippe's mother, and thought that gratitude might still exist in the world.

It was a melancholy pilgrimage that Hortense undertook. She showed her son

Fontainebleau, which had been the scene of her father's greatest triumph and greatest humiliation. Leaning on her son's arm, and wearing a thick vail lest any one should recognize her, the queen surveyed the appointments of the rooms, which were just the same as the imperial family had left them. What a reminiscence must it have been for Hortense when she entered the little chapel in which the mighty Napoleon had held the son, on whose arm she now leaned, over the baptismal font! Could the poor deserted widow believe that this son was once again to perpetuate the glories of Napoleonistic France? Perhaps so; for what will not mothers believe of their sons, though the latter rarely carry out the Alnaschar visions which every parent forms of her child?

Well, the pair arrived in Paris, and Hortense's first care was to apprise Louis Philippe of her arrival. What a fearful fright the poor old gentleman was in at the news! He could not crush the evil in the bud: he had not the heart to cut heads off: he was altogether too jolly a monarch to deal with a pair of conspirators such as he assumed Hortense and her son to be. And such, perhaps, they were, but it is impossible to say. Mamma behaved with the utmost propriety, and her son was most unfortunately taken ill just at the moment. It was impossible to turn them out of France, but whenever they could make it convenient, and so on. The King of course saw the Duchess of St. Leu, and, with his tongue in his cheek, debited the most pleasant compliments. It is easy to imagine the agreeable way in which he accosted the fugitive. "Lord bless you!" (or the French equivalent,) "I know what exile is, and it won't depend on me if yours is not alleviated." Of course he assured the queen that the sentence of exile against the Napoleons lay like a stone on his heart, and he magnanimously added, that the time was not far distant when the mere idea of banishment would be unknown in his kingdom.

Hortense listened to all this somewhat in the fashion of a spendthrift who has taken a bill for discount to a Jew who holds his mortgage-deeds, and yet she believed his promises. And the only result she obtained was that Louis Napoleon would be permitted to remain in France if he would change his name, but not a word about the owing money. But this Louis Napoleon thought a little too much: he at once agreed with his mother that the sooner they left France, for their honor and safety, the better.

In England the mother and son were comparatively happy, for all the first society of the land welcomed them. Had Hortense wished it, she might have been again a queen—that of fashion—but she had a stern resolve, which she was determined to follow. She would not compromise her son in any way; and she was in the right, for the Duchess of Berry was at that period in Bath, and could not believe but that a Napoleon must be intriguing in behalf of her son. So great, however, was the excitement her public appearance aroused among the crowned heads, that Hortense resolved to return to her pleasant Arenenberg. For this purpose she asked leave to pass through France, which was granted, and the couple visited most of the spots memorable in Napoleon's history.

At Arenenberg, Hortense rested from her sufferings, and spent a few comparatively happy years. Here she wrote the affecting account of her travels through Italy, France, and England, from which we have derived most of the previous details. In 1837, Hortense, the flower of the Napoleonides, died, wearied of her life, her misfortunes, and the exile in which she pined away. She bowed her head and went home to the great dead—to Napoleon and Josephine.

From the London Eclectic.

AFTER ICEBERGS.*

Mr. Noble was determined to see icebergs, and this is the narrative of an iceberg hunt. Why not, says he, as well hunt icebergs off Labrador as deer and trout among the Adirondack Mountains, the buffalo in the great unfenced continental parks of the New World on the Platte and Colorado, or ostriches with the ship of the desert over the broad sands yellow with the sunshine of centuries; and he sets off first in the good ship Merlin for Newfoundland. It was a brave attempt, for he often complains with a funny qualmishness of the frequent sea-sicknesses he was compelled to endure; and in this particular the more sublime feelings were often qualified by those we are often disposed to regard as ludicrous, as the tender sympathies of our nature accompany our searcher for the picturesque in those cold seas, while we read the following sad conclusion to the gush of sentiment:

"Wonderful to behold, there are no less than thirteen icebergs in fair view. We run forward, then run aft, and then to this side, and that. We lean toward them over the railing, and spring up into the shrouds, as if these boyish efforts brought us nearer, and made them plainer to our delighted eyes. With a quiet energy, C—— betakes himself to painting, and I to my note-book. But can you tell me why I pause, almost put up the pencil, and pocket the book? I am only a little sea-sick. The cold sweat starts upon the forehead, and I feel pale."

But we must acknowledge that for those to whom the kingdoms of ice present attractions—and to us certainly they are as attractive as any of the magnificent kingdoms and majesties of nature, and more attractive than any—this volume will be very agreeable reading. If we were to designate the book, we should describe it as fancy floating among the ice. The book is a kind of butterfly upon an iceberg. The author's eye was quick to catch the floating colors of the scenery; and he has laid those colors upon a series of very pretty pictures. He would perhaps have secured more attention to his paintings had he been even more sparing of color, especially of the very bright colors of his palate. Here is a picture in our author's most effective manner of

"SUNSET AMONG THE ICEBERGS.

"The book is open to record. The sun on the rugged hills of Labrador, a golden dome; Belle Isle, a rocky, blue mass, with a wavy outline, rising from the purple main pricked with icebergs, some a pure white, others flaming in the resplendent sunset like red-hot metal. We are sailing quietly as an eagle on the still air. Our English friends are heard singing while they walk the deck, and look off upon the lonesome land where their home is waiting for them.

"All that we anticipated of the sunset, or the after-sunset, is now present. The ocean with its waves of Tyrian dye laced with silver, the tinted bergs, the dark-blue inland hills and brown headlands underlie a sky of unutterable beauty. The west is all one paradise of colors. Surely, nature, if she follows as a mourner on the footsteps of the fall, also returns jubilant and glorious to the scenes of Eden. Here, between the white light of day and the dark of the true evening, shade and brightness, like Jacob and the angel, now meet and wrestle for the mastery. Close down along the gloomy purple of the rugged earth, beam the brightest lemon hues, soon deepening into the richest orange, with scattered tints of new straw, freshly blown lilacs, young peas, pearl and blue intermingled. Above are the royal draperies of the twilight skies. Clouds in silken threads and skeins; broad velvet belts and ample folds black as night, but pierced and steeped and edged with flaming gold, scarlet and crimson, crimson deep as blood; crimson fleeces, crimson deep as blood; plumes tinged with pink, and tipped with fire, white fire. And all this glory lies sleeping on the shore, only on the near shore of the great ethereal ocean, in the depths of which are melted and poured out ruby, sapphire, and emerald, pearl and gold, with the living moist blue of human eyes. The painter gazes with speechless, loving wonder, and I whisper to myself: This is the pathway home to an immortality of bliss and beauty. Of all the days in the year, this may be the birthday of the King-of-day, and this effulgence an imperial progress through the grand gate of the west. How the

* *After Icebergs with a Painter; a Summer Voyage to Labrador and Newfoundland.* By the Rev. Louis L. Noble. London: Sampson Low. 1861.

soul follows on in quiet joy, dreaming of lovely ones, waiting at home, and lovely ones departed, waiting with Christ! Here come those wondrous lines of Goethe, marching into the memory with glowing pomp:

. . . . "'The setting sun! He bends and sinks —the day is overlived. Yonder he hurries off, and quickens other life. Oh! that I have no wing to lift me from the ground, to struggle after, forever after him! I should see, in everlasting evening beams, the stilly world at my feet—every hight on fire, every vale in repose, the silver brook flowing into golden streams. The rugged mountain with all its dark defiles, would not then break my god-like course. Already the sea, with its heated bays, opens on my enraptured sight. Yet the god seems at last to sink away. But a new impulse wakes. I hurry on to drink his everlasting light, the day before me and the night behind—the heavens above and under me the waves. A glorious dream! as it is passing he is gone.'

"Here come the last touches of the living coloring, tinging the purple waves around the vessel. Under the icebergs hang their pale and spectral images, piercing the depths with their mimic spires, and giving them a lustrous, aërial appearance. The wind is lulling, and we rise and fall gracefully on the rolling plain. 'The day is fading into the later twilight, and the twilight into the solemn darkness.' No, not into darkness; for in these months, the faint flame flickering all night above the white ashes of day from the west circling around to the north and east, the moonlight and the starlight and the northern-light, all conspire to make the night, if not 'more beloved than day,' at least very lovely. A gloomy duskiness drapes the capes, beneath the solitary cliffs of which lies half entombed a shattered iceberg, a ghostly wreck, around whose dead, white ruins the mad surf springs up and flings abroad its ghastly arms. Softly comes its sad moaning and blends with the plaintive melodies of the ocean. Hark! a sullen roar booms across the dusky sea—nature's burial-service and the funeral guns. A tower of the old iceberg of the cape has tumbled into the billows. We gather presently into the cabin for prayer, and so the first scene closes on the coast of Labrador."

To those who enjoy such writing—and surely it has its power to convey enjoyment—we may say the above extract is a very fair proportion of the nearly three hundred and fifty pages of the volume. Sometimes our author was playing at "blindman's buff," in the fog. His voyage flitting from frowning cliff to cliff, "where the surf thunders and leviathan spends his holiday among the capelin," had its weariness as well as its joyousness, its pains as well as its pleasures; but he felt fully the fascination of those northern seas, with their ices and horrid shores. He says he can well understand the readiness of Arctic voyagers to return to Polar scenes; and so can we, for there is a wondrous glory in the

"Light on the dreary isles
Of ice-bound Labrabor,
Where the frost-king breathes on the slippery sails,
And the mariner wakes no more."

We know of no volume so abounding with the fancies of a poetical sensibility upon the ice. Our author sometimes found himself in a perfect archipelago of icebergs—a little Switzerland, with her vales and gorges filled with the purple sea. Some of the icebergs rising from the sea had in every curve, swell, and depression, the finish of the most exquisite sculpture, all dripping with silvery water, as if newly risen from the deep, in the pure white mass a suspicion of green. Every black wave as it advances changes into the loveliest green as it rolls up to the silvery bright ice, all the deep sea beyond it a luminous pea-green. In other places, "the eye strives to follow the ice into its awful depths, and is startled and delighted to find that the mighty crystal hangs suspended in a vast transparency, or floats on an abyss of liquid emerald." It is impossible to harvest all the beauty of such scenes. Objects "on the shadow side soft and delicate as satin, and changeable as the costliest silk; the white, the dove-color, and the green, playing into each other with the subtlety and fleetness of an Aurora Borealis." Then there were the jewels of the icebergs, that wonderful beauty, when sparkles of light seemed to come from its blue, transparent depths. We do not wonder at all that amidst the swiftly-chasing colors, the blue and purple, the peach-bloom and the pink—the complexion of the roses of Damacus—investing with their marvelous drapery distant phantom forms yet clearly defined in the transparent air—wondrous broken works of the Divine fingers, Mr. Noble's imagination became subject to all the marvelous imagery of the Apocalypse, and he thought he saw heaven opened, and the great procession of those "who had washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb;" in the presence of those pavements of amethyst, "the face of the great deep," blazing beneath the last sunlight—and the steepled icebergs, in the metropolis of ice, pearly

white or red as roses—cities, tented fields, and fleets dwindled into toys—and amidst reefs and inlets, bays and capes, and waves breaking into snowy foam—twilight shadows streaming out upon the sea from behind the headlands, and the lights of sunset glancing through the gorges and valleys of the shore — all combined to weave a fringe of glory both for land and ocean. Our enraptured enthusiast exclaimed aloud but low: "The city of God! The sea of glass! The plains of heaven! As I gaze back upon those cliffs, confronted by those wonderful icebergs, the glorious architecture of the polar night, I think of the Apostle's vision of permanent and shining walls, 'the heavenly Jerusalem, the city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.'"

The author's ear was as quick to catch the wonderful sounds as his eye was quick to catch the sights of those scenes, voices, and melodies, the deep, mournful murmuring of the surf in its caverns, half-thunder and half the music of some mighty organ; now and then the gloomy silence of a minute broken by the crash of a billow far within, when the reverberations were like the slamming of great doors, "I am thrilled with emotions, kindred to those of a discoverer, and remember and repeat the rhyme of the ancient mariner:

> 'We were the first that ever burst
> Into that silent sea.'"

Silent sea! This is any thing but that. The surf, which leaps up with the lightness and rapidity of flames, for many and many a white mile, roars among the sharp, bleak crags of the islands like mighty cataracts. Very grand, too, is the fall of the upper crags, the rough, rumbling crash of descending ice, the dull roar of the final plunge into the ocean. "After this awful burial of its dead, with such grand honors, a splendid regiment of waves retreats from the mournful scene, in a series of concentric circles, rivaling the finest surf that rolls in on the sand. It is the very flower of the ocean cavalry." Mr. Noble tells us the story of dissolving icebergs. He says:

"I am struck with the rapid rate at which the bergs are perishing. They are dissolving at every point and pore, both in the air and in the sea. One sheet of water, although no thicker than a linen sheet, covers the entire alp. It trickles from every hight, yonder glimmering like a distant window in the sunset, here cutting into the glassy surface and working out a kind of jewelry, which sparkles with points of emerald and ruby. It rains from eaves and gables, cornices and balconies, and spouts from gutters. All around, there is the pattering of a shower on the sea, and the sharp, metallic ringing of great drops, similar to what is heard around a pond in the still woods, when the dew-drops fall from the overhanging boughs. Below, the currents now penetrated with the summer warmth, are washing it away. Around the surface-line, the ever-busy waves are polishing the newly-broken corners, and cutting under, and mining their way in, with deceitful rapidity. Unceasingly they bore and drill, without holiday or Sabbath, or rest at night, as the perpetual thunders of their blasting testify. Thus their ruin is hourly hastening to a consummation, and the danger of approaching them made more and more imminent."

The few touches of human life add to the charm of Mr. Noble's book. Very little human life, indeed, is there, but is not the interest of humanity often in proportion to its rarity? Then it is more possible to feel how solemn and terrible it is, even more than in those crowded scenes, when, if possible, it is yet more solemn and terrible. A few fishermen's rude cottages only, the small gatherings at the church, when we are brought into company with these scenes, even increase the majesty and grandeur of those solemnities of nature. Here our traveler is in the church at Cat Harbor:

"Our path, as usual in these coast hamlets, went in zigzag, serpentine ways, among evergreen fishing-bowers, and many-legged flakes and huts, and oddly-fenced potato-patches. In the marshy field around the church, we had some time to amuse ourselves with gathering slender bulrushes tipped with plumes of whitish down. They were sprinkled all abroad like snow-flakes over the dusky green ground, and we ran about with the eagerness of boys, selecting the prettiest as specimens for home.

"Twilight was already close upon the darkness. We turned from the chase of our thistle-down toys, and gazed upon the solemn magnificence around us—the dark and lonesome land—the bay, reflecting the colored heavens—the warm orange fading out into the cool pearl, and the pearl finally lost in the broad blue above.

"It was fully candle-light when the congregation, about forty, assembled, and the service began. The missionary preached extempore a practical sermon adapted to his hearers, and we sang, to the tune of Old Hundred, the One Hundredth Psalm, making the dimly-lighted sanctuary ring again. After church, our party were invited to warm at one of the houses, which we did most effectually before a broad and roaring fire."

And we feel that the following walk in the churchyard at Labrador is also not without affecting suggestions:

"A better resting-place, when one lies down weary from the tasks and troubles of the present life, could not well be imagined. Its perpetual solitude, never profaned by the noisy feet of the busy world, draped alternately with snowy fleeces and blooming verdure, is always made musical by the solemn murmurs of the ocean. I found by the inscriptions, that England was the native country of most of those whose bones repose below, and whose names are gathering moss and lichens, while the sea, close by, sings their mournful requiem.

"From this lone hamlet of the dead, we picked our way among broken rocks out to the sea-shore, all white with the sounding surf, and gazed with silent pleasure on the blue Atlantic, the dark headlands, and the icebergs glittering in the sunset. Glittering in the sunset! They glowed with golden fire—pointed, motionless, and solid flames.

"A favorite walk of Hutchinson's, during the wintry tempests, is along the hight overlooking this mighty slope or glacis. His quiet description of the terrible grandeur of the scene, was truly thrilling. In the course of our walk, we came upon the verge of a fissure, which looked like an original intention to split the island through its center. Banks of snow still lay in the nooks and closets of its gloomy chambers. through which, every now and then, boomed the low thunder of the plunging surf."

Pleasant as the book is, and no doubt full of real, though never very quiet enthusiasm, it is not free from some traces of affectation and high-flying language. Our author found himself bewitched by some charming Welsh lassie, whereupon he breaks out: "There is a power in beauty. Why has not nature given it to us all? You shall answer me that in heaven. There is, indeed, a power in beauty. It goes forth from this young woman on all sides, like rays from some central light." His description of the steam-engine is after the same manner:

"They are letting off the steam. It is flowing up from the great fountains, a deep and solemn voice, a grand ventriloquism, that muffles in its breadth and fullness all the smaller sounds, as the mighty roar dampens the noisy dashings of the cataract. What a sublime translation of human skill and genius is an engine, this stupendous creature of idea! How splendid are its polished limbs! What power in all those easy motions! What execution in those still and oily maneuvers!"

Sometimes we feel alarmed for him; he is in spasms. Thus the following state of ecstasy over a falling iceberg shows how dangerous it is for our author to trust himself amidst such scenes:

"The painter's work is over. And now for harbor—all sails spread—a downy pressure on them, and the twilight ocean. Indomitable pencil! If the man is not at it again! A last flying sketch in lead. Let us take one more look at the berg—a farewell look. It is a beautiful creation — superlatively beautiful. It is more—sublime and beautiful—fold upon fold—spotless ermine—caught up from the billows, and suspended by the fingers of Omnipotence.

"The Merciful One! It is falling! Cliffs and pinnacles bursting — crashing — tumbling with redoubling thunders. Pillars and sheaves of foam leap aloft. Wave chases wave, careering wild and high. Columns and splintered fragments spring from the deep convulsively, toppling and plunging. A multitude of small icebergs spot the dusky waters. One slender obelisk slowly rocking to and fro, stands a monument among the scattered ruins."

The author himself feels that his descriptions sometimes become monotonous, for the book is mostly descriptive of ice-fields and scenes. He suggests to us the striking remark of Lord Bacon: "It is a strange thing that in sea-voyages, where there is nothing to be seen but sky and sea, men should make diaries; but in land travel, wherein so much is to be observed, for the most part they omit it; as if chance were fitter to be registered than observation." The author, however, occupies his mind mostly with that which the eye sees. "I am quite tired," he says, "of the words emerald, pea-green, pearl, sea-shells, crystal, porcelain, and sapphire, ivory, marble, and alabaster, snowy and rosy, Alps, cathedrals, towers, pinnacles, domes, and spires; I could fling them all, at this moment, upon a large descriptive fire, and the blaze would not be sufficiently brilliant to light the mere reader to the scene; I will give it up." But our friend never does give it up; he uses his word-colors very well, but still a sense of monotony and sameness does creep over his page. The story is spun out, and there is doubtless a straining after effect in much of the language, as when the writer tells us that "the surf springs up like an angel from the tomb, and with a shout of triumph strikes it with its silvery wings. Ha! you start. But do not be frightened!" Upon which kind entreaty we feel as grateful as an hysterical lady might feel for a proffered smelling-bottle

or vinaigrette. Certainly it gave us a great shock to see that angel spring up there, but we are better, thank you. But we thank Mr. Noble for a very graphic book. Our readers will perceive from our extracts that it is the poetry of the ice. We must not forget to commend the striking engravings of the icebergs, most effective on the tinted paper; indeed, the volume is quite an icelandic album.

From the British Quarterly.

REVOLUTIONS IN ENGLISH HISTORY.*

The main phenomenon of English history from Henry VIII. to the death of Elizabeth is, beyond all question, that change in the faith and the ecclesiastical polity of the nation which is known by the name of the Reformation. Connected with this momentous event is a number of incidents of various character, some deeply pathetic, some fearfully tragic, which, viewed in the lights of conflicting opinions, have been for centuries the subject of controversy. And, as part of the drama in course of progress, four great facts in our history should be noticed—the change in the foreign relations of England, the extension of her governmental system, with the steady rise of the House of Commons and the revolution in our social life which marked the close of the sixteenth century.

Within seven years from the first breach between Henry VIII. and Clement VII., we see the Church of Becket and Langton cut off completely from her relations with Rome, deprived forever of her most valuable possessions, denuded of many of her rights and privileges, and, above all, of the *prestige* of centuries, yet, under a system of stern Erastianism, endeavoring to enforce the Catholic doctrines, and to crush out the growing Protestantism which is bursting up on the soil of England. A monarch of singular force of character, and, on the whole, a favorite with the nation, is enabled, during the course of his reign, to sustain this strange ecclesiastical polity; and, as spiritual and temporal head of the Church, to keep open the schism with Rome, and to exorcise the Papal supremacy, yet also to check in a great degree the religious change fermenting in the people. Immense as had been the external revolution in the English Church at the death of Henry VIII., it would be difficult to show that the established faith had been altered in one material respect, except that the Bible in the English tongue had been given conditionally to the nation. But Anglo-Catholicism, shorn of the divinity which had fenced it round for many generations, proved ineffectual to satisfy the people; and in the next reign we see a compromise effected between the Protestant doctrines and the ecclesiastical polity of the realm, which issued virtually in the present Church of England. This work, which is due to Cranmer in the main, is notable for the moderateness of its design, and the gentle means by which it was accomplished; nor can it be doubted that, on the whole, it met the religious wants of the nation. But it had to encounter, while still immature, a violent gust of popular odium, arising from a political change, with which it was unhappily identified; and it fell for a time, dragging with it its meek, venerable, and high-minded author. A number of causes difficult to fathom restored for a moment Romanism in England, as the apparent national religion at least; but the change failed to restore the Church to her ancient temporal and political splendor; and it was soon arrested by the indignation occasioned by the government of Mary, and by the consequences of her persecution. At the accession of Elizabeth the system of Cranmer was restored in all its important

* Concluded from last volume.

points; a tempered Protestantism with a Catholic polity became the Established Church of the kingdom; and it soon was clear that the schism with Rome was a fact beyond the chance of revocation. The monarch who stood at the head of the Church, and had enormous power in consequence, inclined to many of the Catholic tenets, though cordially hating the Papal pretensions; she was besides imbued with the Tudor spirit, which aimed especially at domination for the crown, and unity in law and faith for the people; and the result was that the reign of Elizabeth was not favorable to the comprehension of extreme Protestants within the Church of England. Her death left that Church dominant, and probably in one sense national; but, though no longer endangered from Rome, it had become an object of dislike to a powerful party of earnest Protestants with whom it should have been naturally identified.

The passing events connected with the Reformation deserve also attentive notice. We see the drama of the religious change effected in the reign of Henry VIII. associated with some acts of wrong which no impartial observer can justify; yet we see it, too, on the whole, successful, and carrying with it the good will of the nation. If we feel for the sorrows of Catherine of Aragon—condemn the uxoricide cruelties of Henry—denounce the divorces of the two Queens—regret the many tyrannical acts — attainders, penal laws, and confiscations, which stain the first Reformation Parliament—and ask jealously for full reasons for so many injuries done to the Constitution, we should likewise remember, and weigh carefully the difficulties in which the government was placed and the many foes it had to encounter, and we should not forget that, upon the whole, that government had the support of the nation. In following the reign of Edward VI., we should disentangle the religious revolution from the social disorders with which it was accompanied, and take care not to charge the effects of the latter, as natural consequences flowing from the former; and we should especially note the incidents which marked the establishment of Anglican Protestanism. The great points in the reign of Mary are the causes of the Romanist reäction, and the real extent of that admitted fact; to which we should add, perhaps the character of the Romanist persecution at the time, and of the principal actors in it. In the next reign the drama is more complex, and a great number of curious problems require close and accurate scrutiny. What was the real nature of the relations of the Queen with Mary Stuart, with France, and with Spain, and can her conduct be generally justified? Can excuses be made for her penal laws against the Catholics at the opening of her reign, and for the dislike she evidently betrayed for the more Protestant section of her subjects? Are the sanguinary edicts against the Papal party which marked the later years of this period to be fairly attributed to the necessity of a time when England was in mortal peril; and what is to be thought of the High Commission, with its domineering and tyrannical influence?

It is also necessary, in viewing this period, to bear in mind the secular changes which were passing over the life of England. She loses finally her hold of France, and with it the rivalry of centuries; and she finds herself confronted for years with the giant strength of the Spanish monarchy. This change tends to reduce her armies, and to give impulse to her naval greatness; and after the ruin of the Great Armada, she is really the sovereign of the ocean. She assimilates Wales completely to her laws, breaking down the ancient Celtic institutions which were still in force in the land of the Britons; she reduces Ireland slowly and painfully to something like a colonial dependence; and after a series of wars and intrigues, she becomes finally united with Scotland. Concurrently with this we see feudalism disappear finally from the soil of England; the whole fabric of its iron system becomes a forgotten thing of the past; and all that remains of the fierce seigneurie who circled the thrones of the later Plantagenets are the silken courtiers of James and Elizabeth. With this change above comes a change from below, which, having commenced for several years before the accession of Henry VIII., may be said to have been nearly developed before the rule of the Stuart dynasty. The House of Commons, gradually absorbing the powers which heretofore belonged to the Peers, becomes ascendant in the Constitution; and, coming in contact with the crown, which had equally overreached on the other side, begins the momentous struggle with the monarchy

which ended only at the Revolution. And parallel with the political change, we see a momentous social change, the dissolution of an ancient system, and the substitution of a completely new one. The face of the land is no longer covered with cottier agriculture and holdings; the race of military retainers and peasants disappears in a very remarkable manner; and commerce absorbs the energies of the nation in a much greater degree than formerly. This change is the cause of much social disorder throughout the course of the sixteenth century; but at length it is carried through successfully; and a new method of husbandry and culture, and a new distribution of the people of England is the ultimate consequence to the empire. At the same time the old system of trade disappears to a considerable extent, and approaches more nearly our modern system; and social life, in all its relations, conforms more closely to its type at present. If, at the death of the great Queen, the problem of the management of the masses of the unemployed agricultural population was not completely solved for the statesmen, it was also the age when English commerce was set comparatively free from fetters; when English energies found their vent in glorious enterprises on many seas, when the wealth of the empire was growing rapidly, and when its intellect had gained triumphs unequaled at any other period. Although it had been perplexing for a time, and had even caused considerable hardship, this change in the social life of England already promised a great future.

Dr. Vaughan's treatment of this memorable period deserves very high praise on the whole, and will well repay the student's attention. If it wants any thing, it is a fuller illustration of the change from medieval to modern times; and perhaps a little larger space might have been given to the grand literature of the age of Elizabeth. But it is eminently judicious, truthful, and accurate. It brings out the scenes it reviews in a very vivid yet sober light; and on the whole it is more valuable than any other part of these volumes. In reference to the religious movements between 1510 and 1600, its account of the rise of English Protestantism, of the true character of Henry's Reformation, of the real changes effected by Cranmer, of the causes that led to the Romanist reäction, and of the relations of the Puritans to the Establishment, deserves study, and will amply repay it. As regards the actual facts of the time, we are not quite satisfied with its view of Wolsey considered as an European statesman; but we can highly commend its narrative of the events coïncident with the Reformation Parliament, of the reigns of Edward VI. and Mary, and of the troubles Elizabeth was beset with; and the portraits of Henry and of Catharine of Aragon of Pole, Cranmer, and perhaps Cromwell, are very graphic, and full of interest. As regards the change in our polity and laws, it might have brought more prominently out the great expansion of our governmental system; but, in all other important matters — the ruin of feudalism, and its influence on the Constitution; the advance of the Crown in power and authority; the parallel and steady progress of the Commons; the character of the Tudor *regime*, severe to individuals, yet generally popular; and the true nature of the state trials at the time — it leaves scarcely any thing to be desired. And its pictures of Tudor social life, in its stern as well as in its better aspects — of the social consequences of the fall of feudalism — and of the new modes of husbandry and trade, and of the new relations in the orders in the state which followed the change of the sixteenth century, are very original, and full of learning. Following out our distribution of the subject, we shall briefly indicate the particular points which Dr. Vaughan has marked out most successfully.

I. In the *first* place, Dr. Vaughan has traced more clearly, we think, than any other writer, the connection of English Protestantism with the ideas which the fifteenth century had never obliterated, and with the Reformation on the Continent. He has proved that, long before 1527, a strong, though unorganized, Protestant party existed in different parts of England; and that, notwithstanding the efforts of the bishops, it was growing steadily under the influences of German sympathy and reviving learning. He agrees, on the whole, with Mr. Froude that this Protestantism was rather a passionate desire to get rid of the corruptions of the Church, and to make the Scriptures the rule of life, than a systematic and formal religion; and here is his summary of it:

"It is not too much to say, that, before the meeting of the memorable Parliament of 1529, a very large portion, and certainly the most intelligent portion of the people of England, especially in towns, were full of Protestant sentiment. But it was for the most part an unconscious Protestantism, such as not a few possessing it were by no means prepared to avow under that name. It is thus, however, that all great revolutions are brought about. Men learn by degrees to do what they would never have dared to do at once. As the revelations of the future open upon upon them, some are seen to draw back in dismay. But others feel that what they are called to do to-day, is as clearly their duty as the thing they did yesterday, and they go forward."

Dr. Vaughan has also shown very clearly, what Mr. Froude would have us forget, that no reform in religion whatever, except the partial concession of the Scriptures, and of a Book of Common Prayer, to be read by the people in the "vulgar tongue," can fairly be ascribed to the government of Henry. But he has fully noticed the vast effects of this change on the young generation of the time; and he has the manly courage to admit the accidental results of it. They were such as always have been associated with every great awakening of humanity; and we should as justly charge them with evil, as we should condemn the awkward motions of a palsied member renewed to life, or of a blind man suddenly restored to light.

"So many years of access to the English Bible, sent by tens of thousands through the land; such a free use of English prayers, full of Scriptural ideas, breathing so much Scriptural feeling, and provided by command of the king; and such a profuse distribution of books, licensed and unlicensed, on religious subjects—all had tended to set the mind and utterance of the nation at liberty, so that every man had his share to bring to the wisdom or folly, the moderation or excess of the common strife. To such a degree had the polemical spirit taken hold of the people, that the unseemly brawls, said to be taking place in churches, in public places, and even in ale-houses, about the meaning of Scripture texts, led the king and the Parliament to forbid the reading of the Scriptures in English except by persons known to be of some education. But the floodgates had been taken away—no hand could replace them. The mind of a nation never changes as the mind of the English nation was then changing, without generating some such excesses. They are among the signs of wakefulness and life."

In his eagerness to vindicate Henry VIII. as advancing along the path of the Reformation as quickly as prudence would safely allow—and as urged solely by a dire necessity to persecute and commit cruelties for the sake of averting a general anarchy—Mr. Froude has thought fit to charge the Protestantism established in the reign of Edward VI. with many revolutionary excesses, with a bitter and inquisitorial spirit, and with a tendency to produce misgovernment and many serious national mischiefs. Once the moral Æolus had disappeared, who, according to Mr. Froude's description, had controlled with a stern yet saving hand the elements of innumerable disorders, those elements burst out into ruinous conflict; and the Reformation initiated by Cranmer was the source of several perilous innovations, was defaced by many acts of persecution, and caused a great deal of popular discontent, and not a little distress and suffering. Without addressing himself directly to a mere review of Mr. Froude's inferences, Dr. Vaughan has proved, we think conclusively, that the religious changes attributable to Cranmer were in accordance with the general feeling, and were opposed by local malcontents only; that our Protestant Reformers may well be proud of the comparative mildness of their dealing with opinion; and that the sufferings and partial disorders which, beyond a doubt, existed at this time, were in the main a natural result of the vast social and economic revolution which marked the course of the sixteenth century. To this main cause might also be added the pressure upon the poorer classes occasioned by the taxation of Henry VIII., by the dishonest depreciation of the currency in his reign, and by the fall of gold and silver in value, arising from the discovery of America, concurrent with a fixed rate of wages, in our opinion by no means high, and measured in the ancient and undebased currency. This vindication of our Reformation in religion from the charge of effecting social mischief is very ably and clearly made out, but we have no space to do more than refer to it. But we quote Dr. Vaughan's summing up of the character of the Reformation of Edward VI., so far as regards its treatment of opinion:

"It should be recorded that Joan Bocher was the only British subject who suffered death on religious grounds during the reign of Edward VI. Romanist blood was not shed, on any such pretense, through those years. The barbarities of the next reign were so far without precedent,

When the Marian persecutors sent Protestants so freely to death for their religion, they did it knowing full well that English Protestantism had not so dealt with themselves. In a few instances Romanists were deprived of their offices, and put under restraint, but this was the extent of their suffering. In no country in which the two religions stood face to face had there been such toleration and forbearance as in England under its first Protestant sovereign."

The causes of the Romanist reäction, in the brief reign of Mary Tudor, Dr. Vaughan very properly finds in the strong royalist feeling of the nation—which preferred the natural heir to the crown, although identified with Catholicism, to the revolutionary dynasty of Northumberland—in an impatient recoil from the Reformation, which accidentally had been associated with much which was distressing and repulsive to the people—and in that deep conservatism of England, which falls back on the ancient ways when in uncertainty as to its position. To these probably should be added the personal influence of the Queen, and of the Spanish gold of Philip upon the Council and Houses of Parliament, which beyond all question was freely used in obtaining from the representatives of the nation a nominal shallow reconciliation with a faith with which at heart they had little sympathy. Dr. Vaughan thinks, and with this we agree, that the Parliamentary acts of this reign are not at all a legitimate index of the real religious feelings of England; that they speak only the sentiments of classes within the reach of the court influence, and under peculiar hopes and apprehensions; and that the mass of the English nation remained all through, on the whole, Protestant, although inert and quite unorganized. The following passage appears to us to contain the true account of the matter:

"The men who really approved of these extreme proceedings were comparatively a feeble minority, both in Parliament, and among persons possessed of any measure of education through the kingdom. In reality, the Protestant party was much stronger than the Romanist party; but the balance between them was in the hands of the Nationalists, and to please the Queen, to insure their church lands, and in the hope of being allowed to live unmolested and at ease, this party agreed to throw its weight in the scale of Romanism."

We were much pleased with Dr. Vaughan's sketch of the state of religious opinion in England in the glorious but troubled reign of Elizabeth. His review of the causes of the divisions between the Protestant parties in England, which ended in the establishment of Anglicanism and in the growth of a hostile Puritanism, is marked with peculiar candor and discretion. While he justly condemns the domineering spirit of Elizabeth's acts as regards religion—the narrow-mindedness of many of her prelates, so different from the wisdom of Burleigh and Bacon—and the impolitic severity of her ecclesiastical system—he equally blames the stubborn pedantry, and the straining after indifferent points which, in part at least, discredited the Puritans. The following remark is just, though a melancholy one; andi t is sad to think what slight causes withdrew from the Church so many Englishmen:

"Concerning religious doctrine, there was no material difference between the Puritans and their opponents. . . . . The most desirable course, as regards the nation, would have been, that Elizabeth should have left the obnoxious ceremonies optional — optional under certain circumstances according to law—or that she should have consented to their entire removal. No danger could have ensued from either policy; and, in either case, the bitterness gendered in the earlier stages of the controversy, which prepared men to extend it to graver differences, might have been avoided."

II. As regards the passing events of the time, Dr. Vaughan's account of the reign of Henry VIII. appears to us particularly judicious. We venture to think that he has underrated the genius and wisdom of Cardinal Wolsey, and that he is wrong in supposing that that minister was narrow, insular, and uncertain in his policy. We trace in Wolsey's published correspondence three main ideas which justly entitle him to a high place among English statesmen — a desire to reform the Church thoroughly, and to bring it in harmony with the spirit of the age; a clear perception of the folly of persecution; and a wish to make England a powerful umpire between the powers of France and Austria. Dr. Vaughan has read this evidence differently; but on the whole we entirely agree with his view of the reign and character of Henry. Unlike Dr. Lingard and Hallam, who, from different reasons, make little allowance for the great difficulties of Henry's position, and paint his despotism in the dark-

est colors, he has carefully enumerated the many perils which threatened England between 1529 and 1547, has admitted that some violations of the Constitution were almost necessary under such circumstances, and has clearly marked out the true distinction between the legitimate severities of the government, and the cruel acts it occasionally committed. On the other hand, in opposition to Mr. Froude, who has represented Henry as a hero, and relieved his conduct from all censure by exaggerating the good he actually accomplished, and attributing his tyranny to the pressure of necessity, Dr. Vaughan has set forth fully and well those acts of the King which can not be excused, and the harsh unwisdom of much of his policy. Thus, while he dissipates the silly notion that Henry was generally the puppet of Wolsey, and that he was actuated solely by lust in the divorce, he admits the wrongs of Catherine of Aragon, the cruel and unmanly treatment of Anne Boleyn, the disgraceful intrigue about Anne of Cleves, and the mixture of anger, impatience, and recklessness which characterized the Dunstable proceedings, and the shameless marriage of Jane Seymour. While he paints fairly the corruptions of the Church, and justly pronounces against the monasteries, he has no sympathy with the confiscations, the cruel attainders, and the persecuting statutes which the Catholic party were the victims of, and which, as he very justly observes, excited the indignation of Europe, and led to a desperate and bloody reaction. While he carefully estimates the amount of danger which the Pilgrimage of Grace, the Geraldine rebellion, the Exeter conspiracy, and the menaces of Charles V. undoubtedly threw in the path of Henry, he does not, therefore, justify the King for putting Aske and Constable to death, for butchering all the Fitzgeralds in a week, for slaughtering Margaret Plantagenet without a trial, and for urging Parliament to enact laws which threatened to bring a despotism into England. Still less does he represent the King as the moral arbiter of an age of revolution; he paints him as we feel that he was — an able, stern, and sagacious statesman, not without a broad sense of justice and right, and very religious, according to his faith; but fond of domination, and unscrupulous in winning it, indifferent to means in pursuing ends, and specially careless of individual suffering, clear-sighted in aim, not far-seeing in policy, and coarse, passionate, jealous, and brutal, whenever he had any thing to do with women.

In sketching the reigns of Edward VI. and Mary, Dr. Vaughan exculpates Somerset's government from many of the charges it has encountered, and does justice to the honor of the Protector. He has followed Mr. Froude in the main in his portraits of Mary, Pole, and Cranmer, and in his account of the Marian persecution. We wish we could quote his description of Cranmer, for it does the narrator high credit, and we feel convinced it is true to the original. In dealing with the reign of Elizabeth, Dr. Vaughan has shown the candor and discrimination which so eminently mark his understanding. He admits fully the difficulties of the Queen, assailed as she was by treason at home, by a dangerous rival in Mary Stuart, and by the League of the Catholic Powers; but he does not, therefore, vindicate the laws which, with the genuine Tudor spirit, she launched against the Catholics and Nonconformists. He observes justly that the great Queen fell into a serious political mistake in alienating the natural supports of her throne from a vain hope of securing uniformity; and he visits the Court of High Commission with a grave but very discriminating censure. In the great question of the Queen of Scots, Dr. Vaughan takes the view which all but a few enthusiasts have adopted—he has no doubt of Mary's guilt; and he truly remarks that her plea of sovereignty could not affect the right of Elizabeth to try her upon a charge of high treason. In fact, Mary had previously waived the benefit of this plea altogether; and, technically speaking, we think it doubtful whether such a plea would ever avail in the case of a sovereign unrecognized by her subjects, and not *de facto* in possession of the throne. On the whole, Dr. Vaughan's view of Elizabeth, we have no doubt, is substantially just. She was a better educated Henry VIII., and schooled by misfortune to a higher wisdom; but she was jealous, passionate, imperious, and obstinate; exceedingly fond of power and prerogative, and thinking order the perfection of government; yet more sagacious and artful than her father, and more

generous in her dealings with individuals.

III. As regards the progress of England in this period, we have already indicated the main points of Dr. Vaughan's analysis of the subject, and we have no space to do more than refer to them. We must especially commend his interesting chapter on England under the first Reformation, in which he comes in conflict with Mr. Froude as regards the ideal nobleness of the age, and its tender regards for the poorer classes. We quote the following summary of its character, which appears to us discriminating and able:

"Such was England under the first Reformation. It was not England studded with castles, in the possession of powerful and factious nobles, and so parceled out into many local sovereignties as to leave small power to the acknowledged sovereignty at the center—it was England with that feudal network swept away, with its armed men in every village, but with those men as sworn in allegiance to the King and not to any intervening master. It was not England taking no part in continental politics, except as consisting in efforts to possess herself of the soil of France, it was England acting as an influential power in relation to the struggle nearly always going on between the great monarchies of Europe. It was not England as proud of her orthodoxy, and boasting of her unwavering fidelity to the chair of St. Peter; it was England as severed from the spiritual supremacy of Rome, as fixing on that supremacy the brand of usurpation, as declaring the Bishop of Rome to be simply the bishop of that diocese, and as subordinating its own clergy in all things to the sovereignty of the civil power. It was not England as in the hands of a king and his ministers, with little or no check from the influence of a parliament; it was England with the recognition of a high authority in the representatives of the nation, an authority deepened and made strong by frequent assemblies and frequent acts, though often neutralized, under various pretenses, by the power of the crown. It was not England submitting to attempts to raise money by forced loans or benevolence, to the neglect of the great maxim that no Englishman should be taxed without his consent. Nor was it England as submitting to severe laws and an arbitrary policy, from an indifference to liberty; it was England in a much greater degree, as rising up against such forms of oppression, and as submitting to lesser evils from the rule of a king and his ministers, rather than hazard far greater from the rule of the Pope and the hierarchy. It was, indeed, England with many harsh laws, harshly administered; with an amount of crime and vagrancy beneath the surface of society which no laws seemed to reach; with a laboring class whose toil yielded them but a poor subsistence; with manufactures and trade hemmed in on all sides by fiscal restrictions and monopolies; and with physical science and polite literature in no flourishing condition. But the crisis in our history in which an old order of society was to pass away, and another was to acquire place and stability, was naturally a crisis of stern conflict; and if the lot of the lowest class of the people was very bad, the yeomanry of the land were well-conditioned men; the artificers in town and country were in easy circumstances; the merchant could send his ships to all parts of the world; the city alderman could adorn the open landscape with edifices which vied with the houses of nobles; and every where, though much error and disorder are visible, and much has to be learnt and unlearnt, it is easy to see that the intelligence and the moral nature of a great people have been called in a hopeful measure to their work, and that though the future may include action and reaction, the issue will be that the withes of a decayed superstition and of a meddling and foolish legislation will be snapped asunder, and the strong man will be seen in his time to revel in his strength."

Our space is exhausted, and yet we close this article with regretful feelings. In company with our judicious author, we have traversed the periods of English history which lead at length to our last Revolution. At the opening of the seventeenth century the various races who dwelt in Great Britian had been melted down into one nation, with many distinct peculiarities, no doubt, but all owning a common allegiance. The empire had been united and consolidated, and its naval greatness and tendency to colonize had become facts of cotemporary observation. The religious parties which the Reformation had formed, had assumed the character they have since retained, and the faith of England, Scotland, and Ireland had become well defined for the future. Our society had taken in all essentials the type in which it actually exists, and the distribution of orders in the state had been settled in its present relations. Our polity, saved from the peril of despotism in the great crisis of the sixteenth century, and still retaining the features of freedom which had marked it in the age of the Plantagenets, was about to see that freedom renewed in an altered form and under new conditions. The long contest between the Crown and the House of Commons is about to open, and for many years to keep the ultimate issue doubtful. That contest absorbed all the forces of the state, and reduced extreme-

ly the national strength; but its close in the triumph of 1688 established the free Constitution of England. In traveling over this memorable ground, still hot with the embers of party strife, still strewed with the wrecks and remains of a struggle which is differently viewed by Englishmen at this time, and rich with proud yet sad recollections to all lovers of well-ordered liberty, we have no doubt that Dr. Vaughan will pursue the even tenor of his way, with the same calm eye and judicious step with which hitherto he has accomplished his journey.

BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

BY THE HON. EDWARD EVERETT.

FURNISHED BY REQUEST.

[We are indebted to the gifted and graceful pen of the Hon. Edward Everett for the following graphic and eloquent description of the Battle of Bunker Hill, to accompany the engraving which depicts the battle-scene itself, as it were at the hight of the fearful conflict. A careful perusal of the one, and a fixed gaze and study of the other, will aid the reader in gaining a fresh impression of that memorable battle. The subject was selected to embellish this number, because it is in keeping with the current history of events in our country.—Editor of The Eclectic.

The importance of the battle of Bunker Hill rests mainly on its consequences. Its influence on the success of the revolution lifts it up from the level of vulgar gladiatorial contests, and gives it a place among those few momentous appeals to arms, which have affected the cause of liberty and the condition of man for ages. But even in itself considered, I know not what element of stirring interest is wanting, to make it one of the most extraordinary events in history. Need I remind you of the solemn parade on Cambridge Common, at the close of the day on the sixteenth of June; the blessing invoked by the President of the University on the yet unannounced expedition; the silent and thoughtful march of the column under the veteran Prescott, preceded by sergeants with dark lanterns; the lines marked out by Gridley, the same who at Louisburg, at the third trial, threw a shell into the citadel, and who drew the only two field-pieces used at the fall of Quebec up the hights of Abraham; the midnight toil in the trenches; the cry of the sentinel, "All's well," heard from the British ships moored between Boston and Charlestown, by Colonel Prescott and Major Brooks, as, twice in the course of that short and anxious night, they went down to the water's side. The day dawns and the fire of the Lively opens on the redoubt. The garrison in Boston, the American encampments, the surrounding country start at the sound. As the morning advances, every roof, steeple, tree, and hill-top, that commands the scene, is alive with expectation. At noon, the British troops cross in twenty-eight barges from Long Wharf and the North Battery in Boston; and as they move, the rays of a meridian summer's sun are reflected from burnished arms, gay uniforms, and the sparkling waters. A sharp fire from Copp's Hill, the ships of war, and the floating batteries, sweeps across Charlestown to cover the debarkation.

They land at or near this spot, then called Moulton's Point, and lying in a state of nature. The hostile force consists of regiments that have won laurels at Dettingen and Minden, led by chiefs who have been trained in all the wars of Europe. It is soon perceived that the balls brought over are too large for the field-pieces. Sir William Howe, the commander-in-chief, having reconnoitered the American lines and formed an exaggerat-

ed opinion of their strength and of the reïnforcements which were seen to arrive from Medford, sends over to Boston for more troops. In the interval, his army, awaiting the arrival of the reïnforcements makes a leisurely meal from the contents of their knapsacks.

Far different was the condition of the Americans who had now toiled in throwing up the entrenchments from midnight, without repose, without adequate supplies, without relief, under an incessant cannonade, harassing though not destructive, beneath a summer's sun. They occupied the redoubt, the spot on which the monument is built, and a breastwork leading from it, on the northerly slope of the hill, of which the traces still remain. About the time when the British army landed, the regiments under Stark and Reed arrived from Medford. Stark had marched at a leisurely pace over the Neck, beneath the fire of the floating batteries, because one fresh man in action (according to the observation of Stark, as reported by General Dearborn to whom it was addressed) was better than ten who are exhausted. At this time, also, Warren arrived at the lines, and, without assuming the command as major-general, acted to the last as a volunteer. Putnam, the only mounted officer in the field, passed between Charlestown and headquarters more than once in the course of the day, to hasten the reïnforcements.

At three o'clock the battle began. The British force, in two principal columns, moved forward to the attack. The right, under the command of Howe, was directed against a position which had been taken up on the Mystic River by the Connecticut men under Knowlton, detached from the redoubt and supported by Stark's and Reed's reïnforcement; the left was led by Pigot directly against the redoubt. The artillery, from Copp's Hill, the ships of war, and the floating batteries, redoubled its fire; and as the hostile troops moved slowly up the hill, they halted at intervals to give their field-pieces an opportunity to make an impression on the American lines. The American force watched unmoved these fearful pauses in the advance of the enemy. Their own artillery was of the most inefficient description and for the most part feebly served. The men were ordered by their officers, both in the redoubt and along the lines, to reserve their fire till the enemy was near at hand, when it was delivered with such fatal effect, that after a few moments' gallant resistance, he retreated to the foot of the hill. Such was the result of the first attack, both at the redoubt and breastwork, and at the rail fence.

A brief pause succeeds, and the enemy rallies to a second attack. Again his forces move in two divisions. The Americans, gaining confidence from their first success, reserve their fire with still greater coolness than before, and until the hostile force is within six or eight rods. It was then given with proportionately greater effect. It was vigorously returned from the veteran ranks of the enemy; but, after a brief struggle between discipline and courage on the one side and the unerring aim of the American musket leveled with equal steadiness on the other, the royal troops are again compelled to retreat to the foot of the hill, and some of the men even take shelter in the boats.

Thus far the important day had gone with the Americans, notwithstanding the unfavorable circumstances under which they had contended, the weariness of the sleepless night and of eighteen hours' continuous march, toil, suspense, and conflict; with no refreshment beyond the scanty supply brought with them; and no efficient relief. Had they been adequately supported and reïnforced, they would no doubt have crowned an heroic defense by a final and complete victory. But the decisive struggle in the redoubt and at the breastwork remained to be made by those who had borne the heat and burden of the day, whose ammunition was now nearly gone, their numbers greatly reduced, their strength exhausted.

Under these circumstances the last great effort was made by the enemy. His forces are rallied with some difficulty for another attack. New reïnforcements are brought over from Boston, and Sir Henry Clinton, an officer of experience and gallantry, crosses with them as a volunteer, and renders the most important services, in leading up the men once more to action. Every thing is disposed for a final and desperate effort. A demonstration only is made against the rail fence, and the main force of the movement is directed against the redoubt and breastwork. As the British army advances, Charlestown is fired by shells from the opposite batteries in Boston. The flames

catch from building to building, till the whole town is on fire. The British field-train forces its way through the undefended opening between the rail fence and the breastwork, so as to command the interior of the redoubt.

The royal troops, advancing in one column, reserve their fire till they reach the entrenchment; and while the conflagration of three or four hundred buildings throws a broad sheet of smoke and flames across the sky, the redoubt is forced at the point of the bayonet. Few of the American guns are furnished with that weapon. Prescott defends himself with his sword against an assault with the bayonet, which passes more than once through his coat; the hostile force outnumbers the Americans in the redoubt, by more than ten to one, probably in twice that proportion; and a reluctant order is given to retreat. Among the last to quit the redoubt was the lion-hearted Warren, and the first steps of the pursuer were over his dead body. Ages to come will weep tears of admiration on the stone, which marks the spot where he fell. Putnam attempted a rally on Bunker Hill, (properly so called,) but without success. The power of physical endurance was exhausted. No attempt at pursuit was made by the royal commander. Sir Henry Clinton strongly urged that the dear bought victory should be followed up, but Howe, with greater prudence, was well content with the possession of the field of battle.

The losses of the two parties attest the severity of this great day. On the royal side, the official report acknowledges the loss of one thousand and fifty-four killed and wounded; a greater number than the entire amount of Prescott's detachment. On the American side, according to the official account, one hundred and fifteen were killed, three hundred and five were wounded, and thirty were made prisoners; in all four hundred and fifty, a greater loss than that of the Grecians at Marathon or Platæa, or of Cæsar at Pharsalia. If General Gage's loose statement of the number of his troops in action is correct, one half of his troops were killed or wounded.* He intrenched himself the next day on Breed's and Bunker Hill, and from these positions, so long as the royal army remained in Boston, it never attempted to advance a foot into the country.

A letter written a week afterward, by General Burgoyne, gives a graphic and animated picture of the battle, which he witnessed from Copp's Hill. Among the traits with which he hightens the effect of the scene, he mentions the reflection in the mind of the spectator, that "defeat was the final loss of the British empire in America." It has been debated, whether the result of the day is, upon the whole, to be accounted a victory or a defeat to the British arms. If we are permitted to apply General Burgoyne's criterion, we may refer to history for the settlement of that controversy.

Such was our battle of Marathon; and not more decisively did that contest affect the fortunes of Greece, than the character of our revolutionary war was affected by the battle of Bunker Hill. It put the final seal to that trial of temper and courage, which commenced on the nineteenth of April. Victory or defeat, "it was the final loss of the British empire to America."

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* General Gage says: "The whole, when in conjunction, making a body of something above two thousand men." But this statement is certainly far too low. Col. Sweet observes, that "if the corps [known to have been in the action] were but half full, there were four thousand three hundred and fifty."—*History of Bunker Hill Battle*, 2d ed. p. 26.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE CONSTABLE OF THE TOWER.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE. BY WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

BOOK THE THIRD—PLOTS AND COUNTERPLOTS.

I

OF THE ARRANGEMENT MADE BY THE ADMIRAL WITH THE MASTER OF THE MINT AT BRISTOL.

SEVERAL months flew by, during which no further difference occurred between the Lord Protector and the Admiral. A semblance of good understanding was maintained between them, both being exceedingly careful to do no act to betray the secret animosity they still nourished toward each other. Somerset strove to conciliate his brother by fresh favors, but ineffectually. The Admiral's greedy ambition was not to be thus easily satisfied, though he professed unbounded gratitude.

Toward the end of August, 1547, the Protector had completed his preparations for his long-meditated warlike expedition against Scotland. The invading army comprised about twenty thousand men, more than a third of whom, however, consisted of German, Spanish, and Italian mercenaries. Some apprehension being entertained of an invasion from France, aid having been promised by the reigning monarch, Henri II., to the Scots, all needful precautions were taken for the security of the English shores. The Admiral was appointed Lord-Lieutenant of the South, and the defense of the whole south coast was intrusted to him. He had indulged the hope that during his absence his brother would delegate his powers to him, but the Protector was far too wary, preferring to place the temporary government of the kingdom in the hands of the council. Consequently, the chief management of affairs was intrusted to Sir William Paget, principal secretary of state, in whom Somerset had entire reliance.

All arrangements being made, and a numerous and well-manned fleet, under the command of Lord Clinton, designed to attend the army on its march along the coast, having set sail, the Lord Protector, accompanied by the Earl of Warwick, as second in command, took formal leave of his royal nephew, and set forth on the expedition.

By the departure of his brother the stage was left free to the Admiral, and he availed himself of the opportunity to prosecute his machinations more actively than ever. Aware, however, that he was surrounded by the spies of the council, and that all his proceedings would be reported to his brother by Sir William Paget, he observed extreme caution. In a scheme so gigantic as that on which he was engaged, the possession of large supplies of money was indispensable; but how were these to be promptly obtained? At last he hit upon an expedient which he put in practice without hesitation. Having received private information from one of the officers that Sir William Sharington, master of the mint at Bristol, had been guilty of certain fraudulent practices, he judged him to be a man fit for his purpose, and accordingly dispatched Ugo Harrington to him with a letter, ordering him to come up to London at once. Sharington complied, and, returning with the messenger, immediately waited on Seymour.

He was received very coldly, the Admiral's object being to work upon his fears. Motioning him to take a seat, Seymour forebore to address him till they were alone.

Sir William Sharington was a man of middle age, tall, well proportioned, sallow-complexioned, bald, with a black beard slightly tinged with gray. His eyes were dark and quick, and though

his features were good, there was something equivocal in his look. He was plainly but handsomely attired in a murrey-colored velvet doublet, over which he wore a gown of the same color, lined and faced with sable. Eyeing the Admiral keenly, he perceived that mischief was intended him.

"Sir William Sharington," said Seymour, in a stern tone, and with a severe look, "your mal-practices have been revealed to me by your assay-master. You have alloyed the gold and silver intrusted to you. Attempt not to deny your guilt, or I will have you taken to the Tower, where the torture will soon wring a full confession from you."

"Have mercy upon me!" cried Sharington, in extremity of terror. "I will repair the wrong I have done—I will give up all my possessions. Do not let me be put to the torture."

Seymour shook his head sternly.

"All thy possessions will be confiscated by the Crown," he said, "and thou thyself wilt be hanged."

"Pity me! pity me!" cried Sharington, falling upon his knees before him. "Take all I have and let me go."

Having sufficiently terrified him for his purpose, the Admiral said:

"Thou seest that thy life is in my power. What wilt thou do if I save thee?"

"I will do whatever your highness commands," replied Sharington, beginning to breathe more freely.

"Well, then, I have occasion for ten thousand pounds. Canst thou procure it for me?"

"Ten thousand pounds!" exclaimed Sharington, in despair. "Your highness is too hard upon me. I have not the half, nor the third of that sum. Will not less content you?"

"I tell thee I must have ten thousand," rejoined the Admiral. "Nay, before I have done with thee, I must have forty thousand."

"Better send me to the Tower at once," groaned Sharington. "'Tis impossible for me to comply with your conditions."

"Hark ye, Sharington," cried the Admiral, altering his tone, "I will trifle with you no longer. It is true that your life is in my power, but I do not mean to harm you. Let us understand each other."

"I am all anxiety to learn your highness's wishes," said Sharington eagerly.

"You are master of the mint at Bristol. The whole of the officers are under your control. The pix is in your keeping, and you have charge of all the gold and silver in bullion."

"All this is true, your highness"

"'Tis plain you are not overburdened by any foolish scruple, therefore what I have to propose will not shock you. You have already alloyed the gold for your own benefit—you must continue to alloy it for mine. Nay, you must do more. You must clip all the gold and silver pieces, the rials, angels, rose-nobles, and marks that fall into your hands. Moreover, you must coin base money."

"All this I would willingly do to please your lordship. But such practices, if long continued, would be sure to be discovered by the moneyers, melters, and blanchers."

"Your present officers must be dismissed, and others more tractable found. I will silence the assay-master who has dared to denounce you. He shall pass a few months at the Fleet."

"Nay, if I have your highness's support, and I can find cunning artificers to aid me, I doubt not but it may be done, and that I may be able to provide you with the large sum you mention. Forty thousand, I think your highness said?"

"Forty, or fifty thousand, Sir William. You will employ your time badly if you make not as much for yourself."

"I will do the best I can, your highness, but there will be heavy fees to the moneyers and melters, and such as sweat and pare the coin. They will not do the work for nothing."

"It can not be expected. But you may proceed without fear, Sir William. Ere another year is over our heads the government of this realm will be in my hands, and I will take good care you are not molested."

"Ah! if your highness should be once at the head of affairs all will be well," cried Sharington. "Meantime, you will not, perhaps, object to give me an order."

"An order for what?"

"For the money you require. It will prevent my being called in question hereafter."

"You are a cunning knave," cried the Admiral. "Well, you shall have the order."

And he wrote it out, and gave it him.

"I shall preserve this carefully," said Sharington, securing it in his doublet.

"Return to Bristol," pursued Seymour,

"and commence operations forthwith. Within a week I shall expect ten thousand pounds."

"I hope to be able to satisfy your highness, but if any unforeseen difficulties should arise ——"

"I will have no excuses. If you are not punctual, I will enforce payment in a manner that may not be agreeable to you. I have a long arm, and can easily reach those who displease me. The next time you are sent for it will not be to talk matters over thus."

Sharington made no reply, but, bowing respectfully to the Admiral, withdrew.

"I have found a useful instrument in that man," thought Seymour, as he was left alone, "but I must keep a wary eye upon him. He looks treacherous."

Shortly afterward, Ugo Harrington entered the cabinet.

"How now?" demanded the Admiral. "Any more wrecks seized?"

"No, your highness; but Captain Hornbeak, whom you liberated, has arrived at Gravesend with a large booty, and requires an order to land it."

"Well, let him have the order," replied the Admiral. "Assign him his portion of the spoil, and see that the remainder be safely bestowed. As soon as his pinnace is fitted out again he must sail for the Scilly Isles."

"Your highness has then got possession of those long-coveted islands?"

"I am about to take posession of them," replied Seymour, with a smile. "I have already dispatched a small fleet of pirate vessels thither under the command of Captain Blades, and as the bulk of the navy is now employed off the coast of Scotland, they are not likely to meet with interruption. I mean to make the Scilly Isles a depository for stores and arms."

"No safer place could be found," replied Ugo; "and, as your highness once observed, those islands may prove a refuge for you in case of need."

"Such a necessity, I trust, will not arise," replied the Admiral. "I ought to go down to Holt to see that the castle is kept constantly provisioned; but I must trust to my deputy-governor, for I like not to be absent from London at this juncture."

A sudden interruption was here offered to their conversation by the discharge of ordnance, evidently proceeding from the Tower. Immediately afterward, the guns of the palace responded, the bells of all the churches began to peal merrily, while shouts and acclamations were heard.

"Those sounds denote that a victory has been won by our army in Scotland," cried the Admiral. "An engagement, I know, was imminent. Hie thee forth, Ugo, and let me know what has happened."

The esquire obeyed; and during his absence the ringing of bells and shouting continued, increasing Seymour's impatience to learn the news. After a while, Ugo returned, with looks plainly indicating that he had most important intelligence to communicate.

"A great victory has been gained by the Lord Protector," he said, "over the Scots on the field of Pinkey, near Musselburgh. The Scottish army is totally routed, about fourteen thousand of them being slain, and fifteen hundred made prisoners, among whom is the Earl of Huntly, with many gentlemen. The Protector is master of Edinburgh, except the castle, which must speedily surrender."

"My brother's star is in the ascendant," observed the Admiral moodily.

"The news runs, that his highness will return at once to London, and leave the command of the army to the Earl of Warwick," pursued Ugo.

"What brings him back so suddenly, I marvel?" said the Admiral.

"Possibly he may have received some intimation of your lordship's proceedings, and may deem his presence necessary to check them," said Ugo.

"It may be so," rejoined Seymour thoughtfully. "At any rate, the enterprise must be deferred to a more propitious opportunity. 'Twill not be the moment to cope with him when he comes back covered with glory."

"Had he been defeated, your highness's chance would undoubtedly have been greater," observed Ugo. "The whole realm will ring with his triumphs for some time to come, and his name will be uppermost in all men's minds. The lord mayor and the citizens will, no doubt, give him a magnificent reception. Your lordship is discreet to bide your time."

"When his popularity wanes, the blow shall be struck," said the Admiral. "But I must to the palace, and offer my congratulations to the King on the glorious victory of Pinkey."

As he went forth, he found the whole populace astir, and making extravagant demonstrations of delight. His brother's name was on every man's lips. Somerset's reputation had risen to such an immeasurable hight, as to render any immediate attempt against him futile.

II.

SUDLEY CASTLE.

About a year must now be allowed to elapse with very brief mention of what occurred during that interval. The brilliant victory gained over the Scots at Pinkey, alluded to in the previous chapter. consolidated the Lord Protector's power, and his popularity rose to such a hight, as to defy all opposition.

During the twelve months to which we refer, considerable progress had been made with the Reformation, and strong coërcive measures put in force against the Romanists. Great opposition was made to these changes by Bishops Gardiner, Bonner, and Tunstal, and the Princess Mary declared herself strenuously against them; but Cranmer proceeded zealously in his task, being aided by Doctor Ridley, who was now made Bishop of Rochester, and by Dr. Hugh Latimer, who had resigned the bishopric of Worcester during the late reign because he would not sign the obnoxious statute of the Six Articles, but who had been lately called from his retirement.

A general visitation of the churches throughout England was commanded by the King. A book of homilies was compiled, and placed in the hands of every minister. The paraphrase of the New Testament by Erasmus was translated and appointed for use. All images, statues, and ornaments profaned by superstitious rites were ordered to be removed; the Holy Scriptures were enjoined to be read only in English; and efforts were made to render the lives of the clergy more exemplary. The terrible statute of the Six Articles, passed by the late King, was repealed. Many old superstitious rites were abolished. An order of the Council was procured by Cranmer against the carrying of candles on Candlemas-day, of ashes on Ash-Wednesday, and palms on Palm-Sunday. The whole church-service was appointed to be in the vulgar tongue, and the liturgy was compiled. Notwithstanding all this, a good deal of discontent prevailed throughout the country, and insurrections were threatened in several counties.

Bonner and Tunstal found it necessary to conform; but Gardiner, who was made of more stubborn material, resisted, and was first of all imprisoned in the Fleet, and subsequently in the Tower. After a long confinement, however, he was liberated, but threatened with the deprivation of his bishopric if he continued contumacious. Two other recusant prelates were sent to the Tower — Heath, Bishop of Worcester, and Day, Bishop of Chichester.

During this time, as may be supposed, the pious young King had devoted himself sedulously to the work of religious reform, and leaving secular matters altogether to his uncle the Lord Protector, passed his time chiefly in conferences with Cranmer, in listening to the homilies of Ridley and Latimer, and other zealous Protestant divines, and in devising means to free his dominions utterly from the errors of Popery, and the establishment of pure doctrines in their stead.

Edward had now been nearly two years upon the throne, and during that space, through his instrumentality, much good had been accomplished. Though the war with Scotland was still carried on in a desultory manner, the great bone of contention had been withdrawn, by the removal of the Young Queen of Scots to France, where she was subsequently betrothed to the dauphin, François de Valois. This latter circumstance was satisfactory to Edward, as it left him free to make his own choice of a consort.

And here we may mention that his attachment to the Lady Jane Grey continued undiminished. Never was he so happy as in her society. He frequently consulted her on measures of religious reform, and always found her counsel wise and good. The marked preference exhibited by his royal nephew for the Lady Jane could not escape the penetration of the Lord Protector; but though he had formerly been averse to the possibility of such an alliance, he now seemed to view it with more favor, and it began to be whispered that ere long the young King would be contracted to the Lady Jane Grey. But this event never occurred.

Not for a moment during the twelve months to which we have adverted had

the Admiral abandoned his secret designs, though forced to defer their execution. All his plans were systematically carried on. Through the agency of Sharington and of the pirates whom he employed, he hesitated not to defraud the government to an immense extent, and in this unscrupulous manner possessed himself of large sums. He turned his office to the same account; took bribes, and extorted money on various pretenses. All wrecks that fell into his hands helped to enrich his own coffers. Though complaints for these wrongs were frequently made, such were his craft and audacity that redress could never be obtained. Several of the gentlemen and grooms of the privy-chamber were in his pay, and regularly reported to him what passed in the royal presence. Already, as we have seen, he had a vast number of retainers, but he was constantly adding to them, and always sought to have young gentlemen of good families for his esquires. By every means in his power he strove to ingratiate himself with the old nobility, and secretly sided with all those who were disaffected toward the Lord Protector or jealous of his power. But it was chiefly in the country that he sought to extend his influence. Contriving to get an extraordinary number of lordships into his hands, he appointed stewards to them who were in his interest, and whose business it was to strengthen his party. By these and like means, were the ramifications of the gigantic conspiracy he was hatching extended. He could now fairly estimate his adherents at ten thousand men, but in the event of a rising, he felt sure he should be able to muster double or treble that number. With this design, he counseled all the discontented nobles to retire to their country residences, and there strengthen themselves as much as possible, holding themselves in readiness for any emergency. The manner of his proceeding will be best exemplified by relating a discourse which he had with the Marquis of Dorset previous to the departure of the latter for Bradgate, in Leicestershire.

"Make yourself strong, Marquis—make yourself strong," he said. "There is no saying what may happen. If a rising should take place, you will be prepared. Have you many friends about you?"

"I have many retainers, gentlemen of no great means, who are content to serve me," replied Dorset.

"Trust not too much to them," rejoined the Admiral, "but secure, if you can, the yeomen and the franklins—they will aid you best. Find out the ringleaders and those who have most influence with the commonalty, and spare no efforts to win them over. Be familiar with them. Go to their houses. Flatter their wives and daughters. Take with you a flask or two of wine, a venison pasty, a cold capon, or such matters, and sit down with them. In this manner you will win their hearts, and have them at your commandment. D'ye note me, marquis?"

"Right well, Admiral," he replied. "You are a rare plotter."

"You will find the plan efficacious," said the Admiral; "and so well do I think of it, that I intend to pursue it myself."

Other hints were given, which Dorset promised to turn to account. As usual, he was in want of money, and before taking leave of the Admiral, had increased his debt to him by another five hundred pounds.

Pursuing the plan he had recommended to Dorset, Seymour spent a portion of his time at Sudley Castle, in Gloucestershire, where he kept up a princely establishment, and by his hearty and engaging manner won the good opinion of all the yeomen and franklins in the neighborhood.

Situated a mile from Winchcombe, amid the beautiful hills of Gloucestershire, this magnificent castle was erected by Lord Boteler, who subsequently assumed the title of Sudley, in the reign of Henry VI., on the site of a still more ancient edifice, constructed by Radulphus, Earl of Hereford, at the time of the conquest. "The Lord Sudley who builded the castle," says old Leland, "was a famous man of war in King Henry V. and VIth's days; and was an admiral, as I have heard, on sea; whereupon it was supposed and spoken, that it was partly builded *ex spoliis Gallorum;* and some speak of a tower in it called Portmare's Tower, that it should be made of a ransom of his. One thing was to be noted in this castle, that part of the windows of it were glazed with beryls. King Edward IV. bore no good will to the Lord Sudley, as a man suspected to be in heart devoted to King

Henry VI., whereupon, by complaints he was attached, and going up to London, he looked from the hill to Sudley, and said: 'Castle of Sudley, thou art the traitor, not I!' Afterward, he made an honest declaration, and sold his castle to King Edward IV."

This splendid structure, described by another quaint old writer, Fuller, as "of subjects' castles the most handsome habitation, and of subjects' habitations the strongest castle," continued in the possession of the crown till the accession of Edward VI., when it was bestowed, as we have seen, upon Lord Seymour. Large sums were expended by the Admiral upon its enlargement and improvement, and while hightening its beauty, he contrived, at the same time, materially to increase its strength. It contained many noble apartments, all of which were furnished with the gorgeous taste characteristic of its possessor. The chapel attached to the castle was exquisitely beautiful; the windows of the lovely fane, as mentioned by Leland, being filled with beryls.

Sudley Castle, as we have just stated, was within a mile of the ancient and picturesque town of Winchcombe, which, up to the time of Henry VIII., had boasted a mitred abbey. Its domains were watered by the little river Isborne. Surrounded by lovely hills, and embosomed in stately groves, from the midst of which sprang its lofty towers, the princely edifice commanded enchanting prospects. Its size, strength, and the richness and beauty of its architecture, rendered it one of the noblest specimens of a castellated mansion to be met with in the kingdom. Unluckily, but few remains of its former grandeur are left. Taken by the Republican party in 1642, it was partially destroyed by them, its halls dismantled, its beautiful chapel unroofed, the windows of the fane rifled of their beryls, and the repose of the dead lying within its walls profaned. Still, though the castle is now but a ruin, and the stars look down into the roofless aisles of the desecrated chapel, enough is left to attest its former grandeur and magnificence; while a glorious western window, with a canopied niche on either side, shows what the chapel must have been when beautified by Lord Seymour.

In this noble castellated mansion, which he maintained with truly baronial splendor, the Admiral passed a certain portion of his time—not inactively, as we have shown. But he had another and yet more important stronghold to which he sometimes repaired, and where his preparations had been made on a still more extensive and formidable scale than at Sudley. This was Holt Castle, in Denbighshire. Built on the banks of the Dee, which offered facilities for the introduction of arms and stores, this second fortress was of great size and strength, pentangular in shape, with a bastion tower on each angle. On all sides, except that of the river, which formed a natural defense, it was surrounded by a broad deep moat, and was approached by a drawbridge, protected by a strong square tower, provided with portcullisses, and flanked with machiolated parapets. The possession of such a stronghold as this was of the last importance to Lord Seymour. He kept it in a constant state of defense, garrisoned it with a large number of men, victualed it with wheat, malt and provisions as if for a long siege, planted ordnance on its walls, and converted it into a complete depository for warlike stores. He was in constant communication with the deputy-governor of the fortress, on whose fidelity he could rely, but he now and then paid it a visit, when least expected, to satisfy himself that all was going on according to his orders. As no events, however, connected with this history occurred at Holt Castle, it will not be necessary to describe it further, and we will, therefore, return to the proud and beautiful castle of Sudley, where a tragical circumstance took place.

Neglected, as we have seen, by her careless and ambitious husband, Queen Catherine Parr passed a life of great seclusion, and Sudley Castle offering her a retreat even more to her taste than the manor-house at Chelsea, she withdrew there altogether. Removed from the great world in which she had once occupied so exalted a position, she gave herself up entirely to quiet pursuits, to reading, and to the exercises of devotion; and if she was not perfectly happy, at least she was tranquil. It must not, however, be imagined that she led a solitary life. Parsimony formed no part of the Admiral's failings. Though paying his consort little personal attention, he abridged none of her rights, but treated her in every respect like a queen, kept up a household

on a perfectly regal scale, had a number of gentlemen to attend upon her, with pages, ushers, marshals, grooms, and other servitors. She had also her chaplain. Her chief companions were the Lady Jane Grey, for whom she entertained an almost maternal attachment, and Lady Tyrwhyt. The latter had been her attendant during the lifetime of her former husband, King Henry, and had remained with her ever since. Hers was the only bosom into which she could pour her secret sorrows.

Early in the summer of 1548 Queen Catherine proceeded to Sudley Castle, and she remained there until the end of August. Daily expecting to become a mother, her removal, under such circumstances, was out of the question. But she did not even desire to remove. She loved the lordly castle, the woods that sheltered it, the beautiful hills encompassing it, and delighted to wander at morn and eventide by the banks of the Isborne. The Lady Jane Grey had recently left her, having been summoned to Bradgate, but Lady Tyrwhyt was in constant attendance. Catherine, whose love for her husband could be changed by no neglect, persuaded herself that anxiety as to her well-doing would bring the Admiral to Sudley. But in this natural expectation she was doomed to disappointment. He came not. Messengers were dispatched to him, but in vain. He did not even write, but sent Ugo Harrington to make his excuses. The Queen had fretted so much, and had wrought herself into such a state of anxiety, that her attendants were almost apprehensive of the consequences. They did their best to calm her, but their efforts produced but little effect.

"What message bringst thou from my lord!" she demanded, as Ugo presented himself before her. "Will he not come?"

"His highness charged me to commend him most tenderly to your majesty," replied Ugo. "Had he been his own master he would have flown to you on the wings of swiftness, but he is compelled to be in attendance upon his majesty at Windsor."

"That is a mere idle excuse," rejoined Catherine, angrily. "The King would never detain him against his will. There must be some special attraction at Windsor at present. Ha! thou smil'st."

"Nay, your highness, I meant nothing if I did."

"Is the Princess Elizabeth at Windsor? No equivocation, fellow. Answer me truly."

"I would rather not answer the question," he rejoined.

"She is, then!" exclaimed the Queen, passionately. "This, then, is the reason why he will not come to me. O Tyrwhyt!" she added, with an hysterical burst of affliction very painful to witness, "I am indeed most miserable."

"A pest on thy tongue, thou false knave!" exclaimed Lady Tyrwhyt to the esquire. "Seest thou not what mischief thou hast done?"

"'Twas wholly unintentional on my part," said Ugo, with an appearance of great concern. "I knew not that her highness disliked the Princess Elizabeth."

"Hold thy peace, fellow!" exclaimed the Queen. "Mention not that detested name again."

Upon which, her agitation became yet more violent. She uttered wild shrieks; and in this alarming state was borne to her chamber.

"If any calamity happens, as I fear it will," observed one of the attendants to Ugo, "thou wilt be to blame for it."

"I deplore my inadvertence," replied Ugo. "But how was I to know that her majesty was so jealous?"

The Queen's condition was very serious, and for some hours she was in great danger. Her physician, Doctor Hewke, was never absent from her for a moment. That night she was prematurely delivered of a daughter. Her anxiety to see her husband increased, and the impossibility of gratifying her desires, or even soothing her, brought on fever, and rendered her condition very precarious. Her women, who were devoted to her, were in despair, and Lady Tyrwhyt was almost distracted.

Next day Ugo was summoned to the chamber of the suffering Queen. The cloth of gold curtains were drawn so closely round the bed that the esquire could see nothing of its occupant, but he heard her moans and feeble accents.

"Is he come?" she inquired.

"Ay, your majesty," replied Lady Tyrwhyt.

"It is well," replied the Queen. "Leave us alone for a moment."

Upon this Lady Tyrwhyt, with Doctor Hewke and the rest of the attendants, withdrew.

"Ugo," said the Queen, "thou must go instantly to my lord and husband and bid him come to me without delay, if he would see me again alive. Take the best horse within the stable, and ride for thy life."

"I will do it, madam," replied the esquire.

"Fail not to bring my lord to me," she continued, in an agonized voice. "Thou dost not doubt his coming?"

"I am sure he will come," replied Ugo.

"Blessings on thee for thy comfortable words," she exclaimed. "Tell him I have brought him a beautiful daughter. She hath his features, Ugo. If he cares not to behold me he may wish to see her."

"I pray your majesty not to excite yourself," said Ugo. "I will not fail in my commission."

"There should be a ring with a great ruby in it on that table," said the Queen. "Dost perceive it?"

"I do," he replied.

"Take it," pursued Catherine, "and let it quicken thy zeal for me."

"I need not such a gift to quicken it; nevertheless, I am greatly beholden to your majesty"

On a small table near the couch stood a silver flagon, evidently containing a potion intended for the Queen. On this cup Ugo had for some time fixed his gaze. As he advanced to take the ring bestowed upon him by Catherine, he hastily drew from his doublet a small vial, and poured a few drops from it into the beverage.

"She is scarcely likely to live," he thought; "but this will make all secure."

"Begone, and summon my women," cried the Queen. "Why dost thou linger? Each moment is precious."

As Ugo stepped toward the door, Lady Tyrwhyt and the others entered.

"Give me to drink," said Catherine, in a faint voice.

Drawing aside the curtains, Lady Tyrwhyt took the goblet and held it to her lips. Ugo could not help looking back, and saw that the poor Queen drank with feverish avidity.

"She little recks that aqua tuffania is mingled with her potion," he muttered. "There will soon be no obstacle to my lord's marriage with the Princess Elizabeth."

III.

HOW THE LORD ADMIRAL BECAME A WIDOWER.

Ugo Harrington lost no time on the road, but, on reaching London, found that his lord had suddenly departed for Holt Castle, and at once followed him thither. Owing to these delays, though the utmost expedition was used consistent with the mode of traveling at the time, more than a week elapsed before the Admiral arrived at Sudley Castle, and when he did so, the Queen was in a very alarming state. Doctor Hewke was wholly unable to account for some of the symptoms she exhibited, and was perplexed to find that his remedies were ineffectual. She appeared to be gradually sinking. No sooner, however, was her husband's arrival announced, than new life seemed imparted to her, and she sent her physician to entreat him to come to her instantly.

As the Admiral entered her chamber, she arose from the chair in which she was seated, and, with a cry of delight, which went to the hearts of all those who heard it, threw herself into his arms.

Though love had long since been extinct in Seymour's breast, it was impossible he could be unmoved by this display of affection, and as he gazed on his consort's altered lineaments his heart smote him. Catherine, indeed, was wofully changed, and looked the mere shadow of her former self. But there was now a flush in her pale cheek, and an almost unearthly brightness in her eye, that lent a strange beauty to her countenance. She tried to speak, but words failed her, and she sank, sobbing on her husband's shoulder.

"Calm yourself, sweetheart, I implore you," said Seymour. "This agitation will do you harm."

"Oh! I am so glad you are come!" she cried. "I feared I should never behold you again. I will not reproach you, but you have been long—long—in coming. I have counted the hours since Ugo left. Methinks if you had used dispatch you might have been here four days ago."

"And so I should, sweetheart, had I not unluckily started for Holt before Ugo's arrival in London. Believe me, I have hurried to you on the wings of love and fear."

"Heaven be thanked you are not too late!" exclaimed Catherine, in a voice that thrilled through her husband's frame. "But you must see our babe, Seymour. 'Tis a pretty flower!"

"Does your majesty desire me to bring the little cherub here?" asked Lady Tyrwhyt.

"Ay, do," rejoined Catherine. "My lord must see it."

On this, Lady Tyrwhyt left the room, and shortly afterward returned accompanied by a nurse bearing a large velvet pillow in her arms, on which the infant was laid, very richly attired. As the Admiral bent down to gaze upon its tiny features, it opened its eyes and seemed to smile upon him.

"Bless its dear heart!" exclaimed the nurse. "It seems to know your highness."

"'Tis a very pretty infant!" said the Admiral. "But I would rather have had a boy."

"I am sure your highness has no cause to complain," cried the nurse sharply. "A sweeter babe was never seen."

"How shall we name her, Kate?" said the Admiral. "After yourself?"

"No, not after me," she rejoined. "Nor yet after the Princess Elizabeth," she was about to add. But she checked herself, and a blush overspread her pale features, and betrayed her secret. "Let her be called Mary. 'Tis a name I love. You will be a fond father to her, Seymour, when I am gone."

"I trust you will live to see her come to years of womanhood; ay, and well married."

"May she be happily married!" exclaimed Catherine, with a sigh. "Better she should die single than wed to grandeur and misery!"

She then gazed wistfully at the child for some moments, and exclaimed:

"Heaven bless thee, my babe! May thy lot be happier than thy mother's. Take her hence, good nurse. And leave me, all of you," she added to the others, "I desire to speak with my husband."

Her women having placed her in her chair, and arranged all matters for her convenience, quitted the room. For some little time after they were alone there was a profound silence, which neither seemed inclined to break. At last the Queen said:

"I shall not live long, Seymour. This will not be very afflicting news to you, for I am certain you are anxious to get rid of me."

"Nay, sweetheart, you wrong me! On my soul you do," cried the Admiral. "I have no such wish."

"I am not to be deceived," said Catherine, looking at him fixedly; "you want to get rid of me that you may wed Elizabeth. Do not seek to deny it. I know it is so. But mark me, Seymour! mark what I say to you. That unhallowed marriage will never be!" And with a solemnity which awed and almost appalled him, she added: "In her dead father's name I forbid it—in my own name I forbid it! If you proceed farther in this matter you will incur heaven's vengeance. Delude not yourself by the supposition that by crime you can accomplish your purpose."

"By crime!" exclaimed the Admiral. "What mean you by that dark suggestion, Catherine? Surely you do not suspect that I would harm you?"

"I have not been fairly dealt with," she replied.

"Say by whom! Give words to your suspicions at once," cried the Admiral. "What has been done to you?"

"Poison has been administered to me," rejoined Catherine. "Heaven pardon you if it was done by your order."

"Poison!" exclaimed Seymour, horror-stricken. "Is it possible you can suspect me of so foul a deed? So far from desiring your death, I would lay down my life for you. But it is a delusion by which you are possessed. You are laboring under a severe and torturing illness, and attribute your sufferings to wrong causes."

"It is no delusion, Seymour," she replied. "I am certain that poison has been given me."

"But by whom?—whom do you suspect?"

"My suspicions attach to your confidential servant, Ugo. 'Twas by his hand, I am sure, and no other, that the subtle poison was administered."

"But, even supposing him capable of such a crime, how could he find the means of accomplishing it unobserved? No, no, Catherine! You wrong him—indeed you do!"

"Heaven forgive me if I do wrong him!—and heaven forgive him, if he be guilty as I think him! But he had the opportunity of perpetrating the crime.

Before starting on his journey to you, he was alone with me for a few minutes in this chamber. The cup containing my potion was within his reach, and I am certain—as certain as if I had seen him do it—that he mingled poison with the drink, for I had not long swallowed it when I became a prey to dreadful tortures."

"But did you not mention your suspicions to Hewke?"

"No," she replied. "I bore my sufferings in silence, because I felt that if I accused Ugo, the charge would fall on your head. What motive could Ugo have for my destruction? Why should he desire my death? He is merely your instrument."

"O Catherine! I implore you not to think me capable of injuring you! But I still believe you are in error. You will speedily get well again, and then you will acquit Ugo and myself of the terrible crime you impute to us."

"If I *do* get well, I will acquit you, my lord, and humbly implore your pardon. But there is no hope for me. I am sinking fast. Ere many hours you will have no wife to trouble you."

"I trust your fears will not be realized, Catherine, but that you may live for many years to bless me."

"Such words, earlier uttered, might have effected my cure. But they are too late now. Let me speak to you while strength is left me, and may heaven give you grace to profit by my counsel. That I owe my death to your expressed wishes is, I fear, too true."

"O Catherine! I beseech you to dismiss these cruel and unjust suspicions!"

"I can not dismiss them. They have grown to conviction. Listen to me, Seymour. You know how deeply I have loved you, and what sacrifices I have made for you. You know that I have ever been a faithful and obedient wife."

"You have!—you have!" he exclaimed.

"I will not reproach you. I will not recall your harsh usage—your neglect—almost abandonment. I refer to your treatment of me only to say that I forgive you. But my latest words to you must be words of warning. I know you are conspiring against the state—that you meditate some desperate attempt against the government—and that by plunging the kingdom into civil war, you hope to overthrow and supplant your brother. Be warned by me, Seymour. If you persist in these criminal designs, you will come to a terrible and bloody ending. Be warned, I say, and abandon them while there is yet time. Devote yourself to heaven, and strive by penitence and prayer to expiate your many and deep offenses! Obey no longer the impulses of pride and ambition, which will lead you to certain destruction, but give yourself up to holy meditation. Will you do this?"

"I can make no such promise, Catherine. If I did, I might not keep it."

"Alas! alas! then you are lost. Yet let me try to move you."

"You will try in vain," he rejoined. "My purpose is fixed."

"And what do you hope to gain, Seymour?"

"The second place in the kingdom. Perchance the first."

"You deceive yourself," she rejoined, with a solemn and almost prophetic look. "Your efforts will only conduct you to the scaffold. Bethink you of my warning when you are brought thither."

"I am not to be deterred from my course by idle fancies," he rejoined. "I know the risk I run, and am not appalled by it. I learned to consider life uncertain in the days of your former husband, Catherine. What fate may have in store for me I can not tell. It may be increase of power—or it may be the headsman's ax. But my resolution is taken. I go on."

"Heaven pardon you! and soften your heart!" murmured Catherine. "But do not refuse my dying request, Seymour. 'Tis the last I shall ever make to you."

"What is it?" he rejoined.

"Abandon all thoughts of Elizabeth. Seek not her hand. Promise me this!—oh! promise it to me."

But Seymour was silent, and averted his head.

"Will you not promise it?" she cried, imploringly.

"I can not," he replied.

The poor queen fell backward, and for some moments remained silent.

"Have you any further injunctions for me, Catherine?" inquired Seymour.

"Only this," she replied. "Be kind to the little innocent I have so lately brought into the world. I do not think it will live long to trouble you."

"While I am spared to watch over it, it shall never want a father's love. But you indulge in sad forebodings, Catherine,

none of which, I trust, will be realized. Have a better heart in regard to yourself. You are not so dangerously ill as you suppose."

"All is well-nigh over with me, Seymour," she groaned. "Give me your hand. Mine has been a wretched life, and I am not sorry it draws to a close. Vainly have I looked for happiness in the married state—in each instance I have been disappointed, but in none so deeply, and so wofully, as in the last. The disappointment has been all the more bitter because I expected so much. Who would believe that one so richly graced in mind and body as you, Seymour, could be so faithless, so cruel? Even Henry's tyranny has been less terrible than yours."

"What have I done, Catherine?" cried Seymour, distractedly. "What have I done?"

"You have killed me," she replied, raising herself by a last effort, and fixing her eyes upon him, "if not by poison, by unkindness."

"Oh! unsay your words, Catherine," exclaimed. "Recall that dreadful accusation."

But it was out of her power to recall it. The fierce light that burnt for a moment in her eyes became suddenly extinct—the hue of her features changed to that of death, and with a groan she sank backward. The unhappy queen's troubles were over.

With a loud cry Seymour flung himself on his knees beside her, and, clasping her hand, cried in a lamentable voice, "Look down upon me, Catherine, and forgive me."

His grief was real. His nature was not all evil, and the good within was for the moment touched. A prey to keenest self-reproach, if it had been in his power to recall his unhappy wife to existence, at that moment he would have done so.

So overpowered was he by anguish and remorse that he was unconscious of the entrance of the physician, accompanied by Lady Tyrwhyt, and others of the Queen's women. Instantly perceiving that all was over, Doctor Hewke communicated the sad intelligence to Lady Tyrwhyt and the rest, praying them not to give loud expression to their grief. But they were too strongly attached to their royal mistress to be able thus to control themselves, and the chamber resounded with doleful cries.

At last, Hewke approached the Admiral, and said: "If your highness will be governed by me, you will withdraw for a while to your own chamber, and leave the care of what was the Queen to her women."

"I will obey you, good master Hewke," replied Seymour, rising.

"Her grace, I trust, had an easy ending?" said Lady Tyrwhyt, speaking through her tears.

"A very easy ending," replied Seymour. "Heaven have mercy upon her soul."

"As Heaven assuredly will," replied Lady Tyrwhyt. "A worthier lady never trod the earth."

"You are right," rejoined Seymour. "I discern her merits more clearly since I have lost her. I commit her to your charge."

With this he withdrew to his own chamber, and shut himself within it for some time. At last, Ugo ventured to present himself, and inquired whether he could do any thing for him. Seymour sternly replied in the negative.

"Hath your highness no directions to give me?" pursued Ugo.

"None whatever," replied Seymour.

"Hum! I expected to see your highness in a different frame of mind, now that you are freed from your fetters."

"Out of my sight, caitiff!" exclaimed Seymour fiercely.

"Is this all the return I am to get for serving you?" demanded Ugo.

"Thy reward ought to be the gallows," rejoined the Admiral. "Begone! and come near me no more."

On this Ugo withdrew, muttering as he went away: "He will be in a different mood to-morrow."

Whether the Admiral really felt the profound affliction he continued to display may be doubted. But, at all events, he imposed upon his attendants, who believed that he sincerely deplored the consort he had lost.

The remains of the unhappy Queen were interred with much ceremony within the beautiful chapel appertaining to the castle, and many a tear was shed upon the marble slab covering her grave. The pretty babe she had left was most carefully tended; but, though the little creature survived its father, it was nipped in the bud.

The Admiral remained at Sudley Cas-

tle in retirement for a month, at the expiration of which term he returned to Seymour House, accompanied by Ugo, who by this time was fully restored to favor.

IV.

HOW THE ADMIRAL PROPOSED A SECRET MARRIAGE TO THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

EDWARD had been much grieved by the death of Queen Catherine, to whom he was sincerely attached, and immediately after his uncle's return to Seymour House, he called to condole with him upon his loss. The Lord Protector likewise paid his brother a similar visit, as did all the principal nobility. Unfeigned regret, indeed, was felt by the whole court, as well as by the public at large, for the Queen, who was greatly beloved and respected.

The whole of the Admiral's large household was put into mourning, and he himself appeared clad in habiliments of deepest woe. But whatever external symbols of grief he might assume, and however much he might profess to regret the Queen, it is quite certain that by this time his chief anxiety was to provide himself with another bride, and that his thoughts turned toward the Princess Elizabeth.

Elizabeth was then residing at Hatfield, and thither, about a month after his return to town, the Admiral rode, attended only by Ugo. His visit was not unexpected, the Princess having been prepared for it by a letter. She received him very graciously, and, after some little discourse, Mistress Ashley, by whom she was attended, discreetly withdrew. No sooner were they alone together, than the Admiral, flinging himself on his knees before her, and seizing her hand, exclaimed in passionate tones, "I am come to claim you, Elizabeth! There is now no obstacle to our union. The bar that stood between us is removed. You will be mine —mine!"

"Not clandestinely, as you propose in your letter, my lord," she rejoined. "I will never consent to secret nuptials, such as took place between you and the Queen. On that I am decided, so you will strive in vain to move me."

"Your decision amounts to a refusal," cried Seymour. "Were I to demand your hand formally in marriage, neither the Lord Protector, nor the Council, nor even the King, your brother, would consent. Such an attempt would be madness, and would effectually frustrate our object. You have often told me you hoped the time would come when we might be free to wed each other. The happy moment has arrived. Why postpone it? If you love me as much as ever, why should we not be secretly united, and await a favorable opportunity of avowing the marriage?"

"Because such a course would be unworthy of a daughter of Henry the Eighth," replied Elizabeth proudly. "A secret marriage brought little happiness to the Queen, your late consort, and might bring less to me; but be that as it might, I will not make the experiment. My hand must be formally demanded."

"Of whom?" said Seymour.

"Of the executors of my royal father's will."

"And what answer do you expect them to return? Such a demand on my part would be treated with scorn, and I should be sharply rebuked for my presumption."

"Do you not perceive, my lord, that you are arguing against yourself? If your demand is sure to be treated with scorn by the Council and the Lord Protector, ought I not to adopt a like tone? Ought I not to treat your offer as presumptuous?"

"Princess!" exclaimed Seymour.

"Ought I not to say: 'You forget yourself, my lord. You are no fitting husband for Elizabeth Tudor, daughter of Henry the Eighth, of glorious memory, and second inheritor of the crown? This is what I ought to say—and what I *shall* say, if you continue to urge your insulting proposition — for such I must regard it— of a clandestine marriage.'"

"There is nothing left for me but to withdraw altogether," said Seymour, rising. "That I have been presumptuous I own—but it is your encouragement that has made me so. You told me you loved me—and promised—solemnly promised— to be mine."

"And so I will be yours, my lord, when you dare claim my hand in the face of the world — not otherwise," rejoined Elizabeth.

"What would you have me do?" cried Seymour. "Show me the way to win

you. I will shrink from nothing — I will dare any thing so that my guerdon may be your hand. But it is idle to make a demand which will only be met by a refusal."

"Place yourself in such a position, my lord, that your demand must be acceded to," rejoined Elizabeth. "You once told me your ambition soared to such a hight, that you would be second to no one in the realm, except the King. That point attained, the Council could not withhold their consent, for they must necessarily do your bidding, as they now do that of the Duke of Somerset."

"And by Heaven! I will attain it," cried the Admiral. "Nor will I renew my proposition till it can be certainly carried out in the manner you desire."

"In that case my hand shall be yours," replied Elizabeth; "and my promise will be as binding to me as if I were solemnly affianced to you. I have never loved any one but yourself, my lord, and am not likely to change. If I wed not you, I will wed no other."

"And I will either win you for my bride, or lay my head upon the block," cried Seymour. "Hear me, Elizabath! I have a great and daring project in hand, which, if it succeeds—and that it *will* succeed I nothing doubt—will set me in the position you would have me occupy. It is not needful that I should be more explicit. You will understand the sort of enterprise on which I am engaged.

"You have said enough to satisfy me it is full of peril."

"All such enterprises must be hazardous. But I have no fear. And I have now a double incitement to go on. My preparations will be speedily completed. When they are, you will hear of events that will surprise you."

"In this enterprise, you have no design against the King, my brother?"

"None," rejoined Seymour. "My sole aim is against the Lord Protector. I want his post. And since he will not yield it peaceably, I mean to take it. 'Twill be a death-struggle between us."

"And you mean to strike this blow speedily."

"As speedily as may be. In a few weeks—perhaps in a few days. We must not meet again till the struggle is over. I would not have you compromised. Should I fall, will you sometimes bestow a thought upon me, Elizabeth?"

She made no reply, but fell upon his bosom. Straining her in his arms, he bade her a passionate farewell; then tore himself from her embrace, rushed out of the room, mounted his steed, and returned with his esquire to London.

V.

HOW THE ADMIRAL SOUGHT TO GAIN POSSESSION OF THE TOWER.

We must now pass on to the early part of January, 1549. Ever since his interview with the Princess Elizabeth, which had lighted an inextinguishable fire in his breast, the Admiral had been actively engaged in preparing his plans, and had now, as he conceived, well-nigh brought them to maturity. The daring nature of his project will be understood from a conversation which occurred about this time between him and his confident, Ugo, who had just returned from Bristol, where he had been to procure a large sum of money from Sir William Sharington.

"How much hast thou brought me, Ugo?" demanded the Admiral; "the whole ten thousand pounds, I hope?"

"Only a thousand pounds, I am sorry to say, my lord," replied the esquire. "But Sir William promises the remainder in a few days."

"Curses on him for the delay!" cried the Admiral, with a look of disappointment. "I want all the money I can get together. I am drained at every pore, and unless I continue to pay them, my adherents will drop off. My coffers are well-nigh exhausted, and how to replenish them I can not tell. That wreck on the Cornish coast only produced a few hundred pounds, and the Spanish galleon, which Hornbeak and Blades ought to have secured, has slipped out of their hands. I lack treasure, Ugo, and must have it."

"Your highness must be content to wait till Sharington is able to supply you, or till some prizes fall into your hands. We have been rather unlucky of late; but doubtless fortune will change."

"I can not afford to wait. Ten thousand men are ready to rise when I give them the signal—but I want wherewithal to pay and maintain them."

"You have enough for present purposes, methinks, my lord," rejoined Ugo; "and your men will pay and maintain themselves, if you will let them."

"I would not have them plunder,"

said the Admiral. "Yet I see not how it can be avoided. I have an important post for thee, Ugo, and I know thou wilt discharge it well."

"What is it, my lord?"

"No less than the command of Holt Castle. Thou must hold it in my name when the rising takes place. The fortress has five hundred men, and is well provided with stores and ammunition."

"I am aware of that, my lord, and feel the importance of the trust you confide in me."

"I have partisans in Cheshire, Lancashire, and Yorkshire, who will rouse the disaffected in those counties," pursued the Admiral. "My adherents are also numerous and strong in Norfolk and Suffolk; and in Gloucestershire and Wiltshire, as thou knowest, there are hundreds who will flock round my standard when it is raised. The insurrection will be general and simultaneous."

"But how is the signal to be given, my lord?" inquired Ugo.

"Thou shalt hear. My first object is to secure the person of my royal nephew—as from him all decrees must emanate—and having the King with me, I can defy opposition. At one time I thought of carrying him off to Holt, but there are many, and almost insuperable, difficulties in that design, which compelled me to abandon it, and I have since conceived a bolder plan. I mean to obtain possession of the Tower, Ugo, and to keep the King within it till all shall be accomplished."

"A bold plan, indeed!" exclaimed Ugo. "But how does your highness hope to obtain possession of the Tower?"

"Through the instrumentality of Sir John Gage," replied the Admiral.

"What, has Sir John Gage joined your highness?" cried Ugo.

"He will do," replied the Admiral, smiling significantly. "We will suppose the Tower gained—no matter how, or by whom," he said, "and the King secured within it. My first business will be to issue a proclamation to the effect that, it having been discovered that the document purporting to be the will of his late majesty is false and fraudulent, the council appointed by that instrument is dissolved, and the Lord Protector deposed from his office. Furthermore, that the Lord Protector being charged with high treason and other heinous crimes and misdemeanors, shall, with his abettors, be brought to speedy trial. This proclamation will be the signal for the rising."

"Should it be made, it will doubtless produce the effect anticipated by your highness—but how will you prove the charge you intend to make against the Lord Protector? how will you show that the King's will was fraudulently prepared?"

"By producing the confession of Doctor Butts, who aided in the scheme," said Seymour. "Thou mayst remember that I intrusted a packet to thee some while ago, Ugo, charging thee to deliver it to the Queen in case of need. That packet contained the confession."

"Indeed!" he exclaimed. "Would I had known it!" he added to himself.

"Butts' confession did me more service then," continued the Admiral, with a laugh. "But it shall do me more ere long. What will the people say, think you, when they learn that the Lord Protector has risen to greatness by means like this? Will they support him? No! his cause will instantly be abandoned; his followers will shrink from him, and deliver him up to justice."

"It may be so," rejoined Ugo thoughtfully.

"May be! I tell thee it *will!*" cried the Admiral. "Let Somerset look well to his seat, if he would keep it, for many hands will ere long be eager to pluck him from it."

"Your plan promises well, I must needs own, my lord," said Ugo. "But you have not—as far as I understand—yet gained over the Constable of the Tower."

"But I shall do so," rejoined the Admiral. "I will forthwith set about the task. Sir John is now at the Tower. I will go thither at once, and thou shalt accompany me."

"I pray your highness to excuse me. I have some slight matters of mine own to see to."

"Well, as thou wilt. But get thy business done, as on my return I may need thee."

Ugo bowed, and assisted his lord to put on his cloak, after which the Admiral attended by a dozen stalwart retainers armed to the teeth, without whom he now never stirred abroad, proceeded to Whitehall stairs, where his barge was waiting for him, and entering it, ordered the men to row to the Tower.

On arriving at the fortress, he found that Sir John was at the Lieutenant's lodgings. Proceeding thither, and stating that he desired to speak with the Constable in private, he was shown into a large chamber, wainscoted with black oak, where state delinquents were usually examined, and where Sir John shortly afterward joined him.

After a little preliminary discourse, the Admiral opened his business.

"It is a matter of the utmost importance on which I have come to you, Sir John," he said, "and concerns the welfare of the King and the security of the realm. You may remember that you and I were excluded from the late King's presence when the will was signed, or rather stamped?"

"I remember the circumstance well enough," rejoined the Constable. "What of it?"

"At the time Henry was insensible," pursued Seymour, "and the document was stamped without his orders—nay, contrary to his previously expressed wishes."

"How know you this, my lord?"

"From one who had a share in the transaction, but who has since gone to his account—Doctor Butts. He wrote down his confession, and delivered it to me. That the truth of the statement could not be denied by Somerset will be apparent when I tell you that it enabled me to make terms with him when he threatened to send me here as a prisoner. If Henry's will falls to the ground, all that has been based upon it falls likewise. All the arrangements made by the Lord Protector burst like a bubble. His acts are illegal, and the council is at an end. In fact, there are no council and no Protector."

"Then let the matter be," cried the Constable. "Things have gone too far to be set right now."

"You are mistaken, good Sir John. It is my intention to set them right, and I want your assistance in the task."

"Let me hear what you propose to do," said the Constable.

"I mean to strike a blow which shall annihilate Somerset's usurped authority. But while this is done, regard must be had to the King's safety. We must have him in the Tower, Sir John, under your charge."

"And when you have got him here, what step will next be taken?"

"A proclamation will be issued in his majesty's name, disclosing Somerset's false practices in regard to the will, and charging him and his abettors with high treason—annulling all their acts, depriving them of their posts, and appointing others in their stead."

"Chief amongst whom will doubtless be your highness?"

"Certes, Sir John. Who else could be Lord Protector? But you shall not be forgotten. You shall be Grand Master, or Lord Great Chamberlain, with a peerage."

"As the price of my desertion of your brother and his friends? Umph!" exclaimed the Constable.

"To adhere to them will be treason to the King," said Seymour.

"Nay, I can scarce view it in that light," rejoined the Constable. "But you do not think that such a change as you propose will be accomplished without a struggle—that the Duke of Somerset will surrender his post without an effort to maintain it? Most like the army will stand by him, and he has a large band of foreign mercenaries on whom he can certainly count."

"There you are wrong, Sir John. The foreign mercenaries can be bought. As to the army, we must take our chance. I have plenty of partisans who will rise when I give them the signal."

"Why, this is downright rebellion!" cried the Constable. "We shall have a civil war."

"Rebellion against whom—against an arch-traitor, who has too long usurped the chief place in the state. 'Tis in the King's behalf that we shall fight, and not against him. We shall free him from those who have assumed to have a control over him for which they have no title. We shall unmask treason, and punish it."

"Still, I am not satisfied," rejoined the Constable. "I like not the plan you propose."

"But if I bring the King hither—will you deliver the fortress to him? Will you close the gates—and put the place in a state of defense?"

"Were his majesty himself to command me to do this, I must needs obey. But I do not think he will."

"You do not know the King as well as

I know him, Sir John. I will bring him here ere many days are over our heads. Be prepared to act as he shall direct."

"I make no promises," rejoined the Constable; "and if my advice were likely to be listened to, I would recommend your lordship to proceed no further with your design."

"You will breathe no word of what has passed between us, Sir John?" said Seymour.

"Fear no betrayal on my part," rejoined Gage. "I will say nothing till I have seen the King."

Seeing that nothing more was to be done with the Constable, Seymour soon afterward took his departure, and, reëntering his barge, was rowed back to Whitehall.

VI.

IN WHICH UGO HARRINGTON APPEARS IN HIS TRUE COLORS.

WHILE the Admiral was engaged at the Tower in the manner just related, Ugo Harrington repaired to Whitehall, with the design of seeking an immediate interview with the Earl of Warwick. In this object he was successful. At the moment when the esquire sought him, Warwick, to whom, as lord great chamberlain, a suite of apartments was assigned in the palace, was alone and in his private cabinet. Some understanding seemed to subsist between Ugo and the henchmen, since they did not detain him a moment in the waiting-chamber, but ushered him at once into the Earl's presence.

Warwick, who was seated at a table, writing, received his visitor very formally, but the moment they were alone together, his manner changed to one of great familiarity.

"I see by the expression of your countenance that you bring me important intelligence," he remarked.

"I do, my lord," replied Ugo. "My lord is gone to the Tower to endeavor to prevail upon the Constable to deliver the fortress up to him."

"Ha!" exclaimed Warwick. "Does he aim at that? But he will fail. Sir John Gage is as true as steel, and will never betray his trust. But how stand matters now? Is the time come for the explosion?"

"It will not be long delayed, my lord," rejoined Ugo.

"So much the better," cried Warwick, rubbing his hands gleefully. "The Admiral has been so long about it that I have got quite tired with waiting."

"With all deference to your lordship, I think you are wrong in your calculations," said Ugo. "You intend to let this rising take place?"

"I do," replied Warwick. "I would have the Admiral commit himself irretrievably, so that his fall may be certain."

"'Tis on that point I differ with your lordship. Have you never considered that he may succeed? His plans are well organized."

"May be so," rejoined Warwick. "But the insurrection will be instantly crushed."

"I do not think so," said Ugo, "and I will give you the grounds of my opinion. The Lord Protector, as you know, has lost all the popularity he acquired by the Scottish war. That is one point in my lord's favor. In the struggle which is likely to arise between the brothers, the King is certain to side with his younger uncle. This alone will give him an immense advantage. But as I have just said, my lord's plans are so well taken that he is likely to come off victorious. He himself is confident of success. He has an army of ten thousand men, ready to rise at his signal, and friends who will treble that number. The leaders of the German lansquenets are corrupted, and will bring over their men. Moreover, my lord has two strong castles, Holt and Sudley, the former strongly garrisoned and well stored, and he has the Scilly Islands to retire to in case of need. With all these advantages, if he is able to secure the person of the King, I can not doubt his success."

"Ay, *if* he could secure the King I grant you he might succeed," rejoined Warwick; "but that he never will do."

"Your lordship underrates his power. You will find him a far more formidable foe than you imagine. If he should gain the day, he will not be merely content with supplanting the Protector, but will overthrow the whole government. What if he should be able to set aside the late King's will on the ground that it was stamped while his majesty was dying and incapable of speech? Will not all subsequent acts become illegal, all appointments void?"

"Undoubtedly. But he can not prove this."

"He has Doctor Butts' confession of the whole affair, the production of which

will condemn the Lord Protector to the block, and will drag all his partisans—your lordship amongst the number—down with him."

"Confusion!" exclaimed Warwick, rising and hurriedly pacing the room. "You are right, Ugo. The outbreak must never take place. My intention was to let the mine explode, certain that the explosion would destroy him, and perchance the Protector likewise; but I now see it would be dangerous to myself."

"I felt sure your lordship would come round to my views. That confession is a terrible weapon, and has already been used with great effect. Your lordship will easily understand on what occasion."

"Ah! I see!" exclaimed Warwick. "Bring that document to me if you can, Ugo; bring it, and name your own fee. Immediate steps must be taken with the Admiral. I will consult with my colleagues forthwith. He must be arrested, and his papers seized."

"But the document in question may fall into wrong hands," said Ugo. "Your lordship must proceed with the utmost caution. My lord is vigilant and alert, and will not be easily taken. He never moves without a guard, and has more than three hundred armed retainers at Seymour House, who will defend him to the last. If he escapes, and flies to Sudley or Holt, the insurrection will break out, and the whole country will be in a flame. A civil war will be the result. His arrest should be made when he is wholly unprepared."

"It shall be so," rejoined Warwick. "Yet, if he be arrested now, what proof shall we be able to bring of his guilt? Will you bear evidence against him?"

"If I am interrogated by the council I must needs answer," replied Ugo. "But the best course to pursue will be to arrest Sir William Sharington, master of the mint at Bristol, and question him as to his dealings with my lord. If he proves obstinate, the rack will make him speak, and you will then have good grounds for arresting the Admiral. Sharington has clipped gold and silver, coined base money, and committed other frauds at my lord's instance and for his benefit."

"You are right, Ugo. We will begin with Sharington. Officers shall be dispatched forthwith to Bristol to arrest him, after which he shall be clapped in the Tower."

"Be careful not to alarm the Admiral, my lord, or your plan will be defeated. I must now take my leave, or I myself may incur suspicion. Rely on my watchfulness. If I can purloin Butts' confession your lordship shall have it."

So saying Ugo withdrew.

VII.

HOW SIR WILLIAM SHARINGTON WAS EXAMINED BY THE COUNCIL AND PUT TO THE TORTURE.

FEELING that no time ought to be lost, Warwick sought out the Lords Russell and Arundel, Sir William Paget, and some other members of the council on whom he could rely, and without further explanation at the moment than that he had discovered that Sir William Sharington had been guilty of treasonable frauds, which were likely to implicate a personage of importance, he at once obtained their sanction to his arrest.

The warrant was signed, and given by Warwick himself to the officers, with special instructions, and such dispatch was used that ere the following morning Sharington was brought up to London and lodged in the Tower.

On the same day Warwick and the council repaired to the fortress, and assembling together at the Lieutenant's lodgings, had the prisoner brought before them. He resolutely denied the charges brought against him, and could not be got to make any admission tending to criminate the Admiral.

Determined, however, not to be foiled, Warwick, who, as we have said, conducted the examination, menaced him with the rack, but as even this threat proved ineffectual, he ordered him to be taken to the torture-chamber, and the question ordinary and extraordinary, to be applied.

On this Sharington was removed by the officers.

The council remained where they were, awaiting the result of the application; but more than an hour elapsed before the jailer reäppeared.

"Well, have you subdued his obstinacy, good Master Tombs?" cried Warwick. "Will he speak now?"

"Ay, my lord, we have made him alter his tone," replied Tombs. "But it required some shrewd turns of the rack to shake him. Your lordships must needs go to him if you would interrogate him,

for his joints have been so stretched by the engine that he can not move."

Upon this, the Council adjourned to the torture-chamber — a large vault, constructed of stone, and situated midway between the Beauchamp Tower and the Devilin Tower. It was approached by a subterranean passage communicating with the Lieutenant's lodgings.

This damp and dismal chamber, the aspect of which was calculated to inspire horror, was dimly lighted by an iron lamp, suspended by a chain from the keystone of the groined roof. Dull as it was, however, the light sufficed to reveal many frightful objects. At one side stood the hideous apparatus on which the prisoner had been stretched — a wooden frame, containing a leathern couch, and furnished with a wheel, cords, and roller. The walls were garnished with thumb-screws, pincers, knives of strange shape, saws, and other horrible-looking implements.

On a wooden stool, adjoining the rack, was placed the unfortunate prisoner. The whole of his habiliments had been removed when the torture was applied, and they could not now be restored, but a cloak was thrown over his limbs. His ghastly, almost death-like looks, showed the severe suffering he had endured. His joints had, in fact, been wrenched from their sockets, and his sinews almost cracked by the terrible application. He was supported by the surgeon, who was bathing his temples with cold water, and near him stood the tormentor — an uncouth, powerfully-built varlet, with savage features, and a great fell of red hair. There was another person, who with the jailer had been present during the proceeding. This was Mauger, the headsman.

As the Council entered the vault, Sharington made a vain attempt to lift his head. The effort was so painful, that a groan burst from him. None of the Council, however, seemed moved by the unfortunate man's appearance, but regarded him with stern and inflexible looks.

"Are you now disposed to answer our questions without equivocation or reserve?" demanded Warwick.

"I am," replied Sharington, with a groan.

"You confess, then, that you have defrauded the King's majesty of many thousand pounds by clipping and otherwise tampering with the gold and silver intrusted to your charge, and by coining base money?"

"I own it," rejoined Sharington faintly.

"By whom have you been instigated to these great and treasonable frauds?" pursued Warwick.

"By his highness the Lord High Admiral, to whom the greater part of the money was given," answered Sharington.

"This is your solemn declaration?" demanded Warwick.

"I swear it to be the truth," replied the prisoner.

"Let his confession be taken down," said Warwick to a secretary, who was in attendance with writing materials, and who sat down on the edge of the rack to fulfill the Earl's behest.

When drawn up, the confession was presented to the prisoner, who with the greatest difficulty signed it. This done, the Council quitted the vault.

"Sharington's accomplice must be next arrested," observed Warwick, with a grim smile to Lord Russell, as they tracked the subterranean passage.

THE WIFE OF BUNYAN IN THE SWAN CHAMBER.

THE name of Bunyan is immortal. His character and writings will travel down through all coming ages, and be read till the end of time. The historic scenes and events of his life are ever memorable. They are stamped with the impress of an abiding interest. His twelve years' unjust imprisonment, and the efforts for his release by his devoted and heroic wife, will be held in perpetual remembrance.

One of the plates, beautifully engraved, which embellishes our present number, illustrates a touching scene in the life of Bunyan. He was in prison. His family were in want, and needed a father's care, protection, and sympathy. As a means of obtaining his release from prison, Bunyan wrote several petitions. His wife had, by his direction, carried one petition to the House of Lords, and failed of her object. She was directed to apply to the Assize Court. She had applied twice to the judges of that high tribunal and was denied her petition and repulsed. Lord Chief-Justice Hale, an eminently kind-hearted and Christian man, pitied her case and seemed strongly inclined to grant her request. But the other judges, unpitying and cruel, objected and overruled the decision against her petition each time.

The scene in the plate is intended to show the heroic wife of Bunyan as she appeared the *third* time before the Assize Court. The Audience Chamber is filled to overflowing. Judge Hale, in his robes magisterial, sits in silent dignity to receive petitions, and hear the pleadings of the petitioners. The Swan Chamber is crowded—judge, justices, and gentry are present. There is a pause in the business of the assizes. A woman clad in a coarse black dress, with a white cap shading her pale, sad face, rises from the crowd at the back of the room, and passes up the aisle with dignified and modest step. Unfalteringly she walked the crowded courts until she stood before the judge and the justices, as she is represented in the plate in the attitude and act of speaking. Directing herself to Lord Chief-Justice Hale, she said:

"My lord, I make bold to come again to your lordship to know what may be done with my husband."

All eyes were fixed upon her as she spoke, and eager ears bent forward from every part of that large audience to catch her words. There she stood, a poor, frail woman, pleading before the assembled dignity of the realm, for the life of her husband. Was ever sight more sublime —was ever a scene more touching?

The Judge turned upon her. He hesitated, then answered in a tone of mingled confusion and decision:

"Woman, I told thee before I could do thee no good. They have taken for a *conviction* what thy husband spoke at the Sessions, and, unless there be something done to *undo* that, I can do thee no good."

Hear her as she replies:

"My lord, he is *unlawfully* kept in prison: they clapped him in prison before there were any proclamations against the meetings. The indictment also is *false*. Besides, they never asked him whether he was guilty or no. Neither did he confess the indictment."

"He was lawfully convicted, woman," interfered one of the judges, chafing at her words.

She turned a look upon him. He was one whom she did not know. Addressing Judge Hale, she replied, with the true courage of a noble soul:

"My lord, it is false! For when they said to him, 'Do you confess the indictment?' he said only this, that he had been at several meetings, both where there was preaching the word and prayer, and that they had God's presence among them."

"What, woman, do you think we can do as we list?" interfered Judge Twisdon, in a loud, angry tone, looking upon her with all the vengeance of his mean nature. "Your husband is a breaker of the peace, and is convicted by the law."

"Bring the statute-book," demanded Judge Hale, "and we will see for ourselves."

"He was not *lawfully convicted*, my lord," said the brave woman as she looked upon Judge Twisdon.

"He was lawfully convicted," interrupted Judge Chester, raving with madness that his act (his was one of the five red letter names that sent Bunyan to prison) and his word should be called in question.

"It is false," she said calmly, "it was but a word of discourse that they took for a conviction."

"It is recorded, woman; it is recorded, I tell you," vociferated Chester, as if he would silence her by the power of his voice if he could not by argument.

"It is false if it is," and she looked him unflinchingly in the face.

"He is *convicted* and it is *recorded*," repeated Chester. "What more do you want?"

"My lord," said the fearless wife to Judge Hale, "I was a little while since at London to see if I could get my husband's liberty, and there I spoke with my Lord Barkwood, one of the House of Lords, to whom I delivered a petition, who took it of me and presented it to some of the rest of the House of Lords, for my husband's releasement, who, when they had seen it, they said that *they* could not *release* him, but *committed* his releasement to the judges at the next assizes. This *he* told me, and now I am come to you to see if any thing can be done in this business, and *you* give neither releasement or relief."

The Judge made no answer.

"He is convicted and it is recorded," reiterated the infuriated Chester.

"If it be, it is false," repeated the heroic woman.

"He is a *pestilent* fellow, my lord. There is not such a fellow in the country," exclaims Chester turning to Judge Hale.

"Will your husband leave off preaching, woman? If he will do so, send for him, and let him answer here for himself," spake out Judge Twisdon, almost as much exasperated as was Chester.

"My lord," the Christian woman said, "my husband *dares* not leave preaching as long as he can speak."

"See here, see here," vociferates Twisdon, rising from his seat, and striking the bench with his clenched fist, "why should we talk any more about such a fellow? Must *he* do what he *lists?* He is a breaker of the peace."

The brave woman noticed him not. Keeping her eyes steadily fixed upon Judge Hale, she said:

"My husband desires to live peaceably and to follow his calling, that his family may be maintained. Moreover, my lord, I have *four small children* that can not help themselves, and one of them is *blind*, and we have nothing to live upon but the charity of good people."

The eyes of the Judge bent in pity upon her.

"Hast thou four children?" he said kindly. "Thou art but a young woman to have four children."

"I am but mother-in-law to them, my lord, not having been married to him yet two full years."

"*Alas! poor woman*," said the kind Judge as she finished her touching story.

"You make poverty your cloak, woman," broke in Twisdon, "and I hear your husband is better maintained by running up and down a-preaching than by following his calling."

"What is his calling?" asked Judge Hale of her.

"A *tinker*, my lord, a *tinker*," answered some one standing by.

"Yes, my lord, and because he is a tinker, and a poor man, he is despised and can not have justice."

"Since it is thus, my poor woman," said the Judge mildly, "that they have taken what thy husband spake for conviction, thou must either apply thyself to the King, or sue out his pardon, or get a writ of error."

At the mention of a writ of error, Chester chafed, and was highly offended, and exclaimed:

"This man will preach, my lord, and do what he pleases."

"He preaches nothing but the word of God," fearlessly spoke out the true wife.

"He preach the word of God," repeated Twisdon with a bitter sneer, turning toward her as if he would have struck her, "he runs up and down the country and does harm."

"Do not mind her, Judge, but send her away," exclaimed Twisdon, seeing that he could not intimidate her.

"I am sorry, my poor woman, that I can do thee no good," said Judge Hale compassionately. "Thou must do one of these three things aforesaid, namely, either apply thyself to the King, or sue out his pardon, or get a writ of er-

ror; but *a writ of error* will be cheapest."

So, when I departed from them, the book of statutes was brought, but what they said of it I know nothing at all, neither did I hear any more from them.

From The Leisure Hour.

FIRE-DOOMED CITIES.

"BEHOLD how a great a matter a little fire kindleth." Witness the unextinguished embers left by many a camping-party in nature's wilds. Fanned by the breeze, and wafted a few yards to dry grass or stubble, a conflagration has been sent roaring over leagues of prairie ground, consuming miles of forest, driving the wild animals away in terror, and the smoke of the country has gone up like the smoke of a furnace. The overheating of a baker's oven once set London in a blaze, and reduced half the metropolis to ashes, from the Tower to Temple Bar. This event, the Great Fire of our annals, occurred in the year after the Great Plague. It broke out early in the morning of Sunday, September second, 1666, close to the present Monument, and raged for four days and four nights with unabated fury. Every thing favored the progress of the devouring element. The dwellings were generally of wood pitched on the outside; the roofs were thatched; the streets were narrow, the upper stories of the houses on opposite sides projected so as nearly to touch each other; the wood-work was dry and combustible, owing to the heat and drought of the preceding month; and at the same time the wind blew furiously from the east. Thus aided, the fire-king marched victoriously from east to west, and took possession of more than four hundred acres of ground. He made his meal of four hundred streets and lanes, thirteen thousand houses, eighty churches, besides chapels and public buildings, and gormandized over from ten to fifteen millions worth of private property. His course was only arrested when the wind abated, and an immense gap was made by the blowing up of the buildings in the path of the flames.

There are several contemporary accounts of this terrible catastrophe, but none more real and striking than that of John Evelyn. "Oh!" remarks he, "the miserable and calamitous spectacle! such as happily the world hath not seen since the foundation of it, nor can be outdone till the universal conflagration thereof. All the sky was of fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, and the light seen above forty miles round about. God grant mine eyes may never behold the like! The noise, cracking, and thunder of the impetuous flames, the shrieking of women, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches, was like a hideous storm, and the air all about was so hot and inflamed that at last one was not able to approach it, so that they were forced to stand still, and let the flames burn on, which they did for near two miles in length and one in breadth. The clouds also of smoke were dismal, and reached upon computation near fifty miles in length. Thus I left it this afternoon burning, a resemblance of Sodom, or the last day." A pious ballad-writer of the time states, in allusion to St. Paul's:

"For five long hours the fire did burn
The roof and timbers strong:
The bells fell down; and we must mourn,
The wind it was so strong,
It made the fire
To blaze the higher,
And do the church still greater wrong.

"O London! think on thine amiss,
Which brought this great mishap;
Remember how thou lived in bliss,
And laid in Vice's lap.
Oh! now begin,
Repent thy sin,
And say it shall no more entrap."

Though few lives were lost, yet the suffering was immense, from want of food and necessary exposure in the open fields. Evelyn tells us that he went "toward Islington and Highgate, where one might have seen two hundred thousand of all ranks and degrees dispersed and lying along by their heaps of what they had saved from the fire." But while a great immediate evil, an immense advantage was the final result, as better dwellings and broader streets took the place of the filthy dens and narrow lanes where plague and pestilence had been nurtured.

Of all cities of the modern epoch, and perhaps of ancient times, Moscow has suffered the most fearfully from fires. In 1536, it was nearly consumed, and two thousand persons perished. But this calamity was trifling to the dismal catastrophe of 1571, when beleaguered by the Tartars. They fired the suburbs, and a furious wind carried the flames into the heart of the capital, which the inhabitants could not quit except to die by the sword. A Dutch merchant who was present at the scene, and whose account is preserved in the Harleian MSS., speaks of the event as like a storm of fire, owing not only to the wind, but to the streets being "paved with great fir trees set close together, oily and resinous," while the houses were of the same material. Thousands of the country-people had taken refuge in the city from the public enemy. The poor creatures ran into the market-place, and were "all roasted there, in such sort that the tallest man seemed but a child, so much had the fire contracted their limbs—a thing more hideous and frightful than any can imagine." "The persons," he adds, "that were burnt in this fire were above two hundred thousand"—an exaggeration, doubtless, but an indication of a horrible incident.

A still more stupendous conflagration was the burning of Moscow in 1812, owing to its increased extent. If attended with fewer horrors, they were sufficiently rife, for all who could not fly—the sick, infirm, and wounded—inevitably perished. Upon the approach of the French invaders, and the loss of the great battle of Borodino, it was determined to abandon the old capital of the czars; and on Sunday, September fifteenth, its three hundred thousand inhabitants were suddenly aroused from a sense of security by a peremptory order to quit their houses, while the Russian army of defense filed through the midst of them in full retreat. On the morrow, the officers of the government and the police withdrew; the prisons were thrown open; and none were left but the incapable, and those who remained to execute the secret orders of the authorities. Toward evening the advanced guard of the enemy arrived, and before midnight Napoleon was in the Kremlin. The city, with its churches and palaces of semi-Asiatic architecture, rising above an immense mass of private dwellings, must have presented a strange, solemn, and even awful spectacle to the newcomers. Not a Moscovite was to be seen; not a chimney smoked; not a sound was heard. An unclouded moon illuminated those deserted streets, vacant hotels, and empty palaces. "How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people."

Scarcely were the French established in their new quarters, when smoke and flames were observed issuing from houses closely shut up in different districts. By Tuesday evening, the fifteenth, the fires had assumed a menacing aspect, distracting by their number, the efforts made to quench them, while a high wind rapidly connected them with each other, and wrapped Moscow in a vast sheet of flame. Midnight was rendered as bright as day, for at that hour, at the distance of nearly a league, Dumas could read the dispatches forwarded to him by the light of the burning metropolis. Thirty thousand houses, seven thousand principal edifices, and fourteen thousand inferior structures, were reduced to ashes. The private loss is supposed to have exceeded thirty millions sterling. "Palaces and temples," writes Karamsin, the Russian historian, "monuments of art and miracles of luxury; the remaining of past ages, and those which had been the creation of yesterday; the tombs of ancestors and the nursery cradles of the present generation, were indiscriminately destroyed." Napoleon shuddered at the sight as ominous of a series of disasters, and was compelled to decamp precipitately. Much mystery has been affected with reference to this transaction. But there can be little doubt that, as it was intended to dislodge the French, it was the work of Rostophschin the governor, carefully prepared for, with the full consent of the cabinet of St. Petersburgh. He was observed to bring along with him, on joining the army, a

number of fire-engines. On being asked why he had brought such things, he replied that he had "good reasons for doing so. Nevertheless," he added, "as regards myself, I have only brought the horse I ride, and the clothes I wear."

"By their own hands their much-loved homes were fired,
By their own hands their thousand fanes expired;
Fierce burn the flames, that waft to yonder skies
The incense of the patriot sacrifice.
The wide bazaar, within whose stately walls,
A kingdom's ransom filled the golden halls,
Rich as the fabled Phœnix' funeral-bed,
In one full blaze of perfumed flame has fled;
Tower kindles tower, and fires on fires arise;
To aid the dreadful death the tempest flies,
Speeds with the swiftness of the mountain storm,
To where the Kremlin rears his iron form;
With wreathed flames his regal towers are crowned,
While hollow whirlwinds dance and moan around."

It is a curious fact that, the year after the fire, seedling aspen plants sprang up every where among the ruins of the city. That tree is very abundant in Russia, particularly in the woods around Moscow. The seeds had been wafted by the winds; and if the inhabitants had not returned to the site, it would speedily have become one immense forest.

A prominent place belongs to Constantinople in the list of fire-doomed cities. In 1729, a conflagration which raged three days consumed twelve thousand houses, and no less than seven thousand persons; another, in 1745, of five days' duration, proved fatal to six thousand; a third, in 1751, cost a thousand lives; a fourth, in 1756, destoyed two thousand; a fifth, in 1791, the most destructive of all, swept away thirty thousand dwelling, and nearly eight thousand of their inmates. The Danish capital comes next to the city of the Sultan. Three times in the last century was Copenhagen burnt almost to the ground, and during the bombardment of 1807 a fire broke out which lasted three days, when four thousand persons perished. Gothenburg in Sweden, Flushing in Holland, Gabel in Bohemia, Gera in Saxony, and Geneva, may be added to the dismal catalogue. But no calamity of this nature, in the present century, has equaled that which befell the old city of Hamburgh, in 1842, as to the value of the property destroyed, estimated at more than eight millions sterling, when the lives of three hundred persons are supposed to have been sacrificed, and most of the important public buildings were laid in ruins.

In recent times our metropolis has become notorious for the number of its fires, though its architecture is more solid and incombustible than ever; for no considerable period is required to render residents perfectly familiar with the red glare in the heavens, and the rattle of the fire-engines in the streets, driven at a furious rate to the scene of danger. In not a few instances the element has put forth its strength upon a gigantic scale, as in the destruction of the Royal Exchange, the Houses of Parliament, and the Horse Armory in the tower. But the fire of last June, in Tooley street, by the river side, has had no parallel in our oft-blazing capital, within the memory of man, for havoc, grandeur, and terribleness; and certainly no disaster of the kind ever excited so strongly and widely a feeling of insecurity for person and property. Every thing was in favor of its speedy extinguishment in the incipient stage. It was not in the dead of night that ignition commenced by the spontaneous combustion of hemp and jute, but on a summer afternoon, while numerous workmen were pursuing their labors on the different floors of a great warehouse, one of whom actually saw the conflagration in its germ. The building was not an old, crazy, dry edifice of wood and plaster, but one perfectly new, constructed on the most approved principles of architecture, and supplied with every conceivable provision to prevent or put out a fire. There were stone staircases, and strong party walls, with iron doors, between the rooms. There were tanks, pipes, and force-pumps, for the distribution of water. The most powerful engines were speedily at work, both in the street and on the river, with a trained brigade of firemen under the direction of an experienced chief. Yet in a very few hours the first puff of smoke was represented by three acres of flame flaring to the sky, in which superb ranges of supposed fire-proof buildings perished like so many wicker baskets, while all the engines of the city and suburbs, though pouring

out cataracts of water, were as useless to check the devastation as if they had been children's squirts.

Half the inhabitants of the metropolis flocked to the sight—and it was worth seeing. At first the strong light of a summer's evening obscured the artificial illumination; but as the night fairly set in, toward nine o'clock, its intensity became awfully conspicuous, and was not only visible, but strikingly so, thirty miles off. All the great public buildings in the neighborhood, the Custom-House and the Monument, with the dingy Thames, seemed red-hot, as if on fire themselves, owing to the vivid glow cast upon them. The spectacle was continually presenting fresh phases—now horrible and grand, then superbly beautiful, anon picturesque, strange, and wonderful, especially as melted tallow and oil got upon the surface of the river, and set afloat little islands of flame upon it. Almost every part of the globe contributed materials to the burning, consisting of the most varied substances, generally of an inflammable kind, which fleets of merchantmen had been employed to bring to port; and instructively have the contents of the great riverside warehouses been revealed by the tremendous glare of the huge fiery torch they helped to form. There were vast quantities of tea from China, cotton from America, sugar from Brazil and the West-Indies, jute from the East-Indies, palm oil from the coast of Africa, sperm oil from the North and South Seas, nutmegs and spices from Borneo, pepper from Cayenne, wool from South-Africa and Australia, tallow from Russia, ginger from Jamaica, coffee from Trinidad and Ceylon, rice from Charleston, and Patna hides from South-America, flax and hemp from Belgium and the Baltic countries, silk from Turkey. Tons of rags for paper-making may be added to these articles, tons also of arsenic, barrels of white lead, carboys of aquafortis, hogsheads of turpentine, casks of yellow ochre, with quantities of glue, clover-seed, peas, bacon, figs, goat-skins and buffalo horns. The oddest agglomerations of discordant substances were found among the ruins, fused in the strangest combinations, some of which emitted simultaneously an offensive and a strongly aromatic odor.

The event has justly shaken confidence in our mode of constructing buildings to resist fire. Science seems here completely at fault; for all its provisions of party walls of immense strength, iron girders, pillars, and doors, have been in this instance of no avail against the combustion of a little bundle of hemp. Mr. Braidwood, the chief of the London Fire Brigade, who lost his life on the occasion, to the great regret of every one, always protested against the use of cast-iron in the construction of great warehouses. The iron expands with the heat, and thrusts down the most solid walls, or, when red-hot, it snaps like glass in contact with water from the engines, and the floors at once give way. The most gifted scientific genius will be well employed in attempting to devise some more trustworthy plan of building. It is clear also from the catastrophe, that the means at the disposal of the metropolitan fire-brigade are wholly inadequate to cope with any conflagration of magnitude, such as may arise any night in the densely-crowded city, when it might be left to the contingency of the atmosphere being calm, or the wind blowing in a safe direction, whether St. Paul's continued to overlook the capital, or a pile of cinders surmounted the mausoleum of Nelson and Wellington. More powerful engines, and a greater number of them, are needed, with a better organization; and when we lavish millions on the arts and instruments of aggressive and defensive war, it is not creditable to our wisdom to leave the metropolis mainly dependent for suppressing fires upon the brigade voluntarily sustained by the Insurance Companies, considering the immense masses of wealth and the numerous lives that are at stake when the night-sky is reddening over it.

From the Leisure Hour.

EMPERORS HUNTING.

From the time of Nimrod, who was a "mighty hunter," down to the present day, potentates have specially delighted in the sports of the field. Royalty has gone out in quest of various game, as circumstances have determined, from the lion bold and wild-boar fierce, to the shy antlered stag and timid fast-flying hare. The picture of a lion-hunt occurs on one of the monuments of Egypt, supposed to represent the actions of Sesostris, in his early youth. Exceptions may be fairly taken to the pursuits and slaughter of the inoffensive animals as a matter of diversion, and most justly to an absorbing passion for field-sports in general, as if the occupation of most importance in life. The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle notes of the Norman Conqueror, that "he loved the tall deer as if he were their father." Bitterly his subjects complained of homesteads being demolished, and cultivated lands laid waste, to enlarge the bounds of the New Forest for his pastime; often they smarted under the severity of his forest laws, and readily interpreted, as the judgments of heaven, the accidents that befell his house in the scene of his diversion. The Red King, his son and successor, there met his death; an elder brother likewise, was there mortally wounded in the Conqueror's lifetime; and a nephew also experienced the same fate. But hunting flourished in spite of casualties, and has done so in other countries besides our own. Many an existing royal or noble palace has risen out of a rude tenement auxiliary to the chase. The site of Windsor Castle was once occupied by a keeper's lodge, and the Austrian imperial palace at Schönbrunn was originally commenced as a hunting seat for the Emperor Matthias.

A keen sportsman as ever lived, bold and active, was the Emperor Maximilian I. of Germany. About half a mile from Innspruck, the capital of the great natural rock fortress of the Tyrol, his hunting-seat and favorite residence may be seen, the Castle of Weiernburg, on the bank of the river Inn. Here he received an embassy from the proud senators of Venice, in a most disrespectful attitude; and from hence he set out one day to hunt the chamois, meeting with as perilous an adventure as ever fell to the lot of man. Eight miles from Innspruck, the valley of the Inn is bounded on one side by a high mountain, the Solstein, rising more than nine thousand feet above the sea, often ascended on account of the view from the summit. Its remarkable feature is a gigantic buttress, called the Martinswald, which descends in an abrupt precipice of seventeen hundred and seventy feet to the margin of the Inn, so as barely to leave space for the high road between its base and the river. The precipice is so vertical, that a plumb line might be dropped from the top into the road below. A short distance from this buttress, in the valley, stands the village of Zirl. Now for the Emperor's adventure at this spot.

While eagerly pursuing a chamois on the hights, and separated from a few attendants in the ardor of the chase, Maximilian lost his footing and rolled to the verge of the precipice described. In fact, the greater part of his body rolled over the brink, and he just saved himself from actually falling the seventeen hundred feet, by clinging to a narrow ledge of rock. But his head was downward. He could not, therefore, move without risking instant destruction. In this position he was perceived from the road below; and his death being deemed inevitable, prayers were offered up at the foot of the rock, by the Abbot of Wilten, who chanced to be passing, as for a person at the point of death. The Emperor gave himself up for lost, commended his soul to heaven, and was beginning to lose all consciousness, when a loud *halloo* close at hand roused him. It came from a daring hunter named Zips, belonging to the village of Zirl, who had absconded to the mountains to avoid punishment for some petty offense. He had come accidentally to the spot, and uttered the cry on observing a human being apparently dangling

between heaven and earth. The peasant quickly flew to the Emperor's help, quite unaware of his quality, and, extending a long sinewy arm, hauled him up the precipice, and supported him to a place of safety. This singular rescue from a situation of almost hopeless peril was long regarded as miraculous by the common people. A tall crucifix now marks the site of the occurrence, and a cave has been hollowed out of the face of the rock. Maximilian, in token of his gratitude, and in remembrance of the relieving halloo of the peasant, is said to have given him the title of Count Hollauer; and in the imperial pension list, still extant, the item occurs of six teenflorins annually paid to one Zips of Zirl.

Little recked sovereigns, barons, and knights, out hunting in the middle ages, and long afterward, what injury the poor hard-toiling husbandman sustained by their ravaging his fields and trampling down his crops with horse and hound, while pursuing their sport. Bürger made this the subject of a lyric entitled "The Peasant."

"Who art thou, Prince, that without ruth
Crushest me with thy chariot-wheels,
Tramplest me with thy horse?

"Who art thou, Prince, that in my flesh,
Thy friends the bloodhound, unchastised,
May set his teeth and claws?

"Who art thou, that through corn and holt,
Drivest me with thy hurrying chase,
Panting as the wild game?

"The corn thy followers trample down,
Which horse and hound and thou destroy—
That corn, thou Prince, is mine.

"Thou dragg'st no harrow, guid'st no plow,
Nor swelterest through the harvest day—
Mine, mine's the toil and bread.

"Ha! *thou* a magistrate from God?
God scatters blessings wide—thou robb'st:
Tyrant, thou'rt not from God."

Another lyric from the same hand, the Burns of Germany, repeats the complaint, and gives the usual reply.

"The game cowered in the young corn green,
And hoped in safety there to hide:
And lo! a countryman was seen,
Who to the Earl in anguish cried,
'Mercy! O noble sir! oh! spare
The poor man's labor, sweat, and care.'

"'Away thou dog!' with curse and frown,
The Earl did to the plowman say;
'Or quick my hounds shall tear thee down.
On, comrades, all!—away! away!
And prove I wake no idle fears,
Crack all your whips about his ears.'

"'Twas said; 'twas done; the wild Earl flew
O'er hedge, o'er ditch—from rear to van.
'Twas crash and clang; whips cracked, horns blew,
And forward dashed horse, hound, and man;
And horse, and hound, and man did tread
To steaming mire the people's bread."

The grievance long remained unredressed, and was a cause of intense exasperation against courts and nobles. But in most European states at present, the uncoroneted men, once clad universally in fustian and plain frocks, the burghers and cultivators, have so far got the upper hand as to be secure against damage being done to their property with impunity, be the aggressor ever so high and mighty.

Last autumn some sovereigns met in conference at Warsaw; present, Alexander II., Emperor of Russia; Frederic William, Prince-regent of Prussia, now King; and Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria, who is said to have returned crest-fallen from the interview. Of course there was a grand hunt on the occasion. It was got up by the Czar, as host, for the amusement of his guests, and came off in the forest of Bialowieza, a note-worthy site, perhaps the largest single remnant of the primitive woods of Europe. The district is zoölogically remarkable for its aurochs, of which about fifteen hundred survive. This animal is supposed by Cuvier to be a distinct species of the genus *bos*, ox, which man has never subdued, and is the most massive of all existing quadrupeds, after the rhinoceros. As late as the reign of Charlemagne it was not uncommon in Germany, but is now fast following its extinct congener, the *urus* of Cæsar, from which the common ox has descended. No living specimens are known except in this Lithuanian forest. Pallas observes, that it is remarkable the auroch does not exist in any of the vast forests of Russia proper and northern Asia, whence if it had penetrated, hardly any thing could have eradicated it. The preservation of the animal at this spot is entirely due to the protection afforded it, first by the Polish, and now by the Russian government. Not only has the slaughter been

long prohibited under severe penalties, except by the royal and imperial owners, or parties duly authorized, but a certain number of peasants and serfs of the neighborhood have always been engaged to make hay for them at appointed places, to serve as winter fodder.

On the occasion of the late chase, October eighteenth, 1860, thirteen aurochs were killed, of which nine fell by the hand of the Russian Emperor. The herd had not been similarly disturbed for more than a century, or since the twenty-seventh of December, 1752, when Augustus Sigmund III., King of Poland, and the Elector of Saxony, took part in the hunt. A monumental stone commemorates the event. Besides these animals, the forest harbors elks, wild boars, stags, lynxes, wolves, hares, badgers, beavers, grouse, woodcocks, and partridges. Formerly there were bears, but none have been seen since the year 1846, when one was shot, so that Bruin is now probably here extinct. What would not our sportsmen give for a fortnight's foray in this place, instead of going off next autumn to the Highlands!

The forest of Bialowieza, formerly the private patrimony of the Polish kings, now a Russian imperial domain, is situated in the government of Grodno, and extends north and south from the river Bog to the hights near the town of Osla. There is here an expanse of wood thirty-one miles long, twenty-seven broad, and one hundred and twelve in circuit, with an estimated area of one hundred and thirty-five square miles, nearly equal to the half of Middlesex. A village, two small hamlets, and a few cultivated spots, are almost the only interruptions offered to the trees. The site is generally level, and the soil sandy, with here and there swamps and bogs. An intensely severe winter alternates with a hot summer. Several streams rise in the interior, feeders of the Vistula. The Narew issues from a true peat-bog, which extends several miles exterior to the forest; and the Narewska flows through it. Both are navigable for boats and timber-rafts, the former nearly to its origin. The village of Bialowieza, from which the forest has its name, is near the center, and consists of a church, an inn, and some sixty dwellings. Augustus III. of Poland, built here a hunting-seat, which was enlarged by Stanislaus Augustus. Round the exterior are several villages and hamlets, the inhabitants of which are all connected in some way or other with the wood, and under its local jurisdiction. They are of Russo-Polish descent, rude and uncultivated, simply and poorly clad, having, as the only covering for the feet, sandals made of the wood of the lime-tree. Their dwellings consist of logs of timber piled one upon another, with boards or shingles for the roofs. In return for certain services, such as providing fodder in winter for the aurochs, they have free use of the timber for building and fuel. Preferring a wandering forest-life to agricultural operations, they are very expert as foresters and hunters, on which account all the imperial huntsmen and foresters are selected from them. When requisite, a small army of two thousand men can be brought together for the chase—all true Nimrods—content for the time being, with the honey, wild fruits, and edible mushrooms found in the forest.

The Scotch pine is the most common tree, as on all the sandy Sarmatian plains and next to it the silver fir. Larches and the spruce fir are entirely absent. Oaks occur, and supply magnificent specimens; but beeches are more abundant, generally found in the vicinity of the oak. The birch, "lady of the woods," is scattered throughout. Elder, both the black and white, with a great variety of grapes, grow along the sides of the streams, and in the low swampy situations. The lime is very common, and attains vast dimensions. The poplar, elm, ash, and sycamore, are met with, and the wild apple, and wild cherry. It appears, from the stems of a number of the pines, that the tree has here a duration of from two hundred and fifty to three hundred years. The birch reaches one hundred and twenty years; the beech, two hundred and twenty; and the life of the oak terminates in this forest in from five to six centuries. An innermost district of about fifteen thousand acres, or nearly two square miles, has not yet been penetrated by the wood-cutter; it bears the name of Niezeanow, the "unknown region," and is quite impassable, till the ax clears the way, owing to the multitude of trunks of trees rooted up by the storms of ages, and crossing one another in all directions. Such is the old forest of Bialowieza, the last stronghold of the auroch, the bison of Europe. In 1845–6, the whole do-

main was measured and appraised. It has since been divided into five districts, each of which is under the care of an officer of the forest corps, as highest inspector and conservator.

At a period closely coïncident with the date of the foregoing event, the Emperor of China went off to the chase in Tartary, as the world was informed by a high authority, that of his own brother, Prince Kung. But there is reason to doubt the literal truth of this statement. Hunting was indeed in vogue with the early Tartar sovereigns of the Celestial Empire, and was regarded as one of the most important duties of the head of the state. They annually went beyond the Great Wall, with a very numerous retinue, and conducted the sports of the field with all the pomp of a campaign. Three months were devoted to them. By thus resorting to the upland plains of Tartary in summer and autumn, the first princes escaped the enervating effect of the great heat in the south, and preserved the ancient vigor of the race. The two great emperors, Kang-hy and Kien-long, rigorously observed the practice. But in later times their successors neglected it, having become luxurious and effeminate, though not without exciting suspicion and discontent. Hence an edict appeared in the year 1824, as a kind of apology from the then reigning emperor, for the omission: "With reference to the autumnal hunt of the present year, I ought to follow the established custom of my predecessors; but, at the same time, it is necessary to be guided by the circumstances of the times, and to act in conformity to them. The expedition to Jeho (Zhehol) is also ordered to be put off this year. It is an involuntary source of vexation to me. I should not think of adopting this measure from a love of ease and indulgence." Now it so happened last autumn, that when the British and French troops were within a day's march of the capital, Prince Kung informed Lord Elgin by letter, that his brother had gone hunting into Tartary, as he was by law obliged to do; and he wrote in the tone of a remonstrant, respecting the untimeliness of the visit, as one who had just occasion to expostulate. No report will ever be given, we may be sure, of the emperor's feats as a huntsman, as in the instance of his Russian neighbor; and the barbarians of the west will certainly persist in believing that he quitted Pekin sorely against his will, in high dudgeon and bodily fear, to abide the course of events at a safe distance beyond the Great Wall, in the bleak Tartarian wilds.

EXPLANATION OF THE BATTLE SCENE ENGRAVING.

The original painting from which the engraving in this number of the Eclectic is an accurate copy, was executed by Colonel Trumbull, whose artistic talents and celebrated works of historic paintings, many of which are collected and preserved in the Trumbull Gallery of Yale College at New-Haven, have immortalized his name and memory.

It will add interest to this engraved copy of Colonel Trumbull's painting, to lay before our readers the description and explanation of it as given in the Catalogue of the Trumbull Gallery, which has been kindly furnished for this purpose.

Colonel Trumbull was one of the aids-de-camp of General Washington in the first year of the Revolution, 1775, and in the succeeding year, 1776, was the Deputy-Adjutant-General of the Northern Department, under the command of Major-General Gates. He retired from the service in the April of 1777.

Ardently anticipating the vast consequences of the Revolution, and the future greatness of his country; and having a natural taste for drawing, in which he had already made some progress, Colonel Trumbull resolved to cultivate that talent, with the hope of binding his name to the

great events of the time, by becoming the graphic historiographer of them and of his early comrades.

With this view, he devoted himself to the study of the art of painting, first in America, and afterward in Europe; and in the year 1786, he produced in London his first considerable historical work, the Death of General Warren at the Battle of Bunker's Hill.

John Adams, afterward President of the United States, was at that time our Minister in London; and Thomas Jefferson held the same high rank in Paris. The artist was well known by both these distinguished men, and this, his first patriotic work of art, was seen and appreciated by both. He explained to them his intention of painting a series of pictures, in commemoration of the principal events of the Revolution, in which should be preserved, as far as possible, faithful portraits of these who had been conspicuous actors in the various scenes, whether civil or military, as well as accurate details of the dress, manners, arms, etc., of the times; with all which he had been familiarly acquainted.

Hostilities commenced at Lexington, on the 19th of April, 1775. On the first news of this affair, the youth and yeomanry of New-England hurried to Boston *en masse*, with such arms as they could command, and the British troops were shut up in the town, by a numerous assemblage of enthusiastic men, brave but undisciplined, badly armed, ill-supplied with ammunition, destitute of military uniforms or equipments; cartridges and cartridge-boxes were rare, bayonets almost unknown, and a great proportion of these heroic men possessed only fowling-pieces, with some powder in their horns, and a few bullets in their pockets.

Science was as imperfect among the officers high in command, as was discipline among the inferior officers and troops.

Little was or could be done during the sixty days which elapsed between the 19th of April and the 17th of June, to reduce this assemblage to order and discipline; yet, such was the zeal of the moment, that the determination was taken to advance from Cambridge, and to establish a post on Breed's Hill, the nearest point of approach to Boston, distant a little more than half a mile from the north part of the town; and on the evening of the 16th of June, a detachment of twelve hundred or fifteen hundred men, commanded by General Putnam and Colonel Prescott, marched for this purpose, arrived at the spot selected at ten o'clock, and commenced throwing up a small redoubt, traces of which were visible a few years since, and probably may still be found on the ground now marked by the monument.

The British had no knowledge of this movement until daylight exposed to their view the progress which had been made: from the moment of this discovery, they opened a heavy fire from ships and batteries, which was continued incessantly through the day, until the attack of the works was made in form by the troops under the command of General Howe, in the afternoon of June seventeenth. Thus, from ten o'clock in the evening until four o'clock in the morning, *six hours*, was all the time which this gallant detachment had to prosecute their work without interruption. They were not relieved in the morning, but remained all day under the fire of the enemy, laboring to complete their work, which they ultimately defended, under the immediate orders of the gallant veteran, Prescott, with the most unyielding bravery; and quitted their post only when their ammunition was entirely expended.

In the course of the day, other troops were ordered down from Cambridge to support the first detachment, some of whom were deterred from attempting to cross Charlestown neck, by the fire of the hostile floating batteries; while others fearlessly dashed on, and took up positions on the left of the redoubt, thus forming a line which extended from the redoubt on the right, to Mystic river on the left; securing their front, at least in appearance, by throwing together fences, new-mown hay, and whatever else was movable, and could afford some show of shelter.

Joseph Warren, an eminent physician of Boston, had for some time been distinguished as an ardent and eloquent supporter of the rights of his country. At this time he was a very influential member of the provincial Congress, assembled at Watertown, near Cambridge, and a few days preceding the battle had been elected a major-general, but as yet had assumed no command. He was going out to dine, when the increasing din of the

action impelled him to gallop to the scene, where he arrived almost at the moment of defeat. This is the moment chosen for the painting, which, of course, is limited to that part of the scene which was near the redoubt, and where the death of General Warren, and the obstinate resistance of men almost unarmed to well-armed and disciplined troops, is meant to be shown.

In a scene of such extent and confusion as the entire battle, half-hidden of course by smoke, it was impossible to represent the equal gallantry of those brave troops who formed the line of defense between the redoubt and Mystic river, where Major Knowlton and many others distinguished themselves by the coolest bravery and the soundest judgment.

This painting represents the moment when (the Americans having expended their ammunition) the British troops became completely successful and masters of the field. At this last moment of the action, General Warren was killed by a musket-ball through the head. The principal group represents him expiring; a soldier on his knees supports him, and with one hand wards off the bayonet of a British grenadier, who, in the heat and fury natural at such moment, aims to revenge the death of a favorite officer, Colonel Abercrombie, who had just fallen at his feet. Colonel Small (whose conduct in America was alway sequally distinguished by acts, of humanity and kindness to his enemies as by bravery and fidelity to the cause he served) had been intimately connected with General Warren—saw him fall, and flew to save him. He is represented seizing the musket of the grenadier, to prevent the fatal blow, and speaking to his friend: it was too late; the general had barely life remaining to recognize the voice of friendship; he had lost the power of speech, and expired with a smile of mingled gratitude and triumph. Near him, several Americans, whose ammunition is expended, although destitute of bayonets, are seen to persist in a resistance obstinate and desperate, but fruitless. Near this side of the painting is seen General Putnam, reluctantly ordering the retreat of these brave men; while beyond him a party of the American troops oppose their last fire to the victorious column of the enemy.

Behind Colonel Small is seen Colonel Pitcairn, of the British marines, mortally wounded, and falling in the arms of his son, to whom he was speaking at the fatal moment. Under the feet of Colonel Small lies the dead body of Colonel Abercrombie.

General Howe, who commanded the British troops, and General Clinton, who, toward the close of the action, offered his services as a volunteer, are seen behind the principal group.

On the right of the painting, a young American, wounded in the sword-hand, and in the breast, has begun to retire, attended by a faithful negro; but seeing his general fall, hesitates whether to save himself, or, wounded as he is, to return and assist in saving a life more precious to his country than his own.

Behind this group are seen the British column ascending the hill — grenadiers, headed by an officer bearing the British colors, mounting the feeble entrenchments; and more distant, the Somerset ship-of-war, (which lay during the action between Boston and Charlestown,) the north end of Boston, with the battery on Copp's Hill; and the harbor, shipping, etc. etc.

No part of the town of Charlestown is seen; but the dark smoke indicates the conflagration.

Such was the irregularity of official returns at the time, that the number of American troops engaged on this occasion, was never ascertained with any degree of accuracy; they were estimated variously from fifteen hundred to three thousand; the latter number was probably nearest the truth. It was admitted that their loss amounted to at least four hundred and fifty in killed, wounded, and missing; only thirty prisoners, however, fell into the hands of the British, and they were all wounded.

The *British Annual Register* of that year, admits the number engaged on their side to have been three thousand; and states their loss (from official returns) to have amounted to one thousand and fifty-four, of whom two hundred and twenty-six were killed, and eight hundred and twenty-eight wounded; of this number, nineteen officers, including one lieutenant-colonel and two majors, were killed, and seventy others wounded.

The artist was on that day adjutant of the first regiment of Connecticut troops, stationed at Roxbury; and saw the action from that point.

NAMES OF THE PRINCIPAL WARRIORS.

The reader will be assisted in better understanding the position of the combatants, the parts they acted in this memorable battle, and to identify the principal warriors represented in the engraving as designated by Colonel Trumbull, by adding a list of their names in connection with the letter-press description above.

AMERICANS.	BRITISH.
General Warren,	General Howe,
General Putnam,	General Clinton,
Colonel Prescott,	Colonel Abercrombie,
Colonel Gardner,	Major Pitcairn,
Lieut.-Colonel Parker,	Colonel Small,
Major Knowlton,	Lieutenant Pitcairn,
Major McClery,	Ensign Lord Rawdon, (afterward Earl Moira.)
Major Moore,	
Lieutenant Grovesnor,	
Rev. Mr. M'Clintock.	

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

SONGS IN MANY KEYS. By DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Pages 308. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1862.

THE number of songs in this neatly executed volume is about one hundred. The subjects of Dr. Holmes' muse in this book are as varied and versatile as his unique and versatile mind and pen would naturally make them. The name and reputation of Dr. Holmes are too widely known to need further mention to those who have read his works or listened to the productions of his mind and pen in the lecture-rooms of popular assemblies. The lovers of poetry will find many gems of thought sparkling along the pages of this new volume.

THE LAMPLIGHTER'S STORY: HUNTED DOWN: THE DETECTIVE POLICE: and other Novelettes. By CHARLES DICKENS, Author of Great Expectations, etc. Complete in one volume. Pages 466. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut street.

THE name of Charles Dickens, his fame as a writer of fiction, and his numerous works of light literature, are so well known and have been so long before the reading public on both sides of the Atlantic, that it is quite sufficient simply to announce the issue of a new book or story from his pen.

POEMS. By JOHN G. SAXE. Complete in one volume. Pages 308. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1861.

THESE poems of Mr. Saxe are comprised in another of the beautiful series of the diamond edition in blue and gold, in which Ticknor & Fields have sent out to the world so many of their choice publications. The book comprises about eighty poems from the pen of Mr. Saxe, which his many admirers will be glad to possess in this neat and attractive form. The popular poetic talents of Mr. Saxe have called him forth on many public occasions to amuse and entertain large assemblies from the rich and varied fountains of his muse of these poems delivered on public occasions. The Times, delivered before the Mercantile Library Association in Boston, and The Money King, delivered before one of the learned societies in Yale College, will be remembered by those who heard them. The popularity of the volume on its first publication is well indicated by the fact that sixteen editions were called for.

HOW EMINENTLY SUCCESSFUL MEN MARRIED EARLY.—A long roll of poets, lawyers, statesmen, divines, and men of science could be given, all of whom married before they were thirty. Two laureates, Southey and Cibber, married very young indeed. Francis Beaumont married at twenty-seven, and the immortal bard linked his fortunes with Anne Hathaway's before he was eighteen. Family cares did not obscure the poetic genius of either Coleridge or Campbell. Jeremy Taylor rose to eminence despite an early marriage; and, the same object notwithstanding, such men as Oliver Cromwell, Napoleon, and George Washington, could dare the stupendous ventures by which they molded the world's destinies. Fenimore Cooper's industry was not impaired by a marriage at twenty-two; and James Watt had energy and boldness left, after an early union, to conceive and carry almost to perfection that triumph of mind over matter. Of great lawyers, men whose opinions passed with the weight of statutes, there are comparatively few who did not marry early. Eldon, Erskine, Abinger, each had his wife before his beard could have been well grown, and yet the world has known few more learned jurisconsults. Lord St. Leonards and the Bishops of Oxford Canterbury, Leicester, and Exeter, have, among others, been able to rise to great preferment, notwithstanding their early participation in nuptial happiness.

YOUNG WOMEN are never in more danger of being made slaves than when the men are at their feet.

HE is but a poor general, who, like a drum, is made only to be beaten.

WHY is a thriving tradesman like a lump of ice? Because he is solvent.

MORAL METEOROLOGY.—When the sun of virtue is set, the blush of shame is the twilight. When that dies, all is darkness.

Florence Nightingale on Crinoline. — It is, I think, alarming, peculiarly at this time, when the female ink-bottles are perpetually impressing upon us "woman's particular worth and general missionariness," to see that the dress of women is daily more and more unfitting them for any "mission" or usefulness at all. It is equally unfitted for all poetic and all domestic purposes. A man is now a more handy and far less objectionable being in a sick-room than a woman. Compelled by her dress, every woman now either shuffles or waddles; only a man can cross the floor of a sick-room without shaking it. What is become of woman's light step—the firm, light, quick step we have been asking for? A nurse who rustles (I am speaking of nurses professional and unprofessional) is the horror of a patient, though perhaps he does not know why. The fidget of silk and of crinoline, the rattling of keys, the creaking of stays and of shoes, will do a patient more harm than all the medicines in the world will do him good. The noiseless step of woman, the noiseless drapery of woman, are mere figures of speech in this day. Her skirts (and well if they do do not throw down some piece of furniture) will at least brush against every article in the room as she moves. Fortunate it is if her skirts do not catch fire, and if the nurse does not give herself up a sacrifice, together with her patient, to be burnt in her own petticoats. I wish the Registrar-General would tell us the exact number of deaths by burning occasioned by this absurd and hideous custom. I wish, too, that people who wear crinoline could see the indecency of their own dress as other people see it. A respectable elderly woman, stooping forward, invested in crinoline, exposes quite as much of her own person to the patient lying in the room as any opera dancer does on the stage. But no one ever tells her this unpleasant truth.—*Notes on Nursing.*

A Runaway Train.—An accident of a very singular nature took place on Wednesday on the Newport, Abergavenny, and Hereford line of railway, a short distance from the Pontypool road station. It appears that the conductor of the morning passenger train from Monmouth to Hereford, as soon as he arrived at Pontypool road, left the engine—for some reason or other which as yet remains unexplained—and went on to the platform, without taking the precaution of even leaving the fireman in charge. The train was at a standstill, and the pressure of the breaks removed, but it unfortunately happened that the driver in shutting off the steam omitted to completely close the regulator. Further steam was generated, and the engine, with the two carriages attached to it, and in which luckily there were only nine passengers, moved away from the platform, gradually increasing in speed as the motion of the train further opened the valve. The passengers, finding that they were left entirely without the guidance of the driver became naturally alarmed, and made the most frantic attempts to leave their perilous position. The engine proceeded along the line in the direction of Newport for about a mile, the momentum of the train augmenting the rate of speed till it reached about sixteen miles an hour, when it came in view of a goods engine shunting on the line near a place called Cold-y-grie. It ran into the ballast-engine with considerable force, causing great injuries to the ironwork of both engines. Happily the passengers, although much frightened, did not sustain, beyond some contusions on the face and limbs, injuries of such a nature as to prevent them from proceeding on their journey.—*London paper, Nov. 2d.*

Leviathan with a Hook in his Jaws.—Whale-fishing, with an anchor for a hook, and a ship for a float, must be rather an extensive kind of sport, yet it nevertheless seems to have been enjoyed in the Indian Ocean. The following is an extract from a letter addressed by Mr. J. T. Reidy, superintendent of Manaar Ferry, to the Immigration Commissioners of Colombo, Ceylon, and published in the *Overland Observer* of Sept. 30th: "I have the honor to inform you I left Devipatam on the 20th inst., with the two schooners, having on board two hundred and forty coolies. We arrived here (Talemanaar) on Saturday, the 24th inst., at four P.M. Having the wind directly against us on coming opposite to Ramisseram pagoda, we anchored there at six o'clock P.M., intending to start during the night for Talemanaar, when the wind would change. About eight o'clock P.M. I was sitting on the small poop, when suddenly the bow of the vessel was pulled on the level with the sea; then came a slight shock, and a large shower of spray all over the vessel, after which we shot off at railway speed. I was very much alarmed at first by the shock and spray, thinking we might have drifted on some of the coral reefs. In about a minute a whale, some forty or fifty feet long, made his appearance forward at cable's length from the vessel; then for the first time I knew how matters were. Very extraordinary indeed, the whale had swallowed our anchor, and was firmly hooked. At the time the whale hooked himself we were in six fathoms; the evening was very calm, and the moon just appearing above the horizon. All the coolies were very much alarmed, and indeed so were we all. I was going twice to cut away the anchor and cable; but, having only another cable on board, I did not like to do so, as, if I had, I should stop the vessel, as I would not risk her in this weather depending on one cable. I think the way the whale got entangled must have been when he was feeding, running with mouth fully extended, when, coming with his under-jaw against the fluke of the anchor, he seized it up, and, having turned it in his mouth was unable to extricate himself. I do not otherwise see how it could have occurred. The whale got hooked at eight o'clock P.M. He then went off at full speed ahead, then stopped, and whirled us about rapidly; then went on forward again, fully at fifteen miles an hour; again whirling us about, and pulling us right and left, and showing himself, and spouting every minute; and this continued until one o'clock A.M. From his size I do not think he could have been a grampus, as I feel certain he must have been forty feet in length. He took us N. by N. E. over fifty miles. At one o'clock A.M. on Saturday morning the vessel stopped running, and the whale lifted his head out of the water about ten feet, and went off, leaving the anchor drifting to the vessel. He was hooked five hours, and was nearly dead when the anchor got loose. We then turned the vessel, set sails, and stood in for Paumben-light, which we made by daylight, and continued under sail until we arrived at Talemanaar."

Don't let your children learn good and bad things indiscriminately. To be sure, the bad might be eradicated in after-years, but it is easier to sow clean seed than to cleanse dirty wheat.

THE IMPERIAL CROWN OF ENGLAND.—The imperial state crown of her Majesty Queen Victoria was made by Rundell and Bridge in the year 1838, with jewels taken from old crowns and others furnished by command of her Majesty. It consists of diamonds, pearls, rubies, sapphires, and emeralds, set in silver and gold; it has a crimson velvet cap, with ermine border, and is lined with white silk. Its gross weight is 39 oz. 5 dwts. troy. The lower part of the band, above the ermine border, consists of a row of 129 pearls, and the upper part of the band of a row of 112 pearls, between which, in front of the crown, is a large sapphire, (partly drilled) purchased for the crown by his Majesty King George IV. At the back is a sapphire of smaller size, and six other sapphires, (three on each side) between which are eight emeralds. Above and below the seven sapphires are 14 diamonds, and around the eight emeralds, 128 diamonds. Between the emeralds and sapphires are 16 trefoil ornaments, containing 160 diamonds. Above the band are eight sapphires surmounted by eight diamonds, between which are eight festoons consisting of 148 diamonds. In the front of the crown, and in the center of a diamond Maltese cross, is the famous ruby said to have been given to Edward Prince of Wales, son of Edward III., called the Black Prince, by Don Pedro, King of Castile, after the battle of Najera, near Vittoria, A.D. 1367. This ruby was worn in the helmet of Henry V. at the battle of Agincourt, A.D. 1415. It is pierced quite through after the Eastern custom, the upper part of the piercing being filled up by a small ruby. Around this ruby, to form the cross, are 75 brilliant diamonds. Three other Maltese crosses, forming the two sides and back of the crown, have emerald centers, and contain respectively 132, 124, and 130 brilliant diamonds. Between the four Maltese crosses are four ornaments in the form of the French fleur-de-lis, with four rubies in the centers, and surrounded by rose diamonds, containing respectively 85, 86, 86, and 87 rose diamonds. From the Maltese crosses, issue four imperial arches, composed of oak leaves and acorns, the leaves containing 728 rose, table, and brilliant diamonds, 32 pearls forming the acorns set in cups containing 54 rose diamonds and one table diamond. The total number of diamonds in the arches and acorns is 108 brilliants, 116 table, and 559 rose diamonds. From the upper part of the arches are suspended four large pendent pear-shaped pearls, with rose diamond caps, containing 12 rose diamonds, and stems containing 24 very small rose diamonds. Above the arch stands the mound, containing in the lower hemisphere 304 brilliants, and in the upper 244 brilliants; the zone and arc being composed of 33 rose diamonds. The cross on the summit has a rose-cut sapphire in the center, surrounded by four large brilliants, and 108 smaller brilliants. Summary of jewels comprised in the crown:—1 large ruby irregularly polished, 1 large broad spread sapphire, 16 sapphires, 11 emeralds, 4 rubies, 1363 brilliant diamonds, 1273 rose diamonds, 147 table diamonds, 4 drop-shaped pearls, 273 pearls.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF 1862.—The 30th of September was the last day appointed by the Commissioners of the Great Exhibition for the reception of applications for space. Something like five hundred applications came in on the last day. A gigantic file was improvised on which letter after letter was impaled. Having made one broad division of space, that is, having given one half of the building to English and the other half to foreign exhibitors, it is now their task to plot out the subdivisions; to meet the requirements, in the first place, of local committees; and next, to deal with the wishes and desires of individuals. This is no light duty. It is not easy for the uninitiated to comprehend how great is the pressure on the part of exhibitors, and how great will be the labor of meeting their demands, reconciling their rivalries, and adjusting their claims. In the mean time the progress which is making with the building has, owing in some degree to the favorable weather, been little short of marvelous. The scaffolding of the eastern dome was completed a few days since, and the huge skeleton towers in the air. The framework of this dome has caused the expenditure of a hundred thousand cubic feet of timber, has rendered necessary the employment of three thousand iron bolts, five tons weight of iron clamps, and something like twenty tons of nails and iron spikes. A steam-engine, fifty men, and the labor of a thousand horses have been employed for two months in this monster erection. The fixing of the ribs for the roof of the nave is going on rapidly. Each of these ribs is 85 feet in span, and its weight is 5 tons. The Picture Gallery is very nearly roofed in; and as a whole is in a very forward state.

FLATTERY.—He was accounted a skillful poisoner who destroyed his victims by bouquets of fragrant flowers. The art has not been lost—nay, it is practiced every day in the world.

CAN a man with wooden legs be considered a *foot* passenger?

IF you are looking at a picture, you try to give it the advantage of a good light. Be as courteous to your fellow-creatures as you are to a picture.

GRUMBLERS.—If you find a man disposed to complain of the coldness of the world, be sure you will find that he has never brought any thing into the world to warm it, but is a personal lump of ice set in the midst of it.

A TRUE REPLY.—"My dear doctor," said a lady, "I suffer a great deal with my eyes." "Be patient, madam," he replied, "you would probably suffer a great deal more without them."

WHAT are the most unsocial things in the world? Milestones—you never see two of them together.

HE is but half prepared for the journey of life who takes not with him that friend who will forsake him in no emergency—who will divide his sorrows, increase his joys, lift the vail from his heart, and throw sunshine amid the darkest scenes.

DEATH ON THE RAILWAYS.—The number of deaths from railway accidents is, on an average, in England, 1 in 556,000 travelers; in France, 1 in 1,950,000; in Belgium, 1 in 8,860,000; and in Prussia, 1 in 17,500,000.

PRIDE is the first weed to grow in the human heart, and the last to be eradicated.

A GOOD many presiding officers at public meetings don't know how to put a question. Young ladies think it should be popped.

Chinese Fish in France.—Among the curiosities brought from China to Toulon by the steam-frigate Labrador, the most remarkable is a Chinese who succeeded in bringing to France, in perfect health, four or five thousand young fish, selected among the scarcest and most delicate of those bred in the imperial fish-ponds of China. This learned Chinese has traveled 6000 leagues with his precious cargo, contained in three large jars, of which he changed the water on arriving at each port. When the voyage was long between each port he broke the yolk of an egg into each jar, and with this slight nourishment he was so fortunate as to arrive in France without losing any of his pensioners. The Chinese and the fish are addressed to the Minister of Commerce in Paris, and, from what has transpired respecting his mission, a considerable economy may be introduced in the breeding and preservation of fish. During his short stay at Toulon this intelligent Chinese was struck with the bad quality of fish in that port. When he was informed that the miserable fish served at the hotel cost 30 sous the pound weight, he requested to see the President of the Society for the Encouragement of Fisheries, and having been introduced to him he explained to him his theory for the production and propagation of fish. According to his system, which was reduced to writing under his dictation, and was translated by the interpreter attached to the scientific mission, the spawn of fish is produced in prodigious quantities; every body having a few acres of land and fresh water, who will take the trouble of making an excavation a few yards square, may acquire a good income without any further additional expense than that of a dozen eggs at the period and during the two months of the spawn arriving at maturity. The society, at the suggestion of their president, voted that this little treatise should be printed, and, in order that it may be distributed throughout the rural communes, they have in Paris adopted measures to have it inserted in the popular almanacs.—*Times Paris Correspondent.*

The New Ailanthus Silk-Worm.—Many of our readers may be aware that there has recently been introduced to France a new species of silk-worm, which promises to rival, if not supersede, that which has been so long the sole produce of all the silk of commerce. Unlike the old species, which is known to be of delicate and tender constitution, and has of late been subject to a disease which has produced great mortality in the silk-producing districts, the Ailanthus worm is said to be much more hardy, and more easy of cultivation. Some months ago we had numerous inquiries about this new entomological introduction, and several of our readers were successful in becoming possessed of some of the eggs, but until now we have been totally ignorant of the results of any experiments that have been made in rearing the worms. It is to Lady Dorothy Neville, of Dangstein, that the great merit is due for being the first to make known the perfect success of this hardy species of silk-worm in this country. From this, the first attempt of Lady Dorothy's, we entertain high hopes that this will become not only a pleasing but a profitable pursuit. Experience will, doubtless, bring out many points in the management which have yet to be discovered; but there can be little doubt that, from the following communication from Lady Dorothy, there is great encouragement to persevere in the work: "I am very much pleased with my worm success, and I have no hesitation in saying the worms might be hatched and brought up to their end by the commonest person, and without the slightest care after they are placed on the leaves. We made a mistake in having standard Ailanthus trees growing too far apart from each other. The poor worms descended the stems in order to find food, and perished on the ground; whereas, were the trees planted like our copses, the worms would go from one to another without risk. I am certain that in consequence of the little food (for we have to put them on cabbages, which they ate very little of) they spun prematurely, and then their cocoons are not so big as under favorable circumstances they would have been. I send you two as specimens. Next year I shall (D.V.) set about this new experiment in earnest. The worms themselves are most beautiful; very like the *Sphynx* (*Bombyx*) *ligustri*, of a bright emerald green, with turquoise blue spikes." We shall be most happy to receive any farther information on this important subject; and we and the public are certainly much indebted to Lady Dorothy Neville for the disinterested publicity she has given to her experiments, which will serve both as information and a stimulus to others to prosecute what may yet prove to be an important branch of industry. These insects are perfectly hardy, and have only to be placed on the trees, where they take care of themselves. Birds do not appear to touch them.—*Journal of Horticulture.*

The Queen in Scotland.—Her Majesty seems determined to see all the mountain scenery worth seeing in the neighborhood of her Highland home; and does not scorn to take a night's lodging in very humble Highland inns when the route is too extended for a single day's tour. Her Majesty, the Prince Consort, the Princess Alice, and Prince Louis of Hesse, left Balmoral on Tuesday morning, drove up by Braemar and the Linn of Dee, crossed the mountains on ponies to Glen Feshie, and thence by Kingussie drove down to Dalwhinne, where the party staid all night at the inn. In the morning the travelers resumed their route onward by Dalnacardoch to Blair Castle, where they paid a brief visit to the Duke of Athole. His Grace escorted his illustrious guests through the far-famed Glen Tilt. At the hunting-box, at the further end of the glen, they were received by the Countess of Fife, with whom they took tea, reaching Balmoral at eight in the evening; having on each day had a mountain journey of nearly twelve hours.—*Scotsman.*

Purchase by the Emperor Napoleon at Rome.—The *Moniteur* announces, in the following terms, an acquisition made by the Emperor of the French: "The Emperor has just purchased out of his privy purse the portion of the Mont Palatine, which is comprised under the name of the Farnese Gardens, and which belonged to the King of Naples. This portion of the celebrated hills is by far the most considerable. There only remains, in addition to the part bought by the Emperor, the ancient villa on the south, where excavations have been so extensively made, and in which there is now a convent of French nuns, and on the east a convent of Franciscans. The ground purchased by his Majesty is not less than eighteen acres in extent. It includes the famous ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars, two entire stories of which have been covered with rubbish since the time of the invasion of the barbarians, and must contain statues, paintings, and inscriptions of the highest interest. It is from this soil, which has been

scarcely touched up to the present time, that several masterpieces of antique art have been procured. It was also on this domain that were recently found the original walls of the ancient inclosure of Rome, that which surrounded the Palatine when it alone supported the original city at the very time of its founder. M. Pietro Rosa, author of the large archæological and topographical map of Latium, has been appointed Conservator of the Palace of the Cæsars, and is at the same time to be director of the excavations which will commence in November next."

Our Black Diamonds.—The total number of colleries in Great Britain at present is estimated at 2654; of these 1943 are in England, 235 in Wales, 405 in Scotland, and 71 in Ireland. In 1857 the coal produce of the United Kingdom exceeded 65,000,000 tons. The value at the pit's mouth of the quantity annually raised, is estimated at £16,700,000, and its mean actual value, when consumed, at about £20,000,000. Besides this sum, it is estimated that the iron extracted yearly from the coals raised is worth, at the mouth of the furnace, £14,500,000 sterling. The total capital invested in the trade is supposed to exceed £18,500,000 sterling. In 1854, the number of persons employed in our coal mines was 219,000; at present there are at least 250,000.—*Mechanics' Magazine.*

Duke Charles and the Hostess.—One hot summer day, Duke Charles dined in the little town of Nagald. With the dinner came a large number of flies all uninvited; but that mattered nothing. They buzzed about, one over another, and alighted here and there, making quite as free as if they had been a portion of the princely train. Duke Charles was angry at this, and calling the hostess, said: "Here, old beldame, let the flies have a separate table!" The hostess, a very quiet woman, did as she was ordered; set out another table, and then coming up to the Duke, said, with a curtsey: "The table is served. Will your Highness now order the flies to be seated?"

A Vast Circulating Library.—Mr. Mudie's library is certainly one of our London marvels. The British Museum contains a little more than half a million books. Mr. Mudie has added to his collection in three years upward of half a million volumes. The books consist chiefly of works of history, biography, travel, and the higher class of fiction; the following are the exact figures, and they are so remarkable as to deserve being put on record: History and biography, 123,279; travel and adventure, 71,646; fiction, 237,546; miscellaneous, including works of science and religion, and the leading reviews, 115,518; total, 547,989. We suppose there is no instance in literary history of such a growth, under either public or private enterprise. The rate of increase continues.—*Athenæum.*

Another Channel Railway Project.—English engineers appear to be as anxious to annex France, as the French have been to annex England, by a Channel railway. The last new project is that of Mr. James Chalmers, who proposes to throw a strong iron tube across from South-Foreland to Cape Blancnez, the tube to lie at the bottom of the Channel, and to be ventilated by three shafts, and to be kept down by iron boxes weighted with rough stones, and placed at intervals of eighty feet apart; both tube and boxes being also covered by an embankment of similar materials. Mr. Chalmers estimates the cost at £12,000,000; the annual expenses at £85,000, the gross revenue at £1,300,000, and the net return at £1,215,000, yielding a dividend of rather more than 10 per cent.

A Musical Phenomenon.—A letter from Venice says that a professional musician of that place has discovered a prodigy for which there is probably no precedent—a singer, that is to say, who is at once a base, a baritone, and a tenor. The professor was on his way to Rovigo, when he paused to rest in a country inn. Suddenly, in an adjacent room, he heard a splendid base voice sing Silva's *aria* out of *Ernani.* That at an end, a sonorous baritone struck up the well known—"Lo vedrem o veglio audace." The listener was still lost in admiration of the beauty of these two voices, when a high ringing tenor made itself heard, and sang, with great range of voice, Edgar's closing air in *Lucia.* The delighted professor could not restrain his enthusiasm, and hurried into the adjoining room to thank the gifted trio, when, to his astonishment, he found the apartment occupied only by one young man, who declared that he himself had sung all three airs. Put to the test, it proved that he spoke the truth, and that the singer possessed the extraordinary range from the low D to the high C, all full and beautiful chest-notes. It is thought possible that the professor may persuade this Crœsus of voices, who is the son of well-to-do burgesses, to devote himself to the stage.—*Trieste Journal.*

Good-Nature is better than "apples of gold set in pictures of silver," for gold will take to itself wings and fly away; silver will tarnish in time, and both when abundant, lose their comparative value; but good-nature never, never deteriorates in worth—never abandons its possession to the mental poverty of the malicious—never loses its hold upon the esteem of the world. It is always in fashion, and always in season. Every body admires it. Every body praises it. Every body is in love with it. It never grows stale. It costs little to acquire, and nothing to keep. Yet it is beyond diamonds, in its worth to its owners, and can neither be stolen nor lost, however neglected. Surely this is a jewel that merits a search; and when found, merits protection. Possess yourselves of it, young woman! no talisman will you find so bewitching in the judgment of the sensible among the other sex. Secure it, young man! you could have no safer guarantee of domestic happiness.

"If there is any body under the canister of heaven that I have in utter excrescence," says Mrs. Partington, "it is the slander, going about like a boy constructor, circulating his calomel upon honest folks."

The Emperor and the Tobacco.—Whilst the Emperor was at Vichy he was taking a walk on the banks of the Sichon, and lost his way. A laborer chancing to pass at the time, his Majesty made the necessary inquiry of him. "Second to the right, and then first to the left, sire," said the man. "What! you know me?" Yes, and have had that honor for years past." "Where?" "Your Majesty, of course, does not remember me, but you were once the cause of my passing two days in the black hole; for when you were at Ham, I was a soldier there, and was punished for passing you in a pound

of tobacco!" "Well," said the Emperor, "it shall be my turn now," and in a few days afterward the man was installed in a well-stocked tobacconist's shop.

A Lion Loose, and well mastered.—"Yesterday, Hamburgh, or part of it at least, was thrown into great commotion by a very unusual occurrence. A lion, which was being transported in a wooden cage from a traveling menagerie to the water side, managed to break loose and get out of his temporary prison. The ferocious brute immediately fell upon one of the three horses that were attached to the carriage. The driver, who was upon one of the two others, sat still in blank amazement at the sight, which was declared by many spectators — who, by the by, were all out of harm's way — among the finest they had ever witnessed. In a moment the driver of a second menagerie-wagon, who happened to be just behind, came up, and calling out for a rope, which was fortunately at hand, approached the lion, and with great nerve and coolness fastened it round his throat. The infuriated beast, who was already feasting upon its fallen victim, disdained to take any notice of the daring act. In a trice the sling was tightened round the neck of the destroyer, and with the help of half a dozen of the bolder lookers-on, the animal was dragged to the side of the wagon, and secured ignominously. The horse, in spite of its fearful wounds, was not quite dead, when released from the grasp of an enemy which he had probably not the slightest idea of ever meeting in this land of civilization."— *Letter from Hamburgh, Sept.* 26.

As flowers never put on their best clothes for Sunday, but wear their spotless raiment and exhale their odor every day — so let your life, free from stain, ever give forth the fragrance of the love of God.

An Amazon.—The Amazonian doings of the ex-Queen of Naples are spoken of in a letter from Rome as follows: "Riding a few days since in the Campagna, I was passed by three equestrians — two, certainly, men; the third a puzzle, but seeming rather of the 'epicene' or doubtful gender. It wore a yellow Zouave jacket, a black garment beyond description clothed its lower members, and on its head was jauntily stuck a bersagliere hat, with great plume of yellow and black feathers. It rode like a woman — that is ,very fast and recklessly, to the evident terror and suffering of its two companions, who, dressed in tight suits of black, and one, at least, with his feet thrust into his stirrups the wrong way, were tempting Providence in a trot. A wide ditch was before them — I have seen men turn from a smaller. She, however, went straight at it, and got well over, and, turning round, and taking off her hat to her 'pounded' companions, there was the beautiful face of the ex-Queen of Naples, who stopped to light her cigar while the two men went ignominiously round by the bridge."

An Indian Romance.—Among the Sikh nobles who, at the outset of the mutiny, staked their heads on the British side, was the Rajah of Kupoorthulla. He was not a very great man, but he had influence, and no Englishman could have risked his status, purse, and person with more hearty and unquestioning loyalty. He helped to guard the Northern Delhi Road, then the key of our position; and when order had been restored, the Governor-General, casting aside the old policy of meager rewards, raised him by a single gift of land to the wealth of a great English noble, The rajah married an East-Indian girl, became, under her influence, a Christian, and established a mission on his own estates. Sweeping away at a stroke the prejudices of a thousand years, he introduced his wife into society, and allowed her to appear in public, and the officials for once heartily cordial to a native, threw aside prejudices as rooted as his own, and recommended that the rajah should receive, officially, precedence in Oude. The Governor-General consented, and at the apex of the new social system of Oude stands a native Christian noble, and the only woman in India for whom the guards turn out in the British provinces is the Christian "Lady of Kupoorthulla."— *Spectator.*

Candidates for Matrimony.—On a recent occasion, as the marriage ceremony was about to be performed, when the clergyman desired the parties wishing to be married to rise up, a large number of the ladies rose immediately.

ELIZA.

And art thou gone, sweet infant — called
Ere life had well begun;
Like tender bud torn from the stem
When opening to the sun?
O death! were there no broken hearts,
No bosoms crushed with care,
That thou must quench the new-born light
And crop a bud so rare?
When last I kissed thy pretty lips,
Sleep on thy blue eyes lay,
I little deemed that never more
They'd sun me with their ray.
In after years thy name shall still
Be hallowed with fond tears,
When in the silent city, I
Am lost to hopes and fears.
For not alone thy father's sigh,
And mother's pensive brow,
Speak memory, thy playmates weep,
And wonder where art thou.
So late I saw thy tender arms
Around them fondly twined,
And trusted that the coming years
No harsher thoughts would find;
But thou art gone — a morning dream,
A sunbeam in a storm,
A drop of dew, a lily crushed,
Speak of thy fate and form.
Eliza, poor Eliza; grief
Knew not so young a heart,
All loved thee — thou lovedst all — perchance
'Twere well thus to depart.
Thy name, Eliza, was my gift,
Thine own the potent spell,
That shrines it in our sorrowing hearts
As thus we bid — Farewell.

J. W. Thirlwall.

A Boston editor, alluding to the long nose of Julius Cæsar, the Duke of Wellington, and other dignitaries, says that he recently saw a nose that beats them all. It was thin and straight, and snubbed at the end, and a foot long. In concluding, however, it occurs to him that "it may be as well to state that it belonged to a pairs of bellows."

Queer Kind of Love.—A neuralgic affection.

Perilous Accident with a Diving-Bell. — A diving-bell, into which two workmen entered lately to resume work at the Admiralty Pier, Dover, was just upon the point of being lowered, when the break of the jenny snapped, suddenly dropping the bell into the water. The distance from which it fell was not less than 80 feet. One of the men, who is the most experienced diver on the works, managed to free himself from the bell, but the other poor fellow was imprisoned in what promised to be a living tomb — the tube by means of which the bell is supplied with air snapping with the suddenness of the jerk by which it was released from its position. Another diving-bell was lowered, and a helmet-diver sent down; and after two hours of the most persevering efforts, the disabled bell was released from its position and brought to the surface; the man imprisoned in it being insensible. He, however, afterward recovered. He states that the bell in descending became two thirds filled with water, so that about forty cubic feet of air was all that was left him to breathe for the time he was confined.

A New Use for Apples.—We are threatened with a cider famine, not from the failure of the apples, although a partial crop, but because they are likely to be applied to a more profitable purpose (so far as the growers are concerned) than in making a household beverage. It seems that the Manchester calico dyers and printers have discovered that apple-juices supply a desideratum long wanted in making fast colors for their printed cottons, and numbers of them have been into Devonshire and the lower parts of Somersetshire buying up all the apples they can get, and giving such a price for them as in the dearest years hitherto known has not been offered. We know of one farmer in Devonshire who has a large orchard, for the produce of which he never before received more than £250, and yet he has sold it this year to a Manchester man for £360. There can be no doubt that the discovery will create quite a revolution in the apple trade.—*London paper.*

The New Artesian Well Near Paris.—The sinking of the artesian well at Passy has occupied six years, at a cost of £40,000. The result is, however, beyond all previous calculation. Instead of the 12,000, no less than 75,000 cubic feet spring up every twenty-four-hours — the well at Grenelle giving only 3000 at the utmost, now reduced to 2200 cubic feet. The Passy bore is 30 inches in diameter, and quite a river of pure water flows from it, equal in quantity to one thirty-fifth of the average flow of the Seine! With a few such wells all Paris could be supplied, and at a trifling cost compared with that of the gigantic schemes for bringing water from Champagne and other quarters. The temperature is high — 80 degrees — and in this state it can be made very useful for many purposes, though for drinking it must be cooled.

As the moon, whether visible or invisible, has power over the tides of the ocean, so the face of the loved one, whether present or absent, controls the tides of the soul.

An officer who had lost his hand by a grape-shot, was in company with a young lady, who remarked that it was a cruel ball which deprived him of his hand. "A noble ball, madam," said he, "for it bore away the palm."

At midnight the blue sky bends over us, dewy and soft, and radiant with innumerable stars, like the inverted bell of some great blue flower, sprinkled with golden dust and breathing fragrance.

Value of Fortitude.—As we stand by the sea-shore and watch the huge tides come in, we retreat, thinking we will be overwhelmed; soon, however, they flow back. So with waves of trouble in the world — they threaten us, but a firm resistance makes them break at our feet.

The recent marriage of a Mr. Day with a Miss Field, present this singular anomaly, that although he *gained* the *field* she *won* the *day.*

Envy and jealousy make the cushion of your chair a pin-cushion, with the points of the pins all turned upward.

Every man has in his own life follies enough, in his own mind troubles enough, in the performance of his duties deficiencies enough, without being curious about the affairs of others.

A coxcomb, talking of the transmigration of souls, said: "In the time of Moses, I have no doubt I was a golden calf." "Very likely," replied a lady, "time has robbed you of nothing but the gilding."

A merchant complains of female extravagance, and says his three daughters' clothes costs him £300 per annum. He pretends that he wouldn't grumble if his dinner was always dressed as well as his family.

A noble lord asked a clergyman once, at the bottom of his table, "why the goose, if there was one, was always placed next the parson?" "Really," said he, "I can give no reason for it; but your question is so odd that I shall never see a goose for the future without thinking on your lordship."

A bad-tempered judge was annoyed by an old gentleman who had a very bad cough, and after repeatedly desiring the crier to keep the court quiet, at length angrily told the offending gentleman that he should fine him £10 if he did not cease coughing, when he was met with the reply: "I will give your lordship £20 if you will stop it for me."

The busybody labors without thanks, talks without credit, lives without love, and dies without tears.

Thousands are hated, whilst none are ever loved, without a real cause. The amiable alone can be loved. In most situations of life the consciousness of innocence is our best shield and our firmest security.

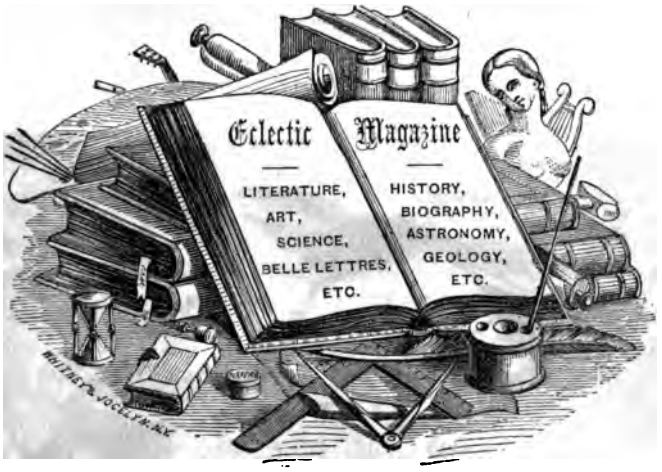
Tears are the magic blossoms of the heart at parting, smiles at meeting.

When is a flock of sheep like our climate? When it is composed of all wethers.

Lost and Found.—The boy who lost his balance on the roof found it on the ground shortly afterward.

Wanted.—A life-boat that will float on a "sea of troubles."

DEATH OF GENERAL WOLFE, AT QUEBEC, 1759.



Eclectic Magazine

OF

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From the North British Review.

PASCAL AS A CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHER.*

ONCE and again there has occurred a resurrection of some great mind upon the European necropolis: the instances are more than a very few; and some of them have been marked by peculiar circumstances. To such an instance we have now to ask the reader's attention: it is that of PASCAL—not indeed quite a recent event in the daily sense of the word, for it is not of this year, nor of last year; but yet it is recent, if the time that has elapsed since its occurrence be put in comparison with the length of that period—almost two centuries—during which an unreal, or a disguised Pascal, has stood before the world on the pedestal which the genuine Pascal ought from the first to have occupied.

We have said that more than a very few instances of a literary resurrection, resembling the one now in view, have taken place in our European necropolis; and yet none that is quite of the same kind. Aristotle rested in his sepulcher for centuries, entombed—strange to think of it!—embalmed, in Arabic; from which Oriental swaddling he came forth to domineer over the world of mind, in his own Greek, during other long centuries. And so Herodotus, as to his authenticity—as to his historic vitality, has, in these last times, risen from the dead. As lately as

* *Pensées de Pascal, publiées dans leur Texte Authentique; avec un Commentaire Suivi, et une Etude Littéraire.* Par ERNEST HAVET, Ancien élève de l'Ecole, Normale, Maitre de Conférences à cette Ecole, Agregé de la Faculté des Lettres de Paris. Paris. 1852.

Studies on Pascal. By the late ALEXANDER VINET, D.D., Professor of Theology in Lausanne, Switzerland. Translated from the French by the Rev. THOMAS SMITH, A.M. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1859.

Gibbon's time the "Father of History" was often contemptuously spoken of, as a teller of stories, a collector of fables for children; but since that age of ill-considered skepticism, this affluent Greek, with his easy Ionic graces, has stepped forward —steady has been his tread; and he now lives among us anew, as "an authority." Instances similar might soon fill a page. Passing by men of second-rate fame, think of Bacon—one might even put on this list his wonderful namesake Roger—but take the illustrious Lord Bacon: little was he read, little was he thought of, seldom was he named, until the morning hour of our now young, modern physical sciences! It is within the recollection of some now living that the *Novum Organon*, and the *De Augmentis*, have come to take a prominent and an undisputed place in the canonical philosophic literature of Europe. If we should not affirm the same of John Milton, yet we may say it of *Paradise Lost*, which, after a long doze, started into life at the call of Addison, in the *Saturday Spectators*.

Blaise Pascal, author of the *Lettres de Louis de Montalte*, has indeed lived on, in the open day; but as to Pascal, the author of the *Pensées*, it is not so much *sepulture* as *pillory* that he has endured these two hundred years. The author of the *Thoughts*—the genuine and the fiery utterances of this soul, so profound, so calm, and yet so intense—this mind, hard and geometric, yet warm and sensitive beyond bounds—this mind, by structure skeptical, and yet unboundedly believing —this mind, rigid and exact as that of Aristotle—rich, and lofty, and deep, as that of Plato—this true Pascal, after he had first been martyred by his ill-judging and timid friends, was then quartered by the Philistines of the *Encyclopedia;* and while he has been admired for qualities he had not, he has been defrauded of his just praise. The *real* Pascal has at length been rescued, as from his friends, so from his enemies.

We may presume that to some of our readers the circumstances of this long obscuration, and of this recent recovery of the genuine *Thoughts* of Pascal, are not unknown. On this supposition, we shall be the more brief in relating them. We must also suppose that, in outline at least, the tragical history of the society of Port Royal—which has once and again been brought into view before the English public —is well known, and is duly remembered. A recollection of that sad history is indeed needed in framing as good an apology as the case admits of, for the timid and unwarrantable conduct of his friends, the first editors of the *Pensées*.

The leading facts, concerning the literary history of Pascal's posthumous writings, are given at length by the editor of the edition which is now before us. Briefly stated, they are these:—Pascal, from the moment of his abandonment of his secular studies, or soon afterward, and of his dedication of his great powers of mind exclusively to religious purposes, had entertained—so it has been supposed —the project of composing, in the most rigidly logical manner, a treatise in proof, first of Theism, and then of the Christian Revelation. Full of the grandeur of this purpose—great indeed in his view of it, and of the extent and the difficulty of the task—he postponed to a distant time that sort of *ordering* of the various subjects before him which must have preceded a formal commencement of it. To a time of leisure, and of recovered health perhaps —to years which, in his thirtieth year, were yet in his prospect—he reserved this preliminary labor. Meantime, to prevent the loss of any valuable materials, and to secure the daily products of his teeming mind, and at the same time, perhaps, to preclude the supposition on the part of survivors that these loose materials were *all*, or nearly all, that he had intended to make them, it was his habit to intrust to any chance fragments of paper the thoughts of each passing moment. Loose materials indeed—fragmentary, and elliptical, and *enigmatical*, and often interlined, and blotted, and sometimes quite illegible—were these scraps. Nevertheless, if Pascal's *Thoughts* were scraps *in form*—if they were scraps to the *eye*, they possessed a golden continuity of their own—they had an intrinsic oneness; there was in them a coherence, a unity of intention, which belonged to them as being the out-beamings of a mind great in its own tranquil luminousness — translucent and incandescent itself throughout its substance. So is it that all these sparks have all the same splendor; and so does the iron, when it is struck at a white heat, fill the space around the anvil with flaming diamonds.

The mass of writings accumulated in this manner, in the course of some ten

years, was great;—it was a pile of manuscripts that came into the hands of Pascal's literary executors. But who were these? They were the trembling expectants of every wrong which the malice of Jesuitism, and the stolid fanaticism of the Court—its tool, might please to inflict. This—the cruel position of the heads of the Jansenist sect, at that time—must, in justice, be kept in view for mitigating the heavy blame which, at the first moment, one is inclined to throw upon them. But the course pursued at that critical moment in the religious fate of France, by those excellent men—Nicole, Arnauld, and others, involved consequences which they did not—which they could not, have foreseen; and it is partly in regard to these consequences, fatal as they have been, that we are now proposing to bring the facts under the reader's notice. If any one should ask, What is the present religious condition of our nearest neighbors?—an answer to that question must carry us up from one generation of men to the next above it; nor will it be possible to stop, in pursuing the line of moral causation, until we reach the time when the blood-shedding of the Reign of Terror finds its true explication in the blood-shedding of the St. Bartholomew. A strict connection, an unbroken thread of influences—some of them, indeed, highly attenuated, and yet real—give a continuity to this series of events. And dare any one now affirm that this same thread is snapped, and that, from the time of the founding of the revolutionary empire, onward, all things in France—its religion and its irreligion together—have taken a fresh start, and that thus the things of to-day have no hold upon the past? We may not profess to think this; nor may we believe that the great evolution of the French mind, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, has yet been sealed, as if for oblivion, and that it will never repeat itself in that country.

We return, then, for a moment to the circumstances that attended the first publication of this remarkable collection—the *Thoughts* of Pascal. In relating them, we regard as trustworthy the summary of facts prefixed by M. Ernest Havet to his edition, and most of which are attested in other recent publications.

Rough-cast and fragmentary as these *Thoughts* must appear, if we are looking at Pascal's autograph—morsels as they are, bits, rendered illegible often by interlineations, and by many erasures, and by the reïnsertion of words and phrases that had been expunged—they are not, in truth, as to their literary quality, as rough as they seem:—this, their *appearance* would give a false idea of them as *compositions*. Pascal was a most severe critic of his own style: slow was he in satisfying himself, (so have the best writers always been;) exact was he in his requirements, as to his choice of words; and still more severe was he in the adjustment of his thoughts; for he combined, in a remarkable manner, the rigid geometric temper—abstemious in terms, inexorable in the excision of whatever he thought superfluous—with a freedom, a spirit, and even a *license* of speech, which had much of the dramatic cast. It is this freedom which *now* imparts so much freshness to the *Thoughts*, but which alarmed his scrupulous friends of Port Royal, who misused a frigid discretion in drawing the pen through every startling word and phrase that made their nice ears to tingle. So it is, therefore, that what some of us, years ago, were used to think a rather heavy book, reads *now*, in these recent recensions, almost like Moliere, and too often like Rouchefoucauld. It is amusing to trace the instances—hundreds of such instances there are—in which the pious Nicole, and others, his coädjutors, have disguised the bright and witty author of the *Provincial Letters*, by putting upon him the broad brim and the straight-cut drab coat of Port Royal Quakerism!

Although so spirited and so free, Pascal wrote on morals and religion in as severe a manner as if he were framing the demonstration of a geometric theorem. It was his aim so to write, says his modern editor, as that there should not be a word too much—not a word wanting; no false graces—no conventional utterances; nothing so said that the *author* should appear rather than the *man*. He did not hesitate to repeat a word in a sentence, if it was the most proper word for the occasion; and he would at any time do this, rather than, merely for avoiding a repetition, introduce a word that was less proper. In his compositions, every thing of ornament —*luxe*—was cut off; and if, as a writer, Pascal is *elegant*, this word must be understood in the sense in which mathematicians apply it sometimes to a demon-

stration. He turns upon and works his thought — *tourmente son idée* — in such manner as shall bring it out, clear of mistake; and, in doing this, he pays attention, not merely to the choice of terms, but to the *order* in which they are presented. Nothing was more important in his view than *order;* nor any thing more difficult: to this end he labored—he spared no labor; he would revise and correct what he had written eight or ten times over, where every one but himself would have said it was admirably expressed at the first. If, in fact, Pascal has written little, and nothing of a much extended kind, this was not merely — so thinks his editor — because health and strength for doing so failed him, but because the rigorousness of the criticism to which he subjected his compositions was such, that the execution of any work on a large scale would have been, to him, a task and a labor exceeding the powers of human nature. It has often been said that, if Pascal had completed the *Thoughts*—that is to say, had brought his materials into form, as a finished composition — it would have been a work of matchless excellence. There may, however, be reason to doubt whether *a finished work* — ever and again commenced anew—could have come from under his hand; and there is room also, with another of his editors, to say that, admirable writer as he is when he finishes any thing, he is still more to be admired in any instance in which he was cut short.

At the time of Pascal's death, in 1662, the establishment at Port Royal, and the Jansenist body, was in doubtful conflict with their powerful and ruthless enemies, the Jesuits. His papers came into the hands of his friends of Port Royal, who appear to have hesitated long as to the expediency, or the safety to themselves, of giving them publicity. It was not until seven years afterward, in 1669, that what is called the Port Royal edition of the *Pensées* appeared; and, during this lapse of time, the worthy and learned persons of that body had, at their leisure, not only *deciphered* the autograph, which was a very difficult task, but they had, at their discretion, and with too little regard to the limits of their responsibility in the execution of such a task — editing the products of a mind of immeasurably greater compass than their own — foregone or suppressed much; and this perhaps they might think themselves at liberty to do; but they had dared to substitute words, phrases, sentences of their own, in place of the flashing, the burning words and phrases of their departed friend. Almost every one of those dramatic turns of expression which, in truth, are the *natural* out-speakings of a mind and soul so teeming with life, so sharp, so robust, are either smoothed over, or are simply struck out! Feeble wisdom, indeed, was this! The fearless Montalte, wielding his own two-edged, terrible weapon of logic and satire, had once saved Port Royal. Was it not an error, then, not to allow the same champion, wielding the same weapon again, and, as if starting from his grave, to save Port Royal anew?

The Port Royal editor, Stephen Perier, in his preface, speaking of the huge, disorderly collection of papers which came into the hands of his friends, says of them — and we may well believe it — that — tout cela était si imparfait et si mal écrit, qu'on a eu toutes les peines du monde à lo déchiffrer. This being the case, these good men might have felt themselves excused in declining the all but impracticable task of preparing such a mass for the press; but, assuredly, if published at all, the *Thoughts* should have truly represented the mind of their departed friend. It was, however, well that *they*, to whom Pascal's handwriting was familiar, did actually achieve the task of completing a legible copy, without the aid of which — for it is still in existence — it may be doubted, says M. Havet, if, *at this time*, it would have been possible to read the autograph at all. At first, the Port Royal editors had intended, as they say, to give the best continuity they could to the fragments, by supplying what was wanting in form and in order, by clearing up obscure passages; and, in fact, by — writing a book, such as they *imagined* Pascal himself would have written, if he had lived to complete his own intention! Happily, from so audacious an attempt these worthy divines were soon turned aside; and it was well it was so, for it is not every man that can get himself into the steel armor of Richard Cœur de Lion, and wield his battle-ax, and bestride a Flanders stallion with ad-

vantage. This method of dealing with the *Pensées*, and another also having been rejected, these editors determined, as they tell us, to give to the public such of these fragments only as seemed the most intelligible and the most finished, "just such as they found them"—telles qu'on les a trouvées — "without adding or altering any thing" — sans y rien ajoutir ni changer. These are queer words for men of honor to employ — the *facts* being—what they are!

These editors, says M. Havet, have given—generally speaking, or very loosely speaking, *The Thoughts;* but it has been with alterations in detail of all sorts, and some which seriously affect the very meaning of Pascal; the editors, Arnauld and Nicole, especially, had their scruples; his personal friends had their exceptions; and beyond this, the functionaries to whose approval the work was necessarily submitted, demanded that some things should be changed. But above all, care was to be taken that no advantage whatever should be put into the hands of the enemies of Port Royal, under the favor of Pascal's name. It was at length to M. Cousin that the world was to owe the important service of dispersing the thick cloud of all these mystifications and of this cowardly prudence, which had so long vailed the real Pascal from view. This distinguished man, prompted, probably, by literary curiosity only, had given some time to an examination of the genuine autograph, collating it, by the aid of the copy, with the printed editions, earlier and later; and in consequence of the strange discoveries which he then made, a careful collation of the whole of this manuscript, treasured as it had been in the King's Library,* was undertaken by a competent literary person.

M. Cousin, in making a general report of the differences between the autograph and the editions, says:

"Some of the alterations affect the actual meaning, and these are the most serious; but they were (probably) compulsory, (or were deemed indispensable;) others affect the form, and these are, as to their motive, the most inexplicable, and they are the most numerous too — alterations of words, alterations in the term of expression, alterations of phrases; suppressions, substitutions, additions; compositions which are arbitrary and absurd—sometimes of a paragraph, sometimes of an entire chapter; and these effected by the means of phrases and of paragraphs foreign altogether to the context, and inconsistent among themselves; and, what is worse, a dislocation quite arbitrary and absolutely inconceivable (as to its motive) of chapters which, in the manuscript of Pascal, are strictly consecutive—part following part in a manner which had been the fruit of labor and deep thought."—*Avant-propos de M. Cousin.*

Inconceivable, in truth, in many instances, as to the motives which prompted these *emendations*, are the various readings of the Port Royal editions. Incredible, almost, as to the principles assumed to warrant them, are the misrepresentations, or the falsifications, which have thus been brought to light. Like breeds like; was it so that the same slimy casuistry which Pascal had pursued to the death in the *Provincials*, had taken possession of the leaders of Jansenism, and that so Jesuitism had got its revenge in poisoning the consciences of its adversaries? One need not doubt that these good men *believed* they were doing only what "a sound discretion" warranted—and it has been a so-called "sound discretion" that has burned scores of heretics.

The present editor excuses himself from the task—intolerable and unprofitable — of indicating these variations throughout; he says, there is not a page free from something of the kind; but in his notes, which for the most part are pertinent and serviceable, he has brought under notice those differences which materially disfigure, either Pascal's *Thought*, or his style. Alterations of the latter kind appear to be attributable chiefly to the impertinence of the Duke de Roannez, who had labored at the task of re-writing the *Thoughts* on an improved plan! and in a better style! It is instructive to think of such an instance of boundless coxcombry! Finding himself unable to accomplish what he had so modestly intended, this noble person did what he could —en mettant à chaque instant ses expressions à la place de celles de Pascal! Inasmuch as the *Thoughts* of this great mind are the property of modern literature, as well as the pride of France, it is a work deserving of a European vote of thanks, thus to have given us at length, Blaise Pascal in the place of—the Duke de Roannez!

Other editors followed the same track, in bringing forward, either portions of

* Now the Imperial.

the *Thoughts*, or some of Pascal's minor pieces; among these was the "Père des Molets." But, in 1776, an editor very differently minded came forward, and gave to the world an edition of the *Thoughts*, or rather, a selection of them, with notes, indicating very plainly the intention of the annotator. In what way, or rather, by means of what misunderstanding of this Christian writer's purpose, the leaders of the atheism of that time might avail themselves of his doctrine and principles, it will be our part, a little further on, to show. The edition of Condorcet, taken up and patronized by Voltaire, who also added his notes, was printed (as would seem) in London. Condorcet, luminous and geometric as he was, did something in attempting to redeem the collection from the desperate confusion and disorder of the Port Royal editions. His edition was not, however, more than what might be called, in usual phrase, "The Flowers of Pascal;" all the more strictly theological passages were omitted, and those only were produced which fell in with his design in bringing out a work of this strange kind. As to the spurious and the falsified passages of the Port Royal edition, Condorcet adopted them without inquiry. In 1779 M. Bossuet gave to the world a complete edition of Pascal's works. This edition included several pieces which had not before appeared, or which had not been duly edited; but, as to the *Thoughts*, it followed on the same path, reproducing the vitiated portions of the Port Royal edition.

It was in 1842 that M. Cousin—as we have said—amazed every body by announcing the fact, that, while believing they were in possession of Pascal's *Thoughts*, these, in truth, had never been given to the world. The autograph, as was known, was preserved in the Imperial Library, where it had been deposited at the time when rescued from the fire which destroyed the Abbey of St. Germains-des-Prez, in 1794. In the National Library this collection was always open to every eye; and yet—so it is affirmed—neither the philosophers who disputed among themselves as to Pascal's principles, nor the literary men who studied his style, nor even the men who, year after year, had taken upon themselves to superintend new editions of his works, had troubled themselves to examine these manuscripts. M. Cousin could not be easily satisfied: he collated the editions, as well with the Port Royal manuscript *copy*, as with the printed editions; he brought forward samples of the variations; and he made known his opinion, that an edition of the *Thoughts* was a labor to which some one, who should be competent to the task, must give his time. By various citations, exhibiting the gravity and extent of the variations from the original text, he demonstrated that, although the author of the *Provincial Letters* had always been regarded as a fearless writer, uttering strong things, in bold language, the author of the *Thoughts* was a far more intrepid writer—more violent even, and in every way more startling, than the writer who hitherto had been regarded as bold enough. The world — the world of French literary intelligence, was awakened by this discovery: the charms of the style of this standard writer, and the inimitable touch of a master's hand, revealed now at length, excited a vivid feeling; and this feeling could not fail quickly to bring about what was needed—a careful perusal of the autograph, and a trustworthy edition of the *Thoughts*—a restoration of this mass; or, what we have ventured to call—a resurrection of the real Pascal.

It is thus that the present editor sums up his report of this strange entombment, and of the return to life of his author:

> "The text of the *Thoughts* has, in fact, undergone three successive revelations: in the first, the Port Royal editions—the spring, the vigor of the writer, was almost entirely suppressed; in the second, the extracts brought forward by Des Molets, and which were repeated in the editions of Condorcet and of Bossuet, there was perceptible, in degree, and sparingly, something of the temerity, as well of Pascal the Jansenist, the sectarist, as of Pascal the philosopher and the skeptic; so that a surmise was suggested as to that which at length was to become manifest. The third, and the last of these revelations, has left nothing more to be wished for. The *Thought* of this daring writer, in all its startling audacity, and his style too, in all its freedom and its vivacity, is in view. The date of this revelation, of which M. Cousin was the instrument, will ever be memorable in the history of French literature."—*Etude*, p. 54.

M. Cousin, who had made the discovery, had produced samples: he had shown what was to be done; but had not himself undertaken the heavy task which remained to be achieved. In 1844, M.

Prosper Faugère brought out in two octavo volumes, an edition of the *Thoughts*, and of other small pieces, to which he pledged himself as being faithful, complete, and authentic. This laborious editor attempted to bring the scattered materials before him into what he imagined to be their true order, as intended by Pascal; but probably this was attempted on insufficient grounds.* But M. Havet, not himself believing that Pascal had actually digested *any* plan, as if for a complete treatise, has not attempted to make search, in the confused mass, for the indications of what he thinks never had existence. He has therefore fallen back upon the arrangements of his predecessors; not as if these were better, or that one was better than another; but because, in his view, they are all alike unauthentic and unimportant. The arrangement of the edition of Bossuet, to which the readers of Pascal are accustomed, is followed in this edition, with some few exceptions, which need not be here specified.

We have now said what may suffice for putting before those of our readers who are not already acquainted with them, the actual facts of this, perhaps, unexampled instance of the literary substitution of a factitious for a genuine image of a mind—and this, a mind of the highest order. The instance is in itself fraught with instructive inferences, which will suggest themselves to the thoughtful reader. Presuming, then, that *our* readers *are* of the thoughtful class, we may leave them to pursue such meditations at their leisure, and at this moment turn toward subjects of a wider meaning. Pascal's mind, seen as we *now* see it, in conflict with the great problems of all time, gives an exhibition of the true nature of those problems, as they display their relation to the vigorous evolution of the mind of France in the seventeenth century. This evolution was preliminary to that of the next following century, which itself has shaken the European commonwealth; nor must it be thought to have reached its ultimate consequence, even at this late time. The *beginning* of this end takes date from the appearance of the *Essays* of Montaigne, in 1580; and therefore this "time of the end," as to the religious destiny of France, wants now about twenty years to make up its three centuries.

In giving this prominence—as the leader of modern French thought in religion—to Montaigne, we follow the guidance of our subject. If Pascal has already been rescued from the hands of his Jansenist editors, there is something still to be done in rescuing him, as to the *Pensées*, from the *Essays* of his master. At an early time in his course, and, as appears, before the hour of his conversion, Pascal had read, and had—might one say so—sodden his soul in the mind of Montaigne; and thus it is that, in almost countless instances, when putting a thought on paper, what he was doing—whether consciously or unconsciously—was noting and repeating, for his own future use, a something then floating in his mind, which *now* proves itself to be, either in substance, or perhaps in very words, a citation from the *Essays* of Montaigne. These are not instances of plagiarism in any proper sense of the word. The notes were made by Pascal for his own use in future; and he cared not to recollect precisely whence they had come to him. The present editor adduces many instances of these formal and informal coïncidences; and the reader who will take pains to do so, availing himself of M. Havet's aid, and having also the quaint *Essays* in hand, may come to know what is Pascal in Pascal, and what is Montaigne. But, in truth, the two minds, little as we may have been used to think it, were *consecutive* minds. There was a principle of connection—there was a sequence of occult causation between them; and thus it is that the great writer to whom, on the Christian side, it has become trite to make a confidential appeal—"Was not Pascal a Christian?"—was, in an intellectual sense, the son and heir of the writer who has often been named, and denounced too, as the father of the modern French infidelity—the very writer behind whom Bayle, in making up his apology for his own freedoms, says: "Après tout, oseroit-on dire que mon Dictionaire aproche de la licence des Essais de Montaigne, soit à l'égard du Pyrrhonisme, soit à l'égard des saletez?" —*Dict.* p. 3025. It is not apart from a careful distinction made and insisted upon, that we should risk the *apparent* paradox

* This edition, 1844, found its way into England at the time, and it may be in the recollection of some of our readers, as it is in our own; albeit a copy is not now before us.

of naming, in causative order, Montaigne, Pascal, Bossuet, Condorcet, Rousseau, and the Encyclopedists, with Voltaire as chairman of the committee of Unbelief. This needful distinction, in rescue of Pascal, we may suggest as we go on: it is such as might lead to useful reflections in these times!

But a word as to Montaigne. This bold thinker, and humane and upright man, who was neither Huguenot nor atheist, flung himself off with heat from the ferocious fanaticism of his times. Cruelty and bigotry he abhorred; and, subject to such restraints only as his public position imposed upon him, he spoke and wrote as he thought. In so thinking, speaking, and writing, he distanced himself, intellectually and morally, yet not ecclesiastically, from the men of his time—in fact, from all the world of the sixteenth century. Looking at the social system and at the manners of his countrymen, as from the vantage-ground of a needful perspective, he fell naturally into the habit of dissecting every thing—of stripping off every mask—of working himself well up to the core of every subject—of probing, analyzing, opening out all things, whether sacred or profane. It can be no wonder that the young and ardent author of the *Provincial Letters*, himself so searching a practitioner with the knife in morbid anatomy, should take to himself a teacher, such as was the author of the *Essays*. Or, if this might be a wonder, it must cease to be so accounted when, as now, we come near to this same Pascal, in the perusal of his genuine thoughts. This, then, is the order of intellectual causation: Montaigne leads the way, a sincere Catholic, but Pyrrhonist; Pascal follows in the next century, not only Catholic, but a devout Christian, and yet a Pyrrhonist also. But—may we say it?—he leaves the royal banner of genuine religious thought, theistic and Christian, floating loosely in the winds! Alas! his co-religionists of Port Royal—*Catholic* in the sense of spiritual slavery, and *Christian* in the sense of devout feeling and of compromise—knew not their vocation: they heard not the voice of Heaven; they lowered the colors of their chief, and these, available as they were for sinister purposes in their torn condition, were hoisted with acclamations upon the wall of Atheism! Thus, then, come we up to the verge of the pit out of which, in the next hour, issued a roaring storm of blood and fire—all the ingredients of hell flung up to the skies, and thence descending, to deluge the earth.

Pascal did much—and he did it with profound skill—in the way of barring the inference which the world would be quick to draw from his Pyrrhonism, which was at once *constitutional* with him, and *geometric:* it was a matter of temperament, and it was also a result of mathematical logic. But what he did in this way, or for this purpose, was left in an inorganic state; and thus it failed of effecting its purpose according to his own intention. It was as if a man, for the protection of his house and goods, had put into the hands of his servants sword-blades without handles, and rifle-barrels without stocks!

Then, beside this—the impracticable condition of Pascal's weapons, defensive and offensive—he wrought under a condition which has ever been fatal to success in those who, conscientious as they may have been—and *he* was inexorably, immovably, profoundly conscientious in all things (witness his temporary disagreement with his Port Royal friends)—have so stood forth as champions of Christianity: in the fewest words expressed, Pascal earnestly desired to save the Gospel—salvâ ecclesiâ. So it has been with a succession of great and honest men, from Augustine to our times. What availed that noble work, the *Civitas Dei*, in stemming the torrent of superstition and confusion which so soon after deluged Africa and the western world? Little or nothing. Read the African Salvian, and find your answer. Respectfully we would here say—Think of this, whoever it may be now, in this crisis of Christian belief, in whose secret unconfessed purposes this same maxim or principle may crouch—save Christianity—salvâ ecclesiâ.

There is extremely little of Romanism in Pascal. But although in theology he himself outdoes Calvin's Calvinism, there is in him a profound dread of the Calvinistic schism; and, just as the Donatists kept Augustine true to the Church, and induced him to be the champion of its corruptions, so did the Huguenots drive Pascal in upon the Church of Rome—its corruptions notwithstanding.

We should say something, perhaps, of Pascal's personal history; but this is one of a few instances in which the greatness of the mind throws into a position of com-

parative non-importance the facts of personal history. In his case, this history was quite uneventful; nor is it of a kind to be signally instructive. As a leader in science, and as a profound mathematician, his course came early to an end: he did indeed secure a place for himself in the annals of philosophy; yet he did little more than give evidence of a depth and sagacity which, if it had been devoted through many years to secular science, would undoubtedly have given him a name second to few or none among its chiefs in modern times. It is in its reflected influence upon his religious course that this great scientific reputation has chiefly become noticeable.

The memoir of her brother, as given to the world by his devoted sister, Mme. Perier, (Gilberte Pascal,) is rather a eulogy than a biography; and, while it mentions leading facts of the personal history, it leaves the reader to seek elsewhere for information concerning some of the most important occurrences thereto belonging. Nothing is related by his sister of the circumstances to which Pascal's conversion has been attributed, (as incidental cause;) nor do we find in this memoir any statements of his connection with Port Royal, or of his controversy with the Jesuits. This connection, which made him to a great extent the *sectarist*, we should think it wearisome, at this time, to bring into prominence; and as to that controversy, the fruit of which was the *Provincial Letters*,* it would be beside our purpose, just now, to bestow much space upon it.

This great soul came into the world (June nineteenth, 1623) consorted with a material organization of a very peculiar kind. Such was the body—or such the brain or nervous system—that it could never consist with that easy equipoise between mind and body to which the term —health properly applies. There could be no health, there could be no buoyant enjoyment of either mental or corporeal existence, in the instance of one whose mind—a Titan mind—was ever struggling and beating against the walls of its cell, as if determined to get out, or to break and shatter every thing that was in the way of its liberty. Then the miseries which the living man was thus destined to endure were vastly aggravated by the enormities of the asceticism which he practiced; and yet, were not these very enormities—was not this hideous asceticism itself—a product of the life-long quarrel between the lodger and the lodgings?

The notes of the surgeons who made a *post-mortem* examination of the mortal remains are extant. This document contains particulars of this sort: "The stomach and the liver were withered—shriveled; the intestines were in a gangrenous state." These derangements had no doubt been induced, in the course of years, by the incredibly absurd ascetic practices in which Pascal had persisted—spite of the remonstrances of his physicians and his family. So it is that the *post-mortem* of a man who kills himself at forty or fifty, by drams of gin, offers to the dissector nearly the same revolting appearances as those that are the product of a life of religious infatuation! As to the head, the appearances were indeed singular. *We* do not profess to be qualified to say whether they are of a kind that is in an extreme degree rare. There were no traces of sutures, except the sagittal; the cranium was, therefore, in a manner a solid unyielding case or osseous helmet! As to the frontal suture, instead of the ordinary dovetailing which takes place in childhood—we believe, about the eighth year, at which time the brain has reached its final dimensions—the natural closing up of it had been prevented by the want of elasticity in the rest of the cranium, resulting from the absence of the temporal sutures; and then the wide gap had become filled in with a calculus, or nonnatural deposit, perceptible to the touch on the scalp, and which probably obtruded also upon the *dura mater* within, and so would be the cause of intense suffering through life. As to the coronal suture, there was not a trace of it! The brain was of unusual size and density — such, in fact, as to keep the sagittal suture open, in default of the relief afforded ordinarily by the other sutures. But, as a sufficient explanation of Pascal's death, and of the miseries of his later years, there were found within the cranium, and at the part opposite to the ventricles, two depressions, filled with coägulated blood in a corrupt state, and which had produced a gangrenous spot on the *dura*

* It is unlucky that this customary rendering of the French *Lettres Ecrites a un Provinical par un de ses Amis*, conveys a wrong idea, as if the letters were a provincial product, instead of the contrary.

mater. Thus are some born to anguish, beyond the reach of remedial art; and so was it with this great and burning spirit; and so did Pascal's frequent saying realize itself in him — La maladie est l'état naturel des chrétiens! It may well be believed that, in his case, the suffering to which he was born had induced a state of mind and temper commingling philosophic fortitude with Christian principle, and then therewith the ascetic mood; which state of mind expressed itself in many of the stern paradoxes, and the ultra-rational maxims, which abound in, and which, we must confess, disfigure, the mass of *Thoughts* now before us.

Pascal's paradoxes in morals, his harsh and gloomy views of human life, and the enormities of his personal mortification, what were they but outward expressions of the organic anguish which it was his lot to endure year after year? Thus speaks his modern eulogist:

"Pascal would not permit himself to be conscious of the relish of his food; he prohibited all seasonings and spices, however much he might wish for and need them; and he actually died because he forced the diseased stomach to receive at each meal a certain amount of aliment — neither more or less, whatever might be be his appetite at the time, or his utter want of appetite. He wore a girdle armed with iron spikes, which he was accustomed to drive in upon his body (his fleshless ribs) as often as he thought himself in need of such admonitions. What folly! and yet how sad is such a spectacle! how disheartening is it! And then, as to his virtues — they were in a sense virtues out of joint. His purity — what was it? He was annoyed and offended if any one in his hearing might chance to say that they had just seen a beautiful woman! He rebuked a mother who permitted her own children to give her their kisses. Toward a loving sister, who devoted herself to his comfort, he assumed an artificial harshness of manner, *for the express purpose*, as he acknowledged, of revolting her sisterly affection! This is the man whose wont it was to describe man as a compound of greatness and of wretchedness! Thus, indeed, did Pascal truly describe himself — great always, and miserable always! Let us then cease," says this editor, "to think of these miseries, and fix our attention upon this grandeur — grandeur, not of the intellect only, but of the heart also."— *Notes*, p. 29.

In estimating, at their just value, Pascal's labors on the side of Christianity, and in coming to think equitably of the causes which lessened so much the actual product of these labors, it is necessary to understand the degree to which a mind so powerful and so penetrating had suffered damage — *first*, from the misfortune of his physical conformation; *next*, from his too great admiration of Epictetus and of Montaigne; *then* from his Jansenist sectarianism; *then* from his devotion to the Papacy, which in him was at once a logical and a religious inconsequence, or incoherence. If he had not, in these several modes, lost or forfeited his proper advantage, it is just conceivable that the influence of his writings upon the mind of France, in that age, would have been of lasting and beneficial consequence. At the least, he might have precluded the possibility of what actually happened, when a sinister use was made of his reputation by the Encyclopedists of the next century. Moreover, the position he assumed on the noted occasion of the "miracle of the holy thorn" becomes explicable (or it is in some measure explicable) when we find that he was not able to rise superior to the most abject infatuations of the ascetic practice. These extravagances are, of course, spoken of with admiration by his devoted sister. To reject every gratification of the senses, to refuse every pleasure, to abstain from every thing that might be called superfluous, was, we are told, the one maxim or sovereign rule of Pascal's life. And yet this Bible-reader had the New Testament by heart; and so well acquainted with it was he, says his sister, that if, in his hearing, by chance any passage was quoted incorrectly, he never failed to correct the error, saying: "*That* is not Holy Scripture." Thus cognizant of the Heaven-given principles and rules of virtue, and thus knowing how that rule was exemplified in the practice of Christ and his ministers, he could so grievously misunderstand all! Paul had said: "I know how to be abased, and I know how to abound. I am instructed (divinely instructed) both to be full, and to be hungry; both to abound, and to suffer need." In the face of Scripture, in defiance of the divine example and precepts, this strong logical mind could persuade itself to enact the fakir after the most outrageous fashion! With an incessant vigilance toward the senses and the appetites, he absolutely refused them

the smallest satisfaction. He had acquired a wonderful skill, his sister says, in turning away his consciousness. If in any instance the diet which his maladies compelled him to use was agreeable to the palate, he would not *taste* it—he *swallowed* it only! Never did he utter any such exclamation as this: "This is very nice."

Of a piece with these frivolous severities, and with these pitable perversions of the nobler moral sense, are very many of the iron-like cynical conclusions and the startling paradoxes which are scattered up and down among the *Thoughts, as they now stand;* and when the reader comes upon passages of this class, he will do well to recollect that what so much offends common-sense in the writings of one like Pascal — deep thinking and severely logical as he was, should be put on one side, or should be thrown on to the heap of his ascetic mistakes. Compensated, in the equitable balance of the Christian moralist, were these damaging errors by the practice of virtues which are always admirable. His alms-deeds reached the utmost extent of his resources; he gave to the poor, daily, all he could give; his humility, his patience under an extremity of suffering, and especially his denial of that ambition which never fails to be present in powerful minds, gave evidence of the intensity, and of the sincerity of the surrender he had made of himself, body, soul, and spirit, to the service of God and of his fellows.

Some however of those instances of extravagance or of paradox which occur in his sister's narrative, or among the *Thoughts*, are traceable to a very different source; for they are the product of the geometric hardness of his mode of thinking; they are violences offered to common-sense at the demand of that logic which sometimes he followed wherever it might lead him. An explanation similar to this is perhaps the best apology which the case admits of, in the instance of some of Jonathan Edwards's astounding affirmations in his *Essay on Virtue* and other writings. Common-sense forgotten — Scripture out of view—and then the most enormous of all imaginable conclusions may be boldly drawn from what?—from "*our premises!*" Alas for virtue, for piety — for theism, for humanity, for every thing fair and precious—when some awful conclusion is coming down upon us —by right of logic, like an express train in the dark, with its glaring red eyes, and we—on the rails! Pascal did not hesitate to tell his loving sister that she was guilty toward God — was chargeable with a crime—if she loved her brother with any personal affection; and here, on a page before us, (324,) this geometrician says: "It is an *injustice* for any one to become attached to me, (in the way of personal regard or affection,) although this attachment be free on their part, and be to them a source of pleasure. It is so because I can not be *the end* of any one. I possess nothing that can satisfy any one. Am I not about to die? and so the object of their affection dies! As I should be blameworthy if, in any case, I made what was false to be believed, although I did it sweetly, persuasively, and that the belief itself was pleasurable to those who entertained it, so, in like manner, am I blameworthy if I make myself loved, or if I induce any of those about me to attach themselves to me." It what sense was the writer of a *Thought* like this, accustomed to read the narrative of Christ's behavior in the family circle at Bethany? But what is Scripture when opposed to an unanswerable syllogism! It is, as we may see in a thousand instances, it is—as a bundle of straws! Volumes of absurd *certainties*—of nonsense demonstrations, have sprung from the unlucky usage of applying terms proper only to mathematical reasoning to moral and theological problems. What meaning can cleave to to the word *infinite* in many of its usual applications?—as much as to such phrases as these—infinite *blue*, infinite *yellow*, infinitely *sweet* or *sour* or *bitter*. Pascal's reasoning was of this sort: God, who is infinite, has a rightful claim to the *whole of my love*, (as if love were *a quantity;*) therefore to set off any portion of *this* love, which is *finite*, can be nothing better than *a robbery*—it is so much love *misappropriated*. If Pascal had been a husband and a father, and happy as such, he would have come to know that love is—not a ponderable mass, but a sunshine, which suffers no diminution in diffusion.

It is quite needful, in attempting to bring Pascal into his due place on the field of Christian argument, to set off from the instance not a small amount of over-statement, and of paradox, and of cynical asperity, which were his disadvantage—*first*, as a geometrician who

trusted far too much to his rules, as if they could be applicable to moral problems; *secondly*, as an ascetic, and a cœlebs, after the fashion of the most fanatical species of Romanism; *thirdly*, as the inheritor of a lifelong anguish; and, *fourthly*, as the partisan of a persecuted sect—the Jansenists.

In advancing these necessary cautions, we shall, as we think, have acquitted our duty toward Pascal in drawing the reader's attention to his genuine *Thoughts*. Enough, then, of what relates to the man; and we now turn to the theologue—the theist and the Christian philosopher; or, in a word, we look to this great mind, regarding it as the property of the modern religious community.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

From the Edinburgh Review.

MACAULAY'S HISTORY.*

For the last time we prefix to our critical labors a volume of Macaulay's *History of England*. The last sounding cords which the hand of the great master ever struck have now reached the ear of the public; the hand is cold, and the great heart which inspired it has ceased to beat. The country which he loved so well, the liberty which he cherished, and the constitution which he fenced round with his eloquence and research, have lost their ardent defender. Over the recent grave of so great a man criticism must lower its tone, and even malice must be subdued if not silent. His powers were great, his aspirations lofty, his ends noble and generous. Prejudices and peculiarities, as fall to the lot of all, no doubt he had; but they arose chiefly from his impetuous sense of right, his disdain of meaner minds and motives, and his wrath against oppression. When the volcano once began to work, the lava overflowed in a torrent which, while irresistible, was sometimes perhaps undiscriminating; but there was breadth, massiveness, and grandeur throughout; a noble example of prodigious intellect dedicated to the purest and truest patriotism, without one selfish tinge to sully, or one base ingredient to taint its influence.

Macaulay writes himself so plainly in his works, that it would be impertinent to attempt any labored delineation of his genius; but as it begins to recede from the point of vision, its radiance increases. Gradually taking his place among those that dwell in that Pantheon in which the present world places the heroes of the past, he fills a higher position than when envious critics and indignant friends wrangled over his intellectual conquests, and grudged or defended his renown. Now that he is gone we can better appreciate what we have lost, and what in our day we can not look to have replaced.

With whom shall we rank him? In intellectual power certainly with the greatest. Neither the versatile Bolingbroke, nor the wayward, graceful, inspired, and impracticable Burke, need have disdained the comparison. In pliancy and ease, Bolingbroke surpasses him, as Burke does in delicacy of fancy, but in fertility of resource, fire, and power, he excels them both. We choose these two names as the

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* *The History of England from the Accession of James the Second.* Vol. V. By Lord Macaulay. Edited by his sister, Lady Trevelyan. London. 1861.

The New Examen; or an Inquiry into the Evidence relating to certain Passages in Lord Macaulay's History. By John Paget, Barrister-at-Law. Edinburgh and London. 1861.

greatest of the class to which Macaulay properly belongs—the literary statesmen of England. It is needless to compare him with historians like Hume or Gibbon, or with political leaders like the great chiefs of the rival parties. He did not belong to either order. His writings were for the most part political, not philosophical; and, like those both of Bolingbroke and Burke, they derived their tendency and color from his views of public and political life. He was a statesman writing of history. With Burke, indeed, he has a strong affinity; the same impetuous temperament, the same ear for sonorous composition, the same delightful power of abstracting and absorbing the mind, and the same genuine and unaffected warmth. But Burke, with all his refinement, has an element of coarseness about him, of which Macaulay was entirely destitute, and if the touch of the Irish statesman was freer, his drawing was not so true. Burke's judgment followed, Macaulay's led, the course of passionate and intense emotion, which frequently lured the first astray, but never beguiled the manly sense of the last.

Bolingbroke, in capacity and power, is, perhaps, a more ambitious standard than Burke. But he must be judged more by what he could have done than by what he did. He seems, so far as we know him, to have had, like Macaulay, a prodigious memory, which served him as a storehouse where he found every thing worthy of remembrance in letters or in time whenever he had occasion for it, and he wielded, perhaps, the most brilliant, pure, and sparkling style of any writer in the language. He had also an amount of ability as a man of affairs, with a knowledge of, and power of adaptation to, men and things, to which the two others had no pretensions. But he has left, after all, only *nominis umbra*—the shadow, ill-defined and misty, of a mighty name. Save that he has in a few tracts, intended to be ephemeral, embalmed in the richest words the language could furnish some grand muscular delineations of that constitution which he did his best to upset, nothing tangible remains of his genius. He did nothing, and the fault lay not in his stars which he blamed so freely, but in himself—in the coldness, selfishness, and insincerity of his nature.

Alongside either, Macaulay holds his place, nor does he suffer by the contrast. Within his own range, and it was large, his power was prodigious. Gifted with a force of memory of the rarest kind, retentive and precise to a degree which rendered pastime to him what to most men is laborious toil; an extent of scholarship both cultivated and varied; a glowing fancy which colored and tinted with the flush of poetry the inmost recesses of his learning; a fine ear for rhythm; a true pleasure in the roll and music of words—he brought these rare materials to bear on the best and highest interests of his country and mankind. In large and single-hearted views of public policy he far outstrips either of his rivals. As an orator, as a deliverer of great, weighty, powerful rhetorical appeals, we know not any one who can be placed before him. Had he not been so soon removed, and to a certain extent physically disabled from pursuing his parliamentary career, there was no hight of eminence to which he might not have attained. It is the fashion to say he was not a debater. We do not at all concur in this estimate of him. Except in practice, he had all the qualities which make up a debater—quickness, ready wit, ever present resources, keen reasoning, powerful, sonorous, although sometimes ponderous declamation. Indeed, if his reputation in other departments had not been so high, and if his tastes had not rather led him to shun the contention of political assemblies and to prefer the retirement of his more studious avocations, there is no hight to which Macaulay might not have risen in the arena of debate. His power, perhaps, was somewhat unwieldy for the ordinary gladiatorship of the House of Commons. But he had versatility enough to have overcome that defect. He showed on more than one occasion that aptitude for reply, and, above all, that power of swaying large assemblies, which constitutes the true power and efficiency of Parliamentary oratory. Even as it is, some of his recorded speeches may rank with the greatest ever delivered in the House of Commons. The very last speech he ever made in that House had the rare result of converting a minority into a majority—indeed a very small minority into an overwhelming majority. The question was the right of the Master of the Rolls to sit in Parliament. The bill which had for its object to render that judicial functionary ineligible, had passed the second

reading without a division. On the motion for the Speaker leaving the chair, Macaulay came down and delivered one of his most weighty and effective orations. The consequence was that the bill was lost by a large majority, and although we regret to say that since that time the privilege has never been taken advantage of, the Master of the Rolls remains eligible for a seat in Parliament.

Thus while alongside even the thunders of Burke, and the vast influence of Bolingbroke, Macaulay holds his place; while he was a debater and an orator, a scholar and a poet; while he could inspire the fancy either in its graver or lighter moods, impress the judgment and warm the heart, he had beyond them that steady burning flame of patriotism, that ardent love of liberty, that strong, consistent, impressive sense of the rights of his fellow-countrymen, which from first to last, in the midst of great political excitement, living when great questions were canvassed by strong heads, kept him constant in his course. Liberty was his earliest and was his latest theme. The scorn of oppression and fraud and falsehood, sympathy with all struggling humanity against injustice and wrong, and, above all, the honest pride of an Englishman in the former contests of his countrymen, and their triumphs and successes, were the prevailing emotions of his mind. For these he wrote and spoke; to these ends he used all those great stores of learning, all those wondrous powers of memory and reflection, with which he was endowed. He wore his harness to the end. He fell in the battle. It was his ambition to lay the foundations on which future historians should build the structure of English constitutional history. He has not, alas! lived to complete the great book which he contemplated. He has left us, after all, but a mighty fragment; yet his work is to a great extent accomplished. Time-honored error, prejudice, bigotry, and narrow-minded intolerance have fled before the voice of the enchanter. These mists and clouds he has cleared away forever; and although the fabric remains an unfinished monument of his genius, he has done more for British liberty, and for healthful political feeling in his time, than we need hope for from any other pen in this generation.

There is something very touching and melancholy in the fragmentary volume before us. Lady Travelyan has done her part with great good taste and discretion. She has rightly judged that the public would prefer to receive at her hand the last words of the great historian precisely as he left them; and the fidelity with which this is done is so complete, the grand, sonorous utterances are so strong and powerful to the last, and break off with so sudden and abrupt a fracture, that we could almost have told, even had we not known, that the full-toned string had snapped in an instant, and that death had found and claimed his victim in full career. To ourselves, there is something inexpressibly affecting in this transition from life to silence — from vigor to the grave, which, without a word of comment, or a line of epitaph, this volume suggests.

It begins as it ends, abruptly. It embraces in its range the period from the rejoicings for the peace of Ryswick in December, 1697, to the passing of the Resumption Bill in the summer of 1700; and contains a suplementary passage or chapter of little more than twenty pages, commencing with the death of James in April, 1701, and ending with the death of William in March, 1702.

It will thus be seen that, although the conclusion has been deprived of the rounding and finishing touches of the author, the most essential portion of the work which Macaulay proposed to himself has been accomplished. He has not, indeed, written the History of England from the accession of James II., "down to a time which is within the memory of men still living," according to the comprehensive and ambitious design with which he started. It soon must have become obvious to himself that the scheme which he had sketched in his fertile brain was beyond the physical powers he could command. No life could be long enough, no constitution sufficiently vigorous, to afford the leisure or to sustain the labor which such a task, to be so performed, must have put in requisition. It was, however, within reasonable hope, and formed the limit of his own expectation, that his work might have reached to the end of the reign of Queen Anne. But much as we have lost, by the want of his account of the first twelve years of the eighteenth century, so brilliant both in literature and in

arms, and splendid as, beyond doubt, would have been the historical epic which he would have composed out of Blenheim and Ramillies, Swift and Atterbury, Bolingbroke and Addison, the last reign of the House of Stuart, and the first adherents of the House of Hanover, the chief part of his design has been achieved. He has written the English history of William of Orange in characters deeply carved on our constitution — never to be obliterated while it remains. To clear away the rust and rubbish which time had accumulated; to scatter the mists and vapors of subservience and party rancor, and time-serving philosophy, which obscured our great Exodus from arbitrary power; to disclose in their massive grandeur the true foundations of our present liberty, was a task equal to, and not too great for, his genius; and this he has performed. As time mellows the judgment, and distance combines more completely the proportions of this history, the vast gift which he has bestowed upon his country will be the more truly appreciated. We have not been slow, as our criticism on his last two volumes evinces, to speak our minds freely on his faults and defects and prejudices. But now that all is done, trying to bring back our minds and associations and impressions to what they were in 1847, it is impossible not to feel that the real narrative of the Revolution settlement dates from this publication. The bones, indeed, existed previously, scattered up and down in recesses more or less obscure; but the life was wanting until breathed into them by his ardent and courageous spirit—and as long as the memory of English liberty survives, we believe these five volumes will be regarded as its noblest vindication.

The characteristics, indeed, of the three publications vary with the characteristics of the three periods to which they are devoted. The first full of incident, adventure, and romance — the shaking of thrones, and the agitations of society which accompany changes of dynasty— afforded to his brilliant pencil a theme of rare attraction; and no one will ever forget the admiration and wonder with which his opening volumes were perused, and with which, in all parts of the world, a work was received which united the rarest accuracy of an historian to the charms and witchery of a romance. The rarest accuracy we may well claim for them; for although the world has long since forgotten most of the microscopic cavils with which he was then assailed, and although the more shallow and dull of his readers were slow to believe that truth could be made more interesting than fiction, it should not be forgotten that it came triumphant out of not only the more lofty crucible of opinion, but the meaner meshes and cobwebs of minute censors of dates, and carping critics of small facts. To some of these we adverted in our notice of the two first volumes in 1849, and further investigation has only resulted in placing his industry and fidelity as much above those of his hostile critics, as he soars above all his predecessors in lofty conception and comprehensive grasp.

His object was to lay the foundations of a History of England from the Revolution which should be firm and stable; to fix firmly in the public mind, and to illustrate and perpetuate in the remembrance of his countrymen, the real principles on which our constitution was founded, and the importance as well as the glory of the struggle from which our political privileges arose. He had seen, as we have all seen, how easy it is, when the battle is over, to forget the principle for which the contending armies fought in the ease and security of the victory. He had seen those who lived in liberty and in peace, because their forefathers lived in strife and action, only too ready to recall, amid the constitutional privileges which we enjoy, the obsolete doctrines of discarded prerogative, and to weep over the woes of unworthy rulers. The theme, therefore, which the two first volumes of his history profess to illustrate, was the commencement of that great struggle; and no one can forget with what a trumpet-tone he sounded in the ears of the British public, and indeed of the world, the great principles of individual and constitutional liberty.

In these volumes he told, with a spirit and elegance never, we believe, surpassed, the eventful story of the Revolution, painting it in colors not more brilliant than true. That he created a hero for his theme out of his materials, in no way detracts from his merit; as it only implies that he was in earnest, and that his heart was in his work, and in the moral which

he designed that it should convey. His devotion to William of Orange may, in detail, partake somewhat of exaggeration; but it is exaggeration of that sort which a skillful artist employs to produce the effect of life and reality. He was the center of his historical picture, nor can the most impartial lover of truth complain that the light falls on him advantageously.

The third and fourth volumes were devoted to themes more varied in character, less exciting, and more difficult to handle. The Revolution was over. The new dynasty had taken possession, and inspired confidence in England and respect abroad. But the difficulties which common dangers had smothered, broke out on the return of safety and order. The scope of these volumes was to recount how the foundations of constitutional government were laid, on the ruins which the Stuarts had left behind them; how the jealousies incident to the power of a foreigner were met and surmounted; how the intrigues of the exiled family and the designs of France were counteracted and baffled—for how long treachery was on the eve of success, what difficulties it caused, and what disasters it threatened, and how in the end it was trodden out and extinguished. In the course of this narrative, the historian, of course, was obliged to encounter many topics of controversy, of smaller influence, but on that account more keenly contested now, than the broader battles of Jacobite and Whig. But here, also, although the occasions for criticism were of course more numerous, Macaulay's power, knowledge, and brilliancy have imparted an interest and life to his narrative which no other historian has attained. No doubt his campaigns are dull, and so, we suspect, were the campaigns themselves. But the gradual growth of the existing system of government, the first cabinet, the rise of the Bank of England, the history of constitutional finance, and many subjects of a cognate nature, are treated of in a style both weighty and striking, fitted equally to attract the attention, to impress the memory, and to stimulate inquiry. We there are taught how the turbid and troubled state of the political waters, the instability of all public men, the intrigues of most of them with the Court of Saint Germains, and the strong, sturdy form of parliamentary supremacy cropping up amid the general disquietude, surround, perplex, and disturb the uncongenial mind of the Dutch monarch, whose thoughts are far away in Holland, and whose cares and dreams are all with the ambition of France and the balance of power. Ireland, too, has to be conquered, Scotland has to be appeased and settled, her Church to be satisfied, and her clans to be conciliated or overawed.

We took occasion, when in the course of our critical labors it became our duty to review these volumes, to enter into various discussions as to the different views which Mr. Macaulay had maintained in the course of them. As he was obliged to deal with subjects less exciting and less interesting in themselves, to some extent the prejudices of the writer became more apparent than they had been when his topics were more general, and we did not hesitate to express the opinion which we entertained upon several questions on which we differed from his views. But although it was impossible to deny that this great work, like all others, was fairly susceptible of criticism, we never abandoned the opinion which we formed at first, that while Macaulay had added a new charm to history, and had thrown over the detail of facts all the interest of fictitious narrative, he was not only the most eloquent, but the most accurate, of historians. It is true that he paints so vividly and writes with so much emphasis, that any errors he does commit strike more vividly than in a duller and a tamer style. And so he has been assailed by small critics upon numberless little points of very little materiality to the general scope or accuracy of his narrative, but which have been made the excuse for assaults as slender in their foundation as they are ungenerous and unworthy in themselves.

We hardly expected that it would have been necessary now, after the lapse of twelve years, to have resumed any topic of that kind. We quoted, in our criticism on the first two volumes, a passage from a cotemporary periodical, which, with reference to a few remarks we are now going to make, it may not be amiss again to present to our readers:

"We shall not," (said a writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* in a critique on the two first volumes,) "in treating of the merits of this very remarkable production, adopt the not uncommon practice of reviewers on such occasions. We shall

not pretend to be better informed on the details of the subject than the author. We shall not set up the reading of a few weeks or months against the study of half a life-time. We shall not imitate certain critics who look at the bottom of the pages for the authorities of the author, and having got the clue to the requisite information, proceed to examine with the utmost minuteness every particular of his narrative, and make in consequence a vast display of knowledge wholly derived from the reading which he has suggested. We shall not be so deluded as to suppose we have made a great discovery in biography, because we have ascertained that some Lady Caroline of the last generation was born on the seventh of October, 1674, instead of the eighth of February, 1675, as the historian with shameful negligence has affirmed; nor shall we take credit to ourselves for a journey down to Hampshire to consult the parish-register on the subject. As little shall we in future accuse Macaulay of inaccuracy in describing battles, because on referring, without mentioning it, to the military authorities he has quoted, and the page he has referred to, we have discovered that at some battle, as Malplaquet, Lottum's men stood on the right of the Prince of Orange, whe he says they stood on the left; or that Marlborough dined on a certain day at one o'clock, when in point of fact he did not sit down, as is proved by incontestable authority, till half-past two. *We shall leave such minute and Lilliputian criticism to the minute and Lilliputian minds by whom alone they are ever made. Mr. Macaulay can afford to smile at all reviewers who affect to possess more than his own gigantic stores of information.*"

We have made this quotation because an attempt has been recently made to revive the notion which was so thoroughly exposed and refuted at the time, that while Macaulay's history is interesting, it is not trustworthy. And, strange to say, in the very journal in which these honorable sentiments were expressed, a variety of articles have appeared which have for their object to convey this impression to the public, and which are now published separately under the somewhat pretentious title of *The New Examen*—a work which we have prefixed to our present article. Had Lord Macaulay been alive, we should certainly not have taken the trouble of replying to so very superficial and so very inaccurate a performance. He knew himself how to deal with all assaults of that kind in a fashion which never left his adversaries any reason to congratulate themselves on the result of their tourney. We only call attention to it now from a feeling of indignation not unnatural at the flimsy grounds on which the assault is made, and the time at which it has appeared. Probably the author, in collecting and publishing these essays, had no intention but to promote historical truth; but we could only wish that he had borrowed from the historian whom he so unreservedly attacks, a little of his careful study, clear appreciation, and accurate research.

We have no intention of following Mr. Paget through the various criticisms which this volume contains. But we mean simply to illustrate in a few sentences the inconclusive nature of his arguments, and the carping spirit of his work. He chooses as the subject of his depreciatory remarks five themes—the Duke of Marlborough, the Massacre of Glencoe, the Highlands of Scotland, Viscount Dundee, and William Penn; and he thinks he has proved in all these that Macaulay has committed errors, has omitted facts which he might have known, or has stated facts which he has not verified. He thinks he is unjust to Marlborough; he thinks that he palliates William in his narrative of the massacre of Glencoe; he thinks that he speaks with too great bitterness of the Highlands, and paints them with a pencil dipped in something like gall and dislike; he thinks that Claverhouse was a hero, while Macaulay looks upon him as a savage; and he winds up with the everlasting criticism on his estimate and strictures on William Penn.

Well, if all this were true, what then? Is Macaulay not a great historian, even if these things be as Mr. Paget pretends they are? Has this critic no soul for liberty, no love of his country, no pride in her contests for popular rights, that he can not appreciate so noble an offering on the altar of freedom, because in his small researches he has found a date wrong here, or a letter omitted there? It is impossible that a man writing of fifteen years of great events can avoid some casual slips, or be free of some inclination of the scale; but it is a paltry task to depreciate and cry down the greatest efforts of genius, and the noblest aspirations of free men, because of blemishes and faults such as these, if blemishes and faults they be.

But is the general charge true? Has it any semblance of truth? We may judge of Hercules by his foot, and of this critic, who is no Hercules, by one or two instances; and those we shall select will be more than sufficient. At least we are en-

titled to require at Mr. Paget's hands that he shall be free from the defect which he so bitterly blames. And now for a word or two on some of the illustrations by which he endeavors to make good the attack which he has with so much temerity undertaken.

As to Marlborough, he uses very strong language; he quotes a passage—a striking passage enough—in which Macaulay charges Marlborough with having betrayed to the French government the intended attack upon Brest in 1694, and having thereby lured Talmash the admiral to an action, which resulted in his death. Macaulay says not only that Marlborough had betrayed the intended attack to the French, and that thereby the enemy were prepared for it, and Talmash's life was sacrificed, but that Talmash complained that he had been led into it by treachery, and that this treachery was one of the basest of all the hundred villanies of Marlborough. Mr. Paget says, that he accepts "this passage as the battle-ground on which to decide the question how far Lord Macaulay's treatment of evidence entitles him to confidence as an historian." He then says: "The charge may be divided under four heads:

"I. That Marlborough, making use of sources of information peculiar to himself, discovered the design of the Government to make a descent upon Brest, and revealed it to James, and through him to Louis, who would not otherwise have known it in time to prepare for defense.

"II. That the information so communicated by Marlborough enabled the French government to take such steps and that they did thereupon take such steps, as rendered the expedition abortive.

"III. That Talmish was by these means lured into a snare, and to use Lord Macaulay's words, 'perished by the basest of all the hundred villanies of Marlborough.'

"IV. That Marlborough was thus the real author of the slaughter at Camaret Bay, and the murderer of Talmash; his object being to get rid of Talmash as a personal rival, and to force himself back into the service of the government and the possession of the important and lucrative places from which he had been discharged two years before.

"It is impossible to deepen the shadows of this picture. If it be true, Marlborough was a monster of depravity; if it be false, and if it can be shown that Lord Macaulay had before him the evidence showing its falsehood, we should be sorry to put into plain English what Lord Macaulay must be held to be in the estimation of all honest men."

He then proceeds to a professed examination of the evidence, and sums up by saying:

"It is impossible for any Englishman, it is impossible for any honest man, to rise from a persual of this attack upon Marlborough, and an examination of the evidence upon which it rests, without feelings of the deepest indignation;" and that "Lord Macaulay is beyond comparison the greatest master of brilliant and unscrupulous historical fiction that ever adorned the language of England."

Well, these are very strong, very foolish, and very unpardonable words; they, at all events, require strong facts to warrant them. And what do our readers think is the foundation on which so sweeping and so presumptuous a censure is founded? Does Mr. Paget deny that Marlborough betrayed the intended attack to the French government? Not at all. Does he deny that Talmash thought he had been betrayed? Not in the least. He admits that Marlborough acted the traitor, that he informed the French government of the design, that the attack was made when the enemy were better prepared than was anticipated, and that Talmash in consequence received his death-wound, and attributed his defeat to treachery; but he says others were as great traitors as Marlborough, and that Godolphin had, prior to the date of Marlborough's letter, conveyed the same information to the French government.

We do not see that the attack upon Marlborough was in any degree undeserved, supposing all this to be true. We do not feel the deepest indignation at Lord Macaulay. We feel the deepest indignation at his shallow critic. We think every word that Macaulay said was thoroughly justified. Marlborough was not the less a traitor because Godolphin had betrayed his master before; Marlborough did not the less most treacherously and villainously convey to the French government information in regard to the attack, because the French government might previously have had information from other quarters. If the question be in regard to the character of Marlborough, if the question relate to an attack upon that character, what could be more base, or what better foundation could there be for the remark of Macaulay that he only added one to his hundred villanies?

Mr. Paget writes as if Macaulay were

the first historian who had taken this view of Marlborough's character, and in particular as if he, for the first time, invented this charge, which no honest man can rise from reading without indignation. But the truth is, although Mr. Paget seems to know nothing of it, neither the general estimate nor the particular charge are in any respect new. We do not mean to say that Macaulay may not take an exaggerated view of the defects of Marlborough's character, or may not have painted these defects in somewhat glaring colors. We find even in this volume that the tone in which Marlborough is mentioned is considerably subdued. But is Macaulay the inventor of this estimate of the great general? We do not indeed refer to the assaults which were made on him by his enemies. Swift said of him:

"Come hither, all ye empty things,
Ye bubbles raised by breath of kings;
Let pride be taught by this rebuke
How very mean a thing's a Duke,
From all his ill-got honors flung,
Turned to that dirt from whence he sprung."

This, indeed, was satire, envenomed by political and personal animosity. But Mr. Paget seems not to know that, from a far more trustworthy source than the satires of Swift, the same character of Marlborough, and the same view of his conduct on this very matter, were given to the public many years ago in the calm and judicial pages of Hallam. In a note to the fifteenth chaper of his *Constitutional History* occurs the following passage:

"As for Lord Marlborough, he was among the first, if we except some Scot renegades, who abandoned the cause of the Revolution. He had so signally broken the ties of personal gratitude in his desertion of the King on that occasion, that, according to the severe remark of Hume, his conduct required forever afterward the most upright, the most disinterested, and most public-spirited behavior to render it justifiable. What, then, must we think of it if we find in the whole of this great man's political life nothing but ambition and rapacity in his motives, nothing but treachery and intrigue in his means! He betrayed and abandoned James, because he could not rise in his favor without a sacrifice that he did not care to make; he abandoned William and betrayed England, because some obstacles stood yet in the way of his ambition. I do not mean only, when I say that he betrayed England, that he was ready to lay her independence and liberty at the feet of James II. and Louis XIV.; *but that in one memorable instance he communicated to the Court of St. Germains, and through that to the Court of Versailles, the secret of an expedition against Brest, which failed in consequence, with the loss of the commander and eight hundred men.* (Dalrymple, III. 18. Life of James, 522. Macpherson, I. 487.) *In short, his whole life was such a picture of meanness and treachery, that one must rate military services very high indeed to preserve any esteem for his memory.*"

It would be quite enough, to prove the extravagance of this attack on Macaulay, to show that it is one equally applicable to Hallam. If Macaulay has falsified history on this subject, so has Hallam; and the same plain English which Mr. Paget refrains from printing about Macaulay, would be quite as justly insinuated about Hallam.

But, as might be expected, no one is wrong, or even went wrong, about this matter, excepting Mr. Paget himself. He expends a great deal of research in proving that, in the spring of 1694, Lord Godolphin had betrayed to the French government the design of William to make a naval descent on Brest; that the French Court knew this from Godolphin before the date of Marlborough's letter, and that William himself knew that he had been betrayed. All this is quite true, and quite notorious; but Lord Macaulay's propositions, even as paraphrased by Mr. Paget, are not the less, one and all of them, accurate. Lord Godolphin's treachery had, in point of fact, no connection with the defeat at Camaret Bay, and the information furnished by Marlborough was entirely new, and entirely the cause of the disaster.

From the London Review.

POEMS OF MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney has been called the American Mrs. Hemans; and though it can hardly be said that the two writers have very much in common, there are certainly some productions of the former which, had we to guess at their parentage, would at once be ascribed to the author of the *Voice of Spring*, and the *Treasures of the Deep*. Take the following lines to the *Coral Insects:*

"Ye bind the deep with your secret zone,
The ocean is sealed, and the surge a stone,
Fresh wreaths from the coral pavement spring,
Like the terraced pride of Assyria's King;
The turf looks green where the breakers rolled,
O'er the whirlpool ripens the rind of gold,
The sea-snatched isle is the home of men,
And mountains exult where the wave hath been.
But why do ye plant 'neath the billows dark
The wrecking reef for the gallant bark?
There are snares enough on the tented field;
'Mid the blossomed sweets that the valleys yield;
There are serpents to coil ere the flowers are up;
There's a poison drop in man's purest cup;
There are foes that watch for his cradle breath;
And why need ye sow the floods with death?
With moldering bones the floods are white,
From the ice-clad pole to the tropics bright;
The mermaid hath twisted her fingers cold
With the mesh of the sea-boy's curls of gold,
And the Gods of Ocean have frowned to see
The mariner's bed, 'mid their halls of glee.
Hath earth no graves? that ye thus must spread
The boundless sea for the thronging dead?"

Here the image and superscription of the English lyrist seem plain enough to swear to in a court of justice. But, although we often find, on topics which suggest a similar train of thought, this close resemblance between the two, Mrs. Sigourney has a wider range of subjects; and in her treatment of them has a freshness and variety that stand in very agreeable contrast with the wearisome monotony which runs through the *Songs of the Affections*. The American songstress can also be sprightly, and—at least, as far as her intention goes—facetious and humorous; we should not gather from the writings of Mrs. Hemans that she was aware of a joke having ever been made since the beginning of the world. But this will hardly meet the requirements of popular and successful poetry. The emotions of the soul, like the muscles of the body, must be separately called into action; and although we may not often look for the Shakspearean genius that can so sweep all the chords of the instrument as to awaken from each of them its befitting music, no mortal patience can stand the everlasting twanging of a single string. If to this we add that a large proportion of Mrs. Heman's poetry was hastily thrown off to meet the exigencies of the hour, and that she never truly understood how wide is the distance between poetical feeling and poetical conception, it is not wonderful that with the exception of a few lyrics which have become household words, her effusions as a whole are rapidly passing to the limbo of forgotten authors. Of Mrs. Sigourney's poetry a far greater proportion will probably remain; but we can not indorse the wholesale panegyrics with which her editor introduces the volume before us. We are told that "every printed poem in the present collection will leave its own bright impression upon the reader's heart, with just such sunshine and power as must leave him or her without the inducement to look upon any other landscape, or listen to any other voice." In spite of this high-flown eulogium, and the lawyer-like precision of language which tells us that the poetry will leave "him or her" without the inducement to read any thing else, we must respectfully submit that Mrs. Sigourney is only one of a very large class of readable poets. Many of her pieces have great merit; many more, though pleasant enough, and not apparently lacking any of the requisites of good poetry, induce no desire for a second persual; and this we regard as fatal to all high pretensions.

With the metaphysics of this question we do not deal; but the reader can not have failed to notice the fact itself, that vast quantities of published poetry, the production of elegant, tasteful, and accomplished minds, and in which the most critical investigation can discover nothing that should prevent its living for ages, is yet *felt* to be only the poetry of a day. We may read it by the volume, or by the dozen volumes; and when we have admired and praised it we dare not think the world would be much the loser if it was never again heard of. But there is another poetry, which does not come under this description; poetry which, without challenging criticism, or asking our approbation, enters the heart at once, and abides there forever. We read it, and can not forget it if we would; it intertwines itself with

"All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame."

and becomes henceforth a part of our very existence.

One means of beguiling the middling class of poets into a profitless exuberance of song, is the temptation presented by blank verse. In this species of composition our American authoress deals somewhat largely; but it hardly needs to be observed, that no order of poetry so much requires the hand of a master, and that therefore so few who undertake it can really do it justice. Lured by its freedom from the trammels of rhyme, and by the stately and imposing march of its numbers, they too frequently forget that the commonest inanities may be served up in this form, and that the general material of a newspaper might with small trouble be done into a moderately sublime poem by embodying it in blank verse:

"*Sorrow as on the sea.* A woman mourns;
Pale as the little marble form she folds
Close in her arms, resisting all who touch
The darling of her bosom. ''Twill awake;
It hath but fainted. The wild, rocking sea
Hath made it sick. I tell ye 't will revive.
Child! baby! look on me! 'T will smile again.'
'Yes, mother, yes! but not below the skies.'
Spasm and convulsion seized her at the thought
That the dear idol, whom but yesterday
She cradled from the zephyr's roughened breath,
Alone must to the unfathomed depths go down," etc.

This hardly seems to justify the editor's encomium, though it is not given as an average specimen—far from it—of this class of Mrs. Sigourney's compositions.

The opening poem in this volume is the tale of *Oriska*. Oriska is the daughter of an Indian chief. A young Frenchman, coming into her neighborhood to traffic, engages her affections, and induces her to become his wife; and the old chieftain her father, at first strongly opposed to the match, is gradually won over. For a time every thing goes well with the wedded pair:

"Their sweet bower
Rose like a gem amid the rural scene,
O'er-canopied with trees, where countless birds
Caroled unwearied; the gay squirrel leaped,
And the wild bee went singing to his work,
Satiate with luxury.
Nor lacked their lowly dwelling such device
Of comfort, or adornment, as the hand
Of gentle woman, sedulous to please,
Creates for him she loves. For she had hung
Attentive on his lips while he described
The household policy of prouder climes;
And with such varied and inventive skill
Caught the suggestions of his taste refined;
That the red people, wondering as they gazed
On curtained window, and on flower-crowned vase,
Carpet and cushioned chair, and board arranged
With care unwonted, called her home the court
Of their French princess."

But this life in the wilderness soon palls upon the Frenchman's taste; and after giving various evidences of decreasing affection for his wife and home, he gives her the slip, and retires into Canada. There he comforts himself with another spouse; but ere the honeymoon is well over, the midnight slumbers of the bridegroom are broken by a wild strain of music at his door; and he conjectures but too truly, that for this unexpected serenading he is indebted to the forsaken Oriska. After a very hasty toilet he appears at the door and warns her off, indignantly rebuking her for disturbing his rest with what he calls her "wild, savage music." She retires, after a promise that he will call at her lodgings and explain matters. On the second evening he makes his appearance; and before him are Oriska, her child, and the old chieftain, his father-in-law, who has just been overtaken by sickness, and is getting near his end. Oriska's proposals are very moderate for so injured a woman. She will neither upbraid him for

his desertion, nor enforce her conjugal claims; it shall be enough for her if he will take her into his establishment as a servant of all work — enough for her if she can only be within the sound of his voice and the echo of his footsteps. The objections to such an arrangement are obvious; but the simple-hearted Oriska only sees in her husband's unqualified refusal, that he will have nothing more to do with her. The old man, not disposed to mince matters, gathers up his remaining energies, and, after venting a terrible execration on the faithless Frenchman, makes his exit. He is taken back to his tribe to be buried; and Oriska, after fulfilling her last duties to the departed, steps with her child into a canoe, and hastens to that sure refuge from matrimonial miseries — the Falls of Niagara.

The story is unequally told, and it is in all respects far inferior to the tale of *Pocahontas*. Powhatan, the king of the country where the founders of Virginia first chose their residence, had a daughter, at that time ten or twelve years old, who not only exceeded the rest of her people in countenance and expression, but "for wit and spirit was the only nonpareil of the country." This girl, Pocahontas by name, procured by her intercession with her father the release of a white captive, who was just about to undergo the war-club. When the infant colony was in danger of utter extinction from the want of food, she managed to convey to the fort every few days baskets of corn for the starving garrison. At another time, by a seasonable warning, she saved them all from being massacred by the Indians. She was eventually captured by the colonists, and held as a hostage — not a very grateful return for her services, but apparently with no worse object than that of bringing her father to terms, or to get from him a large ransom. Here, however, a new era dawned upon the child of the forest. She was instructed in the Christian faith, she learned the English language, and finally her marriage with Mr. Rolfe took place in the church of Jamestown, Powhatan and his chieftains being present at the ceremony. Under her new name of Lady Rebecca, she sailed with Mr. Rolfe, and arrived in England. Attentions and hospitality were shown her by persons of rank and influence; even the King and Queen had her in honorable estimation.

"Yet, amid the magic of these regal walls,
The glittering train, the courtier's flattering tone,
Or by her lord, through fair ancestral halls,
Led on, to claim the treasures as her own,
Stole back the scenery of her solitude:
An aged father, in his cabin rude,
Mixed with her dreams a melancholy moan,
Notching his simple calendar with pain,
And straining his red eye to watch the misty main.
Sweet sounds of falling water, cool and clean,
The crystal streams, her playmates, far away
Oft did their dulcet music mock her ear,
As restless on her fevered couch she lay;
Strange visions hovered round, and harpings high,
From spirit-bands, and then her lustrous eye
Welcomed the call; but earth resumed its sway,
And all its sacred ties convulsive twined.
How hard to spread the wing, and leave the loved behind!"

When preparing to return to her native land, she was taken sick, died, and was buried at Gravesend. Bancroft, the historian of the United States, says that "she was saved, as if by the hand of mercy, from beholding the extermination of the tribes from which she sprang, leaving a spotless name, and dwelling in memory under the form of perpetual youth."

"Like the fallen leaves those forest tribes have fled;
Deep 'neath the turf their rusted weapon lies;
No more their harvest lifts its golden head,
Nor from their shaft the stricken red-deer flies;
But from the far far-west, where holds so hoarse
The lonely Oregon its rock-strewn course,
While old Pacific's sullen dirge replies,
Are heard their exiled murmurings, deep and low,
Like one whose smitten soul departeth full of woe.
Forgotten race, farewell! Your haunts we tread,
Our mighty rivers speak your words of yore,
Our mountains wear them on their misty head,
Our sounding cataracts hurl them to the shore;
But on the lake your flashing oar is still,
Hushed is your hunter's cry on dale and hill,
Your arrow stays the eagle's flight no more;
And ye, like troubled shadows, sink to rest,
In unremembered tombs, unpitied and unblessed!"

We had marked for quotation several of Mrs. Sigourney's minor poems, but have already exceeded our limits. Longfellow excepted, no American poet is better known on this side of the Atlantic; and we are therefore content that our extracts should be less copious than in the case of those with whom the reader may not be quite so familiar. Of all her pieces, we should ourselves prefer the *Farewell of the Soul to the Body* — one of her earliest productions; one, however, which, had she written nothing else, would have secured her a far greater fame than has fallen to the lot of many a more voluminous author.

From the British Quarterly.

OLD ICELAND—THE BURNT NJAL.*

MEANWHILE Gunnar, though most upright and honorable, becomes involved in a bitter feud with Otkell, who refuses the atonement he is willing to make. At length Otkell and his friend set upon Gunnar, who, by the aid of his magic bill, and the steadfast courage of his brother Kolskegg, slays eight, the other four taking to flight. There is a touching trait of the gentleness of this true hero's character when, in his reply to his brother's exulting remark, "Well hast thou avenged thee now," he says: "I would like to know whether I am by so much the less brisk and bold than other men, because I think more of killing men than they."

But Gunnar is a doomed man. Again and again he is attacked by foemen bound to avenge the death of relations he had killed, and again and again he meets them right valiantly—in one instance slaying fourteen. Njal at length counsels him to leave the country for a short time, "lest he should be slain by the kinsmen of those whom he had killed." He therefore prepares for his voyage with Njal's two younger sons, and bids farewell to his household, who make great lamentation.

"He threw his arms round each when he was 'boun,' and every one of them went out of doors with him; he leans on the butt of his spear, and leaps into the saddle, and he and Kolskegg ride away. They ride down along Markfleet, and just then Gunnar's horse tripped and threw him off. He turned with his face up toward the Lithe, and the homestead at Lithend, and said: 'Fair is the Lithe; so fair that it has never seemed to me so fair; the cornfields are all white to harvest, and the home mead is mown; and now I will ride back home and not fare abroad at all.' 'Do not this joy to thy foes,' says Kolskegg, 'by breaking thine atonement, and thou mayest be sure that all will happen as Njal has said.' 'I will not go away any whither,' says Gunnar, 'and so I would thou shouldest do too.' 'That shall not be,' says Kolskegg."

So they parted. Gunnar returned to Lithend, while Kolskegg fared to Sweden, and won great honor, and then, having become a Christian, he eventually "fared out to Micklegarth, [Constantinople,] and there took service with the Emperor; and the last that was heard of him was, that he wedded a wife there, and was captain over the Varangians, and staid there till his death-day; and he now is out of this story."

"Now Gunnar sits at home that fall and winter," but his foemen are ceaselessly plotting against him. At length there were forty men in league to waylay him, and Njal warns him of his danger and urges him to have the aid of his two elder sons. "I will not that thy sons should be slain for my sake; thou hast a right to look for other things from me," is Gunnar's chivalrous reply; and Njal, full of sad forebodings, rides home. More than a twelvemonth passes ere the murderous

* Concluded from page 20.

intention of the league is fulfilled, and then, one dark autumn night, while Gunnar's men were away finishing their haymaking, the band set out, and stealthily surround the house. Gunnar, Hallgerda, and his mother are sleeping in a loft above the hall, and roused by the dying howl of his faithful hound, he looks out, slays the first that climbs up with his stout bill, and then makes a stout defense with his bow, until at length one of his foemen springs up on the roof and cuts his bowstring. Gunnar deals him his death-blow with his bill, but then asks Hallgerda for two locks of her hair, which, with two of his mother's, would twist into a bowstring. This the vindictive woman, reminding him of the blow he had formerly given her, refuses, and the gallant champion, after a long single-handed combat, falls covered with wounds. "We have now laid low a mighty chief, and hard work has it been," says Gizur, "but the fame of this defense of his shall last as long as men live in this land."

When the news was made known, "it was ill-spoken of throughout the whole country, and his death was a great grief to many a man." Wise Njal mourned greatly, and recommended that vengeance should be taken. "They cast a cairn over Gunnar, and made him sit upright in the cairn." They would, too, have buried his famous bill with him; but his sorrowing mother declared that it should not be, but that he alone should have it who was ready to avenge Gunnar's death. She also drove Hallgerda away, saying, very truly, she had been the cause of her son's slaying. Meanwhile, the simple faith of these impulsive Northmen could not admit that he, whom they had so lately seen full of life and energy, was lying unconscious of all around him, so the story spread that Gunnar "was merry, for he was singing inside his cairn." Much doubt of this story was expressed by the more cautious, so at length Skarphedinn, Njal's eldest son, paid a visit to Lithend. Now one evening, he was standing with Hogni, Gunnar's eldest son, "by the cairn on the south side. The moon and stars were shining clear and bright; then, all at once, they thought they saw the cairn standing open, and lo! Gunnar had turned himself in the cairn, and looked at the moon. They thought they saw four lights burning in the cairn, and none of them threw a shadow. They saw that Gunnar was merry, and he wore a joyful face. He sang a song, and so loud, that it might have been heard though they had been farther off"—a song of exulting defiance, ending with the characteristic lines:

> "I will die the prop of battle,
> Sooner die than yield an inch."

"Such tokens," says Skarphedinn, "teach us what we ought to do;" so he promises Hogni to be ever helpful to him, and the son goes and takes down Gunnar's dreaded bill, to the great joy of his grandmother, who bids him avenge his father in good earnest. Forth fare the two avengers, "and two ravens flew with them all the way." Four of Gunnar's slayers meet the same fate. Eventually atonement is made, "and Hogni is now out of the story."

The history next tells how gallantly Njal's two younger sons bore themselves in fight against some Norwegian Vikings, and how, throughout the long strife, "they were ever where there was most need." Here they meet the second hero of the story. "They see ships coming from the south, but on that ship that came first stood a man by the mast who was clad in a silken kirtle, and had a gilded helm, and his hair was both fair and thick; that man had a spear inlaid with gold in his hand." This was Kari, the hero of the second part of the story, as Gunnar is of the first. He does them good service, and together they defeat the Vikings, and gain great spoil; and then "they go searoving, and every where won the victory." After defeating the King of Man, and receiving rich presents from Sigurd, Earl of the Orkneys, they at length return to Iceland, and Kari marries Njal's daughter Helga.

Meanwhile, news came that there had been a change of faith in Norway, and many men said it was a strange and wretched thing to throw off the old faith. Then wise old Njal said: "It seems to me as though this new faith must be much better, and he will be happy who follows this, rather than any other; and if those men come out hither who preach this faith, then I will back them well." He went often alone, away from other men, and muttered to himself. Soon after, a preacher of the new faith arrived from Norway, Thangbrand by name, a more illustrious exponent of "muscular Christianity" than

even Mr. Kingsley could desire—challenging men to single combat, exorcising the most savage Baresark in the land, and by the help of his companion Gudlief, "who was a great manslayer," carrying the cause of Christianity with a high hand. Next spring they set out on their preaching mission; they find a man named Thorkell, who opposes the faith and challenges Thangbrand. He, bearing a red cross on his shield, encounters and slays him, and then "Hilder and all his household took upon them the new faith." Onward they fare, and a man named Sorcerer Hedinn withstands them; so Gudlief chases him, gets within spear-shot, and "shoots a spear at him and through him." Weatherlid the Skald speaks against them; so Thangbrand and Gudlief slay him, and then they fare to Bergthorsknoll, and Njal and his household "take the faith." Strange does it seem that, thus preached, Christianity should have prevailed at all; but we find that at the next Althing the question of change of faith was brought solemnly before the Assembly.

As might be expected, there was a great strife; at length Thorgeir, "an old speaker of the law," but a heathen, was requested to decide for the meeting. He seems to have been solemnly impressed with the importance of his decision. "He lay all that day on the ground, and spread a cloth over his head, so that no man spoke with him; but the day after, men went to the Hill of Laws, and then Thorgeir bade them be silent, and listen." To their great astonishment, his decision was in favor of the new faith. "This is the beginning of our laws," he said, after having taken pledges that the meeting would adhere to his judgment; "all men shall be Christian here in the land, and believe in one God, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; but leave off all idol-worship, nor expose children to perish, and not eat horse-flesh." We can not help thinking that the prominence here given to so very unimportant a usage as the eating of horse-flesh, corroborates the generally received opinion that the Odin religion was directly derived from those Scythian tribes among whom the horse was a sacred animal, and eating horse-flesh an act of solemn religious worship. The keeping of "the Lord's day, and fast-days, Yuletide and Easter, and all the greatest high days and holidays," was also decreed, and "after that men fared home from the Thing."

Some years pass on; Njal grows old in years and honors; his sons and daughters marry, and he marries his foster-son Hauskuld, to whom he is much attached, to the fair but proud Hildigunna; and the whole family dwell together in such love, that "none of them thought any thing that he did or said of worth, unless the others had a share in it." At length Valgard the Guileful returns to Iceland, and owing an old and bitter grudge to Njal, takes counsel with his malignant son Mord—who seems the very embodiment of spiteful Lok—how he may, as he very characteristicly expresses it, "pay him off by something that will drag them all down to death; and this thou canst do by setting them by the ears by tale-bearing, so that Njal's sons may slay Hauskuld; but there are many who will have the blood-feud after him, and so Njal's sons will be slain in that quarrel." The old man shortly after dies, but the legacy of vengeance is solemnly bequeathed to the son, who bends his whole power to its accomplishment.

The story how Mord ingratiates himself alike with Njal's fierce and impulsive sons, and with the gentler Hauskuld; how cautiously he awakens suspicions on either side; how unwillingly Hauskuld listens, and how cunningly Mord presses each little incident into proof of the truth of his assertions, is most skillfully and dramatically told. More than a year passes, and the coolness between Njal's sons and his foster-son grows into actual hostility. Hauskuld visits his wife's uncle Flosi, who warns him, and at parting "gave him a scarlet cloak, and it was embroidered with needlework down to the waist;" so he rode home. The winter passes away, during which "Mord slanders Hauskuld after his wont, and has now many new tales to tell;" and at length by persuading Skarphedinn that he has received insults which only blood can atone for, he pledges him to slay him. The manner of this "slaying" seems to us to differ very little from a foul murder. The sun has just arisen, Hauskuld throwing over him the rich cloak Flosi had given him, with corn-sieve in one hand, and sword in the other — how thoroughly belligerent the state of society must have been — sets forth to the peaceful occupation of sow-

ing his field. Skarphedinn and his band fell upon him, and Hauskuld receives his death-wound, meekly exclaiming: "God help me, and forgive you." His wife breathing vengeance against his murderers, takes off the embroidered cloak, and wiping off the blood from the deadly wound, folded it together, and laid it in her chest. "Sorrowful tidings are these," said Njal; "methinks it were better to have lost two of my sons, and that Hauskuld had lived;" and truly "this thing touched Njal so nearly, that he could never speak of it without shedding tears."

The meeting at the Althing now drew nigh, and preparations were made for prosecuting Njal's sons; and then Mord, who had urged them on, turns against them, and calls on the "nine neighbors who dwelt nearest the spot, to take witness of Hauskuld's wounds." But money atonement will not satisfy the widow; so when her uncle Flosi rides by on his way to the Thing, she prepares the hall for him and his followers, and bids her handmaidens bring the meat.

"After that Flosi sat down to the board, and bade men eat. Then Hildigunna came into the room, and went before Flosi, and threw her hair off her eyes and wept. 'Heavy-hearted art thou now, kinswoman,' said Flosi, 'when thou weepest; but still it is well that thou shouldst weep for a good husband.' 'What vengeance or help shall I have of thee?' she says. 'I will follow up thy suit,' said Flosi, 'to the utmost limit of the law, or strive for that atonement which good men and true shall say we ought to have as full amends.' 'Hauskuld would avenge thee,' she said, 'if he had the blood-feud after thee.' 'Thou lackest not firmness,' answered Flosi, 'and what thou wantest is plain.' 'Amor Ornolf's son of Ferwaterwood,' said Hildigunna, 'had done less wrong toward Thord Frey's priest, thy father; and yet thy brothers Kolbein and Egil slew him at Skaptarfells-Thing.' Then Hildigunna went back into the hall, and unlocked her chest, and then she took out the cloak, Flosi's gift, and in it Hauskuld had been slain, and there she had kept it, blood and all. Then she went back into the sitting-room with the cloak; she went up silently to Flosi. Flosi had just eaten his full, and the board was cleared. Hildigunna threw the cloak over Flosi, and the gore rattled down all over him. Then she spoke and said: 'This cloak, Flosi, thou gavest to Hauskuld, and now I give it back to thee; he was slain in it, and I call God and all good men to witness, that I adjure thee by all the might of thy Christ, and by thy manhood and bravery, to take vengeance for all these wounds which he had on his dead body, or else to be called every man's dastard.' Flosi threw the cloak off him, and hurled it into her lap, and said: 'Thou art the greatest hell-hag, and thou wishest that we should take that course which shall be worst for all of us; but women's counsel is ever cruel.' Flosi was so stirred at this, that sometimes he was blood-red in the face, and sometimes ashy pale as withered grass, and sometimes blue as death. So Flosi and his men rode away."

Hildigunna's solemn adjuration, however, eventually produced its effect. After long consultations at the Thing, Njal's sons are sentenced to pay the atonement for Hauskuld, and the silver is laid down; but after an angry colloquy between Flosi and Skarphedinn, "Flosi spurned the money, and said he would not touch a penny of it; he would only have one of two things, either that Hauskuld should fall unatoned, or they would have vengeance for him." Flosi now summons his men up to the Great Rift. "This will I promise," said he, "not to part from this quarrel before one of us bites the dust before the other." They then take oaths to be true to each other, and appoint Flosi as leader, who directs that they shall ride to Bergthorsknoll, fall on Njal's sons with fire and sword, and not turn away till they are all dead.

Meanwhile, wise old Njal foretells to his sons that evil is at hand. Portents too are seen, and Runolf Thorstein's son going out one Lord's day night, heard a great crash, and looking toward the west, "thought he saw a ring of fiery hue, and within that ring a man on a gray horse. He had a flaming-fire brand in his hand, he was as black as pitch," and he sang a song ending:

> "So fares it with Flosi's redes
> As this flaming brand flies;"

and then hurled the firebrand east toward the fells, when such a blaze of fire leapt up, that he could not see the fells for the blaze. He tells this to a friend, who "said he had seen the Wolf's Ride, that comes ever before great tidings."

When autumn came, Flosi busked him from the east, and summoned all his men who had promised him help and company. Each of them had two horses and good weapons. With a revolting feeling of superstitious devotion, "Flosi made them say prayers betimes on the Lord's day;" and again, after they had proceeded on their journey to Kirkby,

"he bade all men come into the church, and pray to God, and men did so." Doubtless, the old faith of heathendom was strong in them, although their prayers were offered at a Christian altar. And onward they went, a numerous and well-knit band, and arrived at Bergthorsknoll just as supper was ended. "Njal stood out of doors, and his sons, and Kari, and all the serving-men, and they stood in array to meet them in the yard, and there were near thirty of them." Njal now counsels that they should go indoors — a fatal counsel, as Skarphedinn points out — but his better judgment is overruled. "Let us stand by one another well, brother-in-law," he says to the gallant Kari, as, foreboding his own death, he goes into the doomed house. "That I have made up my mind to do," replies Kari; "but if it should be otherwise doomed — well, then it must be as it must be." "Avenge us, and we will avenge thee, if we live after thee," says Skarphedinn. Kari said so it should be.

"Now they are all 'fey,'" said Flosi exultingly, when he saw them enter the house. So the band close round it. Njal's sons and Kari, however, do good service with their spears; one man is slain, and many wounded. At length Flosi says: "We have two choices left, and neither of them good. One is to turn away, and that is our death; the other, to set fire to the house, and that is a deed which we shall have to answer for heavily before God, since we are Christian men ourselves; but still we must take to that counsel." The character of Flosi here and throughout is skillfully drawn. Compelled to take up Hauskuld's blood-feud, he shrinks back from no danger; but still all along his better feelings struggle with his fiercer; and although he perceives the band's only chance of escape will be by firing the homestead, he acknowledges and laments the necessity. When the roof is set fire to, he bids the women, the children, and the domestics go out, and with reverential feeling for the venerable Njal, prays him to depart also. "I will not go out," is the answer, "for I am an old man, and little fitted to avenge my sons; but I will not live in shame." Flosi then entreats Bergthora to come out. "I was given away to Njal young, and I have promised him this, that we would both share the same fate," is the steadfast reply. So the aged couple, taking their grandson Thord, Kari's son, who refuses to leave them, "lay down both in their bed, and put the boy between them. Then they signed themselves and the boy with the cross, and gave over their souls into God's hand, and that was the last word that men heard them utter." They are quickly suffocated.

Meanwhile a chivalric strife ensues between Skarphedinn and Kari as to which shall attempt to escape, which ends in Kari leaping from the roof, Skarphedinn promising to follow him. But the family of Njal is doomed, and he and his brothers perish. The roof falls in, and now there are only smoking ruins. "Men will call this both a mighty deed and an ill deed," says Flosi sadly; "but that can't be helped now."

The new of this outrage aroused great indignation. Flosi and his band were compelled to flee, followed by the hue and cry; and then search was made for Njal's bones; and lo! he and Bergthora, and their grandson, were found wholly unburnt. "All praised God for that, and thought it was a great token." They found Skarphedinn, too, only partially burnt; "and all men said they thought it was better to be near him dead than alive, for they weened no man was afraid of him." So they carried the bodies to the church, and buried them with holy rites.

The remainder of this most graphic and spirited story tells how sternly Kari fulfilled the vow of vengeance for his father and brothers-in-law and young son's death, to which he had solemnly pledged himself. There is a fine poetical feeling in the dream of Flosi, where he dreams that he saw a man with an iron staff come out of a cavern, and summon most of his band, "some sooner, and some later, and named them by name." The reader will be reminded by it of the solemn summoning of the king and nobles doomed to die at Flodden, by the phantom heralds at Edinburgh Cross—that tradition which Scott has introduced so finely into *Marmion*. And signal, though not always swift, vengeance falls upon all save Flosi. In this concluding part, the character of Kari comes out very finely; his uprightness, his truthfulness, his stern de-

termination to fulfill the office of avenger, not from love of bloodshed, but as a bounden duty, together with his kindliness, render him the true hero of the story. "There are few men like Kari," says Flosi admiringly; "and I would that my mind were shapen altogether like his. His valor, too, surpasses even that of Gunnar; and his sword "Life-luller" does more good service than Gunnar's magical bill, or Skarphedinn's ax, "the ogress of war." There are materials for a score of spirited ballads in the narratives of his vigorous onslaughts and his hairbreadth escapes; and we follow his wanderings on the land and on the sea with an interest we could scarcely believe it possible to feel for the rude Northman of nine centuries ago.

The cause is brought forward at the Althing; and "there had been never such a crowded Thing before that men could call to mind." The pleadings are narrated at great length, and supply a curious picture of the jurisprudence of the Northmen, and many points, too, that suggest a singular coïncidence with our ancient legal usages. But Kari sternly refuses all compensation; and after a fight, in which two of the Burners are killed, it is awarded that Flosi and all the Burners should go abroad into banishment. Flosi was to stay abroad three winters; but the four most guilty were never to be allowed to come back. Then Kari with Thorgeir, to whom, as one of the most stalwart of men, he had given Skarphedinn's ax, rode eastward, and coming upon fifteen of the Burners, boldly summoned them to battle; and dealt so gallantly, that "men long kept in mind that hunting of theirs, how they two rode upon fifteen men, and slew five, but put those ten to flight, who got away." Meanwhile Flosi prepares for going abroad in "a big ship, that will take us all;" but sorely against his desire, the sons of Sigfus determine first to ride west, "to set their houses in order." They and their friends, eight in all, prepare to depart. "Bear in mind my dream," said Flosi to Kettle, "for many are those in thy company who were then called." But naught foreboding; "they kissed Flosi, who said he and some of those who rode away would not see each other more." Onward they rode, but Kari was keeping his stern watch, and aided only by Bjorn, takes vengeance on six of them. "I mean to fare abroad after the rest," said Kari; and strictly was his promise fulfilled.

Flosi busks him for his voyage with his company, and after storm and shipwreck, find themselves at Fressey, in the Orkneys. He finds favor here with Earl Sigurd, and there they remain. There is high feasting at Yule, and Earl Gilli and King Sigtrygg are Sigurd's guests.

"Now King Sigtrygg and Earl Gilli wished to hear of those tidings which had happened at the Burning, and since. Then Gunnar, Lambi's son, was got to tell the tale; and a stool was set for him to sit upon. Just then Kari and Kolbein came to Fressey unawares to all men. They went straightway up on land, and to the Earl's homestead, and came to the hall about drinking-time. It so happened Gunnar was just then telling the story of the Burning. Now King Sigtrygg asked: 'How did Skarphedinn bear the Burning?' 'Well at first, for a long time,' said Gunnar; 'but still, at the end of it, he wept;' and so he went on, and every now and then laughed out loud. Kari could not stand this; and then he ran in with his sword drawn, and sang this song:

'Men of might, in battle eager,
Boast of Burning Njal's abode.
Have the princes heard how sturdy
Sea-horse racers sought revenge?' . . .

"So he ran up in the hall, and smote Gunnar on the neck with such a sharp blow, that his head spun off on the board before the king and the earls."

Earl Sigurd bids them seize Kari, and kill him; but Flosi generously answers, that he had not done it without cause; "he is in no atonement with us, and he only did what he had a right to do." So Kari walked away, and there was no hue and cry after him. Kol Thorstein, "who of all the Burners had used the bitterest words," met a similar fate. He had gone to Wales, and "had talked so much with a mighty dame, and he had so knocked the nail on the head, that it was all but fixed that he was to have her. That same morning Kari went into the town, and came where Kol was buying silver. Kari knew him at once, and ran at him, and smote him on the neck; but still he went on telling the silver, and his head counted 'ten' just as it spun off the body."

Eventually, "fifteen men of the Burners fell in Brian's battle," (the celebrated fight of Clontarf, in which Earl Sigurd and King Brian were slain;) and Flosi, now the sole survivor, sets forth on pilgrimage to Rome, fares back again after having received much honor, and peace-

ably settles down in his old homestead. Kari, his vow of vengeance fulfilled, also sets forth on pilgrimage. Returning, he "busked him for Iceland;" but it was late in the season, and their ship was dashed all to pieces near Flosi's homestead, but the men's lives were saved. "Now they ask Kari what counsel was to be taken; but he said their best plan was to go to Swinefell, and put Flosi's manhood to the proof. So they went right up to Swinefell in the storm. Flosi was in the sitting-room. He knew Kari as soon as ever he came into the room, and sprang up to meet him, and kissed him, and sate him down in the high seat by his side." All feuds were now forgotten in the joy of that meeting; Flosi asked Kari to be his guest that winter; Kari consented, and finally his marriage with Flosi's niece Hildigunna sealed their life-long union. Flosi and Kari lived to an honored old age, fast friends, Flosi at length finding his death at sea; and thus peacefully and pleasantly, like a calm sunset after a stormy day, ends this most interesting "Story of Burnt Njal."

We have thus endeavored to give an epitome of this fine prose epic, but we have found it impossible adequately to place before the reader the skill with which each character is drawn, or the dramatic power of the more important scenes. Each character stands out like those in our old dramas, and the dialogue in its spiritedness, and often keen humor, really reminds us of Shakspeare. We fully reëcho the translator's opinion, that, "as a rounded whole, in which each part is finely and beautifully polished, in which the two great divisions of the story are kept in perfect balance and counterpoise, in which each person who appears is left free to speak in a way which stamps him with a character of his own, while all unite in working toward a common end — no Saga has such claim on public attention as Njal's Saga."

As illustrative of our ancient ballad-lore, and even more, as illustrative of the state of society among us during the earlier portion of the Middle Ages, we have found this venerable Saga truly valuable. Seen by its light, much of the lawlessness which has been charged against our Saxon forefathers becomes the rude assertion of the right, in times when law was weak, of the man himself to follow out the blood-feud, and to take that office upon himself as a bounden duty, which in later times was the province of the law alone. Many peculiarities, indeed, of our ancient law-courts find an unexpected illustration here, and in reading the proceedings subsequent to the Burning, in the chapter entitled, "Of the Declarations of the Suits," we are greatly struck with their similarity to those enjoined in regard to the "Wager of Law," in our good city of London some six or seven hundred years ago. We heartily thank Dr. Dasent for his most interesting and suggestive volumes. He modestly contents himself with claiming merely a foster-father's care in being the first to present this venerable Saga, in an English dress, to the public; but we are sure that in all the admiration his foster-child receives, the foster-father has a just right to participate.

"Let me collect myself," as the man said when he was blown up by a powder-mill.

When is a lane very unlike an action at law? When you can see the end from the beginning.

Death and to-morrow are never here; they are either not come or gone.

Don't always be troubling yourself about the effect of what you do and say—shouting to hear the echo of your own voice.

The snake's poison is in his teeth; the slanderer's in his tongue.

Praise is the handmaid of virtue, but the maid is much oftener wooed than the mistress.

The world doesn't know a fool's infirmities half so well as a wise man knows his own.

Many minds are Mammoth caves, all underground, and unlighted but by the torches of selfishness and passion.

From the Westminster Review.

LIFE AND TIMES OF COUNT CAVOUR.*

SUCH steps on the part of an adversary so superior in power, amply justified the proposal of a loan, and the assembly of the army on the Ticino. But Count de Cavour was too certain of the justice of his cause not to found his chief hopes of success on the verdict of public opinion, and when the English government, alarmed at the turn events were taking, called upon him to state the grievances of Italy, he drew up his memorandum of the first March, 1859, an act of accusation against Austria and her satellites no less striking and conclusive than the one aimed at the Papal Court three years previously. Compared with such a document, the complaints of the Austrian Cabinet seemed those of the wolf against the lamb in the old fable; yet we may fairly admit that the alarm of the huge empire was far from being groundless, for despotism is only secure so long as its power is unquestioned. The smallest concession is the necessary forerunner of a fall, and the practical working of a constitution in any part of Italy was the logical condemnation of the imperial system; so that the mere allowing it to exist was, in fact, a tacit acknowledgment of impotency, the consequences of which could only be avoided by successful war.

This was the universal conviction on either bank of the Ticino and the Po; and while Austria poured down her frontier battalions, never moved save in case of imminent hostilities, the committees of the National Society, secretly at work in every town, assisted the youth of all the Italian provinces in their escape to join the royal army. It was a strange sight to behold the noblest and wealthiest rushing to enlist in the ranks, and Count de Cavour, as he received the young volunteers, hailed their arrival as the best proof of the approaching triumph of his ideas, for he well knew how indissoluble is the bond between those who have fought side by side. Piedmont was now virtually Italy, and this gave the Italians and their leader courage and patience to look calmly on all the diplomatic efforts of England and Russia to avert war. They knew their hour was at hand, and in his certainty that it must strike, Count de Cavour showed himself willing to enter into negotiations, to accept a congress, even to disarm, provided that condition were made common to both parties; in short, to make every concession compatible with the independence of his native country which the neutral Powers could reasonably demand.

Nor was he deceived in his belief that Austria would deem this moderation more fatal to her interests than all the risks of war. On the twenty-third of April, Baron Kellersberg appeared at Turin with the Austrian ultimatum, which was of course peremptorily rejected. All doubt being now at an end, the Sardinian army was concentrated on the second line of defense of Casale, Valenza, and Alessandria, so providently prepared for it. Victor Emmanuel, in a spirited proclamation, called the Italians to arms; the Sardinian Chambers, with a trust never before accorded either to king or minister, suspended the constitution during the continuance of hostilities, that no formal obstacle might delay the taking of any measure dictated by the urgency of the case; and Count de Cavour—who though the greatest of revolutionists, not only in spirit but in fact, never admitted violent change save as a last resource when every other had been exhausted—called upon the *soi-disant* independent princes of Central Italy to make their election between a national policy, which might have saved their thrones, and open adherence to Austria, a summons to which they successively answered, the Dukes of Tuscany and Modena by repairing to the Imperial camp, the Duchess of Parma by a more politic retreat into Switzerland.

Few passages in modern history are better known than the Italian campaign of 1859. The Austrian invasion, the stoi-

* Continued from page 11.

cal patriotism of the Piedmontese peasantry, the arrival of the French, the marches and battles which led to the rapid liberation of Lombardy—have all been described over and over again; be it rather our task to tell what was the life of Count de Cavour during those busy ten weeks. Charged with the four ministries of war, marine, foreign affairs, and the interior, in addition to the presidency of the council, he seemed to multiply himself to accomplish all the duties thus heaped upon him. For years it had been his habit to rise at five, or even four, in the morning, and only allowing himself the occasional refreshment of a cigar, or a single cup of black coffee, to work uninterruptedly till six, the hour of his one daily meal, devoting the evening to rest, in society; but dinner was now often delayed till nine and ten o'clock, or else he returned to labor till past midnight. By this incessant toil, only diversified by flying visits to the camp, to confer with his own sovereign or the French Emperor, he contrived to discharge every task so efficiently that those brought in contact with him in each capacity almost refused to believe he had any other department to preside over. All the wants of the army seemed known to him, and were instantly provided for; he superintended the equipment of the ships destined to join the French fleet in the Adriatic; as Minister of Foreign Affairs he kept the Sardinian envoys abroad in a position to explain every step in his game to the courts to which they were accredited, and on the death of Ferdinand II. dispatched an extraordinary ambassador to Naples, to endeavor to induce the young King, the son of a princess of Savoy, to embrace a constitutional system and the Piedmontese alliance, while in the Home Department he extended the benefits of the Statute to Lombardy and the Duchies, which, as having voted their union with Sardinia in 1848, were provisionally incorporated with the monarchy, while, through the royal commissioners sent to facilitate their participation in the war, he less directly influenced the government of Tuscany and Romagna.

Such activity would seem incredible were it not a matter of cotemporary history; and even thus, it may be a subject of medical doubt, how long the health and faculties of any human being could have withstood such a strain? Yet harder still to bear than even this herculean labor was the shock that awaited Count de Cavour, when, in compliance with a telegraphic summons, he hastened to head-quarters at Desenzano, and learned the tidings of the Convention of Villafranca. What he then endured no tongue can tell, for he himself never fully described his feelings, though they might be guessed from the expression of agony which would cross his expressive countenance at any allusion to the hour in which his dearest schemes seemed broken in the midst. But whatever his grief, his resolution was promptly taken; he could not set his hand to any treaty consecrating the servitude of the Venetians, and the presence of Austria in Italy; and as it would have been madness for Piedmont to attempt to carry on the war single-handed, he threw up all his offices, in spite of the passionate entreaties and reproaches of Victor Emmanuel—entreaties and reproaches hard to resist, for his sovereign was also his friend; but his sense of right was stronger even than affection, and he only consented to hold the seals till his successors should be appointed.

The resignation of Cavour left the fate of the peninsula dependent on the firmness of the central Italians, but would populations so long oppressed prove equal to encountering such a crisis, deprived of their trusted leader? The first consolation that reached the fallen statesman was a letter from Farini, then governor of Modena, proposing resistance, and the creation of a dictatorship for that province in his own person. Count de Cavour promptly replied by telegraph: "The minister is dead—the friend approves and encourages you." Next came the news that Baron Ricasoli, who, on the departure of the Sardinian commissioner had assumed the presidency of the Tuscan provisional government, was resolute to oppose the return of the Grand Duke, and had summoned an elective assembly to decide on the propriety of union with Piedmont; and henceforth sure that his principle was right, and reposing as it did on the basis of eternal truth, had imbued the minds, not only of the thinking men, but of the masses in Italy, and thus founded, might defy the caprices even of so powerful a potentate as Napoleon III., Count de Cavour retired to his country-seat of Leri, near Vercelli, there to await the day of his return to office.

At that villa he chiefly resided for the

next six months, and to one of a less nervous and irritable temperament, that repose from official toil might have been of service, but the same man who, when minister, would escape to Leri for a few hours, there to enjoy himself with all the zest of a schoolboy, discussing with his steward the state of his herds and rice-grounds, or providing for the well-being of his peasantry, seemingly oblivious that politics even existed, now found no rest amid his once loved rural pursuits, fretted himself almost into fever at his inability to do more than advise where he longed to act, and while the populations were daily forwarding his views by their wonderful intelligence and abnegation, could ill brook to see that progress jeopardized by the moral cowardice and impolicy of the Piedmontese ministry, composed of men he himself had raised into reputation, who now implored his counsel in each difficulty, to despise it the moment the crisis was past, and by their abuse of the full powers, voted by the Parliament in his own favor, tampered with that inviolable sanctity of law, respect for which was with him almost a superstition.

So false a situation could not endure longer than the circumstances which had created it. In stormy weather the most experienced mariner holds the helm, and scarcely had the Peace of Zurich rendered his resumption of power possible, than the Italians became eager to see it restored to Count de Cavour. In January, 1860, the Rattazzi government fell under the weight of its own errors, and the desire of the nation was instantly fulfilled. Few paused to inquire who formed the Cabinet, it was enough that the trusted minister presided over it, and all looked forward to great events. The first care of Count de Cavour was to return to a legal position by dissolving the old and convoking a new parliament, to include the representatives of Lombardy; his next, to provide for the prompt annexation of Tuscany and the Emilia. Himself convinced that hesitations of the late ministry as to the votes of the Assemblies rendered necessary a fresh manifestation on the part of those provinces, and privately warned that France would recognize no decision but that of universal suffrage, he provoked a secret conference with Baron Ricasoli and Signor Farini, at which was decided that appeal to the people, the brilliant result of which is so well known.

It was a triumphant day for Count de Cavour when he could advise his sovereign to accept those votes, and summon the deputies of half Italy to meet in a single parliament; but, coïncident with the victory, storms and clouds arose on other points of the horizon. We have already stated that the transfer of Savoy and Nice to France was to have been the price of the total expulsion of Austria; at Villafranca the claim was naturally abandoned, but it was revived on the fusion of Northern and Central Italy. Did Count de Cavour unmixedly regret the pressure to which he could but yield? We are not prepared to assert it, for though no minister can ever willingly sign a treaty of cession, and in this case especially, he knew he must overcome the natural repugnance and grief of the King, and a strenuous parliamentary opposition, he was too profound and subtle a statesman not to be aware that he was fortunate in being able to discharge the debt of material obligation at so cheap a rate, and not to foresee that by claiming her own disjoined provinces at the hands of Italy, and annexing them in virtue of universal suffrage, France implicitly acknowledged the principle of Italian unity, and precluded herself from objecting to any fusion henceforward carried out by the same means. We believe him to have been far more disturbed by the rising at Palermo, brought on by accident, against his most earnest wishes, since he thereby lost the direct control of events in the southern provinces, and the chances of insurrection were substituted for that coordination of well-organized forces to which he loved to owe the victory of his ideas.

The formation of his army under General de Lamoricière had made the Pope think himself able to dispense with a French garrison at Rome, and Count de Cavour was aware not only that the latter was about to be withdrawn, and that their departure would be followed by a joint attack on Romagna by the Papal and Neapolitan forces, but he also knew the latter to be so deeply imbued with Italianism, that the very chiefs could not be counted upon to oppose the Piedmontese soldiers, whose victory and advance southward would raise the popu-

lations, sweeping away the Bourbon despotism as mists disperse before the morning sun. That this plan was feasible we can not doubt after the autumn campaign in the Marches; but the outbreak of the Sicilians, and the expedition of Garibaldi, in consequence of which the French remained at Rome, forced Count de Cavour to renounce all thoughts of its execution. He could only bide his time, certain that the advent of anarchy must sooner or later exhaust the forces of tumultuous revolution, and restore the control of events to his own hand. Seeing the frightful social and administrative disorganization, the culpable squandering of the public resources, the substitution of a huge deficit for a well-filled treasury,* and of bands of brigands for a well-equipped and organized army, which have been the fruits of the brief passage of Garibaldi at Naples, who can blame Count de Cavour, if, foreseeing all this, and knowing that — to borrow the dictum of one of the most revolutionary spirits † of the present century — "peoples perish from the absence of authority," he sought by a prompt annexation to snatch Sicily, as a brand from the burning, out of the hands of the insurrection, and even at the price of leaving Francis II. awhile longer on the throne, to revert to the system of pacific and well-prepared revolutions which had succeeded so admirably in Central Italy. The attempt was vain, for the democratic flood, so unfortunately let loose, had not yet expended its force, Garibaldi swept on like a fiery meteor, dissolving to its primitive elements every object he touched, sowing the storm, leaving the whirlwind to be reaped by his successors, whoever they might be, and dreaming, in the intoxication of success, of attacking both France and Austria with his volunteer bands.

Such madness was becoming too dangerous to the very existence of Ituly, and Count de Cavour felt it must be arrested at every hazard. Happily he was equal to the emergency, for never did it fall to the lot of any statesman to take a bolder resolution than that which dictated the invasion of Umbria and the Marches. The risks were immense, but inaction was certain to be fatal, well-timed temerity might save all, and the die was cast almost at the moment that Garibaldi entered Naples. Fortune proved true to the brave in soul; and while the unexpected resistance of Capua, and the doubtful skirmishes near the Volturno, arrested the progress of the volunteers, the activity of the Italian generals in the Marches* enabled them to reach the line of that river, and throw themselves between the contending forces in time, not to obviate a collision with the French, as had been the original object, but rather to save the revolution from perishing through the excesses into which it had been betrayed. The audacity of Count de Cavour, well supported by the firmness of the parliament, which, summoned to ratify or condemn his policy, had by an almost unanimous vote affirmed his principle of unconditional fusions, and authorized him to accept any such as should be voted on these terms, had thus reconquered in October that control over events which had seemed to slip from his hands six months before; and despite his own unwillingness and the evil influences by which he was surrounded, the force of circumstances obliged Garibaldi to sign the death-warrant of his own power by ordering the universal vote which was to hand Naples and Sicily over to the royal government, and, as soon as the result was known, to retire to Caprera, though he did not depart without giving a last sign of ill-will in his refusal to concur in the proposed incorporation of his volunteer army with that of Northern Italy, unless on the impossible condition of his own appointment as absolute Dictator of the Two Sicilies, quite heedless of the reply of the King that the bestowal of such authority belonged to the parliament alone, and exceeded the power of any ministry.

The administration of Naples may be pointed at by his opponents as the least successful page in Count de Cavour's career, yet his excuses are so many, that even his warmest admirers need not scruple to acknowledge his failure. The country was handed over to him in a state of absolute anarchy, its fortresses still resisting on behalf of the fallen Bour-

* 100,000,000f. were found at Naples when Garibaldi entered. In his budget of this year, the Italian finance minister had to meet a deficit of 114,000,000f. on account of the Neapolitan provinces.

† Paul de Flotte: Speech in the French Legislative Assembly, 21st May, 1850.

* The campaign lasted eighteen days from the passage of the Rubicon to the surrender of Ancona.

bons; and he, accustomed to judge every thing with his own eyes, had no personal knowledge of Naples, while the concentration of all power and responsibility in himself, which was the mainspring of his ministerial system, forbade him even a short absence from Turin to acquire any. Moreover, let us confess it, he would have been more than human—and to be human was an essential feature of his greatness—if the senseless and ever-reviving enmity of Garibaldi, and the unceasing vituperation of his friends, had not made some impression upon him, and inspired a certain almost unconscious prejudice against all supposed to yield fealty to that party, a prejudice which passed with far greater intensity into the minds of his own followers. Hence the infelicitous appointment as Viceroy of Signor Farini, who, with all his excellent qualities, was the last man for such a post, since his very character and position rendered his many errors in it unavoidable, and when the Prince of Carignan was at length sent to replace him, that nomination came too late to remove difficulties it might have obviated at an earlier period. But we need not dwell longer on this gloomy episode, the development of which would require long statements of facts and explanations of causes, leading us into digressions wholly foreign to our subject, since not to Cavour was reserved the solution of the knotty Neapolitan problem. His course was nearly run, and we rather turn to his last appearances on the parliamentary stage of his earliest public triumphs.

The elections had taken place on the twenty-seventh of January, 1861, every where proving singularly favorable to government, and the parliament was formally opened on the eighteenth of February, but owing to the delay necessary for the verification of powers, business did not begin till the middle of March. The first bill presented was one constituting the new monarchy, which passed the representative chamber unanimously, the senate with but a single dissentient vote, given at the dictate of religious bigotry, and thus was the youthful dream of Cavour fulfilled after the lapse of twenty-nine years. He was first minister of the kingdom of Italy, and to himself was the great result mainly due. The sovereign had assumed his new title, the state was proclaimed, but it was yet incomplete, for Rome the capital, and Venice the bulwark, were unrepresented in the Italian parliament, and on the former and most vital of these questions Count de Cavour hastened to explain his views. In answer to interrogations he had himself instigated, he expounded at length his favorite theory of a free Church in a free State. Considering Rome to be the necessary metropolis of Italy, he desired to offer the Pontiff, in exchange for his precarious temporal power, sovereign honors, and the renunciation by the state of all right of interference in spiritual affairs, with the hope that such ample terms, backed by the guarantee of the Italian government for the safety and respect due to the supreme head of the Church, would induce the concurrence of the Catholic Powers, and persuade France especially to withdraw her garrison, concluding in favor of an order of the day to the same effect, which was voted by an immense majority. These explanations were renewed in the upper chamber a fortnight later, for Count de Cavour held the thorough ventilation of a question to be the essential preliminary to its solution; publicity was his weapon, as freedom his device, and it was on this occasion that in answer to the Neapolitan Senator, Vacca, who, after urging the state of Naples to be an additional reason for seeking to hasten the deliverance of Rome, suggested the proclaiming a state of siege in the disturbed frontier provinces, that he vehemently exclaimed, almost in the very words he repeated during the delirium of his last hours: "No state of siege, no exceptional laws—liberty must not sully her cause by assuming the arms of tyrants!"

The Roman debates were but the holiday tournament; the real battle for power between the ministry and more advanced opposition must be fought on other grounds; and the question of the volunteer, or southern army, supplied the latter with an endless theme of invective and covert accusation; for the public mind was agitated and divided on this subject, and unaware that the sullenness of Garibaldi had prevented a general arrangement, (for the ministry had been chary of unvailing the errors of one to whom Italy owed so much,) felt dissatisfied with the partial measures adopted, so that, to secure them a parliamentary sanction, Baron Ricasoli (whose lofty character and independent position gave him a peculiar

right to be heard) proposed, and Count de Cavour accepted, a debate which might settle the matter forever.

The discussion of the eighteenth April must long remain memorable in the parliamentary annals of Italy. In reply to the questions of Baron Ricasoli, the minister of war made a long statement of the forces of the country, and explained the position assigned to the volunteers by the royal decrees on their organization; after which Garibaldi, who had taken his seat that same day, started up, and reading from a paper, (previously prepared, alas! for had the cruel words been *spoken* in the heat of debate, not *written*, the sting had been less deep,) accused Cavour of being the enemy of Italy, the would-be fosterer of civil war. The chamber was indignant, his own lieutenants shocked, and the most fiery of them, General Bixio, earnest for conciliation, implored the accuser to retract, the accused to pardon, the unjust taunt; nor was Count de Cavour, though wounded to the quick, slow to accept the proffered mediation, and for the weal of Italy he offered not merely forgiveness but oblivion, and joint labor in the cause both equally loved, and holding out his hand, he called upon Garibaldi to come and grasp it as that of a patriot, who, if trained in a different school, was no less ardent than himself. Had Garibaldi only done so, what evil might have been averted! But irresolute, and dependent on the opinion of those immediately about him, he half rose to comply, then yielding to the whispered remonstrance of Zuppetta, who was next him, again sat down. Cavour sank back, struggling with fearful and visible agony; insulted as knight, as gentleman, as patriot, his nature was one to feel to the very core such a blow, coming from such a quarter; yet Italy was so dear to him, that for her sake he mastered his passion, retained his wonted urbanity throughout the debate, and when the large majority in favor of government, and the adherence of his military lieutenants to its proposals, had persuaded Garibaldi of the necessity of reconciliation, and he sought it through the intervention of his sovereign, Cavour, too high-souled for rancor, cheerfully assented. But from that hour he was not the same. The poisoned shaft had reached his heart, the wound closed outwardly, but did not heal, and affection noted with sinister prevision, that his once bright eye was now dim, and that while he acknowledged fatigue, he complained of his inability to rest. As if actuated by a foreboding wish to give utterance to his thoughts on every subject nearest to his heart, he repeatedly addressed the chamber, with even more than his wonted power and earnestness, on the fundamental principles of free trade, (his last great speech,) Venice, Rome, and the interests of the exiles from those cities, bequeathing his words, as it were, a legacy to his successors and his country.

The hour was at hand, the knell was about to ring. The morning of Wednesday, the twenty-ninth of May, was spent as usual, amid the cares of office. In the afternoon Count de Cavour appeared in the chamber, sustaining his part in the debate with all his wonted animation, replying to every objector in his usual lively, half-jesting, conversational tone, but in the evening he was suddenly seized with a fit of apoplexy. It was not the first, and this seemed to yield, like its predecessors, after two bleedings, so much so that on the thirty-first, in spite of all entreaty, he insisted on transacting business with his colleagues, and giving his usual audiences; the result was an excitement which brought on a fresh attack, with new and more dangerous symptoms, conflicting with each other, and indicative of various maladies, for all of which the pharmacy of Turin knew but one remedy—the lancet. Whether greater prudence on the part of the sufferer, or more skilled physicians, would have preserved so precious a life, can be only a matter of conjecture, but we may state our own belief that though the method of treatment was probably the very worst that could have been selected, no other would have been more successful. Years of toil and intense anxiety had strained to the utmost nerves of the most exquisite sensibility, while a most unhealthy modé of life, long fasts, alternated with abundant meals, and scarcely any physical exercise, had gradually undermined health, and left both body and mind without power of reäction from any sudden or violent blow. That blow was given by the hand of Garibaldi, and the effort to conceal its immediate effect was probably more fatal than even the shock itself, so that those who knew him best considered him doomed from the hour of the second attack, and in the al-

ternate phases of his malady only saw the last struggles of an exhausted nature. The multitude was naturally less clear-sighted, and the second of June, the day set apart in honor of Italian unity, was celebrated with all the ordained pomp, as Cavour had bidden. Yet amidst their rejoicings the people did not forget their Papa Camillo, and as days went by, and the well-known face and figure did not reappear under the porticoes, anxiety grew deep, and vast crowds day and night blocked up all the streets leading to his palace, standing for hours in their silent, serried ranks, to learn the contents of the bulletins constantly issued. Within lay the sick man, on his bed of death, grandly, calmly, awaiting the fate he knew to be impending. In his occasional hours of delirium he spoke of his country, of her generals and statesmen, of her hopes and her difficulties, for, dying as a shepherd in defense of his flock, his thoughts were ever with his people, but not one word of rancor or enmity fell from his lips, for there was no hatred in his heart. When he was lucid, he conversed gayly, and even jested with the relatives and friends around him, discoursing of agriculture, the crops, silkworms, but above all of Italy, and as the end drew nigh, that theme more exclusively occupied his mind. On the morning of the fifth, he sent for his parish priest, Father Giacomo,* of the Franciscan order of monks, for years his friend, and one of the dispensers of his numerous charities to the poor of Turin, confessed, and toward night received the sacraments. His will was already signed, and having thus fulfilled his duties toward God and man, he dedicated his last hours on earth to the thought of his country. Late in the evening he was visited by his sovereign, who affectionately embraced and took leave of him, a visit which deeply touched the dying minister. To the last his commanding intellect remained bright and clear; he looked steadily forward through the mists which to inferior minds yet seemed to hang over the future of Italy, and though not blind to her dangers, expressed his unshakable faith in her future and success; "Non temete, l'Italia e fatta," (fear not, Italy is made,) he said to his colleague, Minghetti, but an hour before the end, and his last faint words were, "Tutto e salvo," (all is safe,) and with these yet upon his lips, the glorious spirit passed away in the early dawn of Thursday, the sixth of June, 1861, leaving those who had the privilege of watching that last vigil, bewildered in the excess of their mingled admiration and grief.

Who shall describe the wail of all Italy at this great loss? The shops and theaters were every where closed, in every church arose the solemn chant for the dead, and the population, all classes, high and low, mingled together, and alike clad in the deepest mourning, crowded to the celebration of the sacred rite. Never did Turin, nor perhaps any other city, present a spectacle like that on the day of the funeral. After lying in state in the great hall of the Cavour palace, where it received the last homage of the constituted bodies, and indeed of the whole people, who crowded to gaze for the last time on those beloved features, the corpse was borne on a royal car, which had served at the obsequies of Charles Albert, through the principal streets, to the church of Santa Maria degli Angioli, where mass was to be celebrated, attended by both chambers, the Knights of the Annunciata, the judges, the ecclesiastical, municipal, and commercial corporations; the whole garrison was under arms, the cannon thundered from the hights, no pomp that majesty itself might claim was wanting, nor could the pouring and incessant rain deter noble, citizen, or humble artisan, from walking bareheaded in the train, while the women, with no better protection than their mourning-vails, stood for hours on the balconies to catch one glimpse of the procession as it passed. Turin, his native city, and Florence, the Pantheon of Italy, vied for the honor of enshrining the dead, to whom the King offered a resting-place in the royal sepulcher of Superga, that his own bones might one day be laid beside those of his great minister; but all rivalry gave way before the simple reply of the Marquis de Cavour, to whom these proffers were made, that years before his lost brother had expressed a wish to be buried in the family

* The adventures of this worthy friar at Rome are too recent to need more than a passing allusion, but they serve thoroughly to refute the fable of the clerical journals, insinuating that Count de Cavour at the last hour repented the policy he had pursued. We now know beyond dispute (even if the statement of Marquis de Cavour, that no recantation was made or demanded, had not sufficed) that he died as he had lived, with all his convictions unshaken.

vault at Santèna, near a beloved nephew who had fallen at the battle of Custoza. To that wish all yielded, Cavour was laid in the spot he himself had selected, and in the little chapel of Santèna, a simple stone, inscribed but with a name and a date, points out to the pilgrim of genius the last home of him who "made Italy."

Thus lived, thus died, Camillo Benso de Cavour. For the sake of preserving the continuity and clearness of our narrative, we have reserved to the last our consideration of his character, both as man and minister. At the present day, who is unacquainted with his outward appearance? Engravings, busts, and photographs have made us all familiar with the short, square, fat figure, the deep chest, the shoulders broad as those of an Atlas, supporting the round, compact head, (in which the unusual proportions of the fore part seem to trespass on the share oftener allotted to face and skull, and overpower the really massive though short chin,) the eyes sparkling behind the eternal gold-rimmed spectacles, and the close-shaven firm lips, on which played a continual smile, sometimes in irony, far oftener as the involuntary outbreak of that inward glee and good humor which so rarely failed him, even in the most trying circumstances. Many of us may have seen him thus, under the porticoes of Turin, attired in his simple brown coat, as he rapidly (Count de Cavour could do nothing slowly) traversed on foot the short space between his home and his office, hastily returning the salutations he received, or exchanging a passing word with a friend; or in the chamber, where the restlessness to which the activity of his mind impelled him, was still more visible. There he was never quiet for an instant, but was constantly sorting, examining, and tearing up the heaps of papers before him; conferring with his fellow-ministers, or different deputies, whom he summoned to lean over his chair for a brief eager chat, for few indeed were the orators to whom he deigned to give apparent attention, and he might have been deemed unconscious of what was going on, but for the eager way in which he would rub his hands when he detected an opponent in a blunder, or the almost uncontrollable impatience with which he tossed himself upon his seat if one of his own followers fell into a strain of reasoning he thought likely to be injurious; but that illusion would soon have been dispelled when he rose to reply. His style of oratory was not precisely eloquence, but something far more business-like and practical, for he was essentially a debater. Continually on his feet, he took up the cudgels for every one of his colleagues in turn; he was always ready to correct any error, and showed himself better acquainted with the details of each department than the minister who presided over it; each reply was short, pithy, often but a few sentences; but this only served to highten the effect he produced, when, on grand occasions, he took a longer and higher flight. Yet, even then, his manner can not be illustrated by short quotations. To be judged, his speeches must be read at length, (and, if well reported, they may thus attain their full effect, with which voice and delivery had little to do,) for, as in his state papers, each sentence was as closely connected with the one following it, as if the statement of facts or ideas had been a demonstration in mathematics, and he only who has followed the whole chain of reasoning can legitimately acquiesce in the conclusion.

As a colleague, Count de Cavour was often imperious, though in his usual good-humored way. Not unconscious (as what truly great man can be, after measuring himself with others in action?) of his own unrivaled genius and capacity for business, he was impatient either of slowness or error, and firmly believed nothing could go right without his own supervision. This led to his weakest point as a minister; for, so great himself, he founded no school of greatness. He taught men to *obey*, rather than to *think*, and, alone in his glory, he remains a model, not a teacher, for so potent was the impress of his master spirit, that, while it developed the talents of all who were brought into close contact with him, it robbed them of a portion of the independence of their own minds. This concentration of all thought in a single brain was, perhaps, essential to success, during the earlier stages of development of Italian regeneration; but when it was no longer a question to create, but to organize, it became rather an impediment, and, though Count de Cavour seemed to feel this himself, the habit of exclusive self-reliance had become too strong to be cast off.

But to compensate this one weakness, how much was there that was unequaled.

Deeply skilled in the politics of parliament and parties, consummate in diplomacy, a minister of the creative class, Count de Cavour was yet more than politician or diplomatist; a statesman of a type of which he is yet the sole representative, though we trust the future will see many struggling to follow in his footsteps. The breaker-down of feudalism and privilege, the extender of religious liberty to Protestant and Jew, the creator of a state, he yet looked upon all these measures as means to an ulterior end—the well-being of the nation. The removal of custom barriers, the extension of railroads, the erection of manufactories, the development of commerce, education, and agriculture — these were the objects that rejoiced his very soul. With all the daring and self-dependence of an aristocrat, he united the acquirements of a mathematician, an engineer, and a scientific agriculturist, without the exclusiveness engendered by pursuing any of these callings as a profession. "The greatest happiness of the greatest number" was what he sought to promote, whether as writer, speculator, landowner, or minister; and great as his fame must ever be as the founder of Italy, we doubt whether posterity will not still more admire the foresight which, overlooking dynastic alliances and political conventions, could, so early as 1851 and 1852, discover commercial treaties and the intimate relations that spring from them to be the only true bonds between peoples, and, by uniting little Piedmont on that basis with the most advanced nations of the West, devise the means for endowing all Italy with law and liberty, with the right of unrestrained political, commercial, and agricultural development.

The portrait of the minister is engraved for all time on the tablets of history; but the memory of the man, though it holds a dearer place in the minds of those who knew him, would pass away with them; and, as if to retain its evanescent image, many a page has already been penned to record personal peculiarities, or characteristic anecdotes. Yet who shall paint worthily the easy and brilliant conversation, the gay, genial laugh, the charm of manner, which seemed so thoroughly to belong to the world of idleness, that only some chance remark, no one inferior could have uttered, reminded the auditor that he who spoke was Count de Cavour; and, indeed, the great statesman never seemed more thoroughly himself than when, the cares of office thrown aside, he indulged in a tour of visits in the theater, played the courteous host at his own ministerial parties, or at a masked ball, throwing open the door of his opera-box, surrendered himself to the embraces of the dominos, though he only returned the salutes of such as a peep under their masks persuaded him were worthy of the honor.

Yet, in private life, he had better and higher qualities than these. The poor of Turin will long retain a grateful remembrance of his large and judiciously dispensed charities, while the peasantry of his estate mourn him as a father, who never grudged either thought or money to ameliorate their condition, and whose kindly smile and cheerful words of encouragement were perhaps as much valued by them as material aid. His memory was prodigious; he never forgot a fact or a date, a name or a face, though seen but once, and after the lapse of years; and to his friends his heart was ever true, though the necessities of his political position at times seemed to sever him from them. Those most in his intimacy, when they differed with him, had occasionally to stand fiery attacks, for his temper was passionate, and his convictions were so absolute as ill to brook opposition; but his good humor soon returned, and he then became as eager to offer every amends for the offense he might have given. Of personal enmity he was totally incapable, and he could less be said to forgive an injury than to forget it, while to praise and blame he was almost equally indifferent, save that he turned from the first with suspicion as to its motives, while, in the second, if set forth with ability, he would at times seek a hint for the future.

We could fill our pages with countless anecdotes illustrative of all these qualities; but our limited space warns us to conclude, yet before we do so, we would fain express the hope that some one among Count de Cavour's numerous friends may be found, both able and willing to furnish posterity with a more detailed and less perishable biography than can be given in any periodical journal, for his name is the heirloom of Italy and the world, and should not be left to the guardianship of chance.

Kindly and tolerant, good no less than great, Count de Cavour passed away in

charity with all men, after a life spent in striving to promote their weal. Dying in the prime of life, but worn out in their service, the mourning of his countrymen over him was passionate, and all but unanimous. Alas! that when the *Armonia** and its colleagues were grave and decorous, the one discordant note which dared to vituperate the dead, and insult the grief of the nation, should have been struck by men styling themselves the friends and trusted followers of Garibaldi, and that that chief himself, pent in his lonely hermitage of Caprera, far from disavowing such unworthy clamor—barks of the curs over the dead lion—as might have been expected from his better nature, found no word of sympathy for weeping Italy. With that single exception, all was harmony, from the sovereign to the lowest of the people. Either chamber decreed an image of the departed to be placed in the hall of its assembly, to keep alive his memory among them, and his speeches were ordered to be collected and printed at the expense of the state. Every great town determined to raise a monument to him; Santa Croce, at Florence, the squares of Turin, Milan, Genoa, Naples, and many others of inferior note, will be adorned with his statue, while his picture will be seen in many a public hall. But whatever the skill of the limner, or the art of the sculptor, not even in the Campidoglio itself, can a monument to Camillo Benso, Count de Cavour, be erected so grand and noble as that afforded him by his own great work—the unity of Italy herself.

* The clerical organ of Turin, usually known for its violence.

From Chambers's Journal.

LIGHTNING-PRINTS.

Of all meteors, lightning, though one of the most common, is doubtless one of the most interesting and surprising in its manifestations and effects. The admirable experiments of Franklin and Dalibard having proved the identity of the lightning-flash with the spark of our electrical machines, the meteorological effects of the former become doubly interesting, as we endeavor to imitate them in the laboratory.

Now, among the curious effects produced by lightning, there is one class of phenomena which appears to us well deserving attention, and which, from the rarity of its occurrence—or perhaps we should say, the small number of observations we possess—is yet very little known.

We are all acquainted, in these days of photography, with the peculiar action of light upon papers imbibed with salts of silver, or other chemical preparations sensitive to its influence, by which the images of surrounding objects are permanently and elegantly fixed upon the paper; but few are aware that the lightning-flash is capable of producing a similar effect upon the bodies of its victims. That such phenomena have really occurred, and will undoubtedly occur again, is now an established fact in the scientific world; some meteorologists have recently given the name of *Keraunography* (from κεραυνὸς, lightning, and γράφω, I write) to these images produced by lightning, and have collected together the most authentic observations relating to them; and it is principally to papers recently published by Orioli in Italy, Dr. Boudin and Baron d'Hombres-Firmas of Paris, and M. Andrès Poey, director of the Observatory of Havana, that we owe most of what we know upon the subject.

The first mention that appears to have been made of lightning-prints is found in a work of one of the so-called Fathers of the Church, St. Gregory of Nazianz, who

declares that in the year 360, images were printed by lightning upon the bodies and clothes of the workmen occupied in rebuilding the temple of Jerusalem. The Jews having been caused by the Emperor Julian to reconstruct their temple, the laborers were occupied with the foundation-work when an earthquake took place. It was preceded by a whirlwind and tempest, which suddenly arose and forced them to take shelter in a neighboring church. According to St. Gregory — a cotemporary of the Emperor Julian, and the only one who has left us a detailed description of the circumstances—during the tempest, "globes of fire were seen to proceed from the earth," and the workmen who had taken refuge in the church had certain *figures of crosses* mysteriously printed upon their clothes and their bodies. These crosses are said to have been dark or invisible during the day, but brilliant or phosphorescent in the darkness of night.

These facts are repeated by many ancient writers who lived a century or so later, and whom it is useless to quote here. More modern writers, however, such as Moyles in England, and Basnage in France, do not admit them, and appear to be of the same opinion as an anonymous writer in the *Encyclopedia Perthensis*, who says, speaking of this impression of crosses, that "some have endeavored to account for it on electrical principles. But it is a degradation of philosophy to attempt to account upon philosophical principles for a fabulous legend which bears the most evident marks of one of those *pious frauds* which have so often disgraced the Christian faith." However, it will be seen, from other cases brought forward in this paper, that it is not improbable some workmen may have been struck with lightning during the building of the temple, and had figures of crosses printed upon their bodies. In more modern times, this same impression of *crosses* upon the body by the action of lightning was noticed by the Rev. Dr. John Still, Bishop of Wells, in Somersetshire, and handed down to us by Isaac Casaubon, who inserted the observation in his *Adversaria* about the year 1610–1611. It appears that one summer day in the year 1595, when the people where attending divine worship, in the cathedral of Wells, two or three claps of thunder were heard, which frightened them so much that they all threw themselves upon the ground. Lightning fell without hurting any one present, but, strange to relate, crosses were found to have been printed upon the bodies of those who attended the church; and, what is more, the bishop himself found upon his own body (upon his arm) a similar mark. Others had these crosses upon their shoulders, or upon their breasts, and they were witnessed by many persons.

A third case of *crosses* printed probably by lightning is on record: it happened during the eruption of Vesuvius in 1660. The fact was communicated to Father Kircher, who published a long dissertation upon it in 1661, entitled *Diatribes de Prodigiosis Crucibus quæ post ultimatum Incendium Vesuvii Montis Napoli comparuerunt.* A copy of this work exists in the *Bibliothèque de Ste. Geneviève* of Paris. It informs us that, after the eruption of the volcano, crosses were seen upon various articles of linen, such as shirt-sleeves, women's aprons, and table-cloths, which were exposed to the open air during the volcanic phenomenon. These crosses were observed in great numbers throughout the kingdom of Naples. Thirty had been counted by one individual upon the linen cloth of an altar, fifteen upon a shirt-sleeve, and eight upon the dress of a child. According to the same author, the size and color of these crosses were very different. Pure water could not efface them, but soap and water caused them to disappear. Some are said to have lasted for a fortnight, others longer still. It has not been recorded by Kircher whether lightning was observed or not during this eruption; but it is well known that atmospheric perturbations and often the most violent tempests, accompany the volcanic eruptions of Vesuvius, and indeed of all volcanoes.

In 1750, William Warburton published a curious book, entitled, *Julian, or a Discourse concerning the Earthquake and Fiery Eruption which defeated that Emperor's attempt to rebuild the Temple at Jerusalem*, in which the author appears to be of opinion that the crosses printed upon the bodies and clothes of the workmen were really luminous or phosphorescent at night, and dark or invisible in the day-time. Rufin and Socrates, according to the same author, assure us that the impressions were indelible, and could not be effaced by any means that were at-

tempted. Warburton supposes the form of a cross to be owning to the zigzag shape of the lightning discharge, which, when not clearly defined as a zigzag, might easily appear as a cross. Another circumstance worth noting is the following: the crosses observed at Jerusalem were printed upon the skin and upon the clothes of the workmen; those observed in the cathedral of Wells were printed only upon the skin; whilst those at Vesuvius appeared solely upon clothes exposed to the air.

Robert Boyle, in the fourth volume of his works, adopts an opinion put forth by Kircher in the book quoted above, and attributes the production of the figure of crosses to the transport of some volatile matter exhaled from the earth, and which, being deposited upon the threads of the linen, crossing each other at right angles, would infallibly give rise to crosses.

A paper printed in the *Journal des Savants* for 1690, by the Abbé Lamy, puts us in possession of another curious fact relating to lightning-impressions. On the eighteenth July, 1689, lightning struck the tower of the church of St. Sauveur, at Langy in France, and, in an instant printed upon the cloth of the altar some Latin words of a prayer-book. The words *Qui pridie quam pateretur*, etc., to the end of the prayer, were all reproduced, with the exception of *Hoc est corpus meum*, and *hic est sanguis meus*, which were printed in *red* ink, whilst the others were in *black* characters. The only difference remarked between the two sets of characters—namely, those of the prayer-book and those printed by the lightning-flash—was, that the later were *reversed*.

But leaving these impressions of crosses and prayers, the accounts of which have come down to us chiefly from ecclesiastics, we pass on to some more interesting and more tangible cases of what might almost be called *lightning-photography*.

In the year 1786, that distinguished member of the Academy of Sciences, Leroy, announced that Franklin had frequently repeated to him, some forty years back, the case of a man who, whilst standing at his door during a thunder-storm, saw the lightning fall upon a tree opposite to him. It was afterward remarked that a reversed image of the tree was indelibly printed upon the breast of this man. Another still more extraordinary case occurred in the year 1812. It was related by Mr. James Shaw to the members of the *Meteorological Society* of London. In the year named, there existed, near the village of Combe Bay, about four miles from the town of Bath, an extensive wood, composed chiefly of oaks and nut-trees. In the center of the wood was a pasture-ground of some fifty square yards in extent, where six sheep were lying when a storm came on, and "all the sheep were killed by the lightning." When the skins of these animals were afterward taken off, it was observed that the internal portions of each separate skin bore the most faithful image of the surrounding landscape—every detail of which was distinctly printed upon the skins. "When the skins were taken from the animals," says Mr. Shaw, "a *fac-simile* of a portion of the surrounding scenery was visible on the inner surface of each skin. . . . I may add that the small field and its surrounding wood were so familiar to me and my school-fellows, that when the skins were shown to us, we at once identified the local scenery so wonderfully represented." These skins were exposed to public gaze for some time, as a curiosity, in the town of Bath.

M. José J. Figueroa has communicated to M. Poey several interesting cases of lightning-printing, from which we select the following:

An old inhabitant of Cuba, who has now entered upon his eighty-first summer, relates that in his younger days he knew an individual who had the image of a *piece of money* printed upon his arm by lightning. At the moment the electric discharge took place, the person in question was seated at a table upon which the piece of money lay, and with his right arm (which received the impression) leaning upon the table.

M. José Blanco, a lawyer of Havana, has often heard a story related of a countryman, who, while riding on horseback through a wood, was overtaken by a tempest, and the image of a *cross* was printed upon his breast by the effect of a flash of lightning, which killed his horse instantaneously. This image was the exact representation of a metallic cross which hung upon his breast, and which was nowhere to be found, when the man recovered from the electric shock.

From the same source we get also the history of a cat killed, while suckling its

ycung, by lightning, which struck the Audience Chambers recently erected at Havana. On the body of this animal was observed the impression of a *circle*, an exact representation, though much smaller, of another larger circle which formed part of the building.

And lastly, in the province of Jibacoa, (Cuba,) lightning was seen to strike a large tree in August, 1823, and printed upon the trunk of it the image of a bent *nail* which had been driven into one of the higher branches.

We now come to a very well-known case of lightning-photography, recorded by Professor Orioli, and communicated to the Academy of Sciences at Paris by M. d'Hombres-Firmas in 1847. In September, 1825, lightning fell upon the ship Il Buon Servo, lying at anchor in the Bay of Armiro, (Italy.) A sailor, who was seated at the foot of a mast, was struck dead by the flash. On his body were observed two slight marks—the one yellow, the other black — which proceeded from the man's neck, and continued as far as the region of the kidneys, at which spot the most distinct image of a *horse-shoe* was printed. This image was the exact representation of a real horse-shoe nailed upon the mast, at the foot of which the sailor sat. Moreover, the image and the real object were exactly the same size.

Wonderful and exceptional as this fact may appear, we have, from Orioli, another very similar and no less extraordinary case. A sailor was struck by lightning, while asleep in his hammock on a ship lying at anchor in the port of Zante, (Italy,) and the *number* forty-four was most distinctly printed upon his breast. The sailor was killed by the discharge; but all his comrades attested that the figure of this number did not exist upon the man's breast before the accident. It was the exact copy of a metallic figure forty-four attached to the ship, and placed between the mizzen-mast, upon which the lightning fell, and the place where the sailor slept.

To Mr. Poey, who has been at great trouble to assure himself of the authenticity of the facts he relates, we owe several other extraordinary examples of lightning-prints, which we will endeavor to describe in a few words.

The first happened in the province of Candelaria, (Cuba,) in 1828. A young man was struck dead by lightning near a house, upon one of the windows of which was nailed a horse-shoe. The image of this *horse-shoe* was most distinctly printed upon the neck of the unfortunate young man, underneath the right ear.

The next is the case of a lady of Trinidad, (Cuba,) who fortunately was not killed, but upon her body was found the *image of a metallic comb or brooch*, which she wore in the band of her apron.

The following case of this kind is exceedingly curious, and reminds us that lightning-prints may occur upon inanimate tissues, such as linen, etc., as well as upon the bodies of men and animals. The phenomenon we are going to describe was related in a letter addressed to Dr. Boudin by Monsieur de Bessay, who was present when it occurred. On the fourteenth of November, 1830, lightning struck the Château de la Benatonnière in La Vendée. The following day, one of the inmates remarked upon the back of a lady's dress a *peculiar design*, which happened to be a faithful copy of the ornaments on the back of one of the chairs in a saloon of the château. The lady to whom the dress belonged remembered that she was sitting in that chair when the storm raged over the château. The image upon the dress was so distinct, that it appeared as if it had been recently copied, with great pains, from the design at the back of the chair.

We now come to an example of lightning-prints which is not only known to be perfectly authentic, but which has given rise to some scientific discussion as to the manner in which the image was produced. The facts are simply these: On the ninth of October, 1836, lightning killed a young man near Zante. He had around his body a belt containing some gold pieces, and the *images* of *six* of these *pieces* were indelibly printed upon his right shoulder by the electrical discharge. An account of this phenomenon was communicated to the Neapolitan Scientific Congress, on the twenty-second of September, 1845, by the president of the congress, Professor Orioli, with a report by Dr. Pascal Dicapuolo of Zante, and certain legal certificates relating to the affair. A discussion ensued upon the subject. Professor Orioli said he had no doubt that the electric current which killed the young man had passed through each of the six pieces of money, and left the impression of them upon the skin; and Signor Gennaro Galano corrob-

orated this opinion; besides which, Professor Palmieri brought forward an electrical experiment, which appeared to confirm Orioli's statement. At the next sitting of the Congress, on the twenty-third of September, Signor Vismara, Signor Longo, and some others evinced the opinion that the electrical discharge had carried off some of the metal, and deposited it upon the skin. But it appeared, after further examination, that the pieces were completely intact. On the seventeenth of December of the following year, (1846,) Baron d'Hombres-Firmas brought the case before the Academy of Sciences at Paris, and again in January, 1847, when it gave rise to more discussion. The images produced were not *fac-similes* of the gold pieces, but *circles of three different dimensions*, corresponding precisely in size and form with the *three kinds of pieces* in the young man's belt. The impressions were upon the *right* shoulder, and the money in the belt was slung over the *right* side of the man's body. The circles were not colored; the skin in the printed parts was of its natural color, but all around it was blackened by the lightning-flash, so that the images were seen by contrast. To sum up, it appears most probable that the six pieces of gold, being good conductors, concentrated the electrical discharge, which, radiating from them in all directions upon the man's body, produced a chemical change in the constitution of the tissue of the skin which it blackened.

It has been imagined that the blood of the person struck by lightning participated somewhat in the production of these images, and the case we have just related seems to point at this conclusion. Indeed, Arago, Bossut, and Leroy were all of opinion that the electrical discharge forces the blood into the capillary vessels on the surface of the skin, and so modifies this liquid as to leave indelible impressions. They quote the case of a man struck by lightning, whose body was covered with very singular marks, resembling the ramifications of minute blood-vessels. Again, in July, 1841, a magistrate and a miller's boy were struck by lightning in the department Indre-et-Loire, (France,) when it was remarked that the breasts of both were covered with spots resembling the leaves of a poplar-tree. The miller's boy was killed, but the magistrate recovered, and the marks upon his body disappeared *as soon as the circulation was reëstablished.*

We have no doubt ourselves, that in most of these examples of lightning-prints, where external objects, either in contact with the body or at some distance from it, have been reproduced as if by photography, the blood in the capillary vessels is the medium which received the electric influence. Such, for instance, was evidently the case with Madame Morosa, an Italian lady of Lugano, who, whilst sitting at her window during a storm in 1847, felt a severe shock; and the *image of a flower*, which appears to have been in the electric current, was so indelibly printed upon her leg, that she preserves the mark to the present day. But a difficulty seemingly arises with regard to various objects where no blood is present; for instance, the impression observed upon the lady's dress in the château de la Benatonnière, quoted above, and that of the nail upon the tree, not to mention the images of crosses and Latin words upon linen, etc., alluded to before, which are the most unsatisfactory reports we have had to deal with in this paper. Moreover, a Cuba newspaper reported in 1852, that lightning struck a palm-tree on the plantation of St. Vincent, and *engraved upon the dry leaves* of it a representation of some pine-trees growing in the neighborhood, at a distance of some three hundred and forty yards. The image was so perfect, that it appeared more like an engraving than any thing else. These and similar apparent difficulties will vanish at once, when we become acquainted with what has already been done in the laboratory; for instance, when we know that by placing a medal upon a plate of resin, and passing an electric discharge through it, we can obtain an image of the medal upon the resin, we can not see any thing marvelous in lightning being able to print forms upon similar inanimate matter.

Cases similar to that reported by Franklin of the *image of a tree* being impressed upon the body of a person struck with lightning, have been more than once observed of late years. In August, 1853, the New-York *Journal of Commerce* reported that a young girl was struck with lightning whilst standing at a window during a storm. Opposite to the window was a *nut-tree*, the entire image of which was indelibly stamped upon the girl's body. Again, M. Raspail has mentioned

lately a few similar facts, among which one, where the *image of a bird's nest* was impressed upon a child who was climbing a tree to get it; and in 1857, the *Echo de Bruxelles*, a daily paper, reported a very remarkable case, which first drew our attention to this class of phenomena. In September, 1857, a peasant-girl who was minding a cow in the department of the Seine-et-Marne, having taken refuge under a tree during a severe storm, the lightning struck the tree, the girl, and the cow. The latter was killed, but the girl recovered. However, whilst loosening her dress, to induce respiration, *a distinct image of a cow* was observed upon her breast.

Last year, the French scientific periodical, *Le Cosmos*, registered the account of a terrible storm at Lappion, (Aisne,) where six workmen and a child received severe shocks, and a woman of forty-four years of age had *the image of a tree, trunk, branches*, and *leaves*, distinctly printed in red upon her person. There appears no doubt that in all these cases of lightning-prints, the image produced upon the body indicates the object from which the electrical discharge emanated on its way to the person struck with lightning; in other terms, that the object whose image is produced formed part of the electric circuit. The extraordinary velocity with which electricity travels renders it of little import whether the object printed upon the body be in contact with the latter or at some distance from it. The same remark holds good for the action of light in photography. As to the molecular change induced in the tissue upon which the image is impressed, it may be assimilated to what takes place upon a photographic plate; and when we can explain how the forms, and even the colors of objects placed at a distance, print their images upon certain chemical preparations, we shall have made a step toward the complete solution of the problem of lightning-prints.

Of late years many curious experiments have shown us that images similar to those of the lightning-flash can be produced in the laboratory. One of the most interesting was recently made by Mr. Grove. Having scratched a design with the point of his pen-knife upon a piece of white paper, he placed it between two plates of polished glass, which were then submitted to an electrical discharge. On removing the plates, no image was visible upon the glass; but on exposing the latter for a few minutes to the vapor of hydrofluoric acid, the impression came out most distinctly.

In another experiment, made in Germany, a manuscript was transferred, by means of an electric discharge, to a paper imbibed with iodide of potassium and starch.

Experiments such as these will doubtless lead to some useful applications in the arts. We are not of those who are constantly exclaiming that steam, light, heat — every thing, in fact — should be nowadays replaced by electricity; but we fancy that the phenomena which have occupied us in this paper, when submitted to deeper study than they have been up to the present time, will lead to some extremely practical results, especially in this country, where so much *printing* of every description is daily at work. The calico-printer, the lithographer, the photographer, and the engraver, may soon have to coïncide with our opinion.

Lately, a Belgian author proposed that the guillotine should be replaced by the electric discharge. "Fancy the criminal," says he, "standing on the scaffold addressing the multitude. The hand of justice lowers itself upon his head, the electric spark flashes and cuts him short. . . . . Death, which we fear so much, is only *the pain multiplied by the time*, and electricity traveling some two hundred and forty thousand miles per second, whilst the biggest criminal rarely exceeds two yards, the passage from life to death would be accomplished in about the one four hundred thousandth part of a second!" Our author soon perceives, however, that such a death would be too easy, and would be likely to tempt mankind to crime, whereupon he proposes torture instead. Had he known any thing of lightning-prints, he would certainly have proposed electricity to *brand* his criminals, and not to kill them.

From the London Review.

POEMS OF LONGFELLOW.

As a truly popular poet—the man of the million—no American songster has obtained such a favorable hearing as HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. How it may be in his own hemisphere we know not, but certainly in this part of the world Mr. Longfellow's poems have had a greater circulation than those of all the other American poets together. Possibly it might be no great disgrace even to be ignorant that Bryant and others had written poetry at all; but it would argue a strange isolation from the world of letters to know nothing of *Excelsior* and the *Psalm of Life*. These, and other lyrics from the same pen, have been promoted to the rank of household words. Young ladies every where sing *Excelsior* to the accompaniment of the piano; and promising lads, just gliding out of their teens, are imbued by thousands with the stirring sentiments of the *Psalm of Life*—resolved at all hazards not to quit the world without leaving some "footprints on the sands of time." Nay, we have heard of a certain minister, better known as a popular lecturer, who frequently commences his Sabbath worship with, "Tell me not in mournful numbers," etc. This somewhat strange effusion, while in many quarters regarded almost with a veneration due to inspired words, has not always been spared from running the gauntlet of adverse criticism. There is no mystery, about the success it has obtained. It has a certain number of pithy aphoristic utterances on the value of time and the greatness of men's destinies; and these, given in the full flow of poetic grandiloquence, produce their effect. There is genuine poetry in the composition, though some of the lines are exceedingly uncouth, and the figures such as will not bear much handling. To many a reader who refuses to sacrifice logic for sound, the following lines are still a stumbling-block:

"Lives of great men all remind us
We may make our life sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;
Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again."

How it is that these footprints can make any permanent impression on the "sands" of time—how it is that this forlorn brother sailing o'er the solemn main can manage to see these prints on the shore, or what is the particular connection between seeing them and taking heart again, are, we confess, things not easily understood. It is useless, however, to quarrel with them now; the world has consented to receive them. A more important question, we think, remains. What is to be understood by the lives of great men reminding us that we may make our own lives "sublime"? Sentiments like this have occasioned a deal of castle-building. The sophistry that identifies a sublime life with a life that makes a great figure in the world, is a very common snare and delusion. The true sublime of life is to turn to the best account the means which Providence has actually placed at men's disposal; and were this actually done all the world over, the number would be very small of those who were sublime enough to have books written about them. As a rule, the lives of great men can not do much by way of example, whatever they may suggest in the way of instruction; for that which has made them great in the world is not imitable by the generality of mankind. It is all very well that examples should be given of those who, through difficulties mostly regarded as insurmountable, have made their way to eminence of whatever kind; but that is a false and pernicious teaching which leaves the impression that where what the world calls "greatness" is wanting, the sublime of life is wanting. No more important lesson can be learned than that the ordinary, the unpoetical business and duties of every-day life are enough to stamp that life with its true greatness; that

"The simple round, the daily task,
Will furnish all we want or ask;"

for those ordinary duties are very often neglected by many a precocious aspirant after greatness, whose life in consequence exhibits a sad predominance of the sublime over the beautiful. It would be captious thus to dwell on an occasional poetical extravagance, were it not that sentiments of a false or doubtful character are, when embodied in popular poetry, mischievous in the extreme. In *Excelsior*, the leading idea—that progress must be resolutely maintained, come what will—is unexceptionable; and this moral, conveyed as it is in words of much force and beauty, makes us comparatively indifferent to the circumstantials of the tale, which have in some quarters been mercilessly ridiculed. "We have no very bright examples," it is said, "of the true spirit of progress, in the career of a hasty and inconsiderate youth, who at a very unreasonable time of the night, hurries through an Alpine village with his *Excelsior* banner in his hand, and, disregarding all manners of peril from torrent, precipice, and avalanche, treads his way upward, eventually perishing in the snow, where the monks of St. Bernard find him on the following morning." This statement can not be gainsaid. The jury at the coroner's inquest would, doubtless, express their opinion that deceased met his death from causes too clearly attributable to want of proper caution. But when the voice comes "like a falling star," answering to the watchword of the noble victim, we must have done with these matter-of-fact objections, or take them elsewhere.

No greater injustice, however, could be done to Mr. Longfellow than that of testing his merits as a poet by the verses which have found most favor in the drawing-room. He is confessedly at the head of all the American bards. No other has written so much and so well in the main, although we can easily point out in the other collections some single poems which please us better than any thing this author has produced. His longer pieces — *Evangeline*, *Hiawatha*, and *Miles Standish*—his many and varied lyrical effusions, and his translations from the German, Spanish, and other languages, are scarcely ever below mediocrity, and are generally of great excellence. True, his flights are never of the highest character; he never rises to those altitudes upon the mount of song, where the great poets of the world have "based the pillars of their imperishable thrones." On the other hand, it must be remembered that the men to whom the genius of poesy has distributed its noblest of gifts have mostly written for a limited class of readers. *Paradise Lost* has never been a popular poem; *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, and *The Tempest*, can hardly yet be said "to take" with the people. Tennyson's poetry is not for the million; and Wordsworth is still "like a star, dwelling apart." It may be said, in reply to this, that poets of less caliber are not much complimented by being told that their popularity is mainly owing to the fact that the best poetry is not the most highly appreciated; and this may be granted. But there is another side to the story. To gain the ear, to stir the pulses, to delight the imagination of the thousands and tens of thousands on whom the highest efforts of poetic genius are comparatively lost, is no mean triumph. Mr. Longfellow has done this. His pages are every where instinct with life, beauty, and grace. Seldom very sublime, seldom very pathetic—for the cast of his mind is, on the whole, gleesome and joyous—no writer exhibits a better combination of those general qualities which make poetry pleasant and lovable. The healthful and breezy freshness of nature is on all his productions; and in the rich and teeming variety of his muse we have the results of that passion for the fair and bright things of the present and the past, so well described in his own *Prelude*.

The poet is equally happy in the varied subjects which lay his muse under contribution. He sings of the charms of nature, the pleasures of love, the beauty of life, and the mystery of death; rings changes upon bells and old clocks; holds converse with skeletons; and revels in the old romantic legends of Germany and Scandinavia. His *Evangeline* and *Children of the Lord's Supper* have triumphed over the fantastic and barbarous meter in which he has thought proper to put them; and had he chosen to cultivate his dramatic genius, he would, if his *Spanish Student* may be taken as a specimen, have attained a very proud position in that de-

partment of literature. Among the sweetest of his lyrics we have *The Rainy Day:*

" The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the moldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

" My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the moldering past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

" Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common lot of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary."

Yet there is probably no poem in the collection which exhibits so great a mastery of composition as the *Goblet of Life:*

" Filled is life's goblet to the brim;
And though my eyes with tears are dim,
I see its sparkling bubbles swim,
And chant a melancholy hymn
With solemn voice and slow.

" No purple flowers, no garlands green,
Conceal the goblet's shade or sheen,
Nor maddening draughts of Hippocrene,
Like gleams of sunshine, flash between
Thick leaves of mistletoe.

" This goblet, wrought with curious art,
Is filled with waters, that upstart,
When the deep fountains of the heart,
By strong convulsions rent apart,
Are running all to waste.

"And as it mantling passes round,
With fennel is it wreathed and crowned,
Whose seed and foliage sun-imbrowned
Are in its waters steeped and drowned,
And give a bitter taste.

"Above the lowly plants it towers,
The fennel, with its lowly flowers;
And in an earlier age than ours
Was gifted with the wondrous powers,
Lost vision to restore.

" It gave new strength and fearless mood;
And gladiators fierce and rude
Mingled it in their daily food;
And he who battled and subdued
A wreath of fennel wore.

" Then in Life's goblet freely press
The leaves that give it bitterness,
Nor prize the colored waters less;
For in thy darkness and distress
New light and strength they give.

"And he who has not learned to know
How false its sparkling bubbles show,
How bitter are the drops of woe
With which its brim may overflow,
He has not learned to live.

" The prayer of Ajax was for light:
Through all that dark and desperate fight,
The blackness of that noon-day night,
He asked but the return of sight,
To see his foeman's face.

" Let our unceasing earnest prayer
Be, too, for light—for strength to bear
Our portion of the weight of care
That crushes into dumb despair
One half the human race.

" O suffering, sad humanity!
O ye afflicted ones! who lie
Steeped to the lips in misery,
Longing, and yet afraid, to die,
Patient, though sorely tried!

" I pledge you in this cup of grief,
Where floats the fennel's bitter leaf!
The battle of our life is brief,
The alarm—the struggle—the relief—
Then sleep we side by side!"

From the North British Review.

LIFE AND TIMES OF EDMUND BURKE.*

We think it is Sir James Mackintosh who praises the Irish writers previous to the end of the eighteenth century, for their elegance and simplicity, and specially alludes to Swift, Berkeley, and Goldsmith in illustration of his remark. It is not proposed at present to hold up Edmund Burke as a model of chastity in style, or, indeed, as excelling in any of the minor arts of a great writer's calling. No man could write more pithily or more elegantly than Burke when he chose; but, for the most part, his writings and speeches are distinguished by entirely different excellences, and charm much more from their total effect than from isolated beauties.

It is gradually becoming admitted by all writers of eminence, that Burke, during his century, was without a rival. His understanding was singularly capacious; his sensibility was exquisite; and his imagination truly regal. None of his cotemporaries could come near him as an orator; when he began to speak, he seemed lifted up into an angelic sphere. At times his audience could only wonder; they dared not say they appreciated. His oratory often outran the slow march of his hearers, as far as his intellect soared in grandeur beyond them. The parliament of his day could admire the dignified rhetoric of Chatham, the fervent logic of Fox, the solid eloquence of Pitt, the brilliant fervor of Sheridan, the subtle refinement of Windham, and the forensic elocution of Erskine; but in what category they were to place the oratory of Burke, was a question which no candid cotemporary cared to answer. All they could say was, that he was the most extraordinary man they had ever heard.

No doubt, in the bitterness of political animosity, petty jealousies were generated and narrow strifes were fomented, so that a speaker in the grave House of Commons would occasionally be treated almost as rudely as if he had lifted up his voice in a bear-garden. Yet strife does not always last; party must give place to humanity, and politics to wisdom. The age of chivalry is not yet gone, although, in Burke's day, it was very nearly so. Chatham can sometimes admire Burke, though Burke is a sworn foe to the great statesman; and Burke can pay a noble tribute to Chatham's memory, though he declined doing so while he lived. Fox does not always contend with Lord North; nor this eccentric statesman with Lord Rockingham. Men must all occasionally play the stoic, and say, bear and forbear. Though Burke, in his declining years, renounced the friendship of Fox, of Sheridan, and of Erskine, this did not prevent Fox from pronouncing a glowing eulogium on the merits of his great friend and master when he lay dead.

It is well to survey occasionally the great deeds of the great men who have gone from among us, if for no better purpose, to keep alive our faith in the perpetual energy of the great mother of us all, who has as fresh power to-day as she had thousands of years ago; and, like the light, is noiseless and strong as she was at the beginning.

Mr. Macknight's is, without doubt, the best biography of Edmund Burke which has yet appeared. It is much fuller than the hasty and incomplete one of Bisset, and surpasses, by many degrees, the painfully laborious but slow-footed performance of Prior, not only in ability, but in warmth and glow. The plan of this writer, besides, is much larger, and in all ways more adequate. The private history of the man and of his works are here viewed in the light of his time No man, of any time, it may be safely affirmed, reflected more entirely the mind of his age, or was in all ways so completely mixed up with nearly every question of importance, both in England and out of it, as Edmund Burke. And this arose as much from the vast capac-

* *History of the Life and Times of Edmund Burke.* By Thomas Macknight. 3 vols. Chapman and Hall. 1858–1860.

ity and range of his mind, as from his place as leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons. Another rare accident likewise contributed to enlarge his sympathies with his race. It is the universal testimony of all who had the privilege of closely associating with him, that in point of knowledge he was a moving encyclopedia. Not that his faculties merely moved under the ideas of other men, as is too often the case with men of stupendous erudition; he kept his knowledge securely packed away in the chambers of his brain, without in the least degree affecting its power of spontaneous work, or in any way repressing or enfeebling the outgrowth of its faculties. This assiduous and many-sided culture rather advanced than checked the growth of his mind. There is no overgrowing the oak when once it has fairly got hold of the soil, and has won for itself a place in the forest; but in its soft youth the stronger vegetation of the parasite might strangle it, and men would be deprived of its shade for a thousand years. So it was with Burke. That, which, in his unripe years, might, in careless hands, have kept down the native vigor of his mind, in his maturity was skillfully directed to its adornment. So is it with every mind of great power. There is in such men a strong, ceaseless, unquenchable thirst, which all the waters of Deucalion and Pyrrha's flood can not quench; and because of this burning thirst—not, be it observed, by reason of the habit of acquirement—one may infer the nature of the raging fire which burns always within. It smolders and smokes far down, but the cunning hand of the furnace-maker still prevents the fire from triumphing. It is bound down by bars unknown to any forge; it is clinched by rivets that bear no maker's name; and yet how strong and enduring!

It is the strength and native vigor of such a mind as Aristotle's, as the elder Scaliger's, as Erasmus's, as Leibnitz's, as Burke's, as Hegel's, as Hamilton's, that should astonish us more perhaps than their prodigious acquirements. To walk is easy; but to walk gracefully under an enormous load tries the strength of a man. Yet this is what Burke did. Not that he was merely content to be a great reflector of the lights, brilliant and dusky, which shone around him. He strove likewise, with what effect we shall see, to send forth an illumination brighter and more extensive than all of those luminaries put together.

Perhaps the very first condition that one would lay down toward the successful treatment of so eminently simple a life as Burke's would be the possession in the biographer of supreme candor—absolute indifference as to which side the truth might lie. This is a severe test for any man, but an absolutely necessary one for the man who would set himself to write down, without the semblance of trickery or deception, even of himself, the exact state of the case, as it stood between Burke and truth. The power is wanted of seeing morally as well as intellectually into the bad side as well as into the good one of a man's disposition; of being able to detach his character, and leisurely survey it on every side; to turn it over as industriously as if it were the features of an adversary; to stand near it, and apart from it; to get above it, and beneath it; to put it in every imaginable light which it could have worn among men; and having done so, to say candidly what sort of man he was, not heeding whether certain foolish persons may find him much of a hero, or whether the tongue of scandal may be let loose by the disclosure. Tried by this standard, Mr. Macknight, as a biographer of Burke, must be found wanting. Not that the verdict could be brought home to his own convictions; for his admiration, not of Burke merely, but of every thing about Burke, is an sincere as it is often blind and indiscriminate. He can see nothing in his hero to apologize for; only a deal of rubbish to be swept away, the accumulated droppings of previous biographers, who wanted the sense and judgment with which he has been privileged.

It is much easier to make an impression on a great number of vulgar people, than to attract the interest of persons of real cultivation. If Mr. Macknight had laid this seriously to heart, we should, doubtless, to-day have been without his three volumes on Burke; for we are firmly of opinion that he has given us his best, and no counsel of ours could have made his work other than it is. It is told of La Motte, who had lost his sight, that being one day in a crowd, he accidentally trode on the foot of a young buck, who immediately struck him on the face. "Ah! sire," said La Motte, "you will be sorry for what you have done, when I tell you

that I am blind." We would receive a caution from this anecdote, with its modicum of humor and pathos, as to dealing harsh blows simply when one treads on our corns or the robes of the damsel we fight for. This is why we are lenient to Mr. Macknight, who tells us in his preface: "I have written in the spirit of love and reverence for a great and good man." Not a doubt of it, say we; yet it is surely high time that we had done with all apologies for the deeds of a great man, and with all labor except what is spent in putting his actions in their true light before the eyes of his fellows. When that is done, it is at *their* peril if they misinterpret his character; we, at least, have performed our small part, and we may challenge the world to say that we have done it ill.

It is curious, now that the name of Burke has become so famous, to note how industriously one and another have thumbed the "Peerage," if perchance they might alight on some nobleman, gifted or otherwise, from whose patrician loins the great plebeian might be supposed to have sprung. Burke himself was much too great and good a man to give any heed to such silly folly. He had much too clear an eye not to see how ridiculous a man would appear, who should industriously lay claim to a higher lineage than he was fairly entitled to.

Mr. Macknight is a less aspiring genealogist than many. He finds that the gaunt De Burghs are too impalpable on their misty hights for him to chase them. He accordingly pounces down on the trading town of Limerick, and there, with swift glance, observes a certain important citizen, John Bourke by name, who was elected Mayor of the city in 1645, and who now finds all his authority will be needed to quell the fierce mob, maddened by priestly exhortations, and by the fears of their own wild hearts. It is the Marquis of Ormond's peace proclamation; and it is the duty of the Mayor to see it read in the market-place by the king-at-arms. It is received with hisses, and groans, and savage yells by the rabble; stones fly thick and fast; the poor Mayor is "knocked down," with all his civic pride, and is summarily forced to yield up his office. And so this "stony Thursday," and the swift down-setting the Mayor received, still stand out in grim picturesqueness on the old chronicles of Limerick. But what connection has this Limerick Mayor with Edmund Burke? None in the world, that we can perceive. Edmund Burke's father, it is said, came from Limerick; and that is, in substance, all that Mr. Macknight tells us about his relationship with that unlucky Mayor.

King George I. had hardly gone to his account when Edmund Burke was born. The young Irishman had, accordingly, to get through his poetry, and fight his way to recognition in London, under the rule of George I.'s dapper successor, who was nearly as gross in his tastes as his father, with a much worse temper. Arran Quay, in the city of Dublin, was Edmund Burke's birth-place, but accounts differ as to the year in which his birth occurred. The record in Trinity College, Dublin, has it 1728, while his tombstone bears the date of 1730. The curious will not fail to note that 1728 was the year of Oliver Goldsmith's birth also. His father was an attorney in good practice, and of course a Protestant; and his mother, who was a Nagle, of Castletown Roche, in Cork, was a mild, rather melancholy woman, with weak nerves and ill-health. His father was a choleric man, whose temper time did not improve; and from him, it is said, Burke inherited part of the irritability and sudden bursts of passion which did not adorn his declining years. Burke had two brothers and one sister, who reached the years of maturity—Garret, Richard, and Juliana — he being himself the second son. In his youth, his health was not good, and, at six years of age, he was removed to the care of his mother's relations, in Castletown Roche. Here he was brought under a double set of influences, which had, doubtless, their effect in molding his opinions, and in ripening his genius. The village in which he was now to reside for the next five years, was situate in the heart of the country which Spenser has immortalized in his *Fairy Queen*.* There was Kilcolman, the residence of the poet, and there also was the Awbeg, the bright

*A friend has kindly pointed out to us a tradition respecting Edmund Spenser and Edmund Burke, that, if of slight foundation, may nevertheless interest some. Burke's mother was, according to this story, great-niece of that Miss Ellen Nagle who married Sylvanus Spenser, the eldest son of the poet, from whom it is conjectured Edmund Burke derived his Christian name.

Mulla of his song. To be at liberty to wander at will by the banks of this stream, to lose himself in the neighboring woods, and to look, even with a boyish eye, on the gray fortresses of the district, was much more edifying for this dreamy youth than being drilled into Euclid, and made perfect in Horace, by all the schoolmasters in the world. We do not think, particularly as his health increased, that he would make a bosom friend of the *Faery Queen*, although his biographer would have us think so. Suffice it, that he got lodged in his mind, by the best of all processes, part of the crude material on which Spenser worked. The day was coming, though still far distant to his boyish eye, when, with a mind hungry for thoughts, and images, and glowing words, he would open his Spenser, and, as line succeeded line, and stanza followed stanza of that marvelous poem, his mental experiences that an hour ago were all lost, behold are all found again, and come trooping up in a new order of their own, draped all of them, too, in an airy, impalpable mist, such as poets love, born of the passionate imagination of his own soul. Thus, while young Burke read but little of the *Faery Queen* in those early years, he did far better by storing his mind with those experiences likely to prove so fertile in his after life.

While here, he came under another influence, which, to a less clear and resolute mind, might have been fraught with quite other results. He was set down amid the Nagles, who had been Catholics since the days of St. Patrick. He would gradually learn to respect such persons, who, amid humble thrift and simple retirement, contrived, despite their adherence to the old faith, to display acts of true friendship and of modest worth. The unostentatious kindness of these humble men always impressed Burke, often beyond words; and their quick sagacity and genial humor was the subject of his praise, even when he became the Right Honorable Councilor of his Majesty.

On Burke's return to Dublin, in 1740, he spent a year in his father's house, and started in 1741 for Ballitore, in the county Kildare, where Abraham Shackleton, a quiet, energetic man, of good manners, and of excellent morals, had made for himself a name. This humble Yorkshire schoolmaster had now a flourishing academy at Ballitore; and Burke, who took to his teacher with a rare affection, found it amply repaid by the lively sympathies of the Quaker. During his residence here, he gave evidence of great mental powers, which were, however, rather to be inferred than perceived directly, for he was uniformly quiet and contemplative, rather than forward and pronounced. He left behind him proofs of a remarkable memory, which was destined to astonish other assemblies than the juvenile one at Ballitore. Like all school-boys, and school-girls too, we presume, he formed a friendship which, unlike those of most youths, was a lasting one. This was with Robert Shackleton, the schoolmaster's son and successor. To this youth of good abilities, good scholarship, of homely, honest feelings, and of liberal yet decided religious sentiments, Burke took with all the ardor of a deep, passionate nature; and he had reason all his life long to bless the day that he became acquainted with this family of "Friends." It is said that, ever after, Burke hailed a Quaker as something like a personal friend.

On the fourteenth of April, 1743, Burke entered Trinity College, Dublin, whither he carried a good knowledge of the ordinary classics, and a very considerable stock of general information for one so young. But he was still a dreamer, and had begun to write verse. He had, besides, a will of great self-reliance, and was not likely to be put off his own way. While at college, he became successively enamored of natural philosophy, of logic, and of history; but he soon subsided into what he calls the *furor poeticus*. Philosopher as he was destined to become, there was a logical Dutchman that seems to have cost him some trouble. The same personage puzzled poor Goldsmith likewise about the same time. This was no other than the "Dutch Burgersdyck," at whom Pope sneered, but nevertheless a philosopher considerably above any man's rational contempt, and whose works it might have been well for Burke to have mastered. Sallust, Cicero, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, and Milton, were his favorites. Homer, and, strange to say, Shakspeare, he did not appreciate. He brought away no laurels from college, and his father, who possessed the hard, legal ambition, did not like this. Ed-

mund, accordingly, did not feel comfortable at home, and in 1747 he entered himself at the Middle Temple, London.

The London of one hundred years ago was not the London of to-day. Its inhabitants were ignorant and prejudiced. The slave-trade flourished, prisons were unreformed, and highwaymen boldly pushed their trade at noon-day in Hyde Park and in Piccadilly. The heads of traitors grinned fiercely from Temple Bar; and as many as seventeen persons suffered death in one morning by the common hangman. A Lifeguardsman prophesied; the city listened to his ravings, and the inhabitants deserted their homes in imminent dread that Babylon the Great was to be swallowed by an earthquake. Yet, amid all this din and outward confusion, Samuel Johnson was engaged on his Dictionary, and David Garrick was lessee of Drury Lane. It has gone the round of the biographers in due course, since Bisset's day, that Burke, like Hume, was a candidate about this time for a Glasgow Professorship of Logic, but that both were set aside in favor of a Mr. James Clough, whom the whole of Burke's biographers will insist upon making Clow. Mr. Macknight finds this story unsupported by the least collateral evidence, and he does not hesitate accordingly to set it aside.

Meanwhile, if Burke has not gained a professorship, he has abandoned verse. He is now deep in the mysteries of trade and manufactures, and that some time before Adam Smith's great work appeared, or the French economists had written. He is even pursuing details so closely, that he can inform his friend Shackleton that little girls at Turlaine can earn three shillings and sixpence a week at their wheel! He has evidently begun at the right place to study political economy. He could not get reconciled to the law, and yet he was a man of extraordinary industry—two ideas which old Burke in Dublin could not reconcile. For what in the world *could* a man be engaged upon, if not upon law? The idea seemed to perplex the old man's intelligence, and hence his increased displeasure, and Burke's renewed resolution to walk in the footsteps which he had chosen. He had selected the thorny paths of literature, which in his day were much rougher even than now; and, with hope in his eye, and the ambition of youth in his heart, he set out with a much more contented and assured step than the bystander would judge wise. He had none of that flashy vanity peculiar to little minds; but he had a dim perception of what was inside his brain, and that kind of vague confidence in the long run of things, which keeps always pretty close by the side of youths who are to make a figure in the world. His adoption of literature was not a desperate shift for existence, driven though he now was very much to his wit's end how he should shape his after career. On the contrary, it had his deliberate approval. After being ground in the literary mill for seven years—long enough, one would say, to take the romance out of any ordinary profession—we find him confessing to Horace Walpole that there was nothing so charming as writers, nothing so delightful as to be one. But, adds this indolent, cynical observer of forty-three: "He will know better one of these days."

Burke did not turn his back upon the law, because he considered it an illiberal or impossible profession. We have his own impassioned testimony to the contrary. In his speech on American taxation, he remarks: "Law is, in my opinion, one of the first and noblest of human sciences—a science which does more to quicken and invigorate the understanding than all the other kinds of learning put together; but it is not apt, except in persons very happily born, to open and to liberalize the mind exactly in the same proportion."

An agreeable chapter could be written regarding Burke's female acquaintances, their virtues, their failings, and their celebrity. There is Peg Woffington, the unfortunate actress, the daughter of a poor grocer's widow on Ormond Quay, Dublin, who fascinated every body who came within her reach, and with whom young Edmund exchanged glances in the green-room of Drury Lane. There is Mrs. Montague, one of the most brilliant and accomplished women of her time, of great wealth and of great kindness, whose house was always open to men of letters, and who, in 1759, took a real pleasure in introducing the young author of the *Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful* to her great friends. There was Burke's good-natured countrywoman, Mrs. Vesey, of Bolton Row, the friend and rival of Mrs. Montague, who made all her guests at their

ease, and who was as full of Irish frolic and of Irish bulls, as if she still flourished on the banks of the Liffy.* There were the two model women of French society in those days, Madame du Deffand and Mademoiselle de L'Espinasse, of whose class Sydney Smith once said that they "outraged every law of civilized society, and gave very pleasant little suppers." Burke attended those suppers when in Paris in 1773, and listened to the wit and the atheism that circled so freely round their tables. Finance and philosophy, the drama and the *Contrat Social*, D'Alembert and Diderot, Voltaire and Rousseau, Helvetius and "le bon David" —all were discussed, all were made the subject of some *jeu d'esprit*.† Burke was disgusted with what he saw of French society, and in his *French Revolution* has held it up as a terrible spectacle to all coming time.

But the young writer has gone to his garret with health, hope, and genius on his side, and it will go hard with him if he can not wring from letters what will supply his humble board. As an ingenious decoy to the English public, Burke brought out a pamphlet entitled *A Vindication of Natural Society*, (1756,) which he dexterously ascribed to a late "noble writer." Every one pronounced the brochure Bollngbroke's. It was full of his ingenious arguments, it was full of his bold assumptions, and it was his style all over. But so high authorities as Lord Chesterfield and Mr. Pitt had pronounced Lord Bolingbroke's style "inimitable;" and here the most accomplished man of fashion, and the most brilliant orator of the age, were both at fault, for it actually turned out to be the work of a poor law student of the Inner Temple. Henceforward Burke had no need to enter the lists with his visor down. This philosophical satire placed his claims to literary recognition beyond all doubt, and he was only following the dictates of prudence or of policy when he ventured before the public hereafter anonymously.* A few months afterward there appeared *A Philosophical Inquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful.* When we have said that very little progress had been made in speculative discovery respecting the origin of the Beautiful since the days of St. Augustine, expectation will not be raised too high regarding the production of this philosopher of seven-and-twenty. Hardly two men are agreed even now as to the origin of those ideas, and it is to be feared that this ingenious Irishman did little to remove the difficulties which lay in his path. His theory, that every thing was beautiful that possessed the power of relaxing the nerves and fibers, and thus inducing a certain degree of bodily languor and sinking, is almost too grotesque to be calmly commented on; yet the book is full of the most ingenious observations on mental phenomena; and, while comparatively cold and unimpassioned in its style, it possesses, nevertheless, many specimens of rare illustration and most apt allusion, charming the reader even when the oddity of his postulate affronts the reason, and does violence to the feelings. David Hume, who was seventeen years older than Burke, gave likewise to the world, at the age of twenty-seven, his *Treatise of Human Nature*, in all ways a more subtle and profound book, which has turned out so remarkably in the annals of speculation, that both the German and Scottish philosophers have hardly gained their breath from the hundred years' warfare in which its skepticism involved them.† In truth, Burke

* Her invitations were made in the most off-hand way. "Don't mind your dress," she called to a gentleman, (said to be Mr. Benjamin Stillingfleet,) "come in your *blue stockings!*" A happy expression, as it turned out, which was to give name to a class of females of quite different character from its author, and which, when it became popular, was more frequently applied to those ladies who waited on the ambitious gatherings at Mrs. Montague's. This is still the only synonym we possess for the French *precieuse*, a class that were ridiculed with all Molière's power of satire in his *Precieuse Ridicules.*

† In Marmontel's *Memoirs*, one of the most fascinating books of a bygone age, which the skilled will know how to read, there are given exquisite portraits of the actors of that time, drawn, too, by a man who moved among the scenes which he depicts; and who knew well when, and where, and how, to lay on the brush.

* Those persons who care to note such curious coincidences in the career of literary men, will observe that Oliver Goldsmith, who was, as we have seen, born during the same year as Burke, came to London for the first time during this year.

† The two philosophers became acquainted about this time, and, in return for a copy of the *Sublime and Beautiful*, presented by Burke, Hume gave him Smith's *Treatise on the Moral Sentiments.* Hume, in this chosen walk, had decidedly the better of Burke; and so apt are men's brains to be clouded by the temporary exhalations which their own heat has given rise to, it is only now that we are begin-

had more in him of the poet than the philosopher; while Hume was of philosophy all compact. But more of this anon.

Toward the end of 1756, or early in the succeeding year, Burke married Miss Nugent, a countrywoman of his own, the daughter of Dr. Nugent, a physician in Bath. As this lady was brought up a Roman Catholic, it was probably this circumstance that gave rise to some whispers respecting Burke's alleged oscillation between his own faith and hers. After her marriage she joined the Church of England, made to him one of the best of wives, and survived him some fourteen years. His father-in-law came up shortly afterward to London, and for many years Burke found a home in Wimpole Street with this excellent physician. In 1759 he became connected with Dodsley the publisher, with whom he engaged to write the historical section of the *Annual Register* for one hundred pounds a year. For the next fifteen years or so, his lucid mind can be traced in its pages, giving order and arrangement to its reports, and infusing genius into its details. It was during the same year that he was introduced by Lord Charlemont to "Single-speech" Hamilton, a selfish, crafty Scot, of much more ability than he generally gets credit for, who had a seat at the Board of Trade and a residence at Hampton Court. Whatever was the nature of Burke's connection with this man—for it has not been clearly defined—we are safe in asserting that it was in the manufacture of ideas that the young writer was employed.* He lived with Hamilton for the next six years, and, after an irreconcilable quarrel, the three hundred pounds of Irish pension which the wily Hamilton had procured for him, was thrown up, and Burke turned his back on "Single-speech" forever. At which act let none of our readers marvel, who have any sympathy with honesty and fair dealing.

Shortly after the *Annual Register* was started, Burke met Johnson, for the first time, at Garrick's table. Johnson was close on fifty, and we find the editor of the *Register* in 1759 reproaching the nation with having done nothing for the author of *Rasselas*. Gruff old Samuel seems to have taken immensely to Burke, and the violence of his political views did not deter him from recognizing and giving publicity to his admiration of the Irishman's worth and genius. The celebrated Club in Gerrard Street, of which Burke was one of the select nine,* was founded in 1764. But its keen debates, its flashes of wit, its stores of knowledge, its bursts of merriment, are no longer heard; and the cry of the costermonger or the milkman is now only known where Johnson, Burke, and Goldsmith long ago made merry.

On the seventeenth of July, 1765, Burke somehow got introduced to Lord Rockingham, and became his private secretary by the obliging services of his friends William Burke and William Fitzherbert. This William Burke was simply a kinsman of Edmund's, though the latter frequently calls him "cousin" in his correspondence. William likewise gained for him the acquaintance of Lord Verney, from whom, a few months afterward, he received the position of Member of Parliament for the borough of Wendover, near the foot of the Chiltern Hills.† This borough was a close one, under Lord Verney's influence; and in those days, when as much as nine thousand pounds was the price paid for such a post, and seventy thousand pounds for a county, Edmund Burke required to thank

ning to recognize duly the vast magnitude of Hume's philosophic genius, or adequately to estimate his powers. It was Burke's intention, we are told by Boswell, to write a detailed refutation of the idealism of Berkeley and Hume; but political affairs interfered, and we are deprived, among other pleasures, of the definite means of settling the much disputed question as to whether Burke had any proper title to the name of a philosopher, or was not rather, according to Mr. Carlyle, merely a "resplendent and far-seeing rhetorician." His treatment of this question, which is "a touchstone of metaphysical sagacity," according to Mackintosh, would have conclusively disclosed the philosopher, or revealed the rhetorician

* Burke himself terms it "a companion in your studies," in a letter to Hamilton of this period.

* This Club arose from a suggestion of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was called by Johnson their *Romulus*. It originally bore no name, and consisted of nine members, namely, Reynolds, Johnson, Burke, Dr. Nugent, Beauclerk, Langton, Goldsmith, Chamier, and Sir John Hawkins; but at Garrick's death it received the name of the Literary Club. Topics, miscellaneous and literary, were often warmly discussed, politics never. (See Boswell's *Johnson*, and Foster's *Goldsmith*.)

† "The Burkes," as they were popularly called, namely, Edmund, his brother Richard, and William—had for the most part, as Edmund phrased it "one home and one purse;" but William and Richard, it is to be regretted, gambled much too largely in India Stock.

those powers who had put it into Verney's heart to be so liberal.

On the twenty-sixth of December, 1765, Burke became member for Wendover; on the fourteenth of the following month he entered Parliament; and on the twenty-seventh he made his maiden speech. Henceforward his career is so inextricably interwoven with the history of the time, that it is almost impossible to set it in an intelligible light without diverging largely into details quite foreign to this place. We shall only notice briefly a few of his great speeches, which are altogether unparalleled, alike in number and in oratorical genius, in the whole annals of the British Parliament.

The Rockingham Whigs had, the previous year, replaced the incompetent ministry of Grenville; and although Lord Rockingham was an excellent man, of sound integrity, of great courage, an inflexible patriot, and a disinterested politician, the House of Commons was, nevertheless, in no humor to listen to calm debate or to impassioned harangue. The American colonies came before the British Parliament in a federal capacity; and it was on a question touching the competency of the House of Commons to receive such a petition, that Burke first spoke. Pitt was understood to favor the petition, and the Administration considered the admission of it an open question. The new member argued, in a speech of much force and beauty, that the presentation of such a petition was of itself an acknowledgment of the House's jurisdiction. If Lord Rockingham had any fears for the discretion and tact of his new secretary, this maiden appearance of his set such suspicions at rest forever. The great Pitt was the first to rise and bestow a warm encomium on the new member. He little dreamt that the rakish clipper, whose feats he had that day witnessed, should, ere a month had gone by, take the wind out of his own great sails, and be seizing on the prize while he was laboring heavily in the offing. As Burke returns from St. Stephen's that clear January night, the ground feels crisp beneath his feet, and the moon shines brightly overhead, while countless stars glitter down over the great city. Halting on his step, he looks up at the great Orion "sloping slowly to the west," and yonder the untiring wagoner urges forth his wain on its endless round. And all nature goes its round, as it has done through numberless ages, thinks Burke. But poetry and politics will not yoke together; and though it is a proud moment this for him, it is not unmixed with melancholy, bred in him by those stars, and that nameless something which lurks in the bosom of every man, and which asserts itself strongest in the moment of victory.

Unlike the young aristocratic politician of a former age, and, perchance, also of this one, Burke did not content himself with merely glancing over the newspapers at his club of a morning, before marching to duty: he set himself vigorously to work, as only he knew how, in analyzing the whole work of government, and the complicated interests of the British Empire. In his successive appearances, he seems, by universal testimony, to have taken the House entirely by storm. Old men and young men, able men and men less able, trading politicians and soldiers of fortune — all spoke of his orations with enthusiasm. Now he ridiculed Grenville, anon he aimed a shaft even at Pitt. That veteran politician could not brook the idea of Britain being dependent on foreign naeign nations for the raw material of her manufactures, while Burke modestly but earnestly urged the propriety of such a course. This was the *first time the House of Commons had listened to the advocacy of the doctrines of free trade.* He had argued in favor of Catholic emancipation so far back as 1759; and now, while Fox was still a boy, we find him insisting upon doctrines that took so many years to ripen into action. But Burke has got into his head certain solid notions regarding political economy, which he will din into the ears of men until they understand them.

The Rockingham Whigs, after a very short term of office, had to resign, and Pitt, who had recently been raised to the peerage as Earl of Chatham, again took the reins. But he did not hold them long; the Duke of Grafton came into office in 1766, and was succeeded by Lord North in 1770, whose premiership lasted through the American war down to 1782.

The standing order of the House of Commons, which had recently come into play owing to a quarrel with the Lords against the admission of the public to

both Houses of Parliament, had, during 1770, been connived at rather than otherwise. This led to the publication of the more interesting debates, with much more detail and correctness than had hitherto been known. Not satisfied with this, the writers for the public prints, as public writers will, had caricatured some of those "descended from Parliamentary men," in a style which did not at all meet the approval of dapper little Colonel Onslow. This fiery little Colonel, who two years before had routed a bill-sticker and incarcerated a milkman for a breach of privilege, resolved to put an end to this ridiculing of *him* in the newspapers. He would, in sportsman's phrase, "bring down" the printers of those audacious journals, and have them reprimanded, on bended knees, in the presence of the Speaker. "Little Cocking George," as some newspaper wag called him, singled out two newspapers, the printers of which he resolved to have up before the House. Burke, stanchly supported by Charles Turner, strongly opposed this movement, but, unluckily, they found themselves in the minority. Turner, member for York, was a plain country gentleman of broad acres and blunt speech, a keen sportsman, and one who loved liberty immensely. From the green benches, in his green shooting-coat, with tally-ho-buttons, he on one occasion had the audacity to tell the House, that if he had been a poor man, with his passion for field-sports, he must himself have been a poacher! The day ultimately fixed for the attendance of the printers was the 19th of February. They did not appear. Another order was issued, but it met with no more respect. The sergeant-at-arms was next ordered to seize these two contumacious individuals, but his deputy was only jeered by the printers' devils. The House then addressed the Crown to issue a proclamation for the seizure of Wheble and Thomson, the audacious publishers of the debates. While this matter was pending, the little sporting colonel volunteered to bring before them "three more brace" of offending printers. This motion was pressed forward. Burke and Turner, and the rest of their friends, resolved to divide on every paper as it came before them. The minority were determined to weary the House, that the printers might get off. Every pretense was made, the most ludicrous questions asked, all to spin out the time. Even the name of the printer's familiar was made a pretext for a discussion. The Speaker complained he was tired, and Ellis, Dyson, and Luttrell with one voice denounced the minority. But it was all in vain. Two o'clock came, and the minority still held out. "I always wished for small divisions," said the eccentric member for York; "with fifteen gentlemen having the interest of the people at heart, I will laugh at any majority." Four o'clock came; the House had divided three-and-twenty times, and the great victory was virtually won. The pompous little sportsman had overshot the mark, and THE FOURTH ESTATE WAS BORN! Burke, who saw much farther into political affairs than any of his cotemporaries, from the hights of his constitutional wisdom, predicted that "posterity will bless the pertinacity of that day."

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

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AUSTRIA AND THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

It has been said, whether rightly or wrongly, that the treaty of Vienna secured Europe forty years of peace, and the politicians who say so back up their opinion with the sentence from the Latin Delectus:

"Iniquissimam pacem justissimo bello antefero."

"I prefer the most unjust peace to the justest war."

But is it so? The Treaty of Vienna answered the one end for which it was designed. It kept France within bounds for a time, but it could not turn wrong into right. One of the labors of Hercules was to turn the Achelous out of its course to cleanse the Augean stable; but we are not told how Hercules turned the river back into its bed when it had done its work, and washed out the litter of ages.

This was the task which diplomacy set itself down to at a council-table in Vienna. France was the river-bed of democracy. To keep the torrent within its course, and to protect surrounding nations against the danger of periodical inundations, was the avowed object of all the diplomatists assembled at Vienna in March, 1815. The foreign policy of Europe was reduced to a single problem, and for the sake of that every other question left out of view. Poland was handed over unconditionally to Russia, and Italy to Austria; Germany was consigned to the tender mercies of the Diet of Frankfort; Norway was severed from Denmark and united to Sweden; Holland and Belgium were forced into an unnatural alliance, all because the politicians of Europe were panic-stricken, and could see no way of banking out French aggression but by erecting a dyke of despotic states around her. The object of the Treaty of Vienna was declared to be that "of restoring between France and her neighbors those relations of reciprocal confidence and good-will which the fatal effects of the Revolution and the system of conquest had for so long a time disturbed."

Yet at the moment of signing this pledge of peace, the Duke of Richelieu described it as a fatal treaty. "More dead than alive," he writes on the twenty-first of November, "I yesterday put my name to this fatal treaty." It was fatal of course from the point of view of a French minister. But at the end of a forty years' peace, we can see how it crippled Europe as well as France. It was a treaty under the shadow of which the holy alliance stole like a nightmare on Europe. For ten long years England lay under the trance, till Canning had the courage to look the ghost in the face, and bid it depart.

But on the Continent the ghost of absolutism was not so easily laid. The Revolution of July did a little, but only a little, for the cause of liberty. Louis Philippe's government was soon ascertained to be revolutionary only in name. The younger branch of the Bourbons and the holy alliance soon came to an understanding with each other, and all things went on as they were before.

The history of Europe, between 1815 and 1848, may be described in this way, that Metternich was Austria, and Austria was Europe. The policy that governed Austria, governed Europe through Austria, the policy of leaving Camarina alone. It was only a policy of expedients and compromises. *Noli quieta movere* was the motto of Metternich's life. Leave well and ill alone: all change is a change for the worse. This was the kind of conservatism which reigned in Vienna, and from Vienna reacted on most of the cabinets of Europe. If Lord Eldon had been Prime Minister and Secretary for Foreign Affairs, as well as Lord Chancellor, he could not have dictated a more timid and halting policy than the great minister who governed Austria for forty-five years. Metternich was Austria, and to understand why Austria is dying of atrophy,

we have only to consider the character of the man by whom her policy has been guided during the greater part of the present century.

Since Austria became an Empire in 1806, on the decease of the old Holy Roman Empire of the German nation, three emperors have sat on the throne, Francis I., Ferdinand I., and Francis Joseph I., the reigning emperor. Of two of the three, the best that can be said is, that they were respectable nonentities; of the third, we can only say at present, as Solon of Crœsus, that he can not be called happy till he has died. The Emperor Francis, the good, the paternal, who stroked the heads of children in the streets, died a harmless old man in 1838. His was a despotism tempered by dullness; and if his empire had been only a suburb of Vienna, with no Spielberg, no *piombi* of Venice, the world would have never cared to ask who was prime minister during the forty-three years that Francis sat on the throne. At last the torpid existence of the Emperor Francis was rounded by a sleep, and Ferdinand I. reigned in his stead.

In September, 1838, the iron crown of Lombardy was placed on the head of Ferdinand, in Milan, and never, perhaps, had the crown of Agilulf, wrought, as tradition says, out of a nail of the cross, sat on a more imbecile and vacant brow than on that of Ferdinand. It was the same crown that the conqueror of Marengo and Austerlitz had crowned himself with, and in his case the fillet of iron became him of the iron will, the Charlemagne of modern Europe. As for poor Ferdinand, he dragged on a miserable existence for ten years, as the puppet Emperor of Austria, and then was deposed in a family council in 1848, when the troubles at Milan, Pesth, and Vienna, coming trooping together, caused the House of Hapsburg to tremble for its very existence.

Ferdinand was set aside, and his young nephew Francis Joseph set up in his stead. Francis Joseph has every thing in his favor but this, that he is obliged to govern a patched-up empire under a centralizing despotism which has brought it to the verge of ruin. Austria is used up; every dog has his day, and Austria has lived out her time. No personal qualities, however brilliant, can any longer hold together an empire that is falling asunder, as a glacier when it has got down to the bottom of the valley. Even if he had the qualities, which Francis Joseph has not, he could not long keep up the bureaucracy of Vienna that has ruled over the southeast of Europe under the name of Austria. But Francis Joseph wants those qualities which would fit him to become the Atlas of a falling globe. At the accession of the young Emperor Commodus, it was said that some augured great good from it, others great evil, and some cared nothing at all about it. The last came to the right conclusion. Young emperors, be they ever so brave and accomplished, can not turn back the course of time. The empire does not grow young again with its new chief. His self-will and his courage may only shake the empire to pieces the sooner. To go softly all their days had been the choice of the last of his two feeble predecessors, and they found in Prince Metternich a minister after their heart. By a succession of shifts and expedients, Metternich held the revolution at bay for forty years; but at the first spring of the monster he lost all presence of mind, and fled away from Vienna to London. There, in exile, he met M Guizot, and told him, with a self-satisfied air, that he had not made a single mistake, and had nothing to regret in his administration of nearly half a century. Prince Metternich gave us the measure of his own incapacity by that self-confident assertion. It is only a proof that a man may live all his life in the thick of diplomacy without once understanding the wants of a country. There is an upper story of sublime indifference, far above the street-cries and the cart-wheels of common life, in which a statesman may live and die in profound ignorance of the wants of the age. Parliamentary life is the life of a statesman. A cabinet minister is no minister at all till he has aired his projects on the floor of the House of Commons, and learned to rough it under the abuse and scrutiny of a vigilant opposition. In want of all this, Metternich grew moldy with age and traditions of the *status quo* of the treaty of Vienna, and the empire went moldering on with him. He either knew not or heeded not the signs of the times, Italy fermenting on one side of him, and Hungary on the other. At last the pent-up fires burst forth in 1848. As it might

have been predicted, repression was of use until the volcano was ready to boil over, and then Enceladus and his brass slipper might leap in; but it was too late; he had only to bear the penalty of approaching too near the burning mountain.

Metternich disappeared in 1848, and Austria died with him. The old men of the last generation, the public men who remember 1815 and the Treaty of Vienna, still believe in Austria, and our House of Lords still clings to the opinion that Austria exists. It is too much to expect of statesmen of the old school to give up the notions of geography and history which were whipped into them when Austria owned the Netherlands, and the German empire had not yet vanished to limbo. The Cæsarian superstition is over them still, and they can not shake it off. A E I O U, *Austria est Imperatrix Orbis Universæ*, was a boast which exercised some influence even on those who laughed at the boast. It had become a fixed notion of our foreign policy that Austria is the center of gravity which must not be touched, if we would not bring down the balance of power. Like the rocking-stones of Cornwall, Europe may reel ever so much provided Austria remains as she always was, a dead weight on Europe, the keeper of the Marches on the borders of Turkey and Russia. This would be very good if Austria did really uphold the balance of power. But if, instead of this, by her internal weakness, she has become another Turkey, a mark for Russian aggression, or a prize for a vigorous incendiarist like Mazzini or Kossuth, it is strange that statesmen should go on repeating the same platitudes about our ancient ally, that great conservative power of the Continent, the barrier against Russian and French ambition. This is the opinion of old men only, of the school of Sir Archibald Alison, who go on saying the same thing, from the senile habit of iteration which grows on men, when having ceased to think, they come by what are called "fixed opinions" on foreign questions.

The view is a favorite one in the House of Lords, and that, too, on both sides of the House. In this Lord Brougham and Lord Derby, the Marquis of Normanby and the Earl of Clarendon, much as they differ on every other question, would agree. Younger men, like the Marquis of Bath, have caught the diplomatic tone about Austria in a different school. Nursed at Oxford on Laudism and Legitimacy, and taught a certain high-bred theory of Anglican communion and absolutist sympathies, young noblemen of this school come to repeat the commonplace of their elders about the necessity for Austria in the European system. Their arguments are too flimsy to stand one brush of plain common-sense. They do not reach down to the middle classes, or at all express the opinion of the real governing minds of England. It is the single special point on which the House of Lords falls behind public opinion in the most marked manner. Not a single first-class newspaper or magazine supports this opinion; on the contrary, the writers of the Press are unanimous in pronouncing the recovery of Austria hopeless. Yet the House of Lords still listens approvingly to the well-wishers of Austria, and the Conservative party have weakened their hold on the country by appearing to side with the Upper House, and against the Lower, on this turning-point of foreign policy.

Bread and cheese was the shibboleth by which the Lombards were detected and hunted down through Lombard street, in the reign of one of our Plantagenet kings. The House of Lords' shibboleth is the necessity for a strong Austria. No one can pronounce it but one of the true blue blood with a coronet and supporters. One must be, in a manner, to the custom born, to feel a proper awe for the balance of power, an awe which we suppose our hereditary lawgivers put on with their peers' robes. He would be a bold man who would stand up in the Upper House, and say out his mind on the Treaty of Vienna. The *genius loci* would frown down the presumptuous speaker, and before he had stammered out a few sentences, he would find such unmistakable signs of disapproval coming in on him from all sides of the House, that he would be glad to beat a retreat, and never to venture again before such an audience with such an unwelcome topic.

There may be a use in all this. It is well, not only for Austria but for Europe, that there is a council of elders who are ready to receive any plea which can be put in on her behalf—a body which is so slow to part with the traditions of

the past, that it is ready to extend indulgence to the worst despotism, if it will only repent and mend its ways even at the eleventh hour. The House of Lords is a measure of the endurance of a constitutional country like ours. The repentant despot who sees the folly of his ways has one branch of our legislation to welcome him back to popular government. When the door of the House of Lords is shut, then indeed, but not till then, it is too late. King Francis II. of Naples had disgusted even the House of Lords, and therefore when he fell, he fell unpitied by any man in England who had not sold his intellect and common-sense to the Pope for the sake of saving his soul. But the House of Lords have not yet despaired of Austria as they had despaired of Naples ever since Mr. Gladstone had made the name of Ferdinand execrated in England. Even still Austria has her supporters, and whatever little grace she may still find in the eyes of Englishmen, she will find among our hereditary legislators, and the old men who cling by the settlement of Europe at the Treaty of Vienna.

A brief survey of the past history of Austria will convince every unprejudiced mind that her course is run, as well as her dynasty effete, and that she can not survive much longer in the composite form known as the Austrian empire.

"Marte alii crescunt tu felix Austria nube."

In this epigram is expressed the history of the rise of Austria. Three fortunate marriages brought together five crowns into the House of Hapsburg within less than fifty years. The marriage of Maximilian with Mary of Burgundy, in 1477, brought the splendid duchy of Burgundy, with all the Low countries; next, the marriage of Philip the Handsome, only son of Maximilian and Mary, in 1496, to Jane, Infanta of Spain, and heiress of the united crowns of Castile and Arragon, brought the kingdom of Spain; and lastly, the marriage of Ferdinand I., son of Philip and Jane, and brother of Charles V., to Anne Jagellon, in 1521, brought in the two Jagellon crowns of Hungary and Bohemia. Thus the Austrian monarchy dates from no farther back than 1521. It arose with the Reformation, and it appears destined to last only so long as the counter-reformation is able to stem the tide of light and knowledge in southern Europe. To read the lives of the sixteen Hapsburg Emperors who have ruled at Vienna during the last three centuries, reads more like the tale of the Atreidæ or fated Pelops line. It has the air of a Greek tragedy, to read of a race handing down from father to son a hereditary hate against free thought. Doomed to carry on a vain struggle against a power mightier than their own, and doing all this under a kind of blind necessity, prompted by a spirit more wicked than itself, the instrument in the hands of the Jesuits, who have fought Protestantism from behind the throne of the Austrian Kaiser.

Take these descendants of the melancholy mad Jane, Infanta of Spain, and their lives all tell the same tale of a struggle handed down from father to son. Ferdinand I., the brother of Charles V., was the first of his line. The Venetian ambassador described him in 1547 as "very religious; he attends mass every day, and on great holidays hears one or two sermons; he receives the sacrament two or three or four times in the year." In his last will he conjured his son and successor, Maximilian, not to desert the old paths, but to remember that as unity was a sign of truth, and division of error, the divisions of Protestants proclaimed their error. "I would rather see you dead than join the new sects," he wrote in his codicil of 1555. He first introduced the Jesuits, then known as the Spanish priests, into Vienna, and selected Bobadilla, one of the founders of the order, as his confessor.

What Ferdinand I. began, his grandson, Ferdinand II., carried out to a bloody conclusion. The first Ferdinand projected the extirpation of free thought, and the second Ferdinand consummated the cruel project. About the middle of the sixteenth century, according to the statements of the Venetian ambassador, nine tenths of Germany professed the new creed. Bohemia was more Hussite than ever. The Hussite goose, as the popular saying was, had laid an egg which Luther hatched, and the whole land was swarming with heresy. Hungary, too, was full of the new doctrine: it had penetrated every where. The new learning was welcomed in hall and cloister and cottage. To all appearance these countries were lost to the Church of Rome; and so, in

all probability, it would have been if that church had not found rulers who had no qualms of conscience about persecuting heretics. It is now generally understood that persecution must be thorough to effect its object. The inquisitor must be able not to wince as he watches his victim on the rack, or his victim will triumph in the end. For if there is a soft point in the heart of the tormentor, the tortured man will surely spy it out, and then it becomes a struggle of endurance between the pain of mind of the one, and the pain of body of the other. Generally the mind gives in before the body; the inquisitor relents, or wearies first; the man is taken down from the rack, and the reprieved heretic becomes more obstinate than ever. But if, as the exception sometimes happens, the tormentor is more hard-hearted than the tormented man, then persecution triumphs for the time, and truth has nothing for it but to fly, as the woman in the Apocalypse, into the wilderness, to a place prepared for her for a time, times, and a half time. So it was in Japan, when the Roman Catholic missionaries were tortured, and the religion of the Cross exterminated out of the island. Not a vestige of Christianity remains to this day in Japan, proving that persecution will, if persisted in, put down any religion, true or false. The persecution of Protestantism in Bohemia was quite as thorough as that of Romanism in Japan.

After the battle of Prague, fought on the eighth of November, 1620, Bohemia lay at the feet of Ferdinand, who took the same bloody revenge on his Bohemian subjects that our James II. on the followers of Monmouth. On one day twenty-four of the principal nobles of Bohemia were beheaded. Between the hours of five and six of the clock on the twenty-first June, 1621, the executioner labored on at his bloody work, while a rainbow spanned the sky during part of the time, reminding us of a similar coïncidence under a scene of similar barbarity at the impaling of the martyrs of Madagascar a few years ago.

The confiscation of estates which followed was enormous. The Emperor levied the sum of forty-three millions of florins by the sale of these confiscated estates, and to this day the Clam Gallas and Clam Martinitz, and other Bohemian families, trace their descent from the fortunate soldiers — the Claverhouses and Kirks of Ferdinand, who got a part of the forfeited estates of Lutherans. The greater part of Bohemia was thus regranted. No less than one hundred and eighty-five noble houses, of twelve, twenty, and even fifty persons each, beside many thousand families of commoners and citizens, left their country forever. The Bohemian language and literature, as well as their charters and liberties, were extinguished at a blow. The kingdom was thoroughly Austrianized, and has never made an effort for independence since.

The turn of Hungary was to come next. Leopold I. was the grandson of Ferdinand II., and incapable as he was in every other respect, he showed quite a hereditary aptitude for quenching popular rights in blood. The Hungarians, up to the year 1670, retained a strange privilege, a relic of feudalism, known as the right of insurrection. It was that sturdy kind of remonstrance that the old feudal nobility, such as Archibald Bell-the-Cat, or the Warwick king-maker, in our own history, have distinguished themselves by asserting. It had been solemnly reserved to the Hungarian magnates by the Golden Bull of 1222, and had never, before 1670, been questioned by any King of Hungary. But in that year, Leopold, incited by the Jesuits, resolved to be master of Hungary, and having beaten down the resistance of the nobles who appealed to their right of insurrection, he treated Hungary as a conquered country, and parceled it out as his grandfather had done with Bohemia. All Protestant worship was interdicted; preachers and schoolmasters were banished or put to death. Two hundred and fifty Lutheran ministers were carried off into Bohemia, and there thrown into dungeons without even a form of trial, and thirty-eight of these pastors were sold at fifty crowns per head as galley-slaves to Naples. Hungary, now reduced to extremities, found relief in an unexpected quarter. The Turks invaded Austria and invested Vienna.

This was that celebrated siege of Vienna, the last recoil of the wave of Mohammedan aggression which had broke against the eastern and western extremities of Europe during eight centuries John Sobieski, King of Poland, saved Austria from a dismemberment, and Aus-

tria repaid the service by sharing in the dismemberment of Poland a century after. But this diversion of Turkey only brought a short reprieve to Hungary. As soon as the danger was over, Leopold renewed his attempts against the liberties of Hungary, and this time with only too fatal effect. The bloody assize of Eperies, in which a Caraffa of Naples presided, followed soon after the deliverance of Vienna. Caraffa once said: "If I were conscious of having within my body one drop of blood that was friendly to the Hungarians, I would at once bleed myself to death." Nor was this a ferocious threat only. Tortures followed too horrible to relate — the rack, the boot, the dropping of heated wax on delicate and sensitive parts of the body, were common punishments. Caraffa boasted that he would be the Attila, or scourge of God, to the Hungarians, and the boast was no empty one. Exhausted, at last, with suffering, Hungary submitted to Leopold's demands—they gave up the right of election to the crown of Hungary, and admitted that it was hereditary in the line of the House of Hapsburg; they also surrendered the right of insurrection, and Austria made another step in advance toward the form of centralized and irresponsible despotism which is its ideal of a good government.

With the eighteenth century a more liberal spirit seems to have passed across Europe, and the princes of the Austrian line showed a reforming tendency, which might have ended in saving Austria, had not the reäction against the French Revolution caught Austria and swept her back into the ways of Jesuitism during the last sixty years. From Joseph I., who ascended the throne in 1705, down to the death of Joseph II., in 1789, the progress of Austria, though slow, was uninterrupted. Joseph I. was the first of his race who dared to break with the Jesuits, and even went so far as to expel a Jesuit preacher from Vienna, for observations from the pulpit leveled at him. During the reign of his successor, Charles VI., the work of ecclesiastical reform went on; useless monasteries were suppressed, the convents were inspected, and many abuses restrained or abolished altogether. The age called for these things, and Charles VI., who was a mere trifler with kingcraft, went with his age, without well knowing whither things were tending.

Maria Theresa, and her more celebrated son, Joseph II., were the two who brought Austria fairly abreast of the age. Up to the accession of Maria Theresa, in 1740, Austria was as dull and bigoted as Spain, But French ideas now became the fashion in Germany. While the Spanish Bourbons left their country behind them at the foot of the Pyrenees, and became more Spanish than the Spaniards, the Austrian line of Hapsburg fell in with the prevailing French philosophy, and under Kaunitz, Prime Minister of Austria, whom Pope Pius VI. called *il ministro eretico*, Vienna vied with Berlin in ringing out the reign of religious absolutism, and ringing in the reign of religious free-thinking. Joseph II. even went so far as to threaten a religious schism. In 1772 the Jesuits were expelled from Vienna. The celebrated bull—*In Coenâ Domini*—was ordered to be expunged from all rituals; the oath which Ferdinand II. had ordered all doctors of divinity to take, of belief in the Immaculate Conception, was abolished; the people were not required to kneel in the streets as the procession of the Host passed. The importation of images and relics from Italy was put a stop to. Agnus Deis, waxen amulets, scapulars, and all such holy trumpery, were forbidden to be sold; images in churches were stripped of their tawdry dresses, their periwigs, their hooped petticoats, their coral bracelets, and glass diamonds. *Bijouterie fausse et articles de devotion* is a well-known sign over certain shops which betrays the origin of the word trumpery in the form tromperie. With all this Joseph II. waged an unsparing war. The Church of Rome was never so near being reformed in spite of itself as at the close of the last century, when the incapacity of Louis XVI., and the demoralization of a starving Paris mob, hurried the French Revolution into such excesses, as has thrown back the cause of progress a century or more in Southern Germany.

Into the reäction against French Jacobinism Austria threw herself, with a spirit which has been twice fatal to her under the First and Third Napoleon. Contrary to the advice of old Kaunitz, Leopold of Tuscany, the brother of Joseph, who succeeded him in 1789, declared war against France. Pitt has been blamed even by

Lord Macaulay, for not proclaiming a holy war against the French Revolution when he declared war against France in 1793. Either no war at all, or a crusade such as Burke preached in his war pamphlet, the *Thoughts on the French Revolution*, should have been the policy of Pitt, according to our great historian. The fate of Austria convinces us that Pitt was right and Burke wrong. It is no use affecting faith. Of all shams, the sham of importing the superstitious feelings of one age into the political quarrels of another is the worst. The crusades must stand or fall with the age which produced them. We can say with Burke, that the age of chivalry is passed, without falling into a rage with our own times, in the sad Quixotic way which Burke did. For Burke, the right excuse is, that he was in declining health, and that passion had got the better of reason. Had he been as young as Pitt, he would have been as cool as Pitt; and as Burke appealed from the new school of Whigs to the old, so in judging his thoughts on the French Revolution, we appeal from the Burke of 1793 to the Burke of 1773. The holy war of Austria against France in 1792 ended in making the French Revolution more implacable than ever. It elevated the party of the mountain into power, and made Robespierre, Danton, and Murat the dictators of France and the terror of Europe for two or three years. Even when they fell, they left the dragon's teeth sowed of the wars of Napoleon in Italy and Germany. Marengo, Ulm, Austerlitz, are the fruits of that fatal obstinacy which would make no terms of peace with the Revolution. Nor did the evil stop here. When France fell beneath the weight of her own conquests, defeated more by her own pride and selfishness than the arms of Austria, Prussia, and Russia united, the reäction threw Austria back into the arms of the Jesuits, who have brought her down lower every day, till she stands now on the brink of dissolution and ruin.

It is the fate of that order to be always digging its own grave. It is never so near its downfall as when it has succeeded in all its intrigues, and is squat beside the ear of the monarch like the tempter beside the ear of Eve. Under Metternich's rule, and up to 1848, the reäction was more political than religious. Absolutism had not leagued with Ultramontanism as yet. But when, in 1848, the Revolution broke out, and reäction fled in the person of Metternich, the last remaining hope for Austria died out, and it entered on its second career of reäction, both religious and political, which has hastened its downfall, so that nothing can probably now avert it. Young Francis Joseph recovered, in 1849, all that Ferdinand had lost in 1848: the deluge had disappeared, and the landmarks had not disappeared with it, or Austria lost a single foot of territory. But the opportunity was allowed to pass by. Trained by the Jesuits, Francis Joseph has acted up to the instructions of his youth. By the Concordat of 1856 he signed away the religious liberties of his people; and by his bad faith, both with Russia and the Western Powers, during the Crimean war, he left himself so completely without an ally in Europe, that France was able to march to the Mincio, in 1859, before even Germany put a regiment in motion to defend Austria on the Rhine.

Since 1859 the disintegration of Austria has gone on as rapidly during peace as in war. Austria's weakness was Hungary's opportunity, and she has not allowed it to pass by without making a stand for her ancient liberties. Hungary has followed the example of Italy in putting aside visionary for political reform. M. Buol is the Count Cavour of Hungary. He has struck the right note which finds an echo in the hearts of true-born Englishmen, be they Whig or Tory—*nolumus leges Anglice mutare.* He has shown that Austria is the innovator, and not Hungary—that Hungary stands by her ancient constitutional rights, which the centralized despotism at Vienna has tried to supersede. Austria has made a last attempt to recover her ground in the provinces by calling a Reichsrath or Parliament to Vienna to save the falling monarchy. But the popular element refuses to be represented there. It is like King Charles's Parliament of Oxford—a house of notables, in which the people's representatives were conspicuous only from their absence. Such a mock Parliament as this is worse than none at all, for it shuts the door against any desire for reconciliation on either side. So long as the King's party and the Parliament party are ranged on opposite sides, the evil of a kingdom divided against itself is felt and deplored; but when one branch

of the legislation goes the length of excommunicating the other, and creating another in its room, there is no room then for compromise. It is a declaration of war to the knife, and one of the two must give way in the end.

Austria is now nothing else than a name for the army and the aristocracy of Vienna. So long as the army can live at free quarters without pay, and the bureaucracy can support life on paper money, Hungary will not attempt a rising, and Austria will live in the eyes of diplomatists as powerful as ever. But this sap at the foundation must bring the stronghold down at last. Austria can not live forever on credit and the conscription. When she has eaten up Hungary, the locusts must die because there is nothing left to devour. It is a happy circumstance that just at the present, when Austria is falling to pieces, neither France nor Russia are ready to spring on her. The wolves have followed the exhausted horse all day, but at the moment when he is ready to drop, they are obliged to fall off themselves from exhaustion.

Were it not for the emancipation of the serfs and the troubles in Poland, Russia would be ready to revenge herself on Austria for her ingratitude during the Crimean war. And were it not for the short harvest and the financial difficulties of France, Napoleon would probably march across the Mincio, and perhaps dictate terms of peace to Austria at Schœnbrunn, as his uncle did in 1809. It has been happily ordered otherwise, and so, in all probability the peace of Europe for 1862 is secured. But if diplomacy is to learn a lesson from the events passing before it, it should see that Austria is not a cause of strength but of weakness to Europe. So far from our conservative and peace-loving instincts fastening on the preservation of Austria, we should see in her a disturbing element to the peace of Europe. We can have no security for peace so long as Austria exists as she is, an army commanded by Germans in occupation of four or five non-German provinces. Martial law, or the will of the commander-in-chief, is now the only law in Hungary. It is the same in Venetia, and very nearly the same in Croatia, Bohemia, and Gallicia. Poles, Italians, Magyars, Sclaves, are all up in arms against her, and they have discovered at last the secret of her former *divide et impera* policy. The Hungarians in Venetia are not to be relied on, and so they are replaced by German regiments; but the Germans can not be ubiquitous. As soon as an Austrian soldier opens his mouth, his speech betrays him. The white coat and the blue trowsers may tell their tale of successful centralization, but the word of command points out where centralization has broken down. Where the machine wants the help of the man, it can not be called self-acting. This the Hungarians, Poles, and Italians now see well, and having beheld the point of Austria's weakness, are awaiting till the machine breaks down to escape from the hated despotism of Vienna. Diplomatists, and the old school of statesmen, will go on probably repeating the stale commonplaces about the necessity for Austria as a makeweight in Europe, till the collapse comes, and they will then find out that Europe balances itself without any contrivance on their part. There is undoubtedly a balance of power, just as there is a balance in nature between animal and vegetable life. But as the balance in one case is not of man's devising, so in the other. We may wantonly destroy it by our pride or folly, but the balance asserts itself under a new form. It is a safeguard set up by the Ruler of nations against universal empire. If one state fails to do its part in checking the encroachments of its more ambitious neighbors, it falls out of its rank in the European system, and is replaced by another. Sweden, Poland, Spain, were once important elements in the composition of forces between East and West. They have all three dropped out of count; two into a second or third rank, while the third has disappeared altogether. In their room have sprung up Prussia, Russia, and now Italy. Austria all through has been steadily declining, and is likely to subside into a rank not above that of Spain or Sweden. Saxony and Prussia changed places during the wars of last century, and now Prussia is bidding for the leadership of Germany, which she is better entitled to than Austria, for every reason. Not only is she more powerful and more progressive than Austria, but also the whole or nineteen twentieths of her population are German-speaking, while not more than one sixth of the Austrian empire is German. The petty courts of Munich, Hanover, and Dresden had their own reasons for wish-

ing this change of leadership put off. It is safer to live under King Log than King Stork. Austria has troubles enough of her own without attempting to annex them, as Prussia will be called to do by the voice of public opinion in Germany not many years hence. The Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, who, as he is too small to count for an item in the resistance of the native princes of Germany to annexation by Prussia, has led the way by offering to merge his independent sovereignty for the good of Germany. It is an offer more patriotic than politic, and which is bringing down on him the displeasure of all the kings and states who only exist because Germany is divided. It is the instinct of self-preservation which keeps up a pro-Austrian and anti-Prussian party in Germany. Rather than submit to Prussia, they would throw themselves into the arms of France, and revive the confederation of the Rhine, in hopes of getting a reprieve for their petty dynasties. Thus the existence of Austria in her present form is as much a cause of weakness to Germany as to the rest of Europe. When the life is out of a body, we should bury it; but as kings lie in state longer than other people, in order, perhaps, that their subjects may make sure they are dead, so Austria is laid out by diplomacy, with the regalia of a state of the first rank on her, while her successor is getting himself sworn in at the council-chamber, and trying on his coronation robes. It is the interregnum at present between Austrian and Prussian supremacy in Germany; and there are two parties, as there ever will be, those of the rising and the setting sun, those who are weeping for the old, and those who are shouting for the new reign.

The interests of this country are so evidently bound up with Prussian supremacy that we ought to have no hesitation in encouraging it. There is a party, of course, in our commonwealth who have no interest with the common weal—whose heart is with the dead dynasty of Naples and with the dying dynasty of Vienna. But what of them? The same party would have kept James II. on his throne, and went to fight his battles at the Boyne, in Flanders, and at Fontenoy. A free country like ours can bear such a party as this, and wish it no worse than to take itself off to those countries where the principles it loves are consistently carried out. That party, so insignificant in its own numbers and influence, is recruited, indeed, from deserters and runaways, just as the regiments of the Duke of Modena, beyond the Mincio, are kept up by those poltroons who run from the Italian conscription. We pity the poor peasants who are such fools as to listen to the lures of the Austrian drill-sergeant: they are the flies who get into the spider's web, from which there is no escape with life. But when the Marquis of Normanby so far forgets his English birth and breeding as to sink into the partisan of Austria, our pity is mixed with contempt. We, by this act, judge of the liberal professions of his early life; we see that they were only gold leaf on copper, and the baseness of the original metal is coming out after some years' use. The Marquis has gone over, of course, into the Austrian camp *solus*—he leads no party after him. He is listened to in the House of Lords until something is said to call him to order; but he makes no more impression there by his speeches than on the public by his pamphlet, which none but the reviewers have taken the trouble to read. His last pamphlet has dragged up the misdeeds of the ex-Duke of Modena into greater prominence than ever. We might have thought the last of the D'Estes unfortunate, now we think him only contemptible. He should retire to Vienna as soon as possible with the plunder which he carried off from Italy, and disband his army, which have not become brigands as the disbanded soldiers of the King of Naples have, only because they have been enrolled in the ranks of the Austrian army.

In any case, the end can not be very far off now. Austria is playing her last stake in Hungary by suspending the constitution as well as the Diet, and letting her armies loose on the country. She is wearing out the little stock of respect left for her in the country party, who still cling to the Treaty of Vienna and believe in the existing balance of power. When she falls at last—she will fall without a voice of regret on her behalf. The most long-sighted statesman may not see who will take Austria's place as the keeper of the balance of power between France and Russia; but the most inveterate follower of conservative traditions must allow that Austria can no longer be trusted to keep Europe quiet by keeping her own population contented.

From the National Review.

THE GREAT ARABIAN.*

MOHAMMED arrived in the outskirts of Medina on 28th of June, A.D. 622, and after a halt of a few days to ascertain the state of opinion of the town, he entered the city on a Friday — a day thenceforward set apart for public worship throughout the Moslem world — and throwing the reins on the neck of his camel, Al Caswa, bade her seek her resting-place through the rejoicing crowds. Al Caswa halted in an open courtyard, and Mohammed descended and marked out the site for his first house, and the mosque in which pilgrims to Medina still recall his flight. He did not, of course, though it is often asserted, assume any power over Medina. The dislocated social condition universal throughout Arabia enabled him to exercise the direct and sole sovereignty over his own followers; and their attachment, his own popularity, and the mysterious awe with which he began to be regarded, gave him vast influence over the inhabitants; but of direct authority he had scarcely any. Each tribe governed itself. The two strongest, the Beni Khazraj and the Beni Aws, were passively favorable, but he had frequently to conciliate them, and Abdallah, the chieftain of the first-named clan, regarded him with strong jealousy and disfavor. He would have been prince of Medina but for Mohammed's arrival, and though he remained through life an ally, he pressed his influence arrogantly, and has the honor of being the only man who ever turned Mohammed from a declared purpose. The remaining tribes seem to have been friendly, with the exception of the Jews, who were numerous and powerful, and who gradually became objects of intense dislike to Mohammed. He had once entertained the idea of taking them into his religious system, and he made on his arrival a covenant with one tribe, granting them privileges very similar to those enjoyed in after times by the Jews of Cordova. He soon, however, when in actual contact with them, discovered what so many princes had discovered before, that Judaism can not by its very nature coälesce with any other creed, and the revelations gradually became hostile to their claims. The Jews fell back entirely; and as Mohammed had not discovered the second truth, that force applied to Jews is waste of power, he assumed a position of open hostility to the tribes.

This, however, is an anticipation. For the first six months after his arrival, he busied himself with the organization of his faith. The practice of lustration was regularly introduced. The daily prayers were reduced to five. The first Kebleh Jerusalem was exchanged for Mecca, thus linking Islam with the ancient Pagan cult instead of Judaism, and the month Ramadhan was selected as the period of annual fasting. The day of fast-breaking was also appointed, and finally Mohammed, in obedience to a dream related by a disciple, bade a negro slave ascend to the top of a lofty house, and there cry aloud at the appointed times: "Prayer is better than sleep; prayer is better than sleep." Even Alexander the Great is in Asia an unknown personage by the side of the slave Billal, whose cry to this day summons at the same hours a fourth of the human race to the same devotions. As soon as the mosque was completed, Mohammed recommenced his personal teaching, preaching from the top of the steps of a high pulpit, in the modern Protestant style. The religious life of Islam was then complete, and to the day of his death the Prophet added only to what may be called the dogmas of jurisprudence. For nearly two years he continued this course of life, slowly the while building up his personal authority. Abdallah, chief of the Beni Khazraj, was troublesome, and the Jews very sarcastic; but day by day the number of his followers increased. The people came over to his side. Each man, as he joined him, gave up his

* Concluded from page 36.

ties of tribe and kinsmanship, and bound himself a subject to Mohammed alone. He began, also, to use his followers to arms, organizing small expeditions against the Koreish caravans; and although these were at first unsuccessful, they accustomed the faithful to the idea of hostilities with the sacred clan, and to habits of military obedience. In three of these forays he commanded in person, and in three the command passed with the Prophet's white banner to his nominee. This was at first always a Medinese chief, and it was not till the third expedition that he ventured to select a commander solely for devotion to himself, and intrust the white banner to the faithful Zeid. The uniform escape of the Koreish induced Mohammed at length to suspect treachery; and on the seventh expedition, in November, 623, he sent a Meccan named Abdallah in command, with sealed instructions. This expedition succeeded, but the success was gained in the holy month, and Mohammed for some days had the booty laid aside. At last he relented, his delay having fully established the principle that the disposal of the booty rested with him; and reserving one fifth for his own use, or rather that of the state, he divided the spoil. It was shortly after this success that the series of revelations commenced, declaring war against the infidel a main duty of the faithful; and the rich spoil and the splendid future proved too much for the men of Medina. Thenceforward open opposition within the city disappeared; and when, in January, 624, Mohammed once more raised his standard, he was followed by the Medinese as readily as by his own people. He nominated a governor during his absence, as if the city belonged to himself alone; and mustering his force outside the walls, found that it had increased from the eighty refugees to three hundred and five.

His object was to intercept the caravan which, with Abu Sofian, chief of the Koreish, at its head, was crawling from Syria down the coast of the Red Sea on its way to Mecca. With this view he marched rapidly to Badr, where the Meccan road strikes the great Syrian route; but he had, as usual, been betrayed by some secret friend of the Koreish among the Medinese. Abu Sofian hurried on a swift messenger to Mecca, imploring aid, while he himself, leaving the coast-route, struck with his caravan direct for the city, which he reached in safety. The Koreish, however, were weary of Mohammed's audacity, and though still divided among themselves as to his claim of kindred, pushed their army of relief forward to Badr, determined to make a signal example. Mohammed was equally eager, and his followers, when consulted, pledged themselves to follow him to the world's end. Fanaticism had destroyed their remembrance of the ties of kindred, and they prayed openly for the destruction of their relatives. They arrived first upon the field, a sandy valley traversed by a small spring which feeds a series of small cisterns. Mohammed filled them all except the one nearest to the enemy, and bade his followers stand on the defensive, and regard that cistern as their citadel. The Koreish crossed the low hills in front of this position on 13th January, 624, and began the action in the true Arabian and Homeric style. Three warriors stepping forward challenged the whole of the faithful, and Mohammed, accepting the challenge, ordered three of his relatives, Ali, Hamza, and Obeida, to stand forward. The combat ended in their favor, and the Mohammedans, maddened with excitement, and favored by the wind, which blew a storm of dust in the faces of the Koreish, charged upon a force three times the number of their own with irresistible effect. The Koreish maintained their reputation; but the Moslem craved death as much as victory, and acts such as are ordinarily only dictated by despair signalized their hope of heaven. Omeir, a lad of sixteen, flung away the dates he was eating with a vow to eat the next in paradise; and Muadz ibn Amr, with his arm cut through at the shoulder, tore off the limb as it hung by the skin, bound the wound, and fought on unmindful. Against men of this temper, ordinary courage was unavailing, and the Koreish, abandoning forty-nine bodies, and the same number of prisoners, all their animals and all their baggage, fled precipitately on the road to Mecca. Six of the prisoners were executed as avowed enemies of Mohammed or his creed, but the remainder were treated with a kindness they publicly acknowledged, and most of them embraced the faith. Every man in the army had at least two camels out of the spoil, and Mohammed averred

boldly that Badr was the visible seal of Islam, a battle won by the immediate interposition of the Almighty on behalf of his Prophet. On his return, he assumed the full authority of a prince over the city; ordered Asma, a Jewess, who had published satirical verses against him, to be put to death, slew a Jew guilty of the same offense, and besieged the Bani Cainucaa, a Jewish tribe of Medina, in their own faubourg. The Jews, after a siege of fifteen days, submitted at discretion; and Mohammed, who held them to be rebels and infidels, at once ordered them to execution. He was compelled, however, to yield to the remonstrance of Abdallah, the chief of the Beni Khazraj, and *patronus* of the Jewish clans, and still too powerful to be safely or irremediably offended. Expedition now followed on expedition. The Beni Suleim and the Beni Ghatafan were successively attacked and plundered; a roving band of the Koreish, headed by their leader, Abu Sofian, were repulsed; and at last the annual Meccan caravan, laden with bars of silver for the purchase of goods in Syria, was captured, yielding to every man in the army eight hundred dirhems, a fortune in a country where a dirhem a day was considered fair pay for the governor of a great city. Every expedition increased the confidence of Mohammed's followers, and developed the habit of obedience, until at length the Prophet's whisper was sufficient sentence of death, and the Moslems exulted in their willingness to slay their own brothers at his command. A central authority thus obeyed doubled the active force of Medina. There alone in Arabia a single man of commanding ability could plan without counselors, and command without explaining his objects. There too alone in Arabia was at work the strangely vivifying principle which, for want of a better term, we must style equality.

The operation of this principle as one of the many causes which favored the development of Islam has been too frequently overlooked. Despotisms very often, though not always, produce an imperfect equality. In Russia, for example, though the favor of the Czar can raise a serf into a prince, still the prince has under all other circumstances the advantage over the serf. Under Mohammed, however, there sprang up *ex necessitate rei* a form of democratic equality more absolute than the world has elsewhere seen. Claims of birth and wealth could be of no value in the presence of a master whose favor implied the favor of the Deity. The proudest Arab could not murmur if God chose a slave like Zeid to be leader of armies, and visibly confirmed his choice with the seal of victory. It was a principle also of the new sect that Islam extinguished all relations. The slave, once a Mosiem, was free; the foe, once a Moslem, was dearer than any kinsman; the pagan, once a Moslem, might preach, if the Prophet bade, to attentive listeners. Mohammed was enabled, therefore, at all times to command the absolute aid of every man of capacity within his ranks. No officers of *his* threw up their commissions because they were superseded. If he selected a child, what then?—could not God give victory to a child? Moreover, all the latent forces which social order restrains were instantly at his disposal. Every strong man, kept down by circumstances, had an instinctive desire to believe in the faith which removed at a stroke every obstacle to a career. To this hour this principle is still of vital importance in all Mohammedan countries. A dozen times has a Sultan utterly ruined stooped among his people, found, in a water-carrier, a tobacconist, a slave, or a renegade, the required man, raised him in a day to power, and supported him to save the empire. If the snuff-dealer can rule Egypt, why should he not rule Egypt? He is as near to God as any other Mussulman, save only the heir of the Khalifate; and accordingly Mehemet Ali finds birth, trade, and want of education no obstacles in his path. The pariah who in Madras turns Christian is a pariah still; but if he turns Mussulman, the proudest Mussulman noble will, if he rises, give him his daughter, or serve him as a sovereign, without a thought of his descent. Mohammed, like all real kings, knew men when he saw them; gave power to Omar, the man of the blue blood, or Zeid, the slave, indifferently, and found therefore invariably that the special talent he wanted was at his command.

These immense advantages could not, however, preserve Mohammed invariably from disaster. In the middle of January, 625, years after he had reached Medina, the Koreish determined once for all to end the quarrel with their dangerous adversary. Summoning all their allies, and

devoting all the treasure saved in Abu Sofian's caravan to military purposes, they raised what was then, in Arabia, a formidable force. Neither then nor at any other time were the Arabs exclusively or mainly cavalry. They admired and cherished horses, and most men could ride; but the possession of a horse was a sign of wealth, and among the mountaineers and citizens by no means a common one. The army, therefore, though three thousand in number, comprised only two hundred horses, and its principal reliance was on seven hundred footmen equipped in mail, and in the archers, who did duty, as in feudal Europe, for light troops. Mohammed, though at first inclined to stand on the defensive, yielded to the ardor of his younger followers, and marched out of Medina with a force which victory, conversions, and new hope had swelled from the three hundred of Badr to one thousand strong. Of this force, however, three hundred, commanded by Abdallah, chief of the Beni Khazraj, indignant at Mohammed's hostility to the Jews, deserted and returned to Mecca; the remainder, though not a fourth of their enemies in number, determined to give them battle, and accordingly took up their position on a small stony plain, above which rose arid and red the frowning rocks of the mountain Ohod. The battle began, as usual, in a series of single combats, in which, of course, those who believed death only an entrance to paradise had signally the advantage. Excited by perpetual small successes, and perhaps rendered imprudent by their confident hope of divine aid, the Mussulmans pressed on too rapidly, pierced the enemy's line, and began plundering the baggage. The rear guard joined in this exciting game, and the Koreish horse, seeing their opportunity, swept down on the Moslem from behind. There was a panic, a mad fight, and a rally round the person of the Prophet. Mohammed was felled to the ground, and for a few minutes the course of history was doubtful; but his personal friends protected his body, raised him, and with the broken army made for the rocks and defiles of Ohod. The victors approached, and taunted their defeated enemies; but a charge *up* the rocks, in the teeth of Moslem soldiers, was beyond their courage, and they retired slowly to their own city. The Moslem also returned to Medina, to find every element of disaffection at full work. Seventy-four of the army had fallen, and every man was in an Arab tribe known and classed like an English noble. The charm of invincibility which attached to the Prophet was shattered, the Jews were sarcastic, and the Medinese openly murmured that if Badr were the seal of Islam, Ohod showed the visible wrath of the Almighty. The refugees, however, had seen worse days than these. The Prophet stood, as usual in disaster, firm and gentle. He passed over Abdallah's desertion, ordered a mock pursuit of the Koreish, which gave the talkers something to discuss, and in a thundering Sura, comforted the faithful, and threatened the wrath of God on the disaffected. "Who am I," he said, "that I should not be defeated?"

"'Mohammed is no more than an Apostle, as other Apostles that have gone before him. What! if he were to die or be killed, must ye needs turn back upon your heels? He that turneth back upon his heels injureth not God in the least degree; but God will reward the thankful.

"'Furthermore, no soul dieth but by the permission of God, as it is written and predestined. . . .

"'How many prophets have fought against those that had multitudes on their side. And they were not cast down at that which befell them fighting in the way of God, neither did they become weak, nor make themselves abject; and God loveth the persevering.'"

The magic eloquence of the leader completed the work; and never was Mohammed stronger with his followers than a month after the defeat of Ohod.

The remainder of the year (625) passed in expeditions of various issue. The Beni Asad, a powerful clan who were connected with the Koreish, and raised the standard against Medina, were plundered and dispersed; but, on the other hand, seventy Moslem were decoyed by the Beni Aamir into their hands, under pretext of desiring teachers for the faith, and treacherously put to death. The Beni Nadhir, a Jewish tribe, were driven from their possessions, and their estates divided among the refugees, who thus rose into instant affluence. With fifteen hundred men Mohammed maintained his camp for eight days at Badr, waiting attack from the Arab world; and next year he advanced by a march of more than a month along the border of Syria. The Beni Mustalick had, it would seem, menaced

him; but the tribe was surrounded, and the prisoners, after a short hesitation, embraced the creed of Medina. These petty expeditions were, however, only the preparations for a new danger.

The Koreish could neither forgive Mohammed, nor escape the idea that he was to them an imminent and ever-pressing peril. They resolved on an effort which gives a high idea at once of their strength and weakness. Summoning all their allies, they advanced, in February, 627, on Medina, and besieged it with an army of ten thousand men. Such a force menaced the city with destruction, but its hour had not arrived. Mohammed had in his ranks a man who knew something of Roman fortification, and when the Meccans arrived under the walls they found themselves confronted by a deep ditch. They exclaimed loudly against the cowardice of the device, but they could not pass the ditch, and fell back on stratagem. They made an agreement with the strongest Jewish tribe left in the city, the Koreitza, to attack Mohammed from behind, while they themselves essayed to pass the trench. Mohammed, however, discovered the plot, and by a clever device—which Mr. Muir must pardon us for saying is quite within allowable military expedients, and was imitated by Major Edwardes with effect at the siege of Mooltan—he contrived to make each party think the other was watching to betray them. The grand attack therefore failed ignominiously; a few Koreish only leaping the trench, to be speared without mercy. An Arab army had no commissariat. Provisions ran short, the weather was wretched, and at last, after fifteen days of the siege, Abu Sofian, irritated to madness by personal discomfort, leaped on his horse, and rode away to Mecca. The great army melted away, and Mohammed turned on his domestic foes. He besieged the Koreitza in their faubourg, and after a brief resistance they surrendered at discretion. The Beni Aws begged hard for their lives as old allies, and Mohammed promised the doom of the Jews should be fixed by a man of the allied clan. He selected Sad ibn Muadz, who accepted the office, and took an oath from the people to stand by his decision. To the dismay of his kinsmen, rearing his mighty figure above the crowd, he pronounced the awful sentence—the men to death, the women to slavery; and the doom was accepted by Mohammed. The Koreitza, eight hundred in number, were slain in batches, and the bodies buried, while the women were carried away. "Islam has cut all ties," was the stern comment of the allies of the murdered tribe. This was the worst deed ever sanctioned by Mohammed, but there is a word to be said in his defense. He undoubtedly regarded these men as traitors as well as rebels, and there is not the slightest evidence that the Koreitza, even by European codes, had not deserved their doom. They had plotted against their own allies on the battle-field, and there is no European general who would not have pronounced them worthy of death, however strongly the modern respect for life might have modified his actual sentence. In this affair, as in the execution of one or two private individuals, Mohammed acted simply as an Oriental prince, neither better nor worse; and we shall presently see how little personal enmity ever influenced his decisions.

The fifth year of the Hegira, A.D. 627, passed away in comparative tranquillity. Mohammed still seemed far from his aim—the mastery of Arabia; but his expeditions continued, and every foray brought him wealth, disciples, and increase of reputation. In one of these raids, his men punished some prisoners guilty of treachery in a manner so barbarous, that Mohammed published a revelation making death by the sword, cord, or crucifixion, the only capital punishments a Moslem could lawfully inflict. The mutilation of the hand was alone retained for larceny, a punishment certainly cruel; but not so especially cruel in relation to the crime as Europeans will be apt to believe. All Asiatics hold larceny a crime only second to murder. Englishmen of the educated class, rich in all necessaries, and habitually careless, can not even conceive the irritation the practice of small theft creates in a poverty-stricken community, to whom every thing is valuable, and by whom every thing is remembered. They will not endure it; and to this day the first charge of a native of India against the British government is its leniency to larceny, and the second most frequent cause of murder is the determination of the people to punish theft with corporal chastisement carried to an extreme. Mr. Muir rightly condemns mutilation; but when he styles the law one which reflects

discredit on Mohammed, he should remember that it is not thirty years since English bankers clamored for the retention of death as the only true punishment for forgery.

In the sixth year of the Flight, A.D. 628, Mohammed determined to bring himself once more in contact with the representatives of all Arabia, by attending the annual pilgrimage to Mecca. He started with a powerful force, hoping, apparently, that the Meccans would be too jealous for the prerogative of their city to refuse entrance even to him. He was disappointed, and in his anxiety to be once more enabled to visit the city he so greatly loved, he signed a treaty of amity with his determined foes. Under its provisions, which were to be valid for ten years, all Arabs who chose were to join him without opposition from the Koreish, and all Moslem who chose were to abandon him without punishment. The Meccans, moreover, were to give the shrine up to his followers for three days in every year. Entrance for that year was, however, refused, and Mohammed returned to send ambassadors abroad to four of the sovereigns whose reputation had reached Arabia. Heraclius, Emperor of Byzantium, then in the full tide of victory over Chosroes, received the summons to embrace Islam and obey the Prophet in a plainly worded letter, which, of course, he laid aside; Siroes, King of Persia, tore up his missive, provoking from Mohammed the exclamation that his kingdom should be similarly torn in pieces; Mukoukas, the Roman, or rather Greek, Governor of Egypt, had a nearer view of the power of his strange correspondent. He answered kindly, and sent to Mohammed a present of two Coptic slave-girls, one of whom, Mary, is the heroine of many a Mussulman legend, and would, had her son Ibrahim lived, have been in all probability regarded to this day as the sainted mother of dynasties. The Prince of Abyssinia alone, it is said, obeyed the missive, and even that solitary concession rests upon no evidence but Mohammedan tradition, and Abyssinia remains Christian to this day. The embassies are curious proofs of Mohammed's absolute confidence in his own empire, and as the only positive indications of that vast ambition which the achievements of his successors reflected back upon his character. Every creed claims to be universal; but that Mohammed ever contemplated distinctly the conquest of the world is to our minds more than doubtful. He hoped, perhaps, for Syria, but his distinct policy was limited to Syria, and the first mighty outflow of Arabia upon civilization was caused by the necessity of finding occupation for the tribes who groaned and fretted under the yoke of his successor.

We must pass more briefly over one or two years studded with incident and adventure, to arrive at the crowning achievement of Mohammed's life. In the same year, A.D. 628, he conquered Kheibar, one of the richest valleys in Arabia, occupied by Jews, and divided the lands among his followers. It was a woman of this tribe who, by giving him a poisoned shoulder of mutton, laid, in Mussulman ideas, the foundation of the disease which afterwards proved mortal. Mohammed, however, was now sixty years old, and it seems clear that he never swallowed any of the poison, which was probably the well-known *datura*, or juice of the hemlock. In the following year, he completed his pledge of visiting Mecca, and the Koreish, tired with contest, adhered to their agreement. For three days he was placed in possession of the shrine, and there for the first time he fulfilled all the rites of Islam in the appointed center of the faith. He retired on the expiration of the three days; but the appointed hour was drawing near when the labor of a life was to be crowned with the full measure of success. The Prophet was growing old, and had as yet done little which could survive his death. He was master of Medina, it is true, general of a powerful army, suzerain of numerous tribes, and with a reputation which extended wherever the Arab orators contended for eloquence; but he was still only a local notability. The Arabs still looked to Mecca as the pivot on which the politics of the peninsula ought to turn; till Mecca was gained, Arabia as a whole was unsubdued, and the conquest of the sacred city became an object of intense burning desire. He resolved to make a final effort to secure it, and the Koreish gave him a fair opportunity. They allowed an allied sept to harry a small Meccan clan because they adhered to Mohammed, and thus, whether willfully or otherwise, broke the treaty of amity. The injured family, the Beni Khozaa,

applied to Mohammed for redress, which he promised with a solemn asseveration. He at once raised his standard, and summoning his allies, found himself at the head of eight thousand men. With this army he marched suddenly on Mecca, where a great change had apparently occurred. Abu Sofian had either been wearied out, or was aware that resistance was hopeless, while the Koreish may be presumed to have become doubtful of the wisdom of further war. They made no preparations for resistance, and Abu Sofian, who had gone out to reconnoiter, was taken, apparently a willing prisoner, to Mohammed. The scene which followed is probably as true as most historical anecdotes, and is exquisitely illustrative at once of Arab manners and Mohammedan legendary style.

"'*Out upon thee, Abu Sofian!*' cried Mohammed, as the Koreishite chief drew near. '*Hast thou not yet discovered that there is no God but the Lord alone?*' 'Noble and generous sire! Had there been any God beside, verily he had been of some avail to me.' '*And dost thou not acknowledge that I am the Prophet of the Lord?*' continued Mohammed. 'Noble sire! As to this thing there is yet in my heart some hesitancy.' 'Woe is thee!' exclaimed Abbas; 'it is no time for hesitancy, this. Believe and testify at once the creed of Islam, or else thy head shall be severed from thy body!' It was, indeed, no time for idle pride or scruple; and so Abu Sofian, seeing no alternative left to him, repeated the formula of belief in God and in his Prophet. What a moment of exultation it must have been for Mohammed when he saw the great leader of the Koreish a suppliant believer at his feet! 'Haste thee to Mecca!' he said; for he knew well when to show forbearance and generosity. 'Haste thee to the city; no one that taketh refuge in the house of Abu Sofian shall be harmed. And hearken! speak unto the people, that whoever closeth the door of his house, the inmates thereof shall escape.' Abu Sofian hastened to retire. But before he could quit the camp, the forces were already under arms, and were being marshaled in their respective columns. Standing by Abbas, he watched in amazement the various tribes, each defiling, with the banner given to it by Mohammed, into its proper place. One by one, the different clans were pointed out by name, and recognized. 'And what is that black mass,' asked Abu Sofian, 'with dark mail and shining lances?' 'It is the flower of the chivalry of Mecca and Medina,' replied Abbas; 'the favored band that guards the person of the Prophet.' 'Truly,' exclaimed the astonished chief, 'this kingdom of thy uncle's is a mighty kingdom.' 'Nay, Abu Sofian, he is more than a king—he is a mighty Prophet!' 'Yes; thou sayest truly. Now let me go.' 'Away!' said Abbas. 'Speed thee to thy people!'"

On the following morning the army divided into four columns, and entered the city on all sides, unopposed except by a few fanatics, who endeavored on one side to keep up a running and ineffectual fight; and Mohammed stood at last lord of the city from which eight years before he had fled a hunted fugitive. It was still filled with enemies, but the magnitude of his triumph had softened his heart, and he spared all save four, the exceptions being men who had injured or insulted him or his family, and a woman who had circulated satirical verses—an offense Mohammed never forgave. The effect of this generous conduct was instantly apparent. The Meccans gave in their adhesion in a body, and Mussulman writers record with admiration that among them, when they did at last give way, there were no disaffected. The strength thus added to Mohammed was important, but before using it Mecca was to be cleared of idolatry. The pictures of angels within the shrine had been removed on his first entry, and now Mohammed ordered the idols to be hewn down: Ozza and Lat fell with a terrible crash, and Mohammed, as he stood gazing on the destruction, an old man, with the work of twenty years at last accomplished, must have felt that he had not lived in vain. With Ozza and Lat, though he knew it not, crashed down the whole fabric of Arabian idolatry; and the land, though for twelve hundred years rent with strife, though the tribes whom he bound together have fallen asunder, and all other traditions have revived, has never gone back—never showed the desire to go back—to Pagan worship. That one work, small or great, terminated then; but to Mohammed it seemed as if too much was still left to do.

Scarcely had Mecca been purified when the Prophet summoned its subject clans, and with an army swelled to twelve thousand men set out to subjugate Tayif, the city which had stoned him when, alone and unarmed, he visited it to demand obedience in the name of the Most High to a banished and powerless member of the Koreish. On his road he was met by the Beni Hawazin, the powerful tribe settled round Tayif, and narrowly escaped defeat. The Hawazin charged down a defile, and the army of Islam, taken by

surprise, fell into a panic, and commenced a precipitate retreat. Mohammed, however, knew that no army existed in Arabia competent to face his own, and standing firm, he ordered a follower of stentorian lungs to summon the Medinese to his standard. They rallied round him instantly, and the dismayed Mohammedans, re-forming behind them, charged upon the Beni Hawazin. The victory was complete, and the Prophet passed on unmolested to Tayif. He failed, however, before the city, chiefly from the Arab impossibility of keeping an army together without commissariat, and he returned to Mecca. The property of the Hawazin was, however, divided, and Mohammed exhausted his personal wealth in enriching his new allies. So lavish were his gifts, indeed, that the Medinese murmured, and Mohammed had, for the fiftieth time, to appeal to his rare gift of eloquence to allay their discontent. Readers of parliamentary debates will perhaps catch in this scene a glimpse of the true orator.

"He then addressed them in these words: 'Ye men of Medina, it hath been reported to me that ye are disconcerted, because I have given unto these chiefs largesses, and have given nothing unto you. Now speak unto me. Did I not come unto you whilst ye were wandering, and the Lord gave you the right direction?—needy, and he enriched you?—at enmity amongst yourselves, and he hath filled your hearts with love and unity?' He paused for a reply. 'Indeed, it is even as thou sayest,' they answered; 'to the Lord and to his Prophet belong benevolence and grace.' 'Nay, by the Lord!' continued Mohammed, 'but ye might have answered, (and answered truly, for I would have verified it myself,) *Thou camest to Medina rejected as an imposter, and we bore witness to thy veracity; thou camest a helpless fugitive, and we assisted thee; an outcast, and we gave thee an asylum; destitute, and we solaced thee.* Why are ye disturbed in mind because of the things of this life, wherewith I have sought to incline the hearts of these men unto Islam, whereas ye are already steadfast in your faith? Are ye not satisfied that others should obtain the flocks and the camels, while ye carry back the Prophet of the Lord unto your homes? No, I will not leave you forever. If all mankind went one way, and the men of Medina another way, verily I would go the way of the men of Medina. The Lord be favorable unto them, and bless them, and their sons, and their sons' sons forever!' At these words all wept till the tears ran down upon their beards; and they called out with one voice: 'Yea, we are well satisfied, O Prophet, with our lot!'"

Tayif did not escape. A converted chief agreed to keep the inhabitants within their walls; and tired out by a blockade which seemed endless, the citizens gave way. They asked privilege after privilege—exemption from obedience, exemption from prayer, the safety of their idols; but Mohammed could not yield; and stipulating only for the safety of a hunting forest, they surrendered themselves into his hands. He was by this time at home in Medina, whence he sent forth his collectors throughout the tribes which acknowledged his rule to collect the tithes. The *new* income tax of ten per cent would be felt as onerous even in England; but the collectors were only once resisted, and usually welcomed with acclamation. He, moreover, either from policy or really alarmed, as he alleged, at a rumor that the Greek Emperor was about to march on him, ordered a general levy of his followers. His power was not consolidated even in the Hejaz, and many of the Arabs refused to obey. The Medinese, weary with exertion, staid at home; but still the gathering proved that the fugitive had become a mighty prince. An army such as had never been seen in Arabia, an army of twenty thousand foot and ten thousand cavalry, followed him to the Syrian border, and subdued for him the whole of the Christian or demi-Christian tribes in the North. The Prophet felt that the time was come. All Arabs, save of the faith, were solemnly interdicted from Mecca, and a new revelation declared that the object of Islam was the extirpation of idolatry. Conversions now flowed in fast, and the tenth year of the Hegira was a year of embassies. The "King" of Oman surrendered all authority to Mohammed's lieutenant, Amru. The princes of Yemen, the Himyarte dynasty, (the foundations of whose palaces Captain Playfair has just turned up at Aden,) accepted the new faith. The Habbramaut followed the example; and as each tribe gave way, assessors, armed with the new code, entered their territory, terminated mildly all existing authorities, and bound the district fast to Islam and Mohammed. The great tribe of the Beni Aamir was almost the last to yield; but it yielded, and in 630 the Prophet, master of Arabia, uttered his final address to the representatives of the peninsula, assembled on pilgrimage at Mecca. Mohammed had lived for twenty years a life which would have hardened the heart and ulcerated the temper of

almost any man now living—a life such as that which in seven years made Frederick of Prussia a malicious despot. But there are natures which trouble does not sear; and Mohammed, in this his last address, solemnly proclaimed throughout Arabia a law of universal brotherhood. Though inartistic in form, we do not know in literature a nobler effort of the highest kind of oratory, of the rhetoric which conveys at once guidance and command.

"Ye People! Hearken to my words; for I know not whether, after this year, I shall ever be amongst you here again.

"Your lives and property are sacred and inviolable amongst one another until the end of time.

"The Lord hath ordained to every man the share of his inheritance; a testament is not lawful to the prejudice of heirs.

"The child belongeth to the parent; and the violator of wedlock shall be stoned.

"Whoever claimeth falsely another for his father, or another for his master, the curse of God and the angels, and of all mankind, shall rest upon him.

"Ye People! Ye have rights demandable of your wives, and they have rights demandable of you. Upon them it is incumbent not to violate their conjugal faith nor commit any act of open impropriety; which things if they do, ye have authority to shut them up in separate apartments and to beat them with stripes, yet not severely. But if they refrain therefrom, clothe them and feed them suitably. And treat your women well; for they are with you as captives and prisoners; they have not power over any thing as regards themselves. And ye have verily taken them on the security of God; and have made their persons lawful unto you by the words of God.

"And your slaves! See that ye feed them with such food as ye eat yourselves; and clothe them with the stuff ye wear. And if they commit a fault which ye are not inclined to forgive, then sell them, for they are the servants of the Lord, and are not to be tormented.

"Ye People! hearken to my speech and comprehend the same. Know that every Moslem is the brother of every other Moslem. All of you are on the same equality, (and as he pronounced these words, he raised his arms aloft and placed the forefinger of one hand on the forefinger of the other.) Ye are one brotherhood.

"*Know ye what month this is?—What territory is this? What day?*" To each question, the People gave the appropriate answer, namely, "The Sacred Month—the Sacred Territory—the great day of Pilgrimage." After every one of these replies, Mohammed added: '*Even thus sacred and inviolable hath God made the Life and the Property of each of you unto the other, until ye meet your Lord.*

"Let him that is present, tell it unto him that is absent. Haply, he that shall be told, may remember better than he who hath heard it."

This was the last public appearance of Mohammed. In the eleventh year of the Flight, while still only sixty-three, he issued orders for a levy to subjugate the Syrian desert, and invested Osama, a lad, but the son of Zeid, with the supreme command; but his hour had arrived. In the beginning of Safar, a deadly fever came upon him, and he announced to the weeping congregation assembled in the mosque at Medina his own approaching decease. The exertion increased the disease, and after four days of suffering, during which the burden of his speech was always of suffering as an expiation for sin, he gradually sank, retaining, however, to the last somewhat of the ancient fire. With a quaint touch of satiric humor, he punished all his wives for giving him physic by making them take it too, and on Monday he even joined in the prayers for his own recovery in the mosque. This, however, was his last effort; and on the eighth June, 632, exclaiming at intervels:—"The Lord grant me pardon," "Pardon," "The blessed companionship on high," he stretched himself gently, and was dead.

The events which followed his death, the election of Omar, the revolt and subjugation of the Arabs, the pouring out of the tribes to the conquest of the world, the long and marvelous story of the Caliphs—are better known than those of his own life. Our only remaining duty is to sum up his character, and record his special influence as a legislator. Upon his character as a prince, a leader of men, there will, we imagine, be little controversy. No man in history ever rose to dominion with fewer heavy stains upon his character; none ever exhibited more constancy, or a more serene, unwavering wisdom. In the first test of greatness, wealth of loving friends, none ever approached Mohammed. Alexander had friends of a sort, but Hephæstion was not of the stamp of Abu Bekr, and the majority of heroes have been lonely men. It is as a Prophet only that he will be seriously condemned, and doubtless his prophetical pretensions colored his whole life. We can but state a strong conviction when we affirm, that a series of minute facts leave no doubt on our mind that Mohammed was from first

to last absolutely sincere. He really believed that any strong conviction, even any strong wish, that he entertained was borne in upon him by a power external to himself; and as the first and most memorable of these convictions was faith in God, he believed that power to be God, and himself its Messenger. The mode of expressing his convictions was undoubtedly an invention; but that the basis of his faith in himself was sincere, admits, to our mind, of little question. This strength of conviction extended even to his legislative acts, and we can not better conclude this brief notice of his career than by a glance at his true position as a legislator. Politically, it is easy to understand his position. Believing himself the Messenger of the Almighty, no position save that of despot was possible to him, and he made on this point no provision for the future. The Mohammedans deduce from his opinions the idea that the Khalif is vicegerent of God, and of course absolute; but no such theory is laid down in the Koran, and the Wahabees, the strictest of Mussulman sects, acknowledge no such dogma. Its adoption was the accidental result of the movement which followed his death, and which compelled the Arabs to intrust despotic authority to their chief. Mohammed settled nothing as to his successors, and it is therefore only in social questions that his legislation is still operative. And even here we are almost without the means of knowing what were the principles he intended to lay down. The living law of Mohammedanism is not to be found in the Koran, but in the commentators—a set of the most vicious scoundrels who ever disgraced humanity, whose first object seems to have been to relax the plain meaning of the original edicts as far as practicable. The original code is on most points just enough. The law as regards property differs nothing in essentials from that which prevails in Europe. Property is sacred, and is pretty fairly divided among relatives. Life is held in reverence, and theft is prohibited, even with cruelty. Truth is strongly inculated, and adherence to treaties declared an obligation binding on the conscience. Adultery is punished with death, though that provision is hampered by a curious law of evidence; and reverence for parents is sedulously inculated. The law in fact, except on one point, differs little from that of the Twelve Tables; but that one has modified all Asiatic society for evil. We must give a few words to an unpleasant topic.

It will be observed that we have said nothing of Mohammed's private life, of which all biographers descant so much—of his eleven wives and two slave-girls, of the strangely relaxed law of the sexes which he established, and of his own departures even from that loose code. The omission was intended, for we conceive too much has always been made of that point in Mohammed's career. In early life temperate to a marvel for Arabia, he was undoubtedly in his later years a man loving women. We do not say "licentious" advisedly, for though all things good and bad are recorded of Mohammed, we hear of no seduction, no adultery, no interference with the families of his followers. He was simply a man loving women, and heaping up wives, as if he had been exempted from the law he himself laid down. He probably thought he was, as his followers undoubtedly did, and personally he was no worse than thousands whom modern Europe practically condones. He was no better, but it is mere folly to say that his legislation was exceptionally licentious. What he did as regards his followers, was simply this. He left the question exactly as he found it—did not rise one hairbreadth above the general level of Oriental opinion. That opinion is doubtless an evil one. The true law of chastity, the adherence of one man to one woman as long as they both live, is written in a revelation older than any book—in the great law which makes the numbers of the sexes equal. That law, however, has never yet reached the Oriental world. It is the fixed opinion of Asiatics that the relation of the sexes is a purely physical one, and not subject to any inherent law at all; modifiable, it is true, by external legislation, but not in itself a subject of necessary and inevitable moral restraint. Mohammed made no attempt to alter that opinion, He fixed a limit to the number of wives, but it was not intended as a moral protection, for he formally assigned all female slaves to the mercy of their masters. He left a monstrous evil without a remedy. But that he introduced a new evil is untrue; and badly as the system he sanctioned works, the Mohammedans are not more corrupt than the Hindoos, and far less vicious than the Chinese.

THE ASCENT OF FUSI-YAMA.

In September of last year, the lofty summit of Fusi-yama, the sacred mountain of Japan, was for the first time trod by European footsteps. Mr. E. B. De Fonblanque, one of the adventurous explorers, has given the following account of the ascent. His narrative is dated from the British Consulate, Kanawaga, Japan, Sept. 20, 1860.

Mr. Alcock, our envoy in Jeddo, desirous of visiting the interior of the country, and curious to ascertain the truth of all the wonderful tales related by the Japanese, of their beloved and venerated mountain, having successfully disposed of the numerous insuperable obstacles most pertinaciously suggested by the government, left Jeddo for Fusi-yama on the third instant.

I was fortunate enough to receive an invitation to join his party, which was further composed of Mr. Eusden, vice-consul at Jeddo; Messrs. Gower and Macdonald, attachés; Lieutenant Robinson, Indian navy; Mr. S. Gower, and Mr. Veitch, a botanist. One of the vice-governors of Jeddo, Matabé, the interpreter to the legation, and several Yacomins, formed our escort; and norriman-bearers, bettos, coolies, servants, and followers, together with a troop of packhorses, swelled our *cortège* to the dimensions of a small invading army.

Mr. Alcock, although he had necessarily asked the Japanese government to make arrangements for our comfort and security *en route*, had stipulated that he should be as little as possible embarrassed by the presence of officials, as he wished to travel as a private person. There was none of the state, accordingly, with which a Japanese functionary of any rank would have surrounded himself in his progress; and, instead of being borne in norrimans —the only conveyance used by Japanese gentlemen—we bestrode our horses like freeborn Britons—a sacrifice of dignity to comfort which, however much it astonished the natives, we made without the slightest scruple.

As may be imagined, our projected pilgrimage excited no small interest among the Japanese, who, as they crowded the streets of Kanagawa to watch our departure, seemed puzzled whether most to admire our temerity or marvel at our impudence. Some of the older men shook their heads ominously, declaring that no good could come to their country from such a desecration of their gods; but the majority of the people were simply amused. They have seen and learnt so much within the last year, that nothing can surprise them.

Our route, as far as Odawara—a distance from Jeddo of about forty-five miles—was by the great highway to Nagasaki, skirting the sea. This is an admirable, broad, well-paved road, flanked on either side with gigantic cedars and vines, affording a most grateful shade from the still powerful sun. The effect of many miles of these avenues, formed of trees averaging from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and eighty feet in hight, is very striking.

At Odawara we turned into the interior, and commenced to cross the Hahoni Mountains, a range lying between the sea and Fusi-yama. Arrived at the summit after an eight hours' march, we found ourselves at a hight which we computed about six thousand feet above the sea level, on the borders of a glassy lake, six miles in length, and one and a quarter in width. Wonderful tales are related by the Japanese of this lake, which they state to be bottomless in the center and inhabited by an evil spirit, very much given to drag unwary mortals below. It was probably from fears of our safety that no persuasion could induce our officers to procure us a boat to explore these waters.

On the following morning we commenced our descent from Hahoni, and on the evening of the next day, the sixth from our departure, reached Muri-jama, a village lying at the foot of the mountain, and about one hundred miles distant from Jeddo. Here the authority of the Tycoon ceases, and spiritual government begins, the Holy Mountain being under the sole jurisdiction of the priesthood, two of which respectable body now attached themselves to our party, and never

left us till we returned in safety to the foot of the mountain.

On the next day we rode about six miles to a place called Hashi-Mondo, where the steep ascent commences, and here, leaving our horses and equipping ourselves with pilgrims' staves, which the priests dispose of for the sum of one penny each, we girded up our loins and climbed manfully up the rugged and precipitous path, our light baggage and commissariat stores being carried by goliks, or "men of great vigor"—a description which the appearance of these poor creatures, who earn their livelihood as beasts of burden to the pilgrims, did not by any means justify.

At every half-mile *en route* a hut is erected, where pilgrims repose and are refreshed with tiny cups of tea. During our six hours' ascent, we passed nine of these resting-places, and, darkness coming on, we took up our abode in the ninth, ate a modest dinner, and, stretching our weary limbs upon straw mats, slept as well as the cold and the fleas would allow us.

We had now accomplished over two thirds of the ascent, but the worst was yet to come. Hitherto the path, though steep and rugged, had afforded a tolerably firm foothold; but the rest of the way was over loose pieces of lava, scoria, and cinders, and at every few yards the ascent became more precipitous. It was curious to remark how some of our party, who had before shown themselves somewhat insensible to the beauties of nature, would now stop every few minutes to admire the scenery, generally seating themselves to do so; but some allowance must be made, in consideration of the rarefied state of the atmosphere, which rendered violent exercise somewhat difficult, and made some of us gasp very painfully. At first we met with little snow; but as we advanced we found large patches here and there; and on reaching the summit after four hours' toil, the tubs of water near the temple were frozen into a compact mass. Still, the cold was not any thing like what we had been led to suppose it would be, the thermometer at midday showing only thirty-eight degrees in the shade, and boiling at one hundred and eighty-two.

The temple of Fusi-yama is a most modest, unpretending little hut, adorned with a few gods in lava and some common tinsel ornaments. Here the devout lay their offerings upon the altar, and in return have their garments stamped with strange figures and devices, in token of their having accomplished their pilgrimage. Great virtue is attached to these stamps, particularly for the cure of cutaneous diseases, and their number is only limited by the size of the garment and the extent of the fee. I invested an entire uzeboo (one shilling and sixpence,) and received the impress of all the gods, and (unless likenesses are very deceptive) of all the devils too, of Fusi-yama.

Having visited the temple, we proceeded to the highest point of the crater; here Mr. Alcock's standard-bearer unfurled the British flag, while we fired a royal salute in its honor, his Excellency setting the example by discharging the five barrels of his revolver into the crater, and the rest following, till twenty-one guns had been fired. We then gave three cheers, sang "God save the Queen," and finished by drinking "the health of her gracious majesty" in champagne, iced in the snows of Fusi-yama, to the utter amazement of the Japanese, who had never before seen such startling religious ceremonies.

The crater of Fusi-yama is between two and three miles in circumference, and about six hundred yards in depth, and it resulted from observations made by Mr. Robinson that the highest point is something more than fourteen thousand feet above the sea. The Japanese have generally allowed seventeen thousand. There has been no eruption for three centuries.

We were fortunate enough to have a fine, clear, sunny day for the ascent, and, as we looked below and around us, there lay the fair land of Japan like a highly colored map, the points of its headlands jutting sharply into the blue sea; range upon range of mountains stretching across the full length of the island as far as the eye could reach, and rivers winding through green valleys, gradually increasing in size till they empty themselves into the sea. Had our journey been as disagreeable as it was the reverse, that one view would have richly repaid us for our toil. Well may the Japanese be proud of their beautiful Fusi-yama.

The descent was comparatively easy, and of course every one of us said, at least once, *Facilis descensus*, etc., as we turned homeward, by a new and if possi-

ble finer route, till on the fifteenth we reached Etamé, a picturesque village on the sea-shore, celebrated for its sulphur springs, whence I returned to Kanagawa by water, leaving Mr. Alcock and some of his party to take the baths.

So far I have confined myself to a bare description of our progress; I can not conclude, however, without endeavoring to give some idea of the beauty of this country. As a tolerably old traveler through all quarters of the globe, I can speak with some authority, and I do not hesitate to say that the scenery which gladdened our eyes and hearts during our journey to and from Fusi-yama can not be equaled within the same compass in any part of the world. Its great charm probably lies less in its intrinsic beauty than in its continually varying character. The eye has never time to weary. Now you are in a noble avenue of majestic trees, (and no tree is finer than the cedar of Japan—*Cryptomeria Japonica*;) suddenly you emerge into an open country, among corn-fields and flowering shrubs; then you plunge into a deep forest; then again you find yourself in a perfectly English green lane, with honeysuckle on the hedges and daisies on the banks, and in the distance, embosomed in trees and shrubs of the brightest foliage, groups of the most picturesque little white cottages in the world. Before you have time to dream of home, you are once more transported into a rugged mountain path, with torrents roaring at your feet; and as you reach its hight, there lies the broad blue sea on one side, while on the other Fusi-yama rises majestically from its broad base. I doubt whether, if all the most grand, lovely, rich, and magnificent views in the world could be collected and formed into a group, they would produce a finer picture.

Throughout, the vegetation is most luxuriant. From the deepest valley to the mountain-tops you behold one dense mass of flowering shrubs and trees, in the foliage of which there is as great a variety as in the scenery.

The land is generally well cultivated, rice and millet forming the principal crops in the districts through which we passed. We came across small patches of cotton and tobacco here and there. Of tea we saw very little. Vegetables and fruits of all kinds grow in abundance. I was particularly struck with the almost entire absence of animal life during our progress. With the exception of the poultry and dogs in the villages, and a few pack-horses on the road, we hardly met a single specimen of the brute creation. No cattle, no sheep, no singing-birds, and, though we promised ourselves some shooting, not a symptom of game of any description. The Japanese assured us, however, that the mountains beyond Fusi-yama were full of wild ponies, deer, and boar.

The arrangements made by the Japanese government for our accommodation *en route* left us nothing to wish for. Our halting-places had been arranged beforehand, and every thing was ready prepared for our reception when we arrived. It was not considered becoming to allow the British envoy to occupy a common tea-house—which is the ordinary hotel of the country—and we were accordingly put up in the houses specially reserved for the Daimios when on their travels. These were scrupulously clean, and provided always with bath-rooms and ample supplies of water.

As Mr. Alcock did not travel in his official capacity, the authorities did not formally receive him at the different towns; but on our entrance we were invariably met by an escort of officers, who accompanied us to the full extent of their precincts, and at Odawara, the prince of that name sent a deputation to welcome the English minister to his dominions, and to wish him a pleasant journey.

The conduct of the people was excellent. The sight of eight mounted Englishmen must have appeared wonderful to them, who had never before beheld a European; but they never once allowed their curiosity to become offensive, far less were they ever guilty of the slightest disrespect. As we entered their towns or villages, (and these consist of one long street, sometimes three miles in length,) men, women, and children, flocking out of their doors, appeared to present a dense impervious wall to check our progress. But there is a quiet elderly gentleman in long petticoats, and a straw hat tied under his chin, who precedes our *cortége* armed with a fan; and before a wave of this fluttering emblem of authority, the dense crowd falls back with far more alacrity and readiness than an English mob under similar circumstances could be got to do, through the agency

of Sir Richard Mayne and his legions, backed by a troop of Life Guards. Nor do they, like other mobs, close in our rear, but, remaining squatted at their doors, they watch us out of sight. In no case, whether escorted or alone, did we meet with a single instance of rudeness or incivility on the part of the people; nor did we, during the whole course of our journey, meet either a beggar or a drunkard. The general appearance of the populace is one of great prosperity and contentment; their houses are remarkably clean and in good repair; their patches of garden well cultivated, and never without regard to ornament; and, if they were not overburdened with clothing, it is evident that their will and not their poverty, consented to forego this luxury. Would that we could travel as far in European countries, nay, even in our own favored land, without meeting more misery.

We believe that the Japanese government is an oppressive one, yet it is difficult to reconcile that belief with the evident prosperity of the people. No eastern people is so free from the stamp of the slave as the Japanese. Let them bow their heads in the dust before a Yacomis as they may, it is less an act of servile submission than a courtesy exacted by usage, and a duty owing to superior authority. Those well-built, muscular men, who stand erect at their doors, holding their little children by the hand, have a sense of freedom and self-respect never to be seen in a race of slaves or cowards; those laughing women beside them know and enjoy the happiness of the domestic hearth; even the little children, (and nowhere do you meet this true indication of material prosperity—troops of merry, rosy-cheeked children—to a greater extent,) even they did not crouch before the foreigner, though doubtless for many a day they will, in their naughty moods, be threatened with the terrible *Toijns*.

Never did a party more enjoy themselves than the eight Englishmen who were the first to make the ascent of Fusiyama, and we returned to our posts more than ever impressed with the marvelous beauty of this land, and the kindliness and happiness of its people.

From Colburn's New Monthly.

SCIENTIFIC AND GEOGRAPHICAL PROGRESS IN FRANCE.

The end of June was signalized this year, as it was in 1859, by the unexpected appearance of a comet, visible to the naked eye, and which was for a few nights extraordinarily brilliant, to be only all the more rapidly effaced. Astronomers were found fault with for not having announced the skyey visitor, and there was some little difference of opinion among themselves as to whether it was an old comet or a new one — the same that drove Charles V. to a monastery, or a new one which was to confine the Pope to his Vatican. To any one who is acquainted with the many and tedious difficulties to be overcome in laying down the paths of comets, these little differences of opinion will excite no wonder. It is the very circumstance of the rapid and seemingly irregular motions, the unexpected manner in which they so often burst upon us, and the imposing magnitudes which they occasionally assume, combined with their extraordinary aspect, that have rendered comets in all ages objects of astonishment, not unmixed with superstitious dread, to the uninstructed, and an enigma to those most conversant with the wonders of creation and the operations of natural causes.

It is well known that the intervals between the successive perihelion passages of the comet of Enck are continually diminishing, and that hence it has

been deduced that it will probably fall ultimately into the sun, should it not first be dissipated altogether. But the comet of 1861 exhibited, perhaps to an extent greater than has hitherto been recorded, the rapid diffusion or loss of luminous powers in so vast a body. Indeed, some people spoke of the comet of 1861 as inferior in size and brilliancy to that of 1859; whereas, for one or two nights, it more than twice exceeded the latter in length of tail and nuclear magnificence. It also presented other noteworthy peculiarities. M. Chacornac declares that the nucleus presented the appearance of a revolving sun turning round with the greatest rapidity. On the first of July, its tail was seen to subtend an angle of 70 deg., which assigned to it a length of some twelve millions of leagues. The tail of the comet of 1680 was found by Newton to amount to forty-one million leagues — a length much exceeding the whole interval between the sun and the earth. Comets are, indeed, the most voluminous bodies in our system. The inclination of the orbit of the comet of 1861 on the plane of the ecliptic has been estimated at 85 deg., and so great an inclination has led M. Leverrier to presume that this body came for the first time within our solar system, and will not return there, for the known comets have hitherto presented a much smaller amount of inclination. Mr. Hind believes that the tail came in contact with the earth on the 28th of June, or that, at all events, our globe must have traversed a portion of space still impregnated with cometary effluvia. On the 30th of the same month, he detected an atmospheric phosphorescence, which he attributed to the neighborhood of the same body. Mr. Lowe recorded in his journal of the same day: "Strange, yellow, phosphorescent light, which I should take for an aurora borealis, if it was not still daylight." The two independent observations are interesting.

The eclipse of the 18th of July, 1860, has given rise to many remarkable speculations upon the physical constitution of the sun. According to the hypothesis of Herschel, the central star of our planetary system is composed of an opaque globe enveloped in two atmospheres, of which the exterior, a kind of permanent aurora borealis, is the resplendent photosphere that illuminates the surrounding space. Between the photosphere and the opaque globe is an immense body of cloud doing duty as a kind of screen. This hypothesis accounts admirably for the so-called spots on the sun, which would be so many breaches or solutions of continuity in the photosphere, allowing the cloudy atmosphere or the solid nucleus of the star itself to be perceived.

Total eclipses of the sun present many phenomena worthy of attention in reference to this theory. There is, first of all, a kind of luminous circle, corona or aureola, like the glory round a saint's head, surrounding the two bodies, apparently superposed; and, secondly, protuberances of variously colored and variously formed flames, the presence of which have been signalized for more than a century and a half. Arago suggested that the latter phenomena might arise from a third solar envelope, above the photosphere, and which was composed of obscure or feebly luminous clouds.

M. Leverrier, who has attributed to his predecessors asseverations when they only emitted hypotheses, has, on the occasion of the eclipse of 1860, seen in these protuberances things whose existence he explains by the presumed presence of some kind of roseate matter, which covers the liquid or solid nucleus of the sun, as he chooses to view its constitution in contradiction to a whole host of observations as worthy of credit as those which he assumes himself to have made. M. Plantamour, of the Geneva Observatory, remains convinced that these luminous phenomena are produced by the screen interposed in the direction of the solar rays, and that their modification depends upon the position of the observer in regard to the cone tangent to the disks of the sun and the moon. M. Faye, on the other hand, calls attention to the fact that similar protuberances have been seen at different epochs, both on the disk and at the circumference of the moon, and he is inclined to believe that they are optical phenomena brought about (supposing that our satellite has no atmosphere) by the center of gravity of the moon, as Hanstein has shown, differing from the actual center of its figure, and by the dilation of a "fluid" during an eclipse by the prolongation of solar heat.

Again, no doubt is said to have existed in the minds of three of the observers sent by the British government to Spain in

the Himalaya, and stationed at Camuesa, that the broken patches of sunlight were altogether due to the irregular edges of the moon coming in partial contact with the smoother margins of the sun, the light of which latter, consequently, shone through the valleys of our satellite, and thus produced that remarkable phenomena known by the name of "Bailly's Beads."

Mr. Wray, one of the observers concerned, states, however, that he perceived, a few instants before the final disappearance of the sun, rays of light passing from the dark intervals between the Bailly Beads outward into space, and which, he believed, proceeded from the tops of the lunar mountains.

M. Hermann Goldschmidt, whose vision is remarkable for its penetrating power, as well as for that with which it discriminates the most delicate changes of color, states that half a minute before totality he could distinguish little gray clouds, isolated in part, and floating without the solar disk, at some distance from the edges. One of these isolated clouds, of a rounded form, and another of an elongated form, which touched the exterior edge of the sun, were noticed to be of a gray color on the ground of the sky, which was a little brighter. An instant afterward, the pyramidical cloud became more clear, and then rose-color. "I had thus been present," says M. Goldschmidt, "at the formation of a protuberance."

The most splendid of the prominences was in the form of a chandelier, and what astonished M. Goldschmidt most was, that, although he was convinced that the rose-colored prominences belonged to the sun, yet he found the general direction of the "chandelier" was rather toward the center of the moon.

M. Secchi, again, was enabled to perceive a fine red cloud *entirely detached* from the borders of the sun and moon, and which projected, isolated, in the white ground of the corona. These were followed by two others apparently suspended in the air in the same strange manner. He was able to detect that the red prominences belonged to the sun. Those which were seen to the east at the commencement of the totality disappeared as the moon advanced on the sun's disk, whilst others on the western side became invisible, thus showing that the moon eclipsed the red flames in exactly the same manner as it did the disk of the sun. M. Secchi also states that there was no sudden transition between the photosphere and the corona surrounding the sun, but that the one melted into the other gradually.

It is remarkable, at the same time, that M. Secchi, Mr. W. De la Rue, and M. Foucault, who all obtained perfect photographs of the corona, as also M. von Feilitzch, all agree in stating that the rays shot out and were most perceptible at those parts of the lunar circumference at which the mountains projected. This would explain what we can not but suppose to be Mr. Wray's hasty deduction that they emanated from the tops of the lunar mountains. Mr. Wray expressed his belief at the time of observation that the corona was an extraordinary example of the phenomenon known by the name of the "interference of light." M. Foucault asks, in the same manner, why we persist in making an object of reality of the aureole, or in considering that it belongs to the sun? "It is known," he continues, "that, in virtue of the fundamental principles of the theory of undulations, light is not necessarily propagated in a right line, but that, in passing in the neighborhood of the limit of a body, it is distorted by the obstacle, and disseminates itself in a variable and rapidly-decreasing proportion in the interior of the geometric shadow. By considering it in this manner, and as a simple case of diffraction, it is explained, he considers, in the most natural way; for a solar atmosphere, he imagines, will not explain the rapid decrease of intensity in the corona as it passes away from the obscure limb of the moon, much less the radiations which are perceived in it. The red protuberances he supposes to belong to the sun, and the fine tints with which the entire horizon is colored he attributes to the influence of our own atmosphere. The prismatic colors seen below the sun by Mr. Buckingham at Camuesa would probably be explained by him in a similar manner.

The polarization of the corona proves, says M. Prazmouski, on the contrary, that the light emanates from the sun, and that, when it is so strong and well perceived as it was noticed during the eclipse of July eighteen, it proceeds from gaseous molecules which must be found in the immediate neighborhood of the sun, and that, in

fact, a solar atmosphere seems only able to fulfill those conditions. The red prominences were not found to be polarized, and it is permitted thence to conclude that the solar clouds are composed of liquid, or even solid particles, and are sometimes like our own. It will be seen from the foregoing conflicting opinions that the natures of the sun and solar atmosphere are not yet entitled to enter into the rank of settled truths.

The astronomer royal, it may be finally observed, discussed the evidence of the different witnesses at the meeting of the British Association at Manchester, and expressed his opinion on the matter to the effect that his conviction was that the appearance called Bailly's Beads were occasioned by imperfections in the telescope, and that the red protuberances belonged to the sun.

Further observations on the meteorological influences of the moon upon our atmosphere have tended to establish a fact of importance. Herschel had long ago propounded that the full moon appeared to possess the singular property of dispelling clouds, and Humboldt found the same opinion received in Peru. Arago also determined, as the result of his observations, that the amount of rain that fell was greater at or near the time of a new moon than when the moon was full. Forty-three years' thermometric observations, made at Greenwich by Mr. Park Harrison, establish a nearly constant rise of temperature from the new moon to the full moon, and as constant a fall from the full moon to the new, as also that the maximum of rainy or cloudy days correspond to the maximum of temperature.

In connection with the fall of rain, we may mention that a M. Hervé Mangon has invented a pluvioscope, which is founded upon the circumstance that a drop of rain gives rise to a black spot when falling on paper dipped in a solution of sulphate of iron, and rubbed over with very fine powdered gall and gum. The paper thus prepared is made to revolve once in twenty-four hours, and indicates the slightest, as well as the heaviest, fall of rain, and the time at which it fell. The rain, in fact, manufactures its own ink, and records its own progress.

Some rain that fell at Sienna was colored red, and was examined by Professors Campani and Gabbrielli, who determined that the substance was held in solution by the water, and could not be referred to any thing in the vegetable or mineral world carried up by a whirlwind into the clouds, as had hitherto been supposed. This requires, however, further elucidation. M. de Castelnau saw a number of Chinese and Malays busy picking up fish in the streets of Singapore, after a torrential rain that fell on the twenty-second of February, 1861, and they declared that they fell from the clouds.

M. Liais has applied photography to the determination of terrestrial longitudes. Such an application of instantaneous records would be of real value to science. M. Becquerel, a name also well known to science, declares that cutting down woods renders the summers hotter and the winters less cold. A point of interest, at all events for the future of Canada, which may with the progress of civilization obtain a milder climate. Herschel has said that the abundance of harvest increased with the number of solar spots. M. Renou has propounded that hard winters come by groups of five or six every forty-one years. This period of forty-one years is precisely that which corresponds to the epoch when the solar spots reäppear in the same position at the same season of the year.

Science may be truly said to have never stood in a greater or more triumphant phase than it has done during the past year. For some time past now the hearts of philosophers have beat at the wonders which have been brought to light by recent researches. There was an instrument, a mere piece of glass — a prism — about which there was a history which would form the basis of novels in after years. That instrument had unvailed things never thought of or seen before by mortal eye. From its production of the prismatic colors had been rightly inferred the manner in which the rainbow was produced. For many years the instrument had remained a toy; but lately, Fraunhofer, a German philosopher, had discovered in the spectrum produced by it from the sun's rays a series of dark lines, called Fraunhofer's lines. Sir David Brewster had discovered that a peculiar light could be produced if the rays of light passing through the prism had first to traverse certain gases. Then, more recently, Professor Bunsen, of Heidelberg, had found that if, into the flame of a lamp employed to produce a spectrum, the slightest por-

tion of any metal or other element was introduced, there then would be different lines struck across the prism, having a different color or characteristic for every element. The ten-millionth part of chloride of sodium could be detected by this means. This great discovery, which was qualitative but not quantitative, was called spectrum analysis. Applying this mode of analysis, Kirschof had discovered in the atmosphere of the sun the same metals as in the earth. Recent researches, also, in connection with spectrum analysis, had determined almost to demonstration that, throughout the whole universe, there was diffused an ethereal medium which chemists could not touch, and that the heat which we felt was nothing more than the motion of this body. In this way common flame was shown to be exactly analogous to the heat of the sun.

It has been the fashion in Paris to laugh at the expense of M. Babinet—an amateur astronomer and philosopher—but he has this year achieved a great triumph. He foretold the occurrence of a "mascaret," or high rolling tide, in the Seine, and hundreds are said to have gone from Paris, on the faith of his prediction, to the pretty village of Caudebec, near Rouen, to witness the phenomenon. Nor were they doomed to disappointment. A majestic tidal wave is said to have rolled up, on Sunday, the sixth of October, twelve feet high, carrying all before it, inundating the quays, and satisfying many of the unbelievers by giving them a thorough drenching. The phenomenon was reproduced, on a smaller scale, the next day. *Apropos* of these tidal waves, the dates of which are now reduced to a mathematical certainty, the good people dwelling "above and below bridges" must look out in the ensuing year for the seventeenth of March and the twenty-sixth of April. Should the wind happen to be in a favorable direction for pushing the tidal wave up the Thames, there will be all the more danger to be apprehended, especially in flooding cellars, etc. To be forewarned is to be forearmed.

A certain step has been recently made in medical science by what is termed the synthetical method of research. Up to the present time all that has been done in the study of disease has been to collect a great number of diseased conditions, subject them to analysis, examine what remedies would be good in such a case, or to examine what were the conditions of the body in the course of that disease and after it. That method, called analysis, has no doubt done a great deal of good. But now they take an animal which they know to be susceptible of a specific disease, subject it to certain conditions likely to produce some particular disease, and from the live animal they deduce absolutely the disease. Thus they produce diabetes in the dog. In another animal they produce epilepsy; in another animal cataract; in another rheumatic fever, with disease of the heart, and all other incidental diseases.

Much importance has naturally been attached to these facts by the lecturers at the inaugural meetings of schools of medicine, and it has been argued that since diseases are producible by human means, so, consequently, they are avertible by human prudence. This is no doubt the case, and it constitutes the basis of the late Dr. Andrew Combe's principles in regard to the physical and moral laws, as propounded in his brother's treatise on the "Constitution of Man," and as applied to the prevention and cure of disease; but it is a nicer point to determine how far slight deviations in quantity and quality of air, exercise, and nutriment are calculated to produce certain forms of disease. The new track for investigation, therefore, thus opened is a good one; it forms, as it were, a supplement to Liebig's investigations in organic chemistry, and it will no doubt lead to valuable results being obtained in connection with that much-neglected science which is by our continental friends termed hygiène, but which with us, as a more practical—that is, less refined—nation, is looked upon simply as the art of taking care of one's self. The day will come, however, when the least cultivated person will find that there is a whole education involved in that which he so complacently believes to be a mere art, reduced to a few very simple rules.

Among the most interesting points connected with the progress of geography during the past year, as influenced by France, we may notice Captain Vincent's exploration of the Western Sahara. It is now some time since the French colony on the Senegal river began to attract greater attention than it has hitherto done. This is mainly on account of a projected line of communication between that colony and Algeria by way of Timbuctu. There was

a rumor, which no doubt had good foundation at the time, that the Emperor was going to solve the difficulty, as the Sultans of Morocco did in olden time, by an armed expedition. It is not because such is delayed that it may not yet be accomplished by some of the trained bands and Oriental auxiliaries to be found in Algeria or on the borders of the desert.

In the mean time available information has been sought for by more peaceable means. A prize, founded by the Geographical Society of Paris, the Minister of Public Instruction, the Minister of Commerce, the Minister of War, the Minister of Algeria—yet amounting in the aggregate to only eight thousand three hundred and twenty francs, (say three hundred and thirty-three pounds,) but open to increase from subscriptions—has now been proffered for some years to the traveler who shall have first proceeded from the colony of Senegal to Algeria, or from Algeria to the colony of Senegal, passing by Timbuktu, and who shall, at the same time, have brought home with him itineraries, and collected new and exact observations upon the caravans that cross this portion of the Sahara, on their importance and the epochs of their journeys. We wonder that no enterprising Englishman has undertaken the journey, not so much for the value of the prize, which would not cover expenses, as for the credit of the undertaking. But there are great difficulties connected with the journey. We know, from experience gained by Livingstone and Andersson, that the natives of Africa are the more corrupt the more you approach European settlements. The colony of Senegal has been, further, incessantly at war with its neighbors. We are told that the governor, M. Faidherbe, "has inaugurated a new policy," that he has made "the French name feared and respected by glorious combats," that "he no longer contents himself with a localized influence on the Senegal, but extends it at the same time as our commercial relations over an immense extent of territory, in the midst of which flows the river that serves as a basis;" that "a handful of men now maintain order upon a line of two hundred leagues in extent, and hold their own against a fanatic Mussulman, whose eloquence moves whole populations;" and that "commerce no longer dreads penetrating to the Upper River." This is no doubt true, and it is to be hoped progress is made; but still it does not take away from the existence of inimical and fanatic Mussulmans, and we know from Barth's experiences at Timbuktu with what infinite apprehensions the southerly advance of the French from Algeria is looked upon by the tribes of the Sahara, more especially the widespread and warlike Tawarek or Berbers. This may account for the circumstance of the glove thrown down by the Society, backed by the government, not having been picked up after the lapse of several years.

Staff-Captain Vincent has, however, proceeded in the same direction, but by another line, that of the coast; and he has in reality explored the greater part of the country that extends between the Senegal and Morocco, beside making lateral excursions into the interior of great interest, as attesting the existence of hilly inhabited regions, with water, palm-groves, and excellent pasturages. Some opposition was met with on the part of a local chief, designated as King Muhammad al Habib, but it was triumphed over. He was chief of the Trarza or Warrior Tribes, the pastoral and peaceful tribes being chiefly Moors. The latter are also engaged in fishery, and are divided into two parties: the one depending on the Aulad Selim, a powerful and warlike tribe inhabiting the Tiris; the other on the Trarza and the French. These fishermen belong to the tribe Aulad ben Seba, or the children of the sons of the Lion, and between them and the Senegal is the country of the gum-producing acacias. The bank of Arguin, renowned for the loss of the Medusa frigate, is in the heart of the fishery, and is said to be dangerously infected by sharks, whom the lion-hearted Moors, however, fight as it were hand to mouth. The governor of Senegal suggests that this fishery would be less onerous, more advantageous, and more lucrative to France than that of Newfoundland, "oú nous sommes soumis á des tracasseries de la part des Anglais et des Américains."

The Aulad ben Seba also catch ostriches, that come down in autumn to the coast, like fashionable people, to refresh themselves with the sea-breezes. Beyond Arguin is Tariast, a region of strong clayey and gravelly plains, producing splendid herbage at the wet season, and

which again is succeeded by the horizontal table-land called Tiris, and to the east of which are the granitic peaks of the Adrar. The Aulad Delim, a warlike and plundering tribe, dwell in these fastnesses. The daughters of these "brigands," as Captain Vincent calls them, are very fair, and much sought after by the marrying young men of the neighboring tribes. Here they obtained guides to conduct them by the sandy and stony plains of Azfal to the residence of Auld Aida, chief of the Yaya ben Othman, a prosperous, numerous, and powerful tribe, dwelling chiefly in the hilly district of Adrar. The expedition was detained here twenty-seven days under the strictest surveillance, and finally had to take its departure without being able to explore the country, which was ascertained to contain several towns, much cultivation of corn, maize, barley, millet, and dates, many horses and camels, and mines of salt. There are no rivers, but wells are numerous and superficial. A rapid retreat had to be effected by the pass of Ja-ul and the plain of Inchiri, and it was not without many dangers, privations, and fatigues, that the expedition regained St. Louis. Still Captain Vincent argues that the Adrar, being the center of a very considerable traffic, owing mainly to its salt-mines, permanent communication between Algeria and the Sudan, or Negroland, by Timbuktu, will never be so productive as the same by the Adrar, the Rio Nunez, and Senegal; and he adds, that all the efforts of the governor of St. Louis are directed to attracting the produce of the Sudan and of the Sahara which goes by Adrar to the said port of St. Louis, instead of, as at present is the case, its going to the English at Mogador. The natural outlet for the trade of Sudan or Nigritia is, however, we may remark, the Niger and its tributaries, and neither Mogador nor St. Louis.

The account given of an expedition to the Amur, under M. Maack, (Pontechestvié na Amour,) contains some curious details regarding the Managrians, a Tunguse people, who live solely by fishing and hunting on the Upper Amur. They are a Mongolian race, robust, well made, and tall. Their habits, manners, and dress, have been a good deal influenced by their connection with the Mantchu Tartars, the Dahurians, Yakuts, and Russians, but they still preserve much that is original. Their huts are covered with bark in summer, and elk-skins in winter. There is an idol in every yurt, or hut, at the place of honor. They fish chiefly sturgeon and salmon. It is remarkable that the latter species, which abounds in the Lower Amur, ascends the Kumara, and is very rarely met above the confluence of that river, nor does it occur in the Shilka or the Arguin. Their canoes are made of the bark of birch. They hunt reindeer, elk, and stag, sometimes with arrows poisoned with putrified grease, which propagates itself with such rapidity as to impart a sickening smell to the flesh of the animal. The Managrians partake, however, of this poisoned flesh without repugnance or bad effects. They also eat the flesh of wolves, foxes, and polecats. They hunt the sable and other small quadrupeds for their furs. These they exchange for powder, balls, tea, tobacco, salt, and grain. Their only domestic animals are the small trans-Baikal horse and dog. They are subject to the Chinese, but elect their own governors, and give up their wives to the Mantchus when dwelling among them. Their only religion is a kind of Shamanism, or belief in good and bad spirits. Their shamans, or priests, have great influence with them, from their supposed power of controlling the bad spirits. Their idols are grotesque figures of human beings and animals. They never tell their names, or that of a countryman, to an inquirer. Polygamy is tolerated rather than practiced. They are subject to a peculiar nervous disorder, called "alone," the sufferer under which imitates every thing that he sees done before him.

Ruppell brought back word, many years ago, of the existence of Ethiopian antiquities in the south of Dafur and Kordofan, (Kurdufan.) Ignatius Palme corroborated the statement in 1844. M. Lejean has visited some of these relics, said to rival Luxor and Thebes, (?) at a place called Abu Haraz, and he states that the Bellul of Palme (or rather Belila or Jebel Hillah) is not a town, but a group of ruined sites, buried in the sands and mountains. The presence of the unicorn in the paintings on these Ethiopian or Libyan monuments, for they are said to be unlike those of Meroe, is not the least interesting fact said to have been detected.

Mr. Wetzstein, consul of Prussia at Da-

mascus, has also discovered in the volcanic district of the Hauran—the country of the Druses—whole plains covered with worn pebbles of basalt, upon which are figured camels, horses, and date-trees, with one or two lines of inscriptions in an unknown character. There are said to be positively fields of inscriptions. The letters resemble most the Himyaritic and olden Phœnician. This, it will be remembered, was the country of Basan and of the giant Raphidim, ruled over by King Og, whose bedstead was preserved, after their conquest by Joshua, as a memorial of his huge stature.

The circumstance that one of the great problems of ages is in all probability on the very point of being settled—that the "Caput Nili," to seek after which was considered to be synonymous among the ancients with any futile undertaking, is so hemmed in, that we are in almost daily expectation of hearing the great discovery proclaimed — indeed, it has already been so by anticipation—has awakened a spirited and a generous rivalry between the English and the French as to who shall be first in, not at the death, but at the bubbling into life of the waters upon which rose Thebes, Memphis, and the Pyramids, and which still fertilize a wealthy and populous country, capable of being still more so, under a different — social, political, and religious — order of things.

M. d'Arnaud, in a letter to the veteran Jomard, dated Alexandria, February 5th, 1861, says that he is convinced that MM. Peney and Lejean will arrive at the "Caput Nili" before the English travelers Speke and Grant. His conviction is, that they will reach the Great Lake, (Victoria Nyanza,) which, he says, may henceforth be viewed as the true source of the Nile, since at the fourth degree the river rises and falls with great regularity—a phenomenon which can only result from its having its origin in a regulating lake — and that they will arrive there *in an incontestable manner*, that is, by ascending the river. The rivalry is praiseworthy; but granting M. d'Arnaud's anticipations to be realized, will that take away the right of first discovery and naming the lake, which belongs to Captain Speke? And if he (Captain Speke) discovered the lake, and it turns out to be, according to the traveler's own surmises, the long sought-for head of the Nile, will he or Messrs. Peney and Lejean have discovered the Caput Nili? It will be time to argue the point when the latter have reached the lake by the river way; but, in the meantime, it is certain that the lake is discovered, and if it should turn out to be the head of the Nile, we should also say the Caput Nili. All that is wanting are the proofs of connection between the two, and we shall be glad if the Frenchmen acquire the glory of establishing that long-surmised fact, without claiming at the same time the honor of discovering the sources of the Nile, which must be conceded to the discoverer of the lake — so appropriately named Victoria Nyanza. Had Mr. Petherick first reached the lake by the river way, would he for a moment have thought of claiming the discovery of the sources of the Nile?

Father Léon des Avanchers, writing to M. d'Abbadie from Kaffa — the original country of the *coffee*-plant—says: "The Saubat is formed by two rivers; the earlier affluent is the Barro, which flows from Lake El Boo. The Barro," he adds, "is the true White Nile of Ptolemy, and Lake Boo is the *Nili Palus Orientalis*. But the Go-Jub does not flow into the Barro, united to the three Gibes, it forms the river Jub." Now, the other day, M. d'Abbadie proclaimed that he had discovered the sources of the Nile at the head of the Uma, or Go-Jub; and Dr Beke makes the Go-Jub the most distant easterly affluent to the Saubat. But the view of the matter entertained by M. Léon des Avanchers has since been corroborated by M. Debono, a Maltese ivory merchant, residing at Khartum, who has an establishment on the Saubat, and who has explored the river almost to its sources; so that M. d'Abbadie's supposed grand discovery of the "Caput Nili" turns out to be the sources of the Jub—a river flowing into the Indian Ocean!

M. Ferdinand Lafargue writes to M. Jomard from Khartum, by date September 5th, 1860, that he has been up the White Nile to Gondokoro in a *steamer*. No great difficulties would appear, therefore, to await MM. Peney and Lejean, or Mr. Petherick, in their proposed ascents up the same river to Lake Victoria Nyanza. M. Lafargue heard of a great lake called Rek. He also heard that the river flowing through the country of the Berris, or Barras, three days east of Gondokoro, is the same as at the Sobat, or Saubat, and, he adds, the negroes of Kumetru

speak of that river and of the White Nile as being the same.

Every step in inquiry seems, indeed, to be leading to the determination of Krapf's Lake Baringu and Lake Böö to be the same, and that it gives origin to one great south-easterly tributary to the Nile, which bears the various names of Barri, Barro, and Berri, Tubarri, Tubiri, or Tumbiri, Shoa, or Shua Berry, and Sobat, or Saubat.

This great south-easterly tributary, however, whatever may be its name, and having its origin from Ptolemy's eastern lake, or from the foot of Mount Kenia, can not be the more distant source of the Nile, nor would the established communication between Lake Victoria Nyanza and the White Nile finally settle that point. Such sources must either lie at the foot of Mount Kilimandjaro, the St. Gothard of the East African Alps, or Mountains of the Moon, and flow by the Kitangure into Lake Victoria Nyanza, or they may be associated with Vogel's or Ptolemy's Western Lake, which Barth supposed to communicate at once with the Benuwe, or Eastern Niger, and the Shary, or great affluent to Lake Tsad, and which may also pour its waters in the season of flood into the Nile.

The French, it is well known, utilized the expedition to China by employing the troops and fleet, made available by the treaty of Pekin, to complete the work commenced in Cochin-China, or Annam, in the year 1859, by Admiral Rigault de Genouilly. The command of the expedition was intrusted to Vice-Admiral Charner, and although the details of the proceedings of the expeditionary force are exceedingly meager, nothing but what was sanctioned having met the public eye, still it is so far known that it made itself master by the 24th and 25th of February of the forts of Ki-Koa, after a severe struggle, in which General Vassoigne was wounded, and many men and officers lost their lives.

These first successes were completed on the twelfth of April by the capture of the citadel of Mitho, a town or port which is situated not in the river of Saigon, but on the most easterly of the six mouths of the May-Kiang, and there is communication in part by canal (from Saigon to the river Vai-Ko) between the two, and we are told that the possession of the site insures to the French the holding of the southern provinces, for no allusion is made to what their allies, the Spaniards, are to gain by their coöperation.

This conquest will, we are further told, shortly take first rank among those effected by France "in the outer seas." Nothing more is requisite for such a conclusion, it is added, than an intelligent man at the head of the administration. So fine a country only requires to be judiciously ruled in order to prosper. Little is said of the climate of the delta of the May-Kiang, possibly as deleterious to the European constitution as any on the known face of the globe, or of the well-known anxiety of the troops stationed in those unwholesome regions, which they regard as no better than an exile to Cayenne, to be relieved and permitted to return to their country.

On the contrary, we are told that it would be impossible to find in all the Hindhu-Chinese seas a point which presents such great advantages as Saigon for founding a central maritime station. It presents all that is exacted by good strategy. It is admirably adapted for the construction of repairing docks at little expense, the upper part of the country abounding in wood; and lastly, Cape St. James, at the entrance of the river, which is navigable to vessels of heavy burden for eighty to one hundred miles, is accessible at all times, whatever monsoon may be blowing.

With the occupation of Mitho, the whole of the "commerce" of Camboja, we are further told, passes into the hands of the French, and this country exports considerable quantities of salt-fish, which are sold in the Chinese markets, besides rice, silk, ivory, cotton, tobacco, oil, timber, fruits, hides and horns, etc. By "commerce," we suppose we are to understand customs or taxes, for we do not suppose that the power in occupation is going to be either the producing or the exporting power; so that commerce restricted by a third party can hardly be expected to flourish as of yore. As the occupation of the country can not but be expected to be of a costly nature in respect to life, even supposing that the financial expenses are diminished by taxing native industry and produce, it is suggested that two years of effective service in such a region shall be deemed sufficient. This, while a proper and a humane precaution,

will inevitably be found to be very expensive.

In connection with the attempts made by the French to subject and colonize the countries watered by the May-Kiang, we may also notice the mission of the Siamese ambassadors to Paris. We have before had occasion to observe upon the curious relations of the French with the people dwelling in the countries watered by the May-Nan. Those watered by the May-Kiang and those watered by the May-Nan may be considered in the light of twin regions. The rivers follow a parallel course, and history shows that the Annamite and Siamese power has alternated in both countries. So close is this connection, that it is impossible to hold power in Camboja and not to implicate more or less Siam. But the valley of the May-Nan is also in the center, half-way between the valleys the Irrawady and the Thalian, held in part by Great Britain, and the May-Kiang, now held by the French. Hence has arisen a kind of rivalry of diplomatic and friendly intercourse between France, and England, and Siam, which must be alike profitable and amusing to two by no means unintelligent sovereigns.

Nor does this precisely sum up the total of political aspects in the Hindhu-Chinese peninsula, for while we possess Arracan, Prome, Rangoon, and Pegu, the Emperor of Ava is upheld in his capital of Amarapura by M. Girodon or D'Orgoni, "general of all his generals," and "prime minister of all his ministers;" in connection with whose services to the Lord of the White Elephant, the *Moniteur* predicted now some time back: "L'Inde elle même touche à l'heure d'une transformation et la Cochin-Chine voit luire nos baïonnettes. Autour d'Orgoni, autour de ce hardi compagnon, l'humanité va faire un grand pas!" Pity it is for the progress of humanity that, according to the latest news from Saigon, the neighborhood of Mitho had been devastated by "pirates," who were, however, afterward attacked and beaten by Admiral Charner. It is the fashion nowadays to term men fighting for a cause "pirates," "brigands," or "rebels," as the case may suit; but certain it is, that France has other difficulties to surmount, besides that of climate, before it subjugates the Hindhu-Chinese peninsula.

In 1684, the King of Siam sent an embassy to Louis XIV., which the grand monarque received on a throne of silver, and in a dress that cost twelve millions of francs. The Emperor Napoleon, wiser in his time, did not deem it necessary to expend so much in barbaric splendor to awe the Oriental mind. On the twenty-seventh of June, the Siamese ambassadors were received at the palace of Fontainebleau. They were all dressed in rich habiliments embroidered with gold, and each wore a sword by his side attached by a band ornamented with a great silver elephant. The moment that they crossed the threshold of the door, the ambassadors and their suite cast themselves on their knees, and they thus progressed with the help of their elbows up to the balustrade, behind which sat the Emperor and his court. Arrived at this point, the first ambassador prostrated himself three times on the ground, raising his hands above his head, and he then placed in the Emperor's hands the golden box which contained the letter of his sovereign. Turning himself round a little, and leaning on his right elbow, he read in a low voice a compliment addressed to the Emperor in the Siamese language. The Emperor having risen to receive the letter, the ambassadors withdrew in the same painful attitude in which they had approached the throne. The ambassadors were much fêted in public, but the use of pocket-kerchiefs being utterly unknown to them, this Siametic peculiarity had, we are told, the effect of keeping the curious Parisians at a distance from them. The Siamese ambassadors did not visit England, as it was said to have been their original intention, but as a kind of politico-social counterpoise, we suppose, to the influence gained by the hospitality and magnificence of France, a party of Siamese grandees (whether as influential in their own country as those who were sent across the seas to prostrate themselves before the Emperor Napoleon III., we are not prepared to say) have been visiting the curiosities of Singapore—the lusty offspring of free trade and commercial enterprise—which we hear gave to them the open hand of friendship and good will—the more acceptable as coming from a next-door neighbor.

A treaty signed by the plenipotentiaries of the Emperor and the Prince of Monaco, on the second of February, handed over to France Menton and

Roquebrune, with their environs. The following is the gratifying account of these new French acquisitions given by one of the almanacs:

"Nothing can be more charming, refreshing, or delicious than the environs of Menton! The town, placed on the sunny side, lies between the sea and a forest of citron-trees. Imagine the perfume when these trees are in flower! Menton is approached by a long and handsome alley of plane-trees, and beyond it is an avenue of oleanders and tamarix. The oleanders border the shore, and their roseate flowers contrast admirably with the blue sea. Pretty villas display their white walls and green blinds in the midst of aromatic groves loaded with flowers of a pale golden hue. Six months passed in this nest of embalmed verdure ought to suffice to restore the most ruinous lungs, and reänimate the forces of the most dilapidated constitution.

"What vegetation and what fruits! Olive-trees of extraordinary hight and size; peach-trees bending beneath the weight of their fruit. The peaches are delicious, and sweet as sugar; there are hard and soft ones, yellow, red, and pale. How pleasant it is to contemplate such a collection! In an inclosure, comprising only the quarter of an hectare of ground, the proprietor gathers one hundred and fifty thousand lemons and forty thousand peaches, besides figs and olives. Unfortunately, lemons fetch only one halfpenny to a penny the dozen, and the finest peaches are only worth from three to four francs per thousand.

"The ladies of Menton are charming; they do not, perhaps, possess the at once powerful yet delicate stamp, nor the ease, of their Nicean neighbors, but the clearness of their complexions is unequaled. They plait their hair in bands, and carry these behind the head, where they form an attractive feature. A flower behind the ear is their only ornament.

"The character of the population of Menton is formed of an admixture of the Genoese and Provencal. Manners, ideas, and language are less Frenchified than at Monaco, where the neighborhood of Piedmont makes itself more sensibly felt.

"Roquebrune is situated on the road from Menton to Monaco, half-way up a hill, and immediately below a vast depression in the soil. Its old castle occupies the summit of a hill that denominates the village. Rustic buildings also crown the rocks above, which at a distance resemble great towers. Roquebrune is said to have stood in olden times some hundred feet higher than where it exists in the present day. It is said that land and village subsided, one fine day, down to its present position, without disturbing a plate of soup. We were not there, so can not attest to the fact.

"Menton and Roquebrune, in consequence of a local demonstration—a kind of Lilliputian revolution—have, since 1848, been relieved of all taxation, and exempted from all military service, although they took part in the provincial and divisional elections of Nice, and that while they did not contribute a farthing to the local budget. It will be quite another thing now, but then they are French!"

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE CONSTABLE OF THE TOWER.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE. BY WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

VIII.

THE COUNTERPLOT.

Hitherto, Warwick had abstained from disclosing to the Lord Protector the discoveries he had made relative to his brother's treasonable practices, as he feared the irresolution manifested by Somerset on a former occasion might be again displayed; but now, being armed with proofs positive of the Admiral's guilt, he resolved to lay the whole matter before him.

Accordingly, a special meeting of the council was appointed for that night, intimation of which being given to the Duke of Somerset, he of course attended, when full particulars of this gigantic conspiracy were laid before him.

Confounded and amazed by the details, Somerset almost refused to credit them; but when Sharington's confession was read he could no longer doubt. Warwick's statements also were corroborated by Ugo Harrington, who was brought forward, and who revealed all he knew concerning his lord's proceedings.

A long deliberation followed. By the Earl of Southampton (who, having regained Somerset's favor, had again joined the council) and Lord Clinton, it was proposed that Somerset should be at once arrested, and brought before them for examination; but against this it was urged, chiefly on the representation of Ugo Harrington, that the most determined resistance would be offered by the Admiral—and that probably he might escape. If he did so, and succeeded in reaching either of his castles, an insurrection, which it might be difficult, if not impossible, to crush, was sure to arise, and civil war ensue.

"If your highness will be guided by me," said Ugo, addressing the Protector, "I will show you how you may take him without difficulty, and effectually prevent any popular disturbance."

"Let us hear thy plan," rejoined Somerset.

"Under pretense of showing his majesty some new pieces of ordnance, my lord hath obtained the King's promise to accompany him to the Tower to-morrow. Once there, he will use all his efforts to induce his majesty to change his present government, and he hopes to succeed by representing to him that his royal father's will was fraudulently stamped ——"

"Ha!" exclaimed Somerset.

"Such is the assertion he will make," pursued Ugo; "and he proposes to support it by some confession he pretends to have obtained. Be this as it may, he hopes to prevail upon the King to remain within the Tower, and to give him the command of the fortress and the custody of his person."

"A boldly conceived project, on my faith!" cried Warwick; "and, if the King consented, might prove successful."

"But his majesty never would consent—of that I am certain," said Somerset.

"But should persuasion fail," pursued Ugo, "my lord will resort to force, and will seize upon the person of the King, and possess himself of the fortress."

"Ha! does he meditate this desperate treason?" exclaimed the Protector. "But 'tis a rash and insane design, which none but he would conceive."

"'Tis not so rash as it seems," replied Ugo. "He will go to the Tower with a large and well-armed escort—and he has many friends in the fortress who will lend him their aid. For my own part, I nothing doubt his ability to execute his design."

"What, to seize upon the King, and hold the Tower?" cried Somerset.

"Ay, your highness, hold it long enough to change the government," rejoined Ugo. "But with proper precautions there will be no danger, and my lord can be taken in his own toils. Here is a list of his adherents in the Tower. Let all these be removed without delay, and trusty officers substituted, and no fear need be entertained. It is not for me to point out to your highness and to the lords of the council how the arrest should be made. You will make your own decision. But once within the Tower, my lord ought never to go forth again—except to the scaffold on Tower-hill."

"The trap will be well baited," said Somerset, "and if caught in it, he shall not break loose. We owe thee much for thy serviceable disclosures. Thou hast made ample amends for any share thou mayst have had in this conspiracy, and mayst calculate not only upon pardon but reward."

"I care not for reward, your highness," replied Ugo; "I shall be satisfied if I bring Lord Seymour to the scaffold."

"What hath thy lord done to incur such deadly animosity on thy part?" asked Lord Russell.

"Ask me not to publish mine own shame," cried Ugo fiercely. "Enough that he hath inflicted an injury upon me which can only be washed out by blood. He should have died by my hand long ago, but that I preferred he should die on the scaffold."

"Thy desire will be gratified," said Warwick.

"After the disclosures we have heard," said Somerset, "there can be no doubt of the existence of a great and terrible conspiracy, contrived, I lament to say, by my own brother. But I shall close my heart toward him, and judge him with Roman stoicism and severity. Many arrests will have to be made to-morrow. Are there any others whom thou canst denounce?" he added to Ugo.

"There are several in the royal household who are in his pay," replied the other, "but the chief of them is Fowler, a gentleman of the privy-chamber."

"What! has Fowler played me false?" cried the Protector. "He shall be arrested."

"If your highness will cast your eye over this list," said Ugo, delivering him a paper, "you will find the names of all such nobles as belong to my lord's faction, and are disaffected toward yourself."

"Foremost among them I find the Marquis of Dorset," returned Somerset, glancing at the list. "He shall undergo examination, as shall all the rest. Hast thou aught more to disclose?"

"No, your grace. I have revealed all I know."

"Thou art free then to depart," said the Protector. "I need not bid thee be cautious, since for thy own sake thou art sure to be so. To-morrow thou wilt accompany the Admiral to the Tower."

"I have already received my orders," replied Ugo.

"On my arrival there I will find means of secretly communicating with thee," said Somerset. "None of us will appear until the right moment, and then only when least expected."

"I understand your grace." And with a profound obeisance to the Lord Protector and the council, he departed.

"That fellow is a double-dyed traitor," observed Warwick; "but he is serviceable. Without him this conspiracy would never have been detected."

"Strange that the Admiral should place such faith in him," observed Lord Russell. "Traitor is written in his countenance."

"Is it your highness's intention to disclose this plot to the King?" inquired Southampton.

"No, my lord," replied the Protector. "My deeply-designing brother hath obtained such a hold upon his royal nephew's affections, that there is no telling how he might act. His majesty must be kept in profound ignorance both of the plot and counterplot to the last. Any efforts he may then make to save his guilty uncle will be vain. To-morrow, my lords, we must all secretly assemble at the Tower."

On this, the council broke up, but the Protector and Warwick remained for some time longer in deep debate.

IX.

HOW THE KING WAS TAKEN TO THE TOWER BY THE ADMIRAL, AND WHAT HAPPENED THERE.

THE important day arrived which was to mar or make the Admiral's fortunes. Though he had no misgivings as to the result of his daring project, and entertained no suspicion that he had been betrayed, he was weighed down by that extraordinary depression which is not unfrequently the forerunner of dire calamity. His slumbers had been disturbed by ominous dreams, and quitting his uneasy couch at an early hour, he occupied himself in writing many letters, which he subsequently sent off by trusty emissaries.

Amongst those to whom he wrote was the Princess Elizabeth, and his letter to her was full of passionate love. Without entering into particulars of his project, which it might not have been safe to communicate, he told her that she might soon expect to hear important news, and that he hoped, ere long, to be in a position to claim fulfillment of her promise.

This correspondence finished and dispatched, he sent for the principal officers of his household, and gave them such instructions as he deemed expedient. Other necessary business occupied the early part of the morning. Before the hour had arrived when he had appointed to attend at Whitehall, his gloom and despondency had given way to ardor and impatience.

Clad in a suit of black armor inlaid with gold, having a black plume in his helmet, and mounted on a powerful steed, richly caparisoned, he repaired to Whitehall at the head of an escort of some fifty or sixty well-armed and well-mounted men. A retinue so numerous would have excited astonishment and roused suspicion as to its object in any one but the Admiral, but he had been so long in the habit of moving about with an almost royal guard, that little surprise was manifested at the number of his attendants.

It was remarked, however, that the escort was more completely armed than usual, most of the men being provided with corslets with steel skirts and morions, and all of them being furnished with arquebuses or demi-lances. Close behind his lord rode the treacherous Ugo Harrington, secretly exulting that his hour of vengeance was well-nigh come.

The day was raw and dull, a frost of some weeks' duration having just broken up, and it seemed just possible that the King might put off his visit to the Tower on account of the unpleasant state of the weather. Any apprehensions, however, which the Admiral might have entertained on this score, were dispelled by the ap-

pearance of Edward himself, who, wrapped in a purple velvet mantle, embroidered with gold, and lined and bordered with ermine, met him as he entered the palace.

Mounted on his milk-white palfrey, and defended by his well-lined mantle against the cold, Edward rode by his uncle's side to the Tower. He was unattended by his own body-guard, the Admiral's large escort appearing sufficient for his protection. Little did he anticipate the strange part he would have to play; little did he think that he was being led almost as a captive to the Tower, and that it was his aspiring uncle's intention forcibly to detain him there unless he complied with his wishes. On his part, the Admiral was so eager to secure his prize, that he hurried on his royal nephew almost faster than was quite consistent with etiquette. An advanced guard cleared the way for them, so that no delay occurred. But though the Admiral rode on thus rapidly, and compelled the King to keep pace with him, he did not fail to notice certain personages stationed at the corners of particular streets in the city, with whom he exchanged signs.

Half an hour brought them to Tower-hill, and as the grim old fortress rose before them, Seymour's breast beat high. Could he have foreseen what awaited him there—could he have suspected the snare laid for him—he would never have entered those gates, but, turning hastily about, and calling to his men to follow him, would have clapped spurs into his steed, and ridden for very life. The gray walls of the fortress looked stern and menacing, but they had no terrors for him. Beside him were the tall wooden posts of the scaffold, but he would not even have noted them, had not the King called his attention to a dark figure standing beside them, remarking, with a shudder, that he thought it was the headsman.

"It is Mauger, sire," replied the Admiral. And he added to himself: "I will find him work to do anon."

Passing through the two outer gates, and crossing the bridge across the moat, the young monarch and his uncle were met at the By-ward Tower by Sir John Gage and the Lieutenant of the Tower.

After reverently saluting the King, the Constable looked earnestly at Seymour, and seemed very desirous of saying a word to him in private, but the Admiral gave him no opportunity of doing so, but rode after the King into the lower ward. Here, however, Sir John overtook him, and coming close up to him, said, in a low tone: "Be advised by me, and go back. There is yet time—I will help you to retreat."

"I have no intention of retreating, Sir John," replied Seymour. "You can guess why I have brought his majesty here"

"You have brought him to your own destruction," muttered the Constable. "Fly instantly, if you would save yourself."

"You think to frighten me," rejoined Seymour; "but I am not to be turned from my purpose."

"The gates are closed—it is too late," said Gage. And he moved on toward the King.

Edward rode on toward the palace, where he dismounted, and, attended by the Admiral and the Constable, entered the building.

The palace had a gloomy air, being almost unoccupied at the time, but a large fire was lighted in the great tapestried chamber, to which they proceeded, and gave it a more cheerful look. Having warmed himself for a moment at the fire, Edward turned to his uncle, who was standing at a little distance from him, and observed:

"You have something to say to us, gentle uncle. Was it necessary we should come to the Tower to hear it?"

"Your majesty will judge," rejoined the Admiral. "The real motive of my bringing you here shall now be disclosed. I would have you in a place of safety, where you can issue your decrees without coërcion. At Whitehall, you are under the control of the Lord Protector and his officers. Here you can do as you please. Once before, I made an effort to free you from your uncle's thraldom. I was baffled then, but I shall not be baffled now, if your majesty will but stand firm—and never had you more need of firmness than at the present juncture."

"I will summon up all my resolution when I know for what emergency it is required," said Edward, regarding him fixedly.

"Listen to me, sire, and rest satisfied that the statements I am about to make to you can be fully substantiated. Since your august father's death, all acts and

appointments have been made by his executors. By them a president has been appointed, invested with almost sovereign powers, under the title of Lord Protector; by them and by the Protector councils have been held, and affairs of state administered. But all their authority was derived from the royal testament."

"True. The king my father ordained that the sixteen persons whom he named as executors should form the privy council, and execute all the authority of the crown during my minority."

"Your royal father so intended, sire, but ——"

"But what?" demanded Edward. "Have not his intentions been fully carried out?"

"Listen to me, sire. The king your father had his will carefully prepared and written out, but being of a somewhat changeful temper, he delayed the signing of it—till too late."

"Too late!" exclaimed Edward in amazement. "Was not the will signed?"

"It was stamped while his majesty was incapable of speech or movement—in fact, expiring. The will is consequently void, and being void, all acts founded upon it are likewise void. There are no executors, no privy council, no Lord Protector. Failing the will, the crown and all authority attached to it devolves upon the king's undoubted heir, your majesty. You are uncontrolled by guardians or executors."

"But is my uncle the Lord Protector aware of this fatal defect in the testament?" demanded Edward.

"Aware of it!" cried Seymour. "'Twas by his contrivance that the will was stamped. All his hopes of power and aggrandizement were based upon this document, and finding himself bereft of them by the king's neglect, he took this desperate means of remedying the error. He was aided in the fraudulent proceeding by Doctor Butts, whose conscience, borne down by the weight of his heinous crime, could only be relieved before his death by a written confession, which confession is in my custody, and shall be laid before your majesty."

This is a dreadful accusation to bring against your brother, my lord," observed Edward. "But you say you can substantiate it."

"In all particulars. Butts' confession is most ample. Sir John Gage and myself entered the royal chamber the moment after the will was stamped, and we can both testify to the King's appearance. He must have been long insensible. Was it not so, Sir John?" he added to the Constable, who was standing at a respectful distance.

"I can not deny it," replied Gage.

"This is sad indeed," observed Edward.

"'Tis a great wrong, and must be set right," pursued the Admiral. "To that end I have brought your majesty hither. The Lord Protector must be hurled from his place — the council dismissed. Leave the management of the business to me. Popular disturbances may occur, but by the energetic measures which I propose to adopt, they will be speedily quelled. Your majesty must consent to remain within the Tower till all is over. At most, 'twill only be a few days' restraint, and you will then enjoy a freedom such as you have not as yet experienced."

"Then you would not have me go back to Whitehall?"

"Not till the work be done, sire," replied the Admiral. "Here, in the event of tumult, or of any desperate attempt on the part of the Protector or his fautors to obtain possession of your person, you will be in perfect safety. I have prepared a mandate for your signature, empowering me to act for you. This is all the authority I need."

And he produced a scroll and laid it before the King.

At this moment Sir John Gage, who had hitherto remained standing at a respectful distance, advanced and said: "It is time I should interfere. Your majesty must not sign that mandate."

"Must not sign it, Sir John!" exclaimed the Admiral. "Do you dare to dictate to your sovereign?"

"At such a moment I dare advise him. As to you, my lord, I am bound to tell that you stand on the brink of a precipice, from which another step will plunge you headlong."

"You are thinking of the Lord Protector, not of me, good Sir John," rejoined the Admiral, in a contemptuous tone.

"His highness has a firmer footing than you suppose, my lord," replied the Constable. "But you have spoken of a confession by Doctor Butts. Can you produce it?"

"I can," replied the Admiral, searching the velvet bag depending from his girdle. "Ha! it is gone."

"That is unlucky, my lord," observed the Constable. "The production of the confession might have set all doubts at rest."

"Have you any doubts of the truth of my statement, Sir John?" cried Seymour fiercely.

"Such a terrible accusation ought not to be made without proof," observed the Constable.

"That is true," said the King.

"The document has been abstracted from my person," cried Seymour.

"Again I say, its loss is unlucky—most unlucky—for such a document might have helped you at your need. My lord, let me urge you to throw yourself upon the King's protection, and implore his grace. Without it, you are utterly lost."

"What mean you, Sir John?" cried Seymour fiercely. "Have you betrayed me?"

"You have been betrayed—but not by me," replied the Constable. "The Lord Protector and the council are here. I warned you when you entered the Tower, but you would not listen to me."

"Fly, dear uncle!—fly, while there is yet time," cried Edward.

"Flight is impossible, sire," said the Constable. "If the Admiral leaves this room he will be arrested. Guards are placed within the ante-chamber and in the corridor, and all the outlets of the fortress are closed by the Lord Protector's command."

There was a brief and terrible pause. Notwithstanding the extreme peril in which he stood, the Admiral's courage did not desert him, and he seemed to be preparing for a desperate effort. At last the King spoke.

"Sir John Gage," he said resolutely, "my uncle, Lord Seymour, shall not be arrested. D'ye mark what I say, Sir John? Lord Seymour must not be arrested. You must prevent it."

"Alas! sire, you ask more of me than I can perform," rejoined the Constable. "The Lord Protector is omnipotent here."

"You hear that, sire?" cried Seymour. "'Tis as I told you. The Lord Protector is every thing—your majesty nothing. I would have delivered you from this bondage, but I must now pay with my life for my devotion to you."

"You shall not fall into his power if I can prevent it, uncle," rejoined Edward. "Sir John Gage, on your allegiance, I command you to obey me. Aid the Admiral to fly."

"Beseech you, sire, to forgive me," cried the Constable, flinging himself at the King's feet, "I can not—dare not obey you."

"Dare not! Sir John. Little did I expect such an admission from you."

"My head would pay the penalty of such violation of my duty. That I will freely give. But I can not assist treason and rebellion. A warrant has been issued by the council for the Admiral's arrest, and I dare not oppose it."

"Sir John," continued the King, authoritatively, "I command you to set him free."

"But, sire ——"

"I will have no refusal. If the Tower gates are shut in the Lord Protector's name, cause them to be opened in mine. Let him go forth."

"It will be useless, sire. My orders will be disobeyed. The guard will refuse to open the gates."

"Not if you show them my signet," he replied, taking the ring from his finger, and giving it to the Constable.

"I will obey your majesty," said Sir John Gage, rising; "but only on the condition that the Admiral pledges me his word that if I set him free, he will relinquish his designs against his brother."

"I will give no such pledge," cried Seymour fiercely. "It is for you to obey the King's orders, Sir John, and not to impose conditions."

"Waste no more time in these objections, Sir John," said Edward, "but do as I command you. You are in no danger. My signet will protect you."

"I heed not the danger," said the Constable. "Since your majesty will have it so, I obey."

"Give me my horse, Sir John. Go with me to the gates—that is all I need," cried Seymour.

"I know not if I can find your steed," replied the Constable. "Most probably your escort has been dispersed. Orders, I know, were given to that effect."

"But my palfry must be there," cried

Edward. "Take that, or any horse you can obtain. Go—go!—we shall have them here."

"We can not pass through the antechamber; 'tis guarded, as I have said," remarked the Constable, stepping toward the side of the room, where, raising a piece of tapestry, he disclosed a secret door.

"Farewell, my gracious liege!" cried Seymour, with a profound obeisance to his royal nephew. "You shall hear from me ere long."

With this, he passed through the secret door with the Constable, and the hanging fell to its place.

Scarcely had the King time to seat himself, when the great door was thrown open, and the Lord Protector, followed by Warwick and the rest of the council, entered the room. Behind the latter came a guard of halberdiers, at the head of which was Ugo Harrington. Astonishment and dismay were painted on the countenances of the whole party when it was discovered that the King was alone. Somerset could not conceal his rage and disappointment.

"Where is the traitor?" he cried furiously.

"If your highness refers to the Lord Admiral," replied the King calmly, "he is gone, under my safeguard. I have charged Sir John Gage to see him safely out of the Tower."

"Sir John will answer to the council and to myself for this gross disobedience to our orders," rejoined the Protector. "He knew that a warrant had been issued for the Admiral's arrest."

"He obeyed my orders," said Edward with dignity.

"Your majesty is not aware of the heinous offenses of which the Admiral has been guilty, or you would never have aided his escape," said the Protector.

"Are those who make these accusations against him themselves free from guilt?" rejoined Edward sternly.

"What would your majesty insinuate?" cried the Protector.

"We shall find more fitting opportunity of speaking our mind," said Edward. "Meantime, your highness will do well to examine your own breast, and see that nothing be hidden within it which you would blush to have drawn forth."

Somerset looked embarrassed, and knew not what reply to make. At this juncture, the Earl of Warwick advanced toward him, and said in a low tone, "While we talk, the Admiral escapes. If he gets out of the Tower, an insurrection will assuredly take place, and then I will answer for none of our heads."

"What is to be done?" replied Somerset, in the same tone. "The King has set him free."

"Heed not that," said Warwick. "We shall share with you the responsibility of his arrest. If he escapes, we are all undone."

While they were thus conferring, Ugo Harrington came up to them.

"Pardon me for interrupting your highness," he said, "but each moment is precious. If you desire it, at any hazard I will arrest him."

"Do it at once, then, good fellow," cried Warwick. "His highness will thank thee, and reward thee. Here is the warrant—go!"

"Ay, go, and take a guard with thee," said the Protector.

Upon this, Ugo, ordering half a dozen halberdiers to follow him, quitted the room.

X.

HOW THE ADMIRAL WAS ARRESTED.

Meanwhile, Sir John Gage and the Admiral were making their way as expeditiously as they could toward the court. In order to reach it without interruption, they were obliged to take a circuitous route, to traverse several long passages, and finally to descend a back staircase in the east wing of the palace.

This brought them to the eastern end of the court, which was entirely deserted, and they then perceived that the escort had been dispersed; but the Admiral's steed, with the King's palfrey, and some half-dozen other horses, were still left in charge of the grooms near the principal entrance of the palace.

Uttering an exclamation of joy, Seymour hurried on in the direction of the horses, closely followed by the Constable. But ere they got up several halberdiers descended from the steps, and placed themselves in the way.

"You can not pass, my lord," said the chief of this party, recognizing the Admiral. "We have the Lord Protector's order to detain you."

"Out of my way, fellow! thou hadst best!" cried Seymour. "My authority is superior to thine. Show him the King's signet, Sir John."

"His majesty's orders are that the Lord Admiral be permitted to depart upon the instant," said the Constable. "Behold the royal signet!" he added, displaying the ring.

On this the men drew out aside, and the Admiral and his companion passed on.

"My horse," cried Seymour to the groom, who looked alarmed and irresolute.

"Give it him, fellow," cried the Constable. "'Tis by the King's commands."

In another instant Seymour had reached his steed, who neighed exultingly as his master sprang upon his back. At the same instant Sir John Gage vaulted into the saddle of another horse, and they both dashed out of the court, and rode down the descent leading to the Bloody Tower.

"Confusion! the gate is closed," cried Seymour, as they approached. "What ho! warder," he shouted. "Let us through, in the King's name."

The warder, who had come forth, hearing the injunction repeated by the Constable, prepared to comply, when suddenly a cannon was fired from the summit of the Cold-harbor Tower — a structure which, it may be remembered, closely adjoined the palace—while almost simultaneously loud shouts were heard proceeding from the same direction.

"What shall I do, Sir John?" demanded the warder, hesitating.

"Open the gate instantly," roared the Admiral.

At this moment two or three horsemen, accompanied by several yeomen of the guard, were seen at the summit of the acclivity. All these persons were hurrying toward the gate, and vociferating to the warder not to open it.

One of the horsemen rode on more quickly than the others, and as he advanced, Seymour perceived to his astonishment that it was Ugo Harrington. There was something in the esquire's looks and gestures that showed his purpose to be hostile, but all doubts on the subject were ended as he came up.

Flight was now impossible to Seymour, for the warder, declining to open the gate, had retreated to the tower, from a grated window in which he reconnoitered the different parties. Turning to face his opponents, who were now coming on in considerable numbers, the Admiral regarded them sternly.

"How comes it that I see thee with this rout, Ugo?" he cried, "and hear thy voice raised against me? Art thou a traitor?"

"No, an enemy to traitors," rejoined the esquire. "I am sent to arrest you, my lord, and I call upon Sir John Gage and all others who are nigh to aid me."

"Thou sent to arrest me!" cried Seymour, with a scornful laugh. "Could none other but my own servant be found to do the office?"

"I sought it, and it was granted me, in consideration of services I have rendered to the Lord Protector," rejoined Ugo. "This is my vengeance for the wrong you did me three years ago. I have revealed all your treasonable practices to the council, and in return they have charged me to arrest you."

"Have you the warrant?" demanded the Constable.

"'Tis here," replied Ugo, producing it. "My Lord Admiral, I arrest you of high treason in the name of the Lord Protector and the council. Resistance will avail you nothing. Yield yourself, therefore, a prisoner, and deliver up your sword."

"Take it to thy heart, vile traitor," cried Seymour, plunging his rapier with such force into the esquire's body that the hilt smote against his breast. Uttering a fearful cry, Ugo fell backward, and unable to keep his seat in the saddle, rolled heavily to the ground, where he lay, breathing curses against his slayer.

For a moment, the yeomen of the guard, who had witnessed this terrible act of retribution, looked on in horror and consternation, but the next instant they closed round the Admiral, and seizing his bridle, and presenting their halberds at his breast, prevented him from making any further movement. Sir John Gage also interposed.

"Give me the warrant," he shouted.

"Take it," said the dying man to the halberdier who approached him. "It will avenge me."

"My Lord Admiral," said Gage, as he received the parchment, which was sprinkled with blood, "I must now discharge the office of the man you have just wounded unto death. You are my prisoner. Dismount, I pray you."

Seeing resistance fruitless, the Admiral complied. As he alighted, he found himself close beside his bleeding victim, whose dying gaze was fixed upon him.

"Take charge of the prisoner," said Sir John Gage, "and conduct him to the palace, that the Lord Protector's pleasure concerning him may be ascertained."

While the guard were placing themselves on either side of the Admiral, Ugo raised himself slightly by a last effort, and cried: "You can not escape now. I vowed that your head should fall upon the block—and so it will. I die content."

And with a laugh of exultation, he fell backward and expired.

"Vindictive wretch! thou hast well deserved thy fate!" ejaculated the Constable. "Remove the body to Mauger's vault yonder, beneath the Bloody Tower," he continued. "'Tis a fitting place for it. And let these sanguinary stains be effaced. Ere long, in all likelihood, his majesty will pass this way. Now, bring on the prisoner. To the palace!"

With this, he rode slowly up the ascent, followed by the Admiral, whose courage seemed wholly unshaken by the sudden reverse he had experienced, and who marched with a firm step and haughty front in the midst of the guard.

Dismounting at the grand portal, the Constable caused his prisoner to be taken in, and then entering himself, proceeded with the Admiral and the guard to that part of the palace where he had left the King, and where he was informed that his majesty still remained.

As may be imagined, the arrest of so important a personage as the Admiral caused a vast deal of excitement amongst all those who saw him brought in. Strange looks and whispers were interchanged. Seymour, however, was known to stand so high in his royal nephew's favor, that all anticipated his speedy release.

On arriving at the ante-chamber, the Constable ordered the guard to remain there with the prisoner, while he went in to the King.

"Leave me not here, I pray you, good Sir John," said the Admiral, "but take me at once before his majesty."

"I must first ascertain the Lord Protector's pleasure," rejoined the Constable. And he entered the inner room.

After a short absence he returned, and, approaching the Admiral, said: "Admittance is denied you, my lord. His majesty, who is greatly moved in your behalf, would fain have you brought in, but the Lord Protector is inflexible upon the point, and the whole of the council support him."

"Alas! poor King! he will never have a will of his own," exclaimed Seymour. "But I must see him, good Sir John. I must have a word with him."

"It can not be, my lord," rejoined the Constable. "My orders are peremptory. I must take you hence forthwith, and place you in confinement."

"But the King must needs pass through this chamber. Let me stay here till he comes forth. Fortune frowns upon me at this moment, but she will smile again ere long, and then I shall not forget the service."

"I can not do it—I dare not do it, my lord. I have already incurred the Protector's displeasure by what I have done. Guards, bring on the prisoner."

"I will not stir," cried the Admiral fiercely. "I *will* see the King."

"My lord, you can not. Ha! his majesty comes forth."

And, as he spoke, the doors of the inner chamber were thrown open by the henchmen, and immediately afterward Edward came out, closely attended by the Lord Protector, and followed by the council.

The young monarch was evidently much distressed. His eyes were fixed upon the ground, and he did not notice the Admiral and the guard.

Not so Somerset. Instantly perceiving his brother, he cast an ireful look at Sir John Gage.

"Stand aside, my lord," said the Constable to Seymour. "You have done me a great injury. You must not speak to the King."

And he signed to the halberdiers to keep him back. But the Admiral would not be restrained. Ere the King had advanced many paces, he broke from the guard, and prostrated himself before his royal nephew.

"Protect me, sire!—protect me from my enemies!" he cried.

Edward regarded him with deep commiseration, and would have raised him, if Somerset had not stepped quickly forward, and rudely pushed his brother aside.

"Forbear!" he cried, "thou monstrous traitor. Dare not to approach the King

thou hast so deeply injured. Thy heinous treasons and misdemeanors have justly steeled his heart against thee. Turn a deaf ear to his prayers, sire, and pass on. He deserves not a moment's consideration."

"And what art thou, who dar'st to call me traitor?" cried Seymour, springing to his feet. "Treason in thy case has assumed gigantic proportions, such as it never heretofore attained. Falsest of traitors hast thou been to thy late sovereign lord and master, who loved and trusted thee, and loaded thee with honors. False and traitorous wert thou to King Henry in regard to his will, which by thy machinations was fraudulently stamped while he lay helpless, speechless, dying. False and traitorous hast thou been to thy royal nephew, whose youth and inexperience thou hast abused, and whom thou hast sought to deprive of his power and authority. Thou chargest me with treasons and misdemeanors! Thine own are of such magnitude that others are dwarfed beside them. Thou hast usurped thy present post, and wilt usurp the crown itself, if thou be'st not prevented."

"I disdain to answer these idle charges," said Somerset; "but there is one so grave, that, since it is made publicly, must and shall be instantly refuted. You tax me with causing the late King's will to be fraudulently stamped. Those who witnessed it—and they are several in number—can prove that the accusation is false. But on what pretense do you dare to make so scandalous, so atrocious a charge?"

"On the confession of your accomplice, Doctor Butts."

"Where is the confession?" demanded Somerset. "Produce it."

"Ay, produce it—if you can?" said Warwick, in a derisive tone.

"The document has been purloined from me—no doubt by my villainous servant, Ugo Harrington, whom I have punished for his perfidy," rejoined Seymour. "But what I avouch is true."

"Tut! tut!" exclaimed Warwick. "'Tis evident your charge can not be supported, and must be regarded as false and malicious. In your own case, on the contrary, we have abundant proof of treasonable practices. Learn to your confusion that your accomplice, Sir William Sharington, is a prisoner here in the Tower, and has confessed his guilt, and your participation in his offenses."

This was a heavy and unexpected blow to the Admiral, and it was plain he felt it; but he quickly recovered, and said, with great audacity: "Any charge that Sharington may bring against me can be refuted. Let me be confronted with him."

"That you shall be anon, and with your other confederates in treason," said the Protector. "But you must be content to await your examination by the council."

"Your majesty will not allow me to be sacrificed by my enemies?" cried Seymour, appealing to the King, who, though he looked compassionately at him, had not hitherto spoken.

"Justice must take its course, interposed the Protector. "His majesty can not interfere."

"Alas! I can not," exclaimed Edward, in a voice of deep emotion.

"Do you abandon me in this dire extremity, sire?" cried the Admiral. "A word from you, and I am free."

"You are mistaken, my lord," said Warwick. "It is not even in his majesty's power to free you now. You must be brought to trial for the heinous offenses with which you are charged. To pardon you would be to encourage treason and rebellion."

"I am neither traitor nor rebel," cried Seymour. "Would you all were as loyal and devoted to the King as I am. Sire, will you see me crushed without a word to save me?"

"Peace! your appeals are vain," rejoined Somerset. "Come, sire!"

"Farewell! my lord," said Edward. "Heaven grant you may be able to clear yourself!"

Casting a compassionate look at the Admiral, he then moved on, attended by the Protector, and followed by the council. Before quitting the room, he gave another farewell look at his uncle, who continued gazing imploringly and half reproachfully at him.

In another moment he was gone—forever, as far as Seymour was concerned. He never beheld him more.

For a moment, the Admiral remained stupified. But quickly recovering himself, he assumed all his customary haughtiness of deportment and fearlessness of look.

"The chances are against me for the

moment, Sir John," he observed to the Constable. "But all is not lost. The worst that can befall me is long imprisonment, like Norfolk's, or exile. My brother will not venture to bring me to the scaffold. The curse of Cain would be on him, were he to shed my blood!"

"Had you succeeded in your attempt and overthrown him, would you have spared your brother, my lord?" demanded the Constable.

Seymour made no reply.

"You would not," pursued Gage. "Then judge him not too severely. You have tried him sorely. But it is now my painful duty to see you taken to your prison-lodging. May it be mine, also, to assist at your liberation. Guards, to the Bowyer Tower!"

The Admiral was then surrounded by the halberdiers, in the midst of whom he marched across the green toward a tower at the north side of the inner ward.

By this time, the King, with the Lord Protector, the lords of the council, and their attendants, having departed, there were but few witnesses of the scene; and none whom Seymour heeded. Spectacles of this kind had been too frequent during the late reign to excite much wonder. But all who beheld the Admiral marveled at his proud deportment and confident looks.

On arriving at the Bowyer Tower, he was consigned to the charge of Tombs, the jailer, who, unlocking a strong oaken door, strengthened with plates of iron, and studded with flat-headed nails, ushered him into the very cell in which the Earl of Surrey had been confined. The recollection of his interview with the unfortunate nobleman on the night before his execution rushed upon Seymour's mind, and filled him with dread.

"I like not this cell, Sir John," he observed to the Constable, who had accompanied him. "Can I not have another lodging?"

"Is there any other cell vacant, Tombs?" demanded the Constable.

"None that would suit his lordship," replied the jailer. "His grace of Norfolk is in the Beauchamp Tower, the Earl of Devonshire is in the Devilin Tower, Bishop Gardiner in the Flint Tower, and Bishop Heath in the Brick Tower. Sir William Sharington is in the Constable's Tower. There is a cell unoccupied in the Martin Tower, but it is not so comfortable as this. The Bowyer Tower hath always been reserved for the highest nobles. The last person who lodged here, as your lordship may remember," he added to Seymour, "was the Earl of Surrey."

"For that reason I like it not," rejoined the Admiral. "But no matter. What signifies it who occupied the dungeon?"

"True; as your lordship observes, it matters little," said Tombs. "You will find the chamber very comfortable."

"I would I could do better for you, my lord," observed the Constable; "but you will be as well here as any where else—perhaps better. See that his lordship is well cared for, and that all his reasonable requests are attended to," he added to the jailer.

Tombs promised strict compliance, and by Gage's directions proceeded to divest the Admiral of his armor, carrying the different pieces composing it out of the cell.

Promising to send the prisoner changes of apparel and other matters which he required, the Constable took his departure; the door of the dungeon was locked outside by Tombs; and Seymour was left to his meditations.

THE BOWYER TOWER.

I.

HOW SIR WILLIAM SHARINGTON WAS CONFRONTED WITH THE ADMIRAL.

A PRISONER in the Tower!

Sudden and sad was the change that had come over the haughty Seymour—that morn one of the most powerful nobles in the land, with hundreds ready to obey him—at eve a prisoner in the Tower.

A prisoner!—he a prisoner! 'Twas hard to realize the dread idea. Yet, as he gazed around his narrow cell, the terrible conviction forced itself upon him, and a sickness like that of death came over him. Remorse, suddenly roused within his breast, added to the mental anguish he endured. With a conscience burdened with many crimes, the enormity of which he could not hide from himself, he yet felt no contrition. Perceiving not that the chastisement he endured was justly inflicted for his sinfulness, he murmured against the wrath he had provoked.

No more fearful state of mind can be conceived than that which the unhappy

man now experienced. The furies seemed to lash him with all their whips, and to goad him to madness. So acute, indeed, were his sufferings, that finding reflection intolerable, he threw himself on a pallet which was laid in a deep recess, and sought forgetfulness in sleep. But his slumbers were not undisturbed, his dreams being scarcely less terrible than his waking thoughts.

Another day passed much in the same manner as the first. Its dreary monotony was unrelieved by any event, save the appearance, at stated intervals, of the jailer, who brought him the changes of apparel and other matters promised by Sir John Gage.

No information as to the intentions of the council could be obtained by the prisoner from Tombs. Seymour had hoped that he might be speedily examined, but in this expectation he was disappointed. His enemies could scarcely have devised greater torture than by leaving him a prey to his own bitter reflections.

The keenest pang, however, that he endured—keener than the loss of power and position — was the thought that he was debarred from seeing the Princess Elizabeth, or hearing from her. If he could but behold her once more, he should be content; if he could but hear from her, it would soothe his anguish. She must needs be aware of his fall, and perchance might find some means of communicating with him. But no letter or message came.

Sir John Gage did not even make his appearance. Had the council interdicted him from visiting the prisoner? When questioned on the subject, the jailer answered that he thought so. Not till he became a captive himself had Seymour any notion of the horrors of captivity. Solitary confinement was inexpressibly irksome to him—well-nigh intolerable.

Leaving the unhappy man to himself for a while, we will now see what proceedings had been taken by his enemies.

On the day following the Admiral's imprisonment in the Tower, the seal of his office was sent for and placed in the hands of the secretaries of state. All his private papers and correspondence were secured, and several officers of his court, known to be in his confidence, and supposed to be able to make disclosures against him, were arrested. His two residences, Seymour House and Chelsea Manor-House, were seized by the officers of the crown, the former, with all its rich furniture and objects of art being appropriated by the Lord Protector, and the latter, soon afterward, being bestowed upon the Earl of Warwick, as the price of his assistance to Somerset.

Messengers of state, accompanied by sufficient force to enable them to execute their purpose, were sent to take possession of Seymour's princely mansion, Sudley Castle, and of his fortress, Holt Castle. These places were occupied without resistance, for on hearing that the Admiral was arrested, all his partisans lost heart. Both castles were escheated to the crown, the former being given to the Marquis of Northampton (brother, it will be remembered to the unhappy Queen Catherine Parr,) and the latter converted into a garrison for the King's troops.

Six of the swiftest-sailing ships of war were dispatched to the Scilly Islands to take possession of all the stores laid up there by the grand conspirator, and to capture and destroy the piratical vessels in his pay. Vigorous measures were also taken to repress risings in the different counties known to be favorable to the Admiral, and several ringleaders were arrested and subsequently hanged.

By these prompt and decisive steps, which were taken on the advice and under the direction of Warwick, the insurrection was effectually crushed. Terror-stricken by the fall of their leader, the bands upon whom he had counted quickly dispersed. A slight demonstration in his behalf was made in the city of London where the apprentices, incited by his partisans, cried out against his arrest, but the rioters were speedily put down by the train-bands.

Thus was one of the most daring and extraordinary conspiracies ever planned brought to an end before it had time to explode. Thus with Lord Seymour fell the entire edifice he had been at so much pains to construct.

All these proceedings, however, were kept carefully concealed from the contriver of the plot, and whatever he might suspect, he knew not how completely his work had been undone.

On the sixth day of his imprisonment it was intimated to the Admiral by Tombs that he would be examined by the council, and the intelligence was satisfactory to him. By this time, he had fully recovered from the shock occasioned by his

fall; all his courage had returned, and hope was again kindled in his breast. Having prepared for his defense, he persuaded himself he should be able to baffle his enemies.

Arrayed in habiliments of black velvet, he impatiently awaited the summons of the council. It was brought by the Constable of the Tower in person, who came with a guard to conduct him to the Lieutenant's lodgings, where the council were assembled. Sir John looked grave and stern, and declined to answer any questions put to him.

After a short detention in the anteroom, Seymour was taken into the large wainscoted chamber already described, where he found all the members of the council, with the exception of Cranmer, seated round a table covered with green cloth. Before them were piles of letters and other papers, which he knew at a glance related to himself.

At the upper end of the table sat the Earl of Warwick, with the Earl of Southampton on his right hand, and Lord Russell on his left. The countenances of the assemblage boded him little good. But Seymour was not to be daunted by the stern and menacing looks fixed upon him. Standing between two halberdiers, he surveyed the assemblage with a glance of defiance, and making a haughty inclination to them, drew himself up to his full hight.

"My lord," said Warwick, "we trust —though your proud and assured deportment seems scarcely to warrant such a conclusion — that the confinement you have undergone has wrought in you a penitent spirit, and that you are prepared to confess the heinous offenses and treasons of which you have been guilty—and of which we may tell you we have proof —and throw yourself upon your offended sovereign's mercy."

"I have nothing to confess, my lord," rejoined the Admiral sternly. "I have been guilty of no crimes."

"We have the deposition of various witnesses against you," said Warwick. "They shall be read, and you can then disprove them, if you have the power."

"I demand an open trial," rejoined Seymour. "I refuse to answer any interrogations which you, my lord of Warwick, or your colleagues, may put to me, knowing you to be my mortal enemies."

"Do you venture to impugn the justice of the council?" said Warwick.

"I do," rejoined Seymour. "You may spare yourselves the trouble of reading those depositions to me. I shall not reply to them."

"We will find a way to move you, if you continue thus stubborn, my lord," remarked Southampton. "The rack may make you speak."

"Not if you turn the wheel yourself, my lord, with as much zeal as you did against poor Anne Askew," retorted Seymour. "How know I by what means these depositions against me have been procured? Let my accusers be confronted with me, and we shall then see whether they will maintain their charges to my face."

"We might well refuse your demand," replied Warwick. "But to prove that we are not so inimical as you represent us, it shall be granted. Let Sir William Sharington be brought in."

After a short pause, the unfortunate master of the mint was introduced by a side-door. Wholly unable to walk without support, he had to be accommodated with a chair. He gave a terrified and half-imploring look at the Admiral, and then cast down his eyes.

"Sir William Sharington," said Warwick, "you have already confessed that you have coined ten thousand pounds of false money, and clipped coin to the extent of forty thousand pounds. At whose instigation, and for whose benefit, did you commit these offenses?"

"Before you answer, Sir William," cried Seymour, "I desire you will look me straight in the face."

"Speak!" cried Warwick, "and declare the truth."

"I can not speak," said Sharington, quailing beneath the Admiral's terrible gaze. "His glances pierce into my soul."

"You have wrung this confession from him by torture," cried Seymour. "He has accused me to save himself. Is it not so, Sir William?"

"Do not let him intimidate you, sir, but avow the truth," said Warwick. "You can not deny your own confession."

"Was it not extorted by the rack?" cried Seymour.

"Ay, marry was it," replied Sharington; "else I had confessed nothing. I pray you forgive me, my lord, for what I have done."

"I freely forgive you," rejoined the Admiral, "though you have placed a weapon against me in the hands of my enemies. But they can not use it now."

"The council can not be trifled with in this manner, sir," observed Southampton to the master of the mint. "Are the charges you have made against Lord Seymour true or false? Answer!"

"Take me hence, and place me again upon the rack, if you will," cried Sharington. "I would rather die than submit to these interrogations."

"Thou wilt die by the hangman's hand, thou false and equivocating knave!" cried Warwick. "But we have thy confession—signed by thine own hand—and that is enough. Take him hence!" he added to the guard.

And much to his own relief, the unfortunate man was removed.

"Your first accusation falls to the ground, my lords," said Seymour triumphantly. "And I doubt not all the rest will do so."

"Do not delude yourself with any such notion, my lord," said Southampton. "We are all satisfied of the truth of Sir William Sharington's confession, and it is sufficient to condemn you. But your crimes are manifold as they are heinous. Thirty-six articles of high treason and other misdemeanors against the crown will be exhibited against you. You are charged with using all your natural influence over our youthful sovereign's mind to dissatisfy him with the government, and to get the control of affairs into your own hands—with corrupting by bribes certain gentlemen of the privy-chamber and others—with promising his majesty's hand in marriage—with endeavoring to obtain possession of his person, to the infinite peril of the realm—with confederating with divers disaffected noblemen and gentlemen—with secretly raising an army of ten thousand men, and providing money and supplies for that force for one month. You are also charged with putting your castle of Holt, in Denbighshire, into a state of defense, with providing it with a strong garrison and stores of war, with fortifying your castle of Sudley, in Gloucestershire, and with possessing yourself of the strong and dangerous Isles of Scilly, to which you purposed to retreat. All this you have done with the design of exciting rebellion and causing civil war. In addition to these atrocious crimes, you are charged with others of a more dishonorable nature, and which must stamp your name with perpetual infamy. Not only are you taxed with inciting and abetting the gigantic frauds perpetrated by Sir William Sharington, but it is objected against you, and can be proved, that you have abused the high office with which you have been intrusted by extorting money from merchantmen under various false pleas and pretenses, by seizing upon wrecks and refusing restitution to the rightful owners, and by conspiring with pirates and sharing their plunder. To this long catalogue of offenses it may be added that you have secretly attempted to obtain the hand in marriage of his majesty's sister, the Princess Elizabeth, second inheritor of the crown, well knowing that such marriage would be against the late king's will, and could not be contracted without consent of the council. What answer make you to these charges?"

"I deny them all," replied Seymour boldly.

"Your denial will avail nothing. We have damnatory proofs against you. We have the statements of Ugo Harrington, the wretched man slain by you—the depositions of the Marquis of Dorset—of Fowler of the privy-chamber—of Hornbeak, Blades, and other pirates with whom you have conspired, and who are now lodged in the Fleet—and of the Princess Elizabeth's governess, Mistress Ashley. Of the long list of offenses with which you are charged, there is not one but can be proved."

"Still I repeat my emphatic denial of them all," said the Admiral. "I will answer every accusation brought against me, but not here. I demand an open trial, and, in justice, you can not refuse it."

"Crimes of such magnitude as yours can not be publicly discussed with safety to the state," rejoined Southampton. "Following the precedents afforded in such cases during the late reign, a bill of attainder will be brought against you."

"In other words, you mean to destroy me," interrupted Seymour. "I am to be condemned unheard. Finish this mockery of justice, and sentence me at once to the block."

"If you are convicted of your crimes, my lord, your sentence will follow quickly

enough," observed Warwick — "more quickly, perchance, than you may desire. The articles of treason objected against you shall be left with you, and you can answer them as you see fit. This is all the grace we deign to confer. We are satisfied of your guilt, and your bold denial of the charges does not shake our conviction. Ever since your royal nephew came to the throne you have been plotting and contriving for increase of power, and if heaven had not thwarted them, infinite danger to the King's person, and subversion of the whole state of the realm, might have followed your traitorous designs. We can hold out no hope to you. Leze-majesty and other high crimes and misdemeanors have been proved against you, and you will meet a traitor's doom."

"I will meet my death resolutely, come how or when it may," rejoined Seymour. "I spared your life, my lord of Warwick, when you were in my power, and it is thus you requite me. Your aim is to destroy me. But you will fail. The King will not see me perish."

"The King can not pardon a convicted traitor," said Warwick. "Once more, do you persist in your refusal to answer our interrogations?"

"Resolutely," said Seymour.

"Then the examination need be no further continued," pursued Warwick. "Let the prisoner be removed, Sir John."

On this the Admiral was withdrawn, and taken back to the Bowyer Tower.

II.

BY WHOSE AID THE ADMIRAL SENT A LETTER TO THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

Three days after the examination just described, Seymour was visited in his cell by the Earl of Warwick and some others of the council, who came to receive his answers to the articles of impeachment. He had cautiously limited himself, it appeared, to a few brief rejoinders, explanatory of his motives for supplying the King with money, and bestowing presents upon Fowler and other grooms of the chamber. To the more serious charges a simple and emphatic denial was all he deigned to return.

Throughout this second interview, Seymour conducted himself with the same spirit and determination which he had heretofore evinced. No menaces could shake him. Peremptorily refusing to answer the articles in detail, and objecting even to sign the short rejoinders he had made, he persisted in his demand for an open trial, and inveighed against the secret and inquisitorial examinations to which he had been subjected, declaring that he would answer no more interrogations. Thereupon, Warwick and the others left him.

Shortly after this, the bill of attainder was brought into the House of Lords, and passed without delay. When transmitted to the Commons, it encountered strenuous opposition at first, but this was overruled by the Lord Protector's influence, and the bill likewise passed the Lower House. But not without considerable persuasion from the council, in which even Cranmer joined, was the royal assent obtained. This was given on the tenth of March, 1549.

Seymour had been now nearly two months a prisoner in the Tower. Though his fortitude remained unshaken, his proud and impatient spirit chafed sorely against his confinement. No one was allowed to see him unless with a written order from the Constable of the Tower, and then only in the presence of the jailer. Apprehensions being entertained lest he might find means of secretly conveying a letter to his royal nephew, the writing materials which had been left with him, when it was hoped he might answer the articles of impeachment, were removed. No entreaties or promises could prevail on Tombs to supply him with them again.

Cut off from communication with the outer world; deprived of all books, save a few godly tracts left with him by Latimer, by whom he was occasionally visited, and who pronounced him in a most sinful, hardened, and deplorable condition; devoured by ambition; tormented by an incurable passion; the Admiral, it will easily be imagined, passed his time wretchedly enough. Still, he was true to himself; still, he continued haughty and unyielding.

On the night of that unlucky day when the bill of attainder received the royal assent, of which circumstance he was informed by Tombs, he remained seated beside his table to a late hour, with his face covered by his hands.

All at once a noise, proceeding, as it seemed, from a loophole some feet from the ground, caused him to raise his eyes, and to his great astonishment he be-

held, by the dim light of the iron lamp illumining the cell, a diminutive figure standing within the aperture. While he was staring at this apparition, the little personage called out:

"'Tis I, my lord—Xit, his majesty's somewhile dwarf. Aid me to descend, I beseech you. An I leap I shall break my neck, and that is not a death I desiderate."

On this Seymour advanced toward the aperture, and catching the dwarf, who sprang toward him, in his arms, set him on the ground.

"What brings thee here?" said the Admiral. "Know'st thou not it is as much as thy life is worth to visit me thus privily?"

"I know that right well, my lord," replied Xit; "and I have adventured my life to serve you. Your generosity toward me demanded a return, and I determined to prove my gratitude. Having been discharged from my post near his majesty by the Lord Protector, because he found out that I had conveyed messages to your lordship, I have once more become an inmate of the Tower, and now lodge with the three giant warders. It was by the aid of Og, the elder of the brethren, that I obtained admission to your cell. He placed me on his shoulders, whence I clambered to yon loophole; and though it was no easy matter, even for one of my slender proportions, I contrived to squeeze myself through the bars. Og is standing outside to aid me on my return."

"I owe thee much for thy fidelity," replied Seymour, greatly touched by the dwarf's devotion. "Of all who have profited by my bounty, thou art the only one who has exhibited gratitude. But how dost thou propose to aid me?"

"I thought your lordship might desire to have some letter or message conveyed for you, and as I knew Master Tombs would neither do your will, nor allow it to be done, I have come thus privily to offer myself as your messenger."

"I am much beholden to thee," said Seymour. "I have not the means of writing a letter, or I would confide one to thee. My tablets are left me, but I have neither pen nor pencil."

"That is most unlucky," said Xit. "But I will come again—and better provided!"

"Stay!" cried Seymour; "a plan occurs to me. This point shall answer my purpose."

And plucking a sharp aglet from his dress, he punctured his arm with it, and proceeded to trace a few passionate words with his blood on a leaf of the tablets.

This done, he closed the book, tied it with a ribbon, and gave it to Xit.

"Deliver this, I pray thee, to the Princess Elizabeth," he said. "Guard it as thy life. Hast thou any knowledge where her highness now is?"

"I have heard that she is at Shene," replied Xit. "If so, I will engage that your lordship's missive shall be delivered into her own hands to-morrow morning."

"Thou wilt do me the greatest possible service," cried the Admiral. "Whatever betide, let me see thee again on the morning of my execution. I may have another letter or message for thee."

"I will not fail," replied Xit.

Seymour was about to tear some ornament from his attire in order to reward his little envoy, when Xit stopped him, saying he would accept nothing till he had executed his mission.

"I must now entreat your lordship's aid to reach the loophole," he said.

On this, Seymour lifted him from the ground, and the ascent was quickly and safely accomplished.

This done, Xit pressed his hand to his heart in token of devotion, and disappeared.

From the Leisure Hour.

SHAH ABBAS THE GREAT.

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF THE SEVENTH KING OF PERSIA.

As Shah Abbas the Great was one day hunting in the mountains, and had accidentally got somewhat separated from his attendants, he came suddenly on a boy, who, while herding his goats, was playing very sweetly on a small flute. The Shah addressed him, and the boy, who had no suspicion of the hunter's rank, answered not only with perfect frankness, but great intelligence. Very soon, however, Iman Kuli, the then Khan or Governor of Shiraz, appeared in the distance, and the Shah hastily gave him a sign as he approached, which imposed silence on him when he joined his royal master, who continued his conversation with the boy, receiving to all his interrogations replies so replete with good sense and propriety, as set both listeners in no small wonderment.

After leaving the young goatherd, the King asked the Governor what he thought of the little rustic; and the Khan, who was a man of much penetration, replied that he thought, if the boy were taught to read and write, he was likely to make a most useful servant for his Majesty.

Shah Abbas gave in to the proposal at once, and settled the matter by committing the future training of the young herdsman to the Khan himself, who forthwith (having without difficulty obtained possession of the boy's person) took the matter in hand, and that with such happy success that the Khan was able, in a few years, to employ his *protégé* in various subordinate offices within his province, and having thus tested his ability, felt safe in recommending him to his sovereign for higher employment.

The Shah, delighted with the metamorphosis of a herd-boy into an able official, more especially as he could take to himself the credit of having first suspected the value of the uncut diamond, called him to court, and soon felt such confidence in him as to bestow on him the flattering appointment of Nazar, or Master of the Household, installing him at the same time among the dignitaries of the kingdom, under the name of Mohammed Ali Bey.

The new Nazar was neither puffed up by the suddenness of his good fortune, nor blinded by the greatness of his elevation, but conducted himself with such watchful zeal and incorruptible fidelity in his master's service, as to gain his fullest confidence; as the highest proof of which, the King sent him, on two several and very critical occasions, as ambassador to the Great Mogul, and each time had the utmost reason to be satisfied, not only with the faithfulness, but with the prudence of his behavior.

But the court of Persia was not then, and probably is not now, more free than other courts from the baneful influence of that envious rancor which watches for any crevice into which the wedge of calumny can be thrust, in order to accelerate the downfall of a royal favorite; and the very conscientiousness with which the Nazar devoted himself to the duties of his office, and the exactitude and economy with which he regulated and stewarded the estates and revenues committed to his management, created him enemies among the most influential persons of the court, more particularly the eunuchs, and, worst of all, the ladies of the harem, whose extravagant wishes and boundless expenditure he unhesitatingly opposed, and, as far as he could, remorselessly restrained.

With this self-interestedly hostile party several ministers and nobles of the kingdom associated themselves, for political purposes, and strove, all in vain, to their bitter disappointment, to injure the honorable and justly honored man in the opinion of Abbas the Great.

But what they failed to accomplish with that wise and experienced monarch, they anticipated attaining, with less difficulty, from his thoughtless and in every respect

inferior successor, his grandson, Mirza Shah Isafi. Yet, with even him they seemed, for a time, to have reckoned without their host; for although one after another threw in a disparaging word against the Nazar, and insidiously tried to infuse suspicions of his rectitude into the mind of the young monarch, he made as though he heard them not, till all at once there occurred what seemed to the cabal the long-wished for favorable opportunity for effecting the obnoxious one's overthrow, and they availed themselves of it on the instant.

The King was one day amusing himself with the examination of his collection of costly sabers and daggers of various shapes, the hilts of which were all, more or less, richly set with jewels of great value, when one of his chamberlains asked, as if on the spur of the moment, if his Majesty would not cause to be fetched from his royal treasury that specially costly and indeed unique saber which had been given to his illustrious grandfather, Shah Abbas, by the Grand Sultan, and which, being closely studded with jewels of priceless worth, was reported not to have its equal upon earth, and was in consequence always deposited for safety within the locked recesses of the royal treasure-house.

The Shah's curiosity being strongly excited by this glowing description, (and the more so, because he did not remember to have ever seen this renowned saber, even on occasions when his grandfather's jeweled pomp was wont to be displayed before the eyes of strangers,) dispatched a messenger instantly to the Nazar, (who, be it remembered, was also keeper of the crown jewels,) to desire the Sultan's splendid gift might forthwith be sent to him. The Nazar, although he at once declared he had never seen such a saber, commenced an immediate search through all the various repositories of the treasure-house, but without success; and the Shah's messenger returned with this unsatisfactory answer.

The wily chamberlain, after expressing great surprise and disappointment, suggested that the book in which all foreign presents were registered might throw some light on the matter. The Shah commanded it to be brought, and sure enough there stood a full description of the jeweled saber, duly registered on being deposited in the royal treasury.

Now the facts of the case fully explanatory of the apparent mystery, and which were perfectly well known to several of the calumniators, though not to the young chamberlain, whom they put forward on the occasion, were in full accordance with the Nazar's declaration that he had never seen the saber now sought for. He never could have seen it, inasmuch as, before his appointment to the office of Nazar, Shah Abbas had caused all the precious stones, as well as the hilt of massive gold, to be removed from the Sultan's gift, and formed into a jewel of his own device, which, from its high worth and rare beauty, constituted in fact the greatest ornament of the present jewel-chamber. But unfortunately, at the time when this alteration was made, it had been neglected to be noted in the registry, in which the jeweled saber still figured, as before its spoliation; and this fact, too, was well known to more than one of the plotters, and formed in their minds full security against detection.

The malicious enviers were therefore now at the summit of their wishes; and when the Shah, whose curiosity they had purposely excited to the highest pitch, naturally felt not only disappointment but displeasure at the Nazar's declaration that he had never seen the saber, contradicted as that was in distinct terms by the registry he himself ought to have examined when he entered on office, a wide door was opened for all imaginable insinuations and accusations against the apparently falling favorite. They accordingly hastened to inform their lord that the whole country had long been amazed by the immense expenditure in which the Nazar indulged. He had, they said, erected caravansaries for the reception of pilgrims, at his own cost; he had built bridges and dykes for the improvement and security of the public roads; and, lastly, had erected for himself so magnificent a house, or rather palace, that it were worth even his Majesty's while to look through it: and whence, asked they then, could any private individual procure means adequate to all these great undertakings, unless by helping himself from the royal treasury? It was therefore, they concluded, felt by them all as their bounden duty to counsel his Majesty to call the Nazar to a strict account; and if he could prove his innocence, who would be so happy as they?

In the midst of these calumniatory tirades, a messenger arrived from the Nazar, soliciting an audience. It was granted; but how different was the reception which Mohammed Bey met from the King, to any he had ever before experienced in that court! With impatient gesture and wrathful tone, the monarch called on the Nazar to "see to it that the missing saber was forthcoming;" and added, which he intended as an alarming threat, that fifteen days would be granted him to arrange his accounts, after the lapse of which time the King himself would institute a search through every nook of the treasure-house, and compare its contents, article by article, with the registry he now held in his hand.

The Nazar, whose conscience spoke him free of ever having wronged his royal master to the value of a farthing, listened to those angry words with perfect composure, and then said in a calmly respectful tone: "I have but one boon to implore from your gracious Majesty and that is, that the examination of the treasury and its comparison with the registry may not be delayed for fifteen days, but take place to-morrow morning."

The Shah was startled, and a feeling of pity for an old servant impelled him to counsel the Nazar to bethink himself well before he rejected the time offered for the due arrangement of his charge. Mohammed Bey, however, remained firm in his request for an immediate examination, and, in accordance therewith, it began on the following morning.

Every thing was found in the most perfect order, and article after article produced, as they stood on the register; not a tittle was wanting, save the jeweled saber. But, on the other hand, there was found in the treasury a most remarkable ornament, compounded of the purest gold, and blazing with the largest and rarest jewels, of which no mention whatever could be found in the registry; furthermore, a richly damascened blade, with a plain, unpretending, soldier-like hilt: of this, too, no note was taken in the register.

The richly jeweled ornament naturally fixed the admiring attention of the Shah; and as no one present confessed to any knowledge of its history, the court goldsmith was summoned to the royal presence, and he deposed to having been employed by his late Majesty Shah Abbas, to remove the jewels and golden hilt from the sultan's present, and to form them into this ornament, of which the Shah himself gave him the drawing; the damascened blade, however, he had been desired to finish with a plain useful hilt, as the Shah valued the blade more than the setting. It was the saber he now saw on the table.

The calumniators changed color, but kept silence, thankful that no human testimony could be borne to their knowledge of the fact now disclosed. Silently, too, did the Shah law down the registry and withdraw from the treasure-chamber, in order to pay the visit to the Nazar's house, which he had announced would take place immediately after the treasury scrutiny, not without anticipated confirmation there of all the peculations he had been led to expect in the treasury.

The King and his suite entered the Nazar's dwelling; according to oriental custom, the exalted guest must receive a present from his host. That presented by the Nazar was small in value, yet "as costly," he remarked, on handing it to the monarch, "as a poor private man could afford;" and poor indeed, compared with its tasteful and elegant architecture, were the internal decorations of that so much vaunted mansion. No costly carpets; no rich hangings; no divans covered with gold-enwoven brocades, such as were wont to adorn the houses of nobles similar in rank, were there to be found. All was clean, comfortable, well kept, and in perfectly good taste, but all as simple as might be looked for in the houses of citizens of the middle class. Instead of chandeliers of rich Venetian glass, or of rock crystal, nothing but cheap Persian lamps; and in place of cups and bowls of gold, silver, or Japanese porcelain, their humble representatives in brass, copper, or common pottery, alone met the eye.

In his progress through the various halls and chambers, the Shah had traversed a corridor, on one side of which was a door secured by three iron chains; and although, on his first passing along this corridor, the Shah had given no heed to this carefully-barricaded entrance, yet, on his return, one of his attendants was on the alert to draw the monarch's attention to it. And, with reäwakened, probably suspicious, curiosity, the Shah asked Mohamed Bey what was therein guarded with such peculiar care.

"High and mighty King," replied the Nazar, "all that your Majesty hath hitherto beheld, whether in the treasure-chamber, or within these walls, is not mine, but merely possessions committed to my stewardship, by the favor of my sovereign; but that which is hoarded up in this small carefully-secured chamber is truly my own, and I confide in your Majesty's justice and rectitude that it will never be wrenched from me."

The Shah's curiosity, still more highly stimulated by this mysterious speech, impelled him to express an ardent desire to see the treasures of his treasury, and by Mohammed Bey's command the chains were loosed and the chamber thrown open. The Shah eagerly entered a room, in which neither carpet, divan, nor furniture of any kind was to be seen. Into the naked whitewashed wall some iron nails had been driven, and across two of these rude supporters was slung a shepherd's crook; from another hung a wallet, from another a flute; while from two others depended the leathern water-flask and the coarse habilments of a mountain goatherd. "All these," exclaimed the Nazar, "were my own honestly and hard-earned possessions, when Shah Abbas the Great, your Majesty's illustrious predecessor, found me with my goats. The great abbas left me in quiet possession of my own, and I cherish the conviction that his potent grandson will not deprive me of them. But I have yet another boon to crave of my gracious king and master, and that is, the permission to lay aside this heavy robe of Nazar, and to resume my light herdsman's garb, to hang my wallet and leathern flask over my shoulders, and, grasping staff and flute, set out once more for my unenvied, unmolested, and still dearly-loved mountains."

The youthful monarch, deeply moved by all these incontestable proofs of the rectitude of his so hardly used and malignantly aspersed servant, drew off, without uttering a word, his own royal robe, and motioned one of his nobles to invest the Nazar with it, that being the highest honor which a Persian monarch can bestow.

The calumniators of such severely tested and sterling worth were justly visited by the well-merited wrath and abiding disfavor of the King; while Mohammed Bey, who showed himself invariably as the protector of the injured and the oppressed, remained to his dying hour in full possession of all his dignities and honors, the confidence of his prince, and the love of his fellow-citizens.

From Colburn's New Monthly.

LOVE'S TRICOLOR.

BY W. CHARLES KENT.

A BLUE-BELL on her baby lap I threw,
When first we were together,
Couched on the fragrant meadow where it grew—
That showery, sunbright weather!
All April in the skies,
May gleaming through her eyes:
Sweet birds singing,
Blossoms springing—
Buds upon the heather!

A purpling rose I placed within her hand—
That young life's summer token!—
Her girlish soul *my* soul could understand—
The maiden spell was broken!
Soft love-light on her face
Revealed its dimpling grace:
Warm heart-flushes
In her blushes
Told the words just spoken.

A waxen-white camellia on her breast—
Ah! well do I remember!
My love laid down where calm *she* lay at rest
'Twas in the bleak December:
Dead, dead her heart's love-fire—
Mine only may expire
In death's sleeping:
Life-long weeping
Shall not quench its ember.

From The Leisure Hour.

SUBMARINE TELEGRAPHS.

There have been three marked events in the engineering world during the last two generations: Watt's introduction of the steam-engine, which gave power; the introduction of railways, which supplied locomotion; and the invention of the electric telegraph, which, as an instantaneous agent for transmitting thought, is fully as important as either of the others.*

The commercial application of the first two discoveries has been vigorous and fairly successful, but the last invention, especially in its connection with submarine projects, has been particularly unfortunate. Out of nine thousand miles of wire laid down in different parts of the world, only three thousand miles, or one third, can now be reported as in tolerable working order, the remainder being an utter failure and loss — money thrown into the sea. One of the principal causes of this failure is found in the fact that the cables have never been thoroughly tested under water until they were deposited in the ocean. When the Red Sea telegraph was laid, it proved, like most lines just completed, very successful. It was stated to have been worked from Alexandria to Aden, at the rate of ten words per minute, with double relay stations at Kossiar and Suakin. There were a few embryo faults, but it is thought that it might have been worked successfully for a considerable time, if a permanent system of daily tests, and of timely repairs, had been established. The excessive tropical heat, and the effect of the metallic veins at the bottom of the sea, conspired to destroy this line. The sections of the cable—six in number—lasted altogether nine months before the first fault occurred, and only gave way the day before the Indian extension was completed.

The bad business organization of the Red Sea Telegraph Company, and the Atlantic Telegraph Company, is largely responsible for the terrible waste of capital in these enterprises. The Atlantic Telegraph swallowed up three hundred thousand pounds sterling, and mainly, perhaps, because the scientific details of the scheme were arranged before any thing was practically known about deep-sea cables. The contracts were hastily let, no time was given for the necessary preliminary experiments, and the laying down was hurried on with the most disastrous results.

The Red Sea Cable, the last and most gigantic on the list of failures, has not entirely broken down commercially, simply because a government guarantee was obtained before the enterprise was launched. A capital of eight hundred thousand pounds has been thrown into the sea; but the country, through its ministers, has undertaken to help the shareholders out of their loss, by paying them an annual dividend at the rate of four and a half per cent for fifty years. This dividend, supplied by the national taxes, amounts to thirty-six thousand pounds per annum, and will eventually reach nearly two millions sterling. This waste of public money had its origin in causes entirely apart from scientific difficulties. After the "concession"—the firman from the Turkish government—had been purchased from the projector, it was found that, owing to a complication of arrangements, the directors had also acquired an engineer and a contractor; that practically, the form of cable was decided upon, and that little remained for the Board to do but to pay. Although, at the instance of Lord Stanley, the specimen of the proposed Red Sea cable had been submitted to several scientific authorities, this had not been done until the form had been so far decided upon that it had become a foregone conclusion, as the contract for its manufacture had been entered into. The contract was wrong in principle, as it was taken for a lump sum, thereby offering a premium upon saving some part of the slack or surplus cable.

* The paper is chiefly condensed from an able summary by Mr. Charles Manby, privately printed, of a recent long and important discussion at the Institution of Civil Engineers.

The laying of cables tight or slack has a great deal to do with their failure or success. The Channel Islands cable was laid with such an amount of tension, that it was necessarily subject to abrasion, and when its strength was reduced by some of the wires being chafed, the cable was readily broken asunder, This fact seems to show that, in shallow water, cables should be laid as slack as possible, consistent with avoiding "kinks" or tangles. The failure of submarine cables in shallow water does not appear to be due so much to inherent defects in the cables themselves, as to the localities in which they are placed. Although the Port Patrick and Donaghadee cable, which has been submerged eight years, has never been damaged, yet the Dover and Calais, the Dover and Ostend, and other cables equally strong, have been broken. Then again, although the cable connecting Jersey with Pirhou, on the coast of France, which was laid in the latter part of 1859, has remained in good working order, while the Channel Islands cable has been broken in five or six places in the same time, yet a similar description of cable, five or six miles in length, laid off Alderney, when taken up a short time ago, was found to be in a very bad condition. Again, although the Hague cables have given a good deal of trouble, a similar cable, laid in 1857 on the coast of Norway, has remained in good working order. The decay of cables from corrosion is chiefly due to three causes: first, to simple oxydation from water running over the cable; second, to the cable lying on a metallic surface; and third, to the formation of vegetation upon the cable. These things would seem to point to the necessity of having the bottom of the seas surrounding these islands as carefully depicted as the surface of the land is on geological maps; and such elaborate surveys of the sea-bottom can only be accurately made by the hydographers acting under and for the Board of Admiralty.

In selecting a route for submarine telegraph lines, it is now thought that deep water should be avoided, as far as possible, even if a considerable *détour* has to be made. In a depth of one hundred fathoms, a cable is beyond the reach of attrition, and is as little likely to be injured as when laid at a depth of two hundred or three hundred fathoms; whilst it can be repaired almost as if it lay in water thirty or forty fathoms deep. The nature of the bottom is most important, as where rough ground and rocks exist, the cable can not be grappled. To ascertain this correctly, the use of the sounding lead alone is not sufficient; a mush-room anchor, which would bring up a bucketful of the surface material, and occasionally deep-pronged grapnels, ought to be employed.

With regard to the durability and maintenance of shoal-water cables, there seem to be two schools of engineers, one adopting comparatively light cables, the other laying them as heavy as possible. The earliest submarine cables between Dover and Calais, Dover and Ostend, the Magnetic Company's lines to Ireland, as well as several others, were all strong cables, containing several conducting wires, covered with a thick serving of hemp, and having over all massive iron wires of large gauge. These have been singularly fortunate. Some of them, it is true, have been injured by ships' anchors, but such accidents are rare, and the cables have never suffered from "abrasion," or from being "washed away by the sea"—causes which seem to have been so fatal to the Channel Islands telegraph. On the other hand, the new system of laying light cables in shoal water was first adopted by the Electric Telegraph Company, in their lines from Orfordness to the Hague, where, instead of laying one strong heavy iron cable, four comparatively light cables, each with one conductor only, were laid across the North Sea, on the principle that the chances were against all the four being broken at the same time. This experiment was also adopted by the same company between Dublin and Holyhead; but, judging from the high annual cost for repairs, and from the fact that a heavy cable has been recently laid by the company from Dunwich to Zandvoort, in Holland, it does not seem to have proved satisfactory.

With regard to the construction of cables, it is considered that a metallic covering must be adopted, as there are cases where hemp-covered cables have been completely destroyed by marine animals. Iron should never be used as a covering for submarine cables, but copper, or some other metal or substance that will not oxydize, and will receive a gradual submarine deposit of a calcareous nature, affording a permanent protection against dam-

age or decay. As far as experience has shown, it appears that in the deep ocean, scarcely more than the insulating covering is generally required. Gutta-percha —the usual insulating covering used—has several disadvantages. It is readily softened by heat, is liable to contain cavities, and is chemically affected by every current that passes into it. India-rubber possesses a much higher resistance to electricity, and certain compounds of that material have many valuable qualities for this work, such as flexibility and elasticity. Its durability, of course, can only be tested by time.

Improvements are evidently wanted in many of the processes of telegraphic manufacture, but not patents. Patents have proved the great stumbling-blocks of telegraphy; for, scarcely is the ink of the agreement for the purchase of one patent dry, before another is offered warranted to supersede all that has been previously accomplished.

Few if any of the submarine telegraphs are commercially renumerative, and with the failures of the Atlantic and Red Sea cables as precedents, companies will scarcely be found to embark in such undertakings without some government assistance. The official mistake made in the case of the Red Sea telegraph is not likely to encourage the government or the country; and although the means of communicating instantaneously with distant nations is perhaps one of the greatest boons which enlightened science has yet to give us, submarine telegraphy will probably have to wait some years before it is extended further.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE GERMAN ALMANACS FOR 1862.

According to our usual custom, we proceed to analyze the German Almanacs for the coming year. We need not now discuss their specialities, which, we trust, are sufficiently known to our readers, but we may observe that a very marked change for the better has taken place in them. In the first instance, the Royal Statistical Office of Berlin, at the head of which stands the renowned meteorologist Professor Dove, has made a dead stand against that mass of absurdities the *Centennial Kalendar* in which all the peasants of Germany believe as in their Bible. In a cleverly written and sensible paper, the fallacies of astral meteorology are shown up, and it is fully proved that the planets do not exercise the slightest influence on the weather. This paper nearly all the popular Almanacs have inserted, and we hope that it will have a good effect. We only wish some sensible corporation in this country would make a similar onslaught on old *Moore's Almanac*, or the owner be compelled to live solely on his own pills.

Another encouraging thing with the German Almanacs is, that they have decidedly grown more national in their tone, and the cry of them all is for Germany unity. William of Prussia has passed any thing but a rosy time of it with the non-Prussian press since his visit to Compiègne, and one writer in the Vienna *Wanderer* openly charges him with being a lickspittle and a sycophant. In Prussia, however, and those German states connected with it by policy, the people judge more fairly of the King's conduct; they consider that he regarded himself as the next victim to Gallic glory, and wished to do all in his power to avert the war. Seeing that Austria is but a broken reed to lean on, the Germans are anxious to restore a powerful and united fatherland under the hegemony of Prussia, and it would be a happy day for Europe when this took place.

In the mean while, the public writers of Germany are doing their utmost to keep the idea before their readers, and to foster that healthy detestation of France to which the fatherland can alone owe its safety. This year the Almanacs are filled with patriotic stories, among which the death of Hofer occupies a great place, and, indeed, the same feeling is perceptible in all the German periodicals. In a recent number of the *Gartenlaube*, for instance, we read a detailed account of the trial and condemnation of Palm, the bookseller, and only one motive could have actuated the choice of that subject—a desire to keep before the public mind the blessings of a French domination. In fact, the whole tone of the German press is martial, and the nation seems at length aroused to a due sense of the danger they have escaped, and which may yet burst over them should M. Fould's neat little plans for making things pleasant in Paris prove a failure. For history teaches that the French never fight so bravely and desperately as when starvation is before the gates.

We need hardly say that the German Almanacs for 1862 contain numerous anecdotes about "Old Fritz," and we will condense one called "Frederick the Great as a Matrimonial Agent," which will furnish a fair idea of the rest. During the Seven Years' War the Prussian horse artillery was most serviceable, especially a gun christened the "Chestnut," because it was drawn by six horses of that color. One day when marching into Bohemia, the King, accompanied by the Duke of Brunswick-Bevern, Prince Maurice of Anhalt, and General von Treskow, was engaged in reconnoitering the enemy. So occupied was he, that he did not notice that a picket of the Austrian hussars was dashing up to cut him off. A gunner of the horse artillery noticed it, however, and laid the Chestnut on the enemy, but was restrained from firing by his superior officer, who considered it an encroachment on his authority. The King curiously rode up to the spot:

"'Why is the gun unlimbered?' the King asked.

"'Your majesty,' the soldier answered boldly. 'I want to give that Austrian scoundrel one for his nob.'

"'My son,' the King said good-humoredly, 'pray let him live.'

"'Indeed?' the artilleryman asked. 'But suppose they give us one, and carry your majesty off; will that be all right?'

"'Well, if that is your opinion, give him something for himself,' Frederick said, now beginning to perceive the danger to which he had exposed himself.

"The artilleryman did not require to be told twice; he pointed his gun, and was so fortunate as to kill the officer and his horse, whereupon the picket bolted off.

"'Come, your majesty,' the soldier said good-humoredly, 'I fancy I've given him his dose?'

"'Yes,' the King answered; 'but you have sent the poor devil too soon into the other world.'

"'Too soon be hanged! Isn't that what I'm here for?'

"'You have certainly done your duty, and therefore deserve my best thanks, and a reward. Farewell, lieutenant.'

"'Your majesty,' the worthy fellow interposed, 'I am not fit to be a lieutenant, for I don't understand mathematics, or any of the scientific rubbish. I should be wretched among my new comrades.'

"'That is really bad, my son! Still you can be a non-commissioned officer, and till the day of your death you shall draw double pay. Does that satisfy you?'

"'It is more than I have deserved. May God save your majesty!'"

Sauer (such was our gunner's name) proved himself worthy of the royal favor. He served brilliantly through the war, and, when peace returned, was appointed in command of Fort Prenssen, at Stettin. He married the housemaid of Neumann, a baker, in the town, who bore him one daughter, Anna, and then died. When Anna was sixteen years of age all the officers were in love with her; but her father would not stand any of their nonsense. Anna had to look after the house, and work from morning to night; for, spite of his double pay, Sauer found it difficult to make both ends meet. It would have been easy for him to fill his purse, for the aforesaid baker, Neumann, who was contractor to the garrison, offered him a handsome sum to let his bread pass without weighing it. But he had to do with the wrong man; Sauer became stricter than ever, and the baker hated him.

But the old story of the Montagues and the Capulets was to be repeated in Stettin among a humbler class. The baker had a good-looking son, who delivered the bread at the fort, and he fell in love with Anna, who was quite agreeable. His father, however, got behind the secret,

upbraided Anna in no measured terms for her audacity, and Anton was forbidden to visit the fort again. But what will not love's ingenuity effect. Daily he managed to convey Anna a note, baked in one of the loaves, and which he contrived should safely reach her hands.

When the following autumn came, the great King visited Stettin, for the annual inspection. Anna formed a deperate resolution, slipped out of the house, reached the King's presence, and told him all her story, reminding him who her father was. The King laughed, bade her remain in an adjoining room, and sent an aid-de-camp to command Neumann and his family to his presence. The baker came in trembling, fearing that his roguery was detected, and that it was all up with him, but recovered his spirits when Frederick told him that he had selected a wife for his son Anton.

"At a sign from the King, the doors were thrown wide open, and the loving couple walked hand in hand into the cabinet. At the sight of them the baker pulled a wry face, and could not conceal his dissatisfaction.

"'Your majesty,' he said in a tone of annoyance, 'must surely be jesting. That girl has not a shirt to her back, and is as poor as a church mouse. With her my son must starve, for, if he marry against my will, I am firmly resolved to disinherit him.'

"Without deigning an answer, the King, turned to the Duke of Bevern, who was also present.

"'How much,' he said to him, with a significant laugh, 'has your grace to pay this girl?'

"'Two thousand thalers,' the Duke replied, without hesitation.

"'And you?' the King asked the Prince of Anhalt.

"'Also two thousand,' he answered promptly.

"'He sees, then, my dear master,' the King then said, turning to the astonished baker, 'the girl is not so poor as he fancies. By me she has also four thousand dollars standing, and General von Trezkow will, moreover, supply her marriage outfit and a decent dinner. Now, I hope that he has no further objection to offer against his son's marriage?'

"'Yes, if the matter really be so, I am satisfied,' Neumann replied, who, like the rest of the company, did not know whether the King was joking or speaking seriously.

"'He still appears to doubt. Messieurs, we must out with the money to convince this incredulous Thomas.'

"By the King's order the privy treasurer brought in two heavy bags of coin, which he counted on a table. There were four thousand thalers in shining gold, which he told Anna to take.

"'Now, my Lord Duke of Bevern,' the King said, with a smile, 'you will pay your debt to the girl.'

"'In truth,' the latter said, with some embarrassment, 'I do not remember ——'

"'Nor I, either,' the Prince of Anhalt added.

"'And I do not know,' General von Trezkow exclaimed, 'why I am called upon to supply the wedding outfit of a perfectly strange girl.'

"'Ei, ei, messieurs!' the King answered seriously. 'I did not think that you possessed so weak a memory. I must, therefore, come to your help, and refresh it. Do you not remember that affair in Bohemia, when we were all in the utmost danger of being cut off by a picket of Austrian hussars?'

"'Of course,' the Duke of Bevern answered. 'A brave artilleryman noticed the danger, and killed the enemy's officer with a well-aimed shot.'

"'The hussars fled,' the Prince of Anhalt remarked.

"'And we were saved,' General von Trezkow added. 'Your majesty wished to promote the worthy man to a lieutenancy, but he declined the honor.'

"'Quite right,' the King interrupted him; "that soldier's name was Sauer, and there stands his daughter, who seems to have inherited her father's resolute temper. Will you now object, gentlemen, to pay your debt?'

"'We recognize the liability,' the three gentlemen said simultaneously.

"'The matter is settled then,' the King said. 'The girl has eight thousand thalers, is handsome, good, and virtuous. Now, my dear master, are you satisfied with the match?'

"'I desire no better daughter-in-law,' Neumann answered, 'and gladly give my consent.'"

THE NEW EMPEROR OF CHINA.—Our Russian correspondent's letter contains the following announcement: "The young Emperor of China, who is only seven years old, was proclaimed sovereign with all the usual ceremonies on the 25th of August, at Zehol, where his father died. Although the late Emperor's brother, Prince Kung, is not a member of the new regency, he has been requested by them to remain at the head of the Foreign Department. This is considered an act of great importance for the future good understanding between the Court of Peking and the representatives of the European powers."—*London and China Telegraph.*

From Chambers's Journal.

ABOUT SPITZBERGEN.

SPITZBERGEN (literally, the "sharp-topped mountains") was, in the seventeeth century, the seat of the most flourishing whale-fishery ever known, as many as four or five hundred sail, mainly of Dutch and Hamburgers, resorting there in a season. New-Amsterdam, *alias* Smeerenberg (or Blubber Town,) to the north-west of it, had indeed arrived at such a pitch of civilization as to produce hot rolls for breakfast every morning, while even the charms of female society were provided to gladden the not icy hearts of the arctic fishermen. "Nothing can exceed," says Mr. Lamont, whose interesting volume* of adventures in the northern seas now lies before us, "the sublime grandeur of a really fine day in these regions—the sea as calm and bright as a mirror, and covered with countless floating icebergs of a dazzling whiteness, and of all imaginable sizes and shapes; no sound to be heard but the terrific peals of thunder caused by the cracking of the glaciers, the hoarse bellowing of the walrus, and the screams and croaks of the gulls and divers. All this makes up such a scene, that no man who has once beheld it can ever forget it. Alas! that there should be a reverse to this beautiful medal; but often ten minutes suffice to change the face of every thing entirely; a chilling blast of wind comes from the eternal ice-fields to the north-east; thick fog and probably snow follow immediately; the brilliant sugary-looking glaciers are hidden, and nothing remains of the glorious panorama of sea and ice and hills and glaciers, but a dim and cold and misty circle of an acre in extent around the boat."

In winter, of course, the second and more somber of these pictures is the only one visible from Spitzbergen, when the sunless atmosphere admits of any thing being seen at all. The place had plenty of summer visitors, but at the approach of the Icy King, all men forsook that inhospitable treeless shore, and sailed southward. Every one dreaded delay, as well they might, when once the arctic current in early September overcame the remnant of the warmer Gulf Stream, and brought down the polar ice to seal the bays, and build its adamantine wall around Spitzbergen. This mighty current runs at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour, and does its gigantic jailer's work in a very few days. Then woe betide the luckless vessel that gets becalmed up some long bay or fiord, for she is fast in winter's indissoluble hold for nine long months, and almost certain death awaits her crew. Although, therefore, the advantages of having something of a permanent settlement in Spitzbergen were obvious, and the merchants offered large rewards to volunteers, none could be induced to try the experiment of wintering there. It was thought that human life could not be supported through so severe a season; and since nobody was ready to settle the question in person, of his own free will, an English company obtained a "grant" from government of certain criminals, and determined to make involuntary experimentalists of them. These persons being under sentence of death, at once acceded to the conditions. "They were taken out in one of the whalers, and a hut was erected for their winter-quarters; but when the fleet was about to depart, and they saw the awful gloomy hills, already white with the early snows, and felt the howling gales of north-east wind, their hearts utterly failed them, and they entreated the captain who had charge of them to take them back to London, and let them be hanged, in pursuance of their original sentence, rather than leave them to perish in such a horrible country! The captain seems to have had more of the "milk of human kindness" in him than his philanthropic employers, for he acceded to their request, and took them back to London. As hanging them would not have been of any pecuniary

* *Seasons with the Sea-Horses.* By JAMES LAMONT. Hust & Blackett.

benefit to the company, they were then good enough to procure a pardon for the men."

Soon after the failure of this enforced colonization plan, the experiment of wintering in Spitzbergen was tried involuntarily by those famous four Russian sailors of whom we have all heard so much in our childhood. "These poor fellows had nothing but what they stood up in, with one gun, and a few charges of ammunition; but they appear to have been men of a very different stamp from the London jail-birds, and they at once set to work to make the best of things. They built a hut, and killed some reindeer with their gun; and then, their ammunition being exhausted, they manufactured bows and arrows, spears and harpoons, of drift-wood. They pointed their weapons with bones and pieces of their now useless gun, and twisted their bow-strings out of reindeer's entrails. They made traps and nets for birds and foxes. With these rude and imperfect weapons, they not only provided themselves with food and raiment, but kept off the assaults of the polar bears. It is almost incredible; but these men not only survived, but preserved good health for six long years. It seems extraordinary that such energetic fellows as they clearly were, should not, in all that time, have contrived to travel across the country, or round the shore, to the west coast, where they would have been certain of relief every summer, expecially as they were on the most desolate part of the island, and one often inaccessible and always little frequented by the whalers. In the sixth year of their captivity, one of the four died, and the survivors began to lose all hope of deliverance, and to fall into a state of despondency, which would certainly have soon proved fatal to them all, had not a vessel at this time fortunately approached the coast, and rescued them. During their long banishment, these poor Robinson Crusoes had killed such quantities of bears, deer, seals, and foxes, that the proceeds of the skins and blubber made a small fortune for them."

Other parties, after this, either left on the island accidentally, or remaining there on purpose, were successful in keeping themselves alive during the winter; and an Archangel company set up a permanent establishment there for the purpose of hunting the seal and walrus, reindeer and polar bear. "Their men were left there in September or October, and were distributed in small parties of two, three or four individuals each, in wooden huts, which had been constructed in Archangel, and were erected in different parts of the coasts and islands of Spitzbergen. The men were paid by a share of the proceeds, and were supplied by their employers with provisions, consisting principally of rye-meal, salt pork, and tea. They had a sort of head-quarters establishment at Hvalfiske Point, which was under the charge of a superintendent or clerk, who distributed the supplies to the hunters, and collected the skins and blubber from the different outposts; and the company sent over a vessel in the month of May, every year, to relieve the men, and carry the proceeds of their labors to Archangel."

This plan was found so trying to the human constitution, that the men only remained alternate winters on the island; and in 1858, there was still living at Kola, in Lapland, an aged Russian who had thus actually wintered thirty-five alternate seasons in Spitzbergen. Many hundreds of his comrades, however, must have died, since the traveler in these awful solitudes comes frequently across the ruins of a small log-hut, with two or three green cairns of stones in front of it; and it is also common enough to see the human skeleton bleaching beside those of the bear and reindeer. The quantity of animals killed, and the consequent profits, must have been very great, as, in spite of the loss of life, the establishment was kept up until about seven or eight years ago, when such a dismal tragedy occurred at Hvalfiske Point, that the company was broken up, and no one has ever wintered in Spitzbergen since. During the summer of the year in question, (either 1851 or 1852,) "a prodigious quantity of heavy drift-ice surrounded Hvalfiske Point and all the southern coast of East-Spitzbergen. The men belonging to the Russian establishment had all come in from the various outposts, and were assembled at the head-quarters to the number of eighteen, waiting to be relieved by the annual vessel from Archangel. By a concurrence of bad fortune, this vessel was lost on her voyage over, and was never heard of again. The crews of the other vessels in Spitzbergen knew nothing of these men; or if they did, they naturally supposed that the care of relieving them might safely be left to

their own vessel, as nothing was yet known of her loss either there or at Archangel. The ice in the summer months prevented any vessel from accidentally approaching Hvalfiske Point, and no one went near it until the end of August, when a party of Norwegians, who had lost their own vessel, traveled along the shore to seek for assistance from the Russian establishment; but on approaching the huts, they were horror-struck to find its inmates all dead. Fourteen of the unhappy men had recently been buried in shallow graves in front of the huts, two lay dead just outside the threshold, and the remaining two were lying dead inside, one on the floor, and the other in bed. The latter was the superintendent, who had been able to read and write, and a journal-book lying beside him contained a record of their sad fate.

"It appeared that, early in the season scurvy of a malignant character had attacked them; some had died at the out-stations, and the survivors had with difficulty assembled at the head quarters station, and were in hopes of being speedily relieved by the vessel; but the latter not arriving, their stores got exhausted, and the unusual quantity of ice surrounding the coast prevented them from getting seals or wild-fowls on the sea or the shore. In addition to the scurvy, they then had the horrors of hunger to contend with, and they gradually died one after another, and were buried by their surviving companions, until at last only four remained. Then two more died, and the other two not having strength to bury them, dragged their bodies outside the hut, and left them there. These two then lay down in bed together to await their own fate, and when one of them died, the last man—the writer of the journal—had only sufficient strength remaining to push his dead companion out of the bed on to the floor, and he had soon afterward expired himself, only a few days before the Norwegian party arrived. The Russians had a large pinnace in the harbor and several small boats on shore, but the ice at first prevented them reaching the open sea; and latterly, when the ice opened out, those who survived so long were much too weak to make any use of the boats. The shipwrecked Norwegians, therefore, took advantage of the pinnace to effect their own escape to Hammerfest, carrying with them the poor superintendent's journal, which the Russian consul at that port transmitted to Archangel."

What a curious product of our civilization it is, that a gentleman of easy circumstances—as our author would seem to be—in company with a real live lord, should be induced to visit this forbidding coast "for fun," and to shoot what he is pleased to term "sea-horses"—walrus! At Hammerfest, the most northerly town in Europe, they exchanged their comfortable English yacht for a vessel better fitted to contend with icebergs, but so impregnated with the odors of its dreadful trade of blubber-collecting, that a bottle of chloride of lime, with the cork out, was necessary to their existence in its state-cabin, an apartment of seven feet by four, but so constructed that its inhabitants could neither stand up nor lie down in it; while, toward the close of the expedition, when the produce of their own harpoons got to be rather "high," the awful effluvium caused by the commingling of putrid walrus-oil with bilge-water, compelled them to burn pastilles before retiring to rest. Only conceive pastilles in a blubber ship! Again, how anomalous does it seem that our author should watch for polar bears through a double opera-glass! "Strange sights," he soliloquizes, "has that large, old battered opera glass seen in its day, for, besides its legitimate occupation of gazing at the beauties in the opera-houses of London, Paris, Florence, Naples, Havana, and New-York, it has seen great races at Epsom, great reviews in the Champ-de-Mars, great bull-fights in the amphitheater at Seville. It has stalked red-deer on the hills of the Highlands, scaly crocodiles on the sand-banks of the Nile, and read the hieroglyphics on the tops of the awful temples and monuments of Thebes and Karnak. It has peered through the loopholes of the advanced trenches at the frowning dust-colored batteries of the Redan and the Malakoff. It has gazed over the splendid cane-fields of the West-Indies, from the tops of the forest-clad mountain peaks of Trinidad and Martinique; over the falls of Niagara; over the Bay of Naples from the top of Vesuvius; over Cairo from the tops of the Pyramids; over the holy city of Jerusalem from the top of Mount Calvary; and now it was occupied in quietly scanning the colossal proportions of a polar bear, amid the icebergs of the frozen north."

Of this last anomaly our author appears

to be fully conscious, but there is a curious confusion apparent in his views with respect to polar bears and special providences. Like a good Scotchman, Mr. Lamont was a rigid observer of the Sabbath, never looking for deer or seal upon that day, like other wicked people in those parts, nor even shooting them when they came in his way, except on one very tempting occasion, when he "forgot." Still it must be confessed he ran this pious custom exceedingly close. "We always considered Sunday to terminate *punctually* at midnight; in these regions, it is just as light in July at midnight as at midday, and it was a singular circumstance—might I not venture, without being deemed presumptuous, to suggest that this might be *more* than merely accidental?—that we saw our first bear a few minutes after this Sunday had expired."

Surely this notion of reward is a little startling; and "might we not venture, without being presumptuous, to suggest" that Mr. Lamont's watch was fast?

About three o'clock one morning—luckily a week-day—the two "gentlemen-sportsmen" were awakened by a cry of "Walrus on the ice," and upon going on deck were regaled with a delightful spectacle. "Four large flat icebergs were so densely packed with walrus that they were sunk almost awash with the water, and had the appearance of being solid *islands of walrus!* The monsters lay with their heads reclining on one another's backs and sterns, just as I have seen rhinoceroses lying asleep in the African forests; or, to use a more familiar simile, like a lot of fat hogs in a British straw-yard. I should think there were about eighty or one hundred on the ice, and many more swam grunting and spouting around, and tried to clamber up amongst their friends, who, like surly people in a full omnibus, grunted at them angrily, as if to say: 'Confound you, don't you see that we are full!'"

The narrative of the slaughter of these poor unwieldy beasts is not very pleasant. About one out of every three that are shot eludes the hunter by slipping off the ice ere he can come up with it, and dying under water; while the unselfish anxiety of the females for the safety of their young exhibits itself in a most painful and touching manner. "I never in my life witnessed any thing more interesting and more affecting than the wonderful maternal affection displayed by this poor walrus. After she was fast to the harpoon, and was dragging the boat furiously amongst the icebergs, I was going to shoot her through the head, that we might have time to follow the others; but Christian called to me not to shoot, as she had a "junger" with her. Although I did not understand his object, I reserved my fire, and upon looking closely at the walrus when she came up to breathe, I then perceived that she held a very young calf under her right arm, and I saw that he wanted to harpoon it; but whenever he poised the weapon to throw, the old cow seemed to watch the direction of it, and interposed her own body, and she seemed to receive with pleasure several harpoons which were intended for the young one. At last, a well-aimed dart struck the calf, and we then shortened up the lines attached to the cow, and finished her with the lances.

"I don't think I shall ever forget the faces of the old walrus and her calf as they looked back at the boat! The countenance of the young one, so expressive of abject terror, and yet of confidence in its mother's power of protecting it, as it swam along under her wing; and the old cow's face, showing such reckless defiance for all that we could do to herself, and yet such terrible anxiety as to the safety of her calf! The plan of getting hold of a junger, and making him grunt to attract the herd, is a well-known 'dodge' among the hunters."

The "skyppar" of a sloop was once seized upon by a bereaved cow-walrus, and dragged by her twice to the bottom of the sea without receiving any injury beyond having a scar plowed on each side of his forehead by her tusks; and it is his opinion that she did not wish to hurt him, but mistook him (uncomplimentarily enough) as he floundered in the water, for her calf! It is, however, in general, very dangerous to be upset among walrus, who have been sometimes known to tear an unfortunate harpooner in half with their terrible tusks. The Spitzbergen hunting and fishing trades, indeed, are both dangerous, and entail more hardships perhaps than any other pursuit; consequently, as often happens, those who follow them are ever ready to repay themselves for toil and abstinence by excess. These northern sailors are, indeed, so greatly given to drinking, that

some proprietors will only intrust their ships to teetotal crews, nor is this to be wondered at, when we remember that the safety of a whole ship's company, who may have taken to their boats after walrus or other game, depends upon the sobriety of the one or two men left in charge. Some five years ago, a small sloop from Hammerfest came to a certain island off Spitzbergen, where many walrus had been killed the previous season, for the purpose of looking for bears who might be feeding on the carcasses. They found upward of fifty bears congregated there, and holding a sort of carnival over the remains.

"The crew of the vessel consisted, as is usual, of ten men, of whom the skyppar and seven others landed to attack the bears, after having anchored their sloop, securely as they thought, to a large grounded iceberg close to the island, and given the two men left on board strict injunctions to keep a good look-out. They had a most successful 'battue,' and killed twenty-two or twenty-three of the bears, the rest making good their escape to sea; but this chase occupied many hours, and meanwhile the two ship-keepers took advantage of the captain's absence to institute a search for a cask of brandy which was kept in his cabin—merely with the harmless intention of smelling it, of course; but from smelling they not unnaturally got to tasting, and from tasting they soon became helplessly drunk. While they were in this happy state of oblivion to bears, icebergs, and things in general, one of the sudden dense fogs of the north came on, the tide rose, the iceberg floated, and in a few minutes it and the sloop along with it were out of sight of the island, and drifting away in the fog. The hunting-party had thought nothing of the fog, as they imagined the iceberg to be 'fast;' so when they had flensed all their bears, they rowed round to where they had left the sloop, and were mightily disconcerted at seeing neither sloop nor iceberg. They shouted, and fired signal-shots, and rowed out to sea, and rowed all around, until they got so bewildered that they lost the island themselves. However, after a great deal of trouble, they found the island again, and waited upon it for several days, expecting, of course, that when the weather cleared the sloop would return. The weather cleared, but no sloop appearing, there stared them in the face the alternatives of passing a winter of starvation and almost certain death on the island, or of attempting to cross the stormy four hundred and eighty miles of sea which divided them from Norway, in a small, open boat! Like bold fellows, they chose the latter chance for their lives, and abandoning one of their boats on the island, the whole eight got into the other one, with as much bear meat as they could stow, and rowed for dear life to the south; four rowed while the other four lay down in the bottom of the boat, and being providentially blessed with fine weather, they actually succeeded in reaching the coast of Finmarken in about eight days' time, but half dead with hunger, thirst, and fatigue, as may be supposed."

Thus were these men almost miraculously preserved from the fate of the poor Russian colony, the scene of whose calamity Mr. Lamont himself visited and photographed. In London drawing-rooms, therefore, has doubtless been often witnessed by ladies, whom no wind has been ever suffered to visit too roughly, the very counterfeit presentment of that appalling spot—that lone Spitzbergen scene where so many strong men perished of starvation, ice-bound, and cut off forever from the rest of their species. Every thing in that picture remains as the dead men left it: their weapons, their cooking-utensils, the bones of the creatures they killed, and even the very fragments of their clothes and bedding lie scattered around. "The huts were all formed of logs dovetailed into one another at the corners, and were tolerably entire except the roofs, which had been flat and covered with earth, but had now mostly fallen in. The principal one, about twenty-four feet square, had been used both as sitting-room and dormitory; off this was a small wing with a brick fire-place, evidently used as a kitchen. Another hut was the store-house, and a third—of all things in the world—a Russian bath-house of a rude description, in which I suppose they had enjoyed the national luxury of parboiling themselves, and then rolling in the snow at a temperature of—fifty degrees or so. The roof of the main hut had fallen in, and a little glacier, about as large as a boat turned bottom up, had formed in the middle of the floor. On a gentle eminence, at a distance of two or three hundred yards from the huts, they

had built up a sort of look-out-house of loose stones; and here we may conceive they passed alternately many weary hours in watching the ice-laden sea before them. They may even have been tantalized by seeing the topsails of vessels passing outside of the icy barrier, but far beyond their reach. On a little piece of level ground, not far from the huts, they had kept themselves in exercise by playing at a game resembling cricket, as was evident by the bats and rude wooden balls they had used still lying on the mossy ground. Altogether, there was something inexpressibly sad and desolate about the remains of this unfortunate establishment; and, by the rude Norwegian sealers, the place is regarded with a degree of superstitious awe, which perhaps may be the reason for the huts being in such a good state of preservation."

Upon the whole, then, Mr. Lamont has invested Spitzbergen for us, for the future, with a romantic interest which we did not believe could have belonged to that sterile and man-abandoned region; and for this we more especially thank him, although to many the chief attraction of his volume will be its adventurous sporting scenes. Both himself and his companion, indeed, appear to have been excellent shots, and resolute and indefatigable sportsmen. Some notion of their success may be gained from the fact, that they almost cleared the heavy expenses of hiring the odoriferous Anna Louisa, its "skyppar" and crew, for the whole season—in blubber, the produce of their own rifles and harpoons; their total gamelist being as follows: forty-six walrus, eighty-eight seals, eight polar bears, one white whale, and sixty-one reindeer.

From Chambers's Journal.

OIL-SPRINGS OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

It is as yet little known in this country that our transatlantic kinsmen, both of the States and Canada, have lately witnessed the development of a source of natural wealth, of an entirely new and singular character — namely, oil-springs. It is found in certain districts near the northern lakes, that great magazines of oil and asphalt rest in deep recesses of the earth, whence the substance can easily be obtained by pumping, if it does not come naturally to the surface.

A gentleman named Denton, who visited the Canadian oil-springs in January, 1861, thus describes them: "They are situated from twenty-eight to thirty miles south-east of Port Sarnia, in a flat, swampy, and densely-wooded country. The stiff soil is underlaid with a very uniform deposit of tenacious drift-clay, the thickness of which varies from fifty to one hundred feet. In it are occasionally found boulders of primitive rock and masses of limestone, evidently torn from the underlying formation, and transported but a short distance from the place of their original deposit. In the drift-clay, or at the base of it, most of the oil hitherto found has been discovered at depths varying from thirty to seventy feet.

"At Kelly and Adam's Wells, I found them pumping by hand from four to five barrels a day from each well, of dark oil, having the consistency of Orleans molasses; but I have no doubt that, with proper appliances of pumps and steam-engines, forty or fifty barrels could be easily produced.

"Eight or ten miles south of these, at Underhill's Well, where five or six thousand gallons flowed over and ran down Black river when it was first opened, we found a man, 'greasy as a tallow-ketch,' drawing up oil with a common wooden pump at the rate of twenty barrels per day.

"At Williams's Wells, two miles from

there, asphaltum covers the ground for two or three acres, in some places more than two feet in thickness. The gas disengaged from the oil seems to have produced an eruption, and elevated this part of the country above the general level, and the oil overflowing, its more volatile properties have been evaporated, and this bed of asphaltum is the result.

"It is a common idea, even with geologists, that the oil has been produced from beds of coal; but this oil-field is of itself sufficient to show the incorrectness of the notion. The limestone found in this region, under the drift-clay, I recognize as a member of the Hamilton group of the Devonian formation, and as such is geologically many thousand feet below the lowest member of the carboniferous formation, below which workable coal-beds are never found.

"The truth is, that this oil, found so abundantly in Canada, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and many other localities, is not coal-oil, but *coral*-oil. Stored away in cells, forming in the aggregate immense reefs as it was collected from the impure waters of the early oceans by minute coral polyps, it has been driven by heat and pressure into reservoirs and crevices, where man's ingenuity is discovering it day by day. I have in my possession many specimens of this fossil coral, with the oil plainly visible in the cells.

"In Canada, the oil-fever is raging. Land is changing hands rapidly, and selling from eight to one thousand dollars an acre, according to its supposed propinquity to the oleaginous deposit. On the Michigan side of the river, I have no doubt that oil will yet be discovered in large quantities, though at a greater depth. Mr. White, of Port Huron, who accompanied me on my Canadian trip, took me to one spot about three miles west of Port Huron, where gas is passing off continually in quantities sufficient to light a large city, good evidence of oil beneath, from which the gas is disengaged."

In striking harmony with the nature of this extraordinary mine of wealth, there occurred in April last an accident of gigantically calamitous character. A *jet d' eau* (so to speak) of oil caught fire! The affair occurred at Tidione, in Pennsylvania, as thus described in a local newspaper:

"During the drilling of an oil-mill, a sudden rush of oil, at the rate of seventy barrels an hour, took place, the stream ascending forty-one feet above the surface of the ground. Above this mass of oil, the gas or benzine rose in a cloud for fifty or sixty feet. All the fires in the neighborhood were immediately extinguished, excepting one four hundred yards distant. The fire from this ignited the floating gas, and in a moment the whole air was in roaring flames. As soon as the gas took fire, the head of the jet of oil was in a furious blaze, and falling like water from a fountain over a space one hundred feet in diameter, each drop of oil came down a blazing globe of boiling oil. Instantly the ground was in a flame, constantly increased and augmented by the falling oil. At once a scene of indescribable horror took place. Scores of men were thrown flat, and numbers, horribly burned, rushed blazing from the hell of misfortune, shrieking and screaming in their anguish. Just within the circle of the flames could be seen four bodies boiling in the seething oil; and one man, who had been digging at a ditch to convey away the oil to a lower part of the ground, was killed as he dug, and could be seen, as he fell over the handle of the spade, roasting in the fierce element. Mr. H. R. Rouse, a gentleman largely interested in the wells in this locality, and whose income from them amounted to one thousand dollars a day, was standing near the pit, and was blown twenty feet by the explosion. He got up and ran about ten or fifteen feet further, and was dragged out by two men, and conveyed to a shanty some distance from the well. When he arrived, not a vestige of clothing was left upon him but his stockings and boots. His hair was burned off, as well as his fingernails, his ears, and his eyelids, while the balls of his eyes were crisped up to nothing. In this condition, he lived nine hours. The heat of the fire was so intense, that no one could approach within one hundred and fifty feet without scorching their skin or garments. It was the most frightful, and yet the grandest, pyrotechnical display ever vouchsafed to a human being. On Friday morning, the oil was still rushing up, on fire, with the same regularity and speed, throwing, it was calculated, at least one hundred barrels an hour, covering an immense space with flaming oil — a loss to the

proprietors of the well of from twenty to twenty-five thousand dollars daily. No human power can extinguish the flames, and the oil must burn until the well is exhausted. The following wells, with machinery, were burned, with the accompanying estimated loss of oil: Wadsworth's Well, three hundred barrels daily; Dobb's Well, two hundred and fifty barrels daily; Van Andon's Well, one hundred barrels daily; T. Morian's Well, two hundred and fifty barrels daily; Hawley and Merrick's Well, about two thousand five hundred barrels daily."

From Chambers's Journal.

THE ZOOLOGY OF CEYLON.

"Birds, beasts, and fishes" was the name of a certain drawing-room diversion much affected in our youth, and which used to afford us great satisfaction. Since then, Natural History has rarely been presented to us in a very pleasing garb. The majority of our old favorites are now lumped together under the scientific titles of Mammals and Vertebrates. Those very pigeons, whose legs appearing through the pie-crust filled us with such delightful anticipations, are now *Columbidæ;* the crabs, whose sidelong motion won our infant admiration, are *Crustacea;* the oyster—even "the whistling oyster"—is a *Mollusc.*

Sir Emerson Tennent, however, who, understanding the feelings of the unlearned upon this subject, is also in a position to gratify them, has filled up the void. When we read his book, the same sort of pleasure ravishes us as when we arranged the contents of the Ark upon the lid of our play-box, and supplied the place of the cow's hind-leg—which was always breaking short off—with a pin. Noah—in a round hat, and very unsteady—is the individual to whom our deepest gratitude is due in the matter of Natural History, and next to him comes Sir Emerson Tennent. The title of his charming volume has but a single blemish—*Sketches of the Natural History of Ceylon, with a Monograph of the Elephant.* That last sentence is too fine; in the next edition, we sincerely trust he will erase, or print in its stead, with *an autograph of the elephant,* which will be rarer, and yet more intelligible. The elephant was pretty well disposed of in his previous *History of Ceylon,* already noticed in this *Journal,* so we will repeat nothing about *him,* beloved as he is, and always will be by us, in spite of all that Mr. Charles Reade has said against him. But, even thus curtailed, the wealth of material in this book is so prodigious, that we hardly know where to begin. The island of Ceylon abounds with animal life. The description of the creatures which make it their home (for why *habitat?*) forms quite an epitome of Natural History. The trees are alive not only with birds, but with monkeys, spiders, snakes—nay, fishes! A flock of monkeys will take possession of a Palmyra palm, and so effectually will they crouch and conceal themselves among the leaves, that at the slightest alarm the whole party becomes invisible in an instant. The presence of a dog, however, excites such an irrepressible curiosity, that, in order to watch his movements, they will never fail to betray themselves.* A live dog is to them the same wonderful sight as a dead monkey is to other people. "He who has seen a white crow," says a Singhalese proverb, "the nest of a paddi bird, a straight cocoanut tree, or a dead monkey, is certain to live forever." The remains of a mon-

* In this way, too, these agile creatures become the prey of the leopard; his approach causes an instant and fearful excitement, which they manifest by loud and incessant screams, and leaps from branch to branch. The leopard walks round and round the tree, till one or more of the poor creatures, exhausted by terror and exertion, falls down to be eaten.

key, are not, they say, to be found in the forest.

But there are more singular inhabitants of Ceylon trees than monkeys. The flying-foxes hang from them like fruit. The flight of these creatures is directed by means of a membrane attached to the inner side of each of the hind-legs, and kept distended at the lower extremity by a projecting bone, just as a fore-and-aft sail is distended by a "gaff." "Over the entire surface of the thin membrane of which they are formed, sentient nerves of the utmost delicacy are distributed, by means of which the animal is enabled during the darkness to direct its motions with security, avoiding objects against contact with which, at such times, its eyes and other senses would be insufficient to protect it." By day they suspend themselves from the highest branches of the silk-cotton trees, hanging by the claws of the hind-legs, with the head turned upward, and pressing the chin against the breast. At sunset, taking wing, they hover, with a murmuring sound occasioned by the beating of their broad membraneous wings, around the fruit-trees, on which they feed till morning, when they resume their pensile attitude as before. They hang in such prodigious numbers, that the branches often give way beneath their accumulated weight. They fly in clouds as thick as bees or midges. "When at rest, or asleep, the disposition of the limbs of the flying-fox is most curious. At such times, it suspends itself by one foot only, bringing the other close to its side, and thus it is enabled to wrap itself in the ample folds of its wings, which envelop it like a mantle, leaving only its upturned head uncovered. Its fur is thus protected from damp and rain, and to some extent its body is sheltered from the sun. As it collects its food by means of its mouth, either when on the wing or when suspended within reach of it, the flying-fox is always more or less liable to have the spoil wrested from it by its intrusive companions before it can make good its way to some secure retreat in which to devour it unmolested. In such conflicts they bite viciously, tear each other with their hooks, and scream incessantly, till, taking to flight, the persecuted one reaches some place of safety, where he hangs by one foot, and grasping the fruit he has secured in the claws and opposable thumb of the other, he hastily reduces it to lumps, with which he stuffs his cheek-pouches till they become distended like those of a monkey; then suspended in safety, he commences to chew and suck the juices, rejecting the refuse with his tongue."

We regret to add that the flying-fox is strongly attracted to the cocoa-nut trees during the period when toddy is drawn for distillation, and exhibits at such times symptoms only too much resembling intoxication. It can not, it seems, be naturalized in England; but why not try Scotland, and suspend the Forbes Mackenzie Act and the flying-fox together?

One very tiny bat, well called the humble-bee, is so familiar and gentle that it will alight on the cloth during dinner, and manifests so little alarm that it seldom makes any effort to escape before a wine-glass can be inverted to secure it. Even this miniature creature, however, has its parasites, as other bats have, although they are excusable in his case upon the well-known ground of being "such very little ones." They are called *Nycteribia*, and have three pair of legs, armed with claws, and equally distributed over the upper and under sides; the creature being thus enabled to use them like hands, and to grasp the strong hairs above it while extracting its nourishment. It must look like the animated crest of the Isle of Man as it rolls along, "hurling itself forward on hands and feet alternately, like a clown in a pantomime, and so swiftly that its speed is said to exceed that of any known insect."

On the trees, too, the chameleon lies motionless on its branch, awaiting its insect prey. Instantly, on their appearance, its wonderful tongue comes into play. Though ordinarily concealed, it is capable of protrusion till it exceeds in length the whole body of the creature. "No sooner does an incautious fly venture within reach, than the extremity of this treacherous weapon is disclosed, broad and cuneiform, and covered with a viscid fluid; and this, extended to its full length, is darted at its prey with an unerring aim, and redrawn within the jaws with a rapidity that renders the act almost invisible. Whilst the faculty of this creature to assume all the colors of the rainbow has attracted the wonder of all ages, sufficient attention has hardly been given to the imperfect sympathy which subsists between the two lobes of the brain and the two sets of nerves that permeate the op-

posite sides of its frame. Hence, not only has each of the eyes an action quite independent of the other, but one side of its body appears to be sometimes asleep, while the other is vigilant and active; one will assume a green tinge, while the opposite one is red; and it is said that the chameleon is utterly unable to swim, from the incapacity of the muscles of the two sides to act in concert."

By the side of the chameleon you will see leaves of every variety of hue, from the pale yellow of an opening bud to the rich green of the full-blown leaf, and the withered tint of decay; and yet these may not be leaves, but only "walking leaves," insects in whose preservation nature has exhibited her most cunning handiwork. "So perfect is the imitation of a leaf in structure and articulation, that this amazing insect, when at rest, is almost undistinguishable from the foliage around. Not only are the wings modeled to resemble ribbed and fibrous follicles, but every joint of the legs is expanded into a broad plait like a half-opened leaflet. It rests on its abdomen, the legs serving to draw it slowly along, and thus the flatness of its attitude serves still further to add to the appearance of a leaf. One of the most marvelous incidents connected with its organization was exhibited by one which I kept under a glass shade on my table. It laid a quantity of eggs that in color and shape were *not to be distinguished from seeds.* They were brown and pentangular, with a short stem, and slightly punctured at the intersections."

In trees, the Ceylon spider weaves his net so stoutly that it will take your hat off as you ride by. He catches in it not only flies and cockroaches, but even small birds, such as humming-birds: one was once seen to attack a young sparrow, half-grown, and seize it by the thigh, *which it sawed through.* "The savage then caught the bird by the throat, and put an end to its sufferings by cutting off its head." Nor need we wonder at these feats, when we read that the legs of this spider will cover "an ordinary breakfast-plate." This is a dreadful image, but it is doubtless drawn from experience. At Ceylon entertainments, there are more objectionable intruders than he. It is one of the penalties you have to pay in return for luxuriance of vegetation, for glory of landscape, for tropical wonders of all kinds. If you breakfasted under a tree in Ceylon, you would probably get covered with ticks. "These live in immense numbers in the jungle, and attaching themselves to the plants by the two fore-legs, lie in wait to catch at unwary animals as they pass. A shower of these diminutive vermin will sometimes drop from a branch, if unluckily shaken, and disperse themselves over the body, each fastening on the neck, the ears, and eyelids, and inserting a barbed proboscis. They burrow with their heads pressed as far as practicable under the skin, causing a sensation of smarting, as if particles of red-hot sand had been scattered over the flesh. If torn from their hold, the suckers remain behind, and form an ulcer. The only safe expedient is to tolerate the agony of their penetration till a drop of cocoa-nut oil, or the juice of a lime, can be applied, when these little furies drop off without further ill consequences. One very large species, dappled with gray, attaches itself to the buffaloes." These creatures are more terrible to our minds than even the leeches, which in Ceylon drive horses wild, and hang in bloody tassels from men's legs, and although there is a picture in this volume of "Land-leeches in pursuit," which makes our blood run cold.

A far more unexpected creature than even a tick, however, to meet with up a tree is the *Anabas scandens*, as Cuvier calls him. A perch in a tree one is indeed familiar with, as the twig selected by a bird of the air, but a climbing perch is a real novelty. We ourselves, who are fishermen, and have had some success with the minnow, honestly own that we should be very much alarmed if a shoal of perch should ascend any tree upon which we chanced to be sitting. Our idea would certainly be that they were incited by the desire of vengeance, and not of getting water out of a hollow. Sir Emerson Tennent did not himself ever meet a perch under the above circumstances, but others have enjoyed that great advantage; among the rest, "Daldorf communicates to Sir Joseph Banks, that in the year 1791 he had taken this fish from a moist cavity in the stem of a Palmyra palm that grew near a lake. He saw it, when already five feet above the ground, struggling to ascend still higher; suspending itself by its gill-covers, and bending its tail to the left, it fixed its anal fin in the cavity of the

bark, and sought by expanding its body, to urge its way upward, and its march was only arrested by the hand with which he seized it."

As for "fish out of water" in Ceylon, they are almost as often met with as in their own element. The *Anabas scandens*, for instance, has his bones so disposed in plates and cells as to retain a supply of moisture, which, whilst he is crawling on dry land, exudes so as to keep his gills damp. "This little creature issues boldly from its native pools, and addresses itself to its toilsome march generally at night or in the early morning, whilst the grass is still damp with the dew; but in its distress, it is sometimes compelled to move by day, and Mr. E. Layard on one occasion encountered a number of them traveling along a hot and dusty road under the mid-day sun."

Descending from the trees, and committing ourselves to Ceylon *terra firma*, we find, not only on it, but *under* it, the most astonishing phenomena.

Fish on the king's highway (with the exception of pikes) are rare enough, but fish underground are rarer; yet it is certain that, in the dry season in Ceylon, fish secrete themselves in the earth at the bottom of the exhausted ponds, and there await the renewal of the water at the change of the monsoon. It is quite usual in parts of the country which are flat, and where small tanks are numerous, for the natives in the hot season to *dig* for fish. "The clay," says an eye-witness, on one of these occasions, "was firm but moist, and as the men flung out lumps of it with a spade, it fell to pieces, disclosing fish from nine to twelve inches long, which were full grown and healthy, and jumped on the bank when exposed to the sunlight." The fresh-water fish *Ampullaria glauca* is found in great quantities in the rice-fields, where it burrows in this fashion, and at a considerable depth in the mud deposits a bundle of eggs, with a white calcareous shell, to the number of a hundred or more in each group. "A knowledge of this fact was turned to prompt account by Mr. Edgar Layard when holding a judicial office at Point Pedro in 1849. A native who had been defrauded of his land, complained before him of his neighbor, who, during his absence, had removed their common landmark, diverting the original water-course, and obliterating its traces by filling it up to a level with the rest of the field. Mr. Layard directed a trench to be sunk at the contested spot, and discovering numbers of the Ampullaria, the remains of the eggs and the living animal, which had been buried for months, the evidence was so resistless as to confound the wrong-doer, and terminate the suit."

Mr. Emerson Tennent appears to believe that this self sepulture of the fish and subsequent reäppearance immediately after rain, is the explanation of the so-called showers of fishes. They come from the earth, and not from the air, it seems. Alligators bury themselves in mud during the dry season in a similar manner. "At Arne-tivoe, in the eastern province, while riding across the parched bed of the tank, I was shown the recess, still bearing the form and impress of a crocodile, out of which the animal had been seen to emerge the day before. A story was also related to me of an officer attached to the department of the surveyor-general, who, having pitched his tent in a similar position, was disturbed during the night by feeling a movement of the earth below his bed, from which, on the following day, a crocodile emerged, making its appearance from beneath the matting." "If it was *our* lot to dwell in Ceylon," said we, upon reading the above narration, "we would never sleep out of a hammock." But then, we forget those Geckoes, "the most familiar of the lizard class," which, being furnished with pads to each toe, are enabled to ascend perpendicular walls, and adhere to glass and *ceilings*. "In a boudoir where the ladies of my family spent their evenings, one of these familiar and amusing little creatures had its hiding-place behind a gilt picture-frame. Punctually as the candles were lighted, it made its appearance on the wall, to be fed with its accustomed crumbs; and if neglected, it reïterated its sharp, quick call of chic, chic, chit, till attended to. It was a delicate gray color, tinged with pink; and having by accident fallen on a work-table, it fled, leaving part of its tail behind it, which, however, it reproduced within less than a month."

The geckoes, however, are welcome guests compared with the crows. All day long in Ceylon these birds are watching for offal from the kitchen, or superintending the operations of the dining-room, and as doors and windows are necessarily opened to relieve the heat, nothing is

more common than the passage of a crow across the room, lifting on the wind some ill-guarded morsel from the dinner-table. No article, however unpromising its quality, provided only it be portable, can with safety be left unguarded in any apartment accessible to them. The contents of ladies' work-boxes, kid gloves, and pocket-handkerchiefs, vanish instantly if exposed near a window or open door. They open paper parcels to ascertain the contents; they will undo the knot on a napkin if it incloses any thing eatable, and a crow has been known to extract the peg which fastened the lid of a basket in order to plunder the provender within.

"On one occasion, a nurse seated in a garden adjoining a regimental mess-room, was terrified by seeing a bloody clasp-knife drop from the air at her feet; but the mystery was explained on learning that a crow, which had been watching the cook chopping mince-meat, had seized the moment when his head was turned to carry off the knife." If one crow can not get a bone away from a dog, another will come and divert the animal's attention till his black confederate succeeds. They are as cunning as the jackals, and that is saying a great deal. The jackal having hidden his game in the jungle, will issue therefrom with an air of easy indifference, and if a man or any other enemy be in sight, will seize a cocoa-nut husk or any other worthless thing in his mouth, and fly at full speed, as if eager to carry off the pretended prize, returning for the real booty at some more convenient season.

Ceylon differs greatly from that island, the historian of which, under the head of Snakes, informs us that there are no snakes. There is scarce any place, indeed, in which you can lie down, and be quite secure of not being visited by these reptiles. They come on board the very ships off the coast, by climbing up their cables; and if the stranger be a cobra, there is this cheerful fact to be kept in mind, that its companion is perfectly certain to found in the same place.

But let us once more forget these disagreeables in the almost magic beauties that charm ear and eye, on every side, in this fair island. Beneath the waters of Lake Ballicalea, there is music nightly, as in a *café chantant*, and always most melodious and distinct when the moon is at the full. "In the evening, when the moon rose, I took a boat, and accompanied the fishwomen to the spot. We rowed about two hundred yards north-east of the jetty by the fort-gate; there was not a breath of wind or a ripple except those caused by the dip of our oars. On coming to the point mentioned, I distinctly heard the sounds in question. They came up from the water like the gentle thrills of a musical chord, or the faint vibrations of a wine-glass when its rim is rubbed by a moistened finger. It was not one sustained note, but a multitude of tiny sounds, each clear and distinct in itself; the sweetest treble mingling with the lowest base. On applying the ear to the woodwork of the boat, the vibration was greatly increased in volume. The sounds varied considerably at different points as we moved across the lake, as if the number of the animals from which they proceed was greatest in particular spots; and occasionally we rowed out of hearing of them altogether, until, on returning to the original locality, the sounds were at once renewed." These sounds are supposed to proceed from *mollusca*, called "crying-shells," and not from some Singhalese Sabrina and her mermaidens. Scarce less from fairy-land must appear the flight of flamingoes, which, from their color and military order, are called by the natives "English soldier birds;" their strong wings beating the air with a sound like thunder, and as they soar overhead, the flock which appeared almost white but a moment before, converted into crimson by the sudden display of the red lining of their wings.

But neither beast nor bird in Ceylon, beautiful and singular as they are, can compare in rarity and splendor with its insects. "In the solitude of the forests, there is a perpetual music from their soothing and melodious hum, which frequently swells to a startling sound as the cicada trills his sonorous drum on the sunny bark of some tall tree. At morning, the dew hangs in diamond drops on the threads and gossamer which the spiders suspend across every pathway; and above the pool, dragon-flies of more than metallic lustre flash in the early sunbeams. The earth teems with countless ants, which emerge from beneath its surface, or make their devious highways, to ascend to their nests in the trees. Lustrous beetles with their golden elytra bask on the leaves, whilst minuter species dash through the air in circles which the ear can follow by

the booming of their tiny wings. Butterflies of large size and gorgeous coloring flutter over the endless expanse of flowers, and at times the extraordinary sight presents itself of flights of these delicate creatures, generally of a white or pale-yellow hue, apparently miles in breadth, and of such prodigious extension as to occupy hours and even days uninterruptedly in their passage—whence coming, no one knows; whither going, no one can tell. As day declines, the moths issue from their retreats, the crickets add their shrill voices to swell the din; and when darkness descends, the eye is charmed with the millions of emerald lamps lighted up by the fire-flies amidst the surrounding gloom."

This charming book concludes with an account of the Rotifer, a singular creature, which, though it can only truly live in water, inhabits the moss on housetops, dying each time the sun dries up its place of retreat, to revive as often as a shower of rain supplies it with the moisture essential to its existence; thus employing several years to exhaust the eighteen days of life which nature has allotted to it. One savant kept some dead rotifera for twenty-seven years without moistening in any way the substance in which they lay, and at the end of that time they recovered upon being immersed in a little water. This must surely have been more satisfactory to them than if they had lived their little span of life all at once.

If we ourselves, like rotifera, were limited to but eighteen days of existence, we can only say in conclusion, that, if we had the choice, we would elect to pass one of them at least in company with Sir Emerson Tennent's *Natural History of Ceylon.*

SKETCH OF GENERAL WOLFE.

As the name of this military hero has immortalized the Battle of Quebec, in which he lost his life, as represented in the plate which embellishes our present number, a brief sketch of him will impart additional interest to the plate and the battle-scene.

General James Wolfe was born at Westerham, Kent, January, 1726, son of lieutenant-general Edward Wolfe. He early embraced the military profession, and distinguished himself at the battle of la Feldt, and was present afterward at every engagement during the war, and every where gathered fresh laurels by his valor, coolness, and judgment. At the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, instead of resigning himself to indolence and pleasure, he devoted himself more assiduously to military labors, and when lieutenant-colonel of Kingsley's regiment, he introduced such order and discipline in the corps, that the gallant conduct of the soldiers in the plains of Minden is proverbial to this day. These great talents did not long remain in obscurity; when Mr. Pitt was placed at the head of affairs, the genius of Wolfe was called forth to execute his gigantic plans. Though the meditated attack on Rochfort was abandoned, the fall of Louisburgh displayed to the admiration of the nation the abilities of their favorite general, who was immediately after selected, 1759, for the command of the expedition against Quebec. In this bold enterprise, the many difficulties from situation and from superior numbers, were quickly surmounted by perseverance and by military stratagem, and the English troops, permitted to face their enemy, triumphed over all opposition; but in the moment of victory the conqueror received a ball through his wrist; yet, disregarding the wound, he animated his men to battle. A second ball, a few minutes after, shot him through the body, and rendered it necessary to carry him off to the rear of the troops. In the last agonies his attention was roused by the cry, "They run!" and eagerly inquiring who ran, he no sooner heard the reply, "The defeated French," than he exclaimed,

"Then I thank God, and I die contented," and instantly expired, thirteenth September, 1759. His remains were carried to England, and buried with becoming pomp in Westminster Abbey, where a splendid monument was erected by the nation to his honor. His death forms the subject of a beautiful painting by West, which has been engraved in a masterly manner by Sartain. To the great abilities of the general, to steadiness, strength, and activity of mind, Wolfe united the milder virtues of life, sincerity and candor, a quick sense of honor, of justice, and public liberty. While he bore the meed of superiority in constitutional courage, in penetration, in cool judgment, and in unshaken presence of mind, he was equally admired and respected for beneficence and charity, and the estimation of the great was accompanied by the love of the soldiery and the gratitude of the poor.

BENJAMIN WEST'S PICTURE.

THE DEATH OF GEN. WOLFE.

[As there is both a historic and artistic interest connected with the picture from which this engraved embellishment is copied, we take pleasure in presenting an account of the picture, with some curious reminiscences of the olden time, from the pen of Mr. John Sartain, the accomplished artist, whose admired talents and skill have furnished so many rich embellishments for the ECLECTIC in past years, as follows :]

The subject which has been chosen as the embellishment to the present number of the ECLECTIC is remarkable, not only on account of its merit as a composition, but because it became the means of effecting a great revolution in the practice of historical painting in the particular of costume. The work is by the American artist West, and was produced in England about the year 1766. Down to that period it was the invariable custom to represent the men and women who figured in events of modern times, as clothed, not in the garments worn in the epoch in which they lived and acted, but in that of the Greeks or Romans. This was deemed indispensable, in order to impart the necessary dignity. Although modern action might *be* heroic, they thought it impossible to *appear* so, unless the outward man wore the habiliments of the ancients.

But West had the good sense to hesitate before committing himself to so great an absurdity as the portraying of actors in an event occurring in 1759, in America, as so many Greeks of some two thousand years ago. Accordingly, he ventured on the hazardous experiment of running directly counter to the prevailing taste of his day, and of presenting the scene on his canvas just as it might be supposed to have really appeared to an eye-witness. Any man less calm and self-possessed would hardly have persevered, in the face of so many ominous warnings as met our Pennsylvania Quaker artist, as soon as it became known that he was about to plunge into so startling an innovation. He held on his course, however, and succeeded in breaking through the shackles of a stupid and absurd mode, and produced, in his own way, a picture that came to be considered as one of the very finest historical pictures in England. So powerful and contagious is the force of habit, that even the sagacious and philosophic Reynolds declared that this attempt of West's to paint modern heroes in modern dress must prove a failure. After the work was finished, he went to see it. Having sat before the painting for perhaps half an hour, in silence, he arose, saying: "West has conquered. I retract my objection. He has treated the subject as it ought to be treated, and I foresee that this picture will not only become highly popular, but will be the cause of a revolution in art." "I wish," said the King, "that I had known all this before, for the objections made have been the means of Lord Grosvenor's getting the picture. But you shall make a copy for me." Whether this copy was ever made does not clearly appear.

It is a striking and singular fact, and one that illustrates the perverse inconsistency of fashion, that at the very time when the painters were representing on canvas modern heroes in the dress of the past, the dramatic representations on the stage paraded the heroes of the past in the ungraceful dress of the moderns. Thus, Garrick played Macbeth in powdered wig, embroidered coat and waistcoat, knee-breeches of black silk, white silk stockings, and the ordinary shoe with large silver buckles on the instep—just the dress in which his successors act Sir

Peter Teazle. Poor Desdemona stalked about the stage in alarmingly high-heeled satin shoes, a hideous deformity over the hips, called hoops, and looking like shelves made to rest the elbows on, while a lofty structure of whalebone and other material erected on the head supported the powdered hair. It was reserved for John Philip Kemble to reform all this in his art in one direction, as West had done for painting in the opposite one.

When West arrived in England in 1763, there was not taste and encouragement enough in all that country for the support of one historical painter. The Bishop of York, for whom West had painted a picture illustrating a passage in Tacitus — "Agrippina landing with the ashes of Germanicus" — was deeply impressed with the young painter's talents in the highest department of art, and tried to raise by subscription a sufficient sum of money to free him from the necessity of painting portraits, hoping thus to begin the building up a school of historic art. The attempt failing, he applied to the King, then free from cares. The acquaintance was a fortunate one. He received a commission for a picture, which was followed by numerous others, and they continued on terms of the most friendly intimate familiarity for more than half a century, during all which time he was constantly engaged on royal orders, and would have been till his death but for the King's loss of reason. When this calamity occurred, the intrepid old man commenced the series of great paintings, of which the "Christ Rejected" and "Death on the Pale Horse" form a part. The latter work is the property of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts at Philadelphia, which institution possesses also his picture of "Paul and Silas Preaching." Numerous other productions of his pencil are in the same city, the most important being the famous picture of "Penn's Treaty with the Indians," long in the possession of the Penn family at Stoke, in England, from whom it was purchased by Mr. Joseph Harrison some ten or twelve years since, and it may now be seen in the gallery of that gentleman. The Boston Athenæum owns a very fine specimen in the "King Lear in the Storm," which, by the way, was changed into that subject, after having been commenced for another, totally different.

For George III. he planned, and in great part executed, a magnificent series of pictures on the progress of Revealed Religion, which he divided into four classes—the Antediluvian, the Patriarchal, the Mosaical, and the Prophetical; in all, thirty-six subjects, an equal number being taken from the Old and the New Testaments. Eight only remained to be painted of this surprising work, when the derangement of his patron's mind arrested his pencil. He was informed by the new authority that the works painting for the royal chapel must be suspended, and he found that the customary quarterly installments in which he had received his thousand pounds a year on account of the works in progress, had been stopped also. It was evident that the Prince Regent—afterward George IV.—was unfavorably disposed toward West and his works. When he became king, and was amusing himself with alterations in Windsor Castle, he was about to consign to the lumber-room all the pictures by West with which one of the apartments was filled. Sir Thomas Lawrence, the artist, courtly as he was, ventured to remonstrate, declaring that there was not a painter then living capable of supplying their place with works of equal merit; so they were allowed to remain.

West and his patron were both born in the same year, and both died in 1820, within two months of each other, at the advanced age of eighty-two. After the painter's death, a three days' sale of his pictures produced about twenty-five thousand pounds. He had received from the King a trifle over thirty-four thousand pounds, and from different individuals probably about six thousand pounds more. In all, say something under two hundred thousand dollars. This, sum, obtained during his life, was hardly an adequate compensation for so much skill and labor exerted assiduously for nearly sixty years. A curious calculation has shown, that were all his works collected together, it would require a gallery eight hundred feet long, fifty feet broad, and twenty feet high, to contain them.

West's style of composition was noble and dignified. Some of his works are so well disposed in every respect, that it is difficult to imagine how they could be improved, and his facility in planning the general construction of a picture is perfectly surprising. What they are chiefly

deficient in is *intensity;* they command admiration, but do not thrill you as some others do—Allston or Haydon, for example. They never violate the supposed proprieties of art; are full of learned lines and graceful or happy thoughts; but they fail to awaken enthusiasm, except in a very feeble degree. His great facility in composition proved detrimental to him, for it was one inducement to pass too soon from a great work not fully elaborated and developed, to the commencement of another, to be left in its turn in like manner. Hence he painted too thin, and the natural sinking of the colors has allowed the original outline drawn on the bare canvas to reäppear conspicuously. This applies, however, chiefly to his later works. The "Penn's Treaty," "Lear in the Storm," and others, are well loaded with color throughout the light masses. Washington Allston, who was as just and impartial as he was competent to sit in judgment, said that "of late years West had been placed by the public as much below his true place in the scale of merit, as, in the earlier part of his career, he had been esteemed above it." This also expresses the opinion of J. S.

DEATH OF PRINCE ALBERT.

The nation has just sustained the greatest loss that could possibly have fallen upon it. Prince Albert, who a week ago gave every promise that his valuable life would be lengthened to a period long enough to enable him to enjoy, even in this world, the fruit of a virtuous youth and a well-spent manhood, the affection of a devoted wife and of a family of which any father might well be proud — this man, the very center of our social system, the pillar of our state, is suddenly snatched from us, without even warning sufficient to prepare us for such a blow so abrupt and so terrible. We shall need time fully to appreciate the magnitude of the loss we have sustained. Every day will make us more conscious of it. It is not merely a prominent figure that will be missed on all public occasions; not merely a death that will cast a permanent gloom over a reign hitherto so joyous and prosperous; it is the loss of a public man whose services to this country, though rendered neither in the field of battle nor in the arena of crowded assemblies, have yet been of inestimable value to this nation —a man to whom more than any one else we owe the happy state of our internal polity, and a degree of general contentment to which neither we nor any other nation we know of ever attained before.

Twenty-one years have just elapsed since Queen Victoria gave her hand in marriage to Prince Albert of Saxe-Gotha It was an auspicious event, and reality has more than surpassed all prognostics, however favorable. The Royal marriage has been blessed with a numerous offspring. So far as it is permitted to the public to know the domestic lives of sovereigns, the people of these islands could set up no better model of the performance of the duties of a wife and mother than their Queen; no more complete pattern of a devoted husband and father than her Consort. These are not mere words of course. We write in an age and in a country in which the highest position would not have availed to screen the most elevated delinquent. They are simply the records of a truth perfectly understood and recognized by the English people.

It has been the misfortune of most royal personages that their education has been below the dignity of their position. Cut off by their rank from intimate association with young persons of the same age, they have often had occasion bitterly to lament that the same fortune which raised them above the nobility in station had sunk them below them in knowledge and acquirements. Thanks to the cultivated mind and sterling good sense of the Prince Consort, no such charge will be brought against the present generation of the royal family of England. Possessing talents of the first order, cultivated

and refined by diligent and successful study, the Prince has watched over the education of his children with an assiduity commensurate with the greatness of the trust, and destined, we doubt not, to bear fruit in the future stability of our reigning family and its firm hold on the affections of the people. Had Prince Albert done no more than this, had he limited his ambition to securing the happiness of his wife and children, this country, considering who his wife and children are, would have owed him a debt which the rank he occupies among us, and the material and social advantages attached to it, would have been quite adequate to repay. But there is much more which the Prince has done for us. It was a singular piece of fortune that the Queen should find in a young man of twenty years of age one whom a sudden and unlooked-for elevation could not elate, nor all the temptations of a splendid Court and a luxurious Capital seduce; who kept the faith he had pledged with simple and unwavering fidelity, and in the heyday of youth ruled his passions and left no duty unperformed. But it is still more singular that in this untried youth, the Queen should have found an adviser of the utmost sagacity, a statesman of the rarest ability and honesty of purpose. Perhaps all history can not afford an instance of the performance of high and irresponsible but strictly limited duties, with a dignity and singleness of intention comparable to that which has made illustrious the reign of Queen Victoria.

Her Majesty found in her husband a wise and true councelor, and rose far superior to the petty jealousy which might have prevented a mind of less elevated cast from availing itself of such invaluable services. The result has been a period of progress and prosperity quite unequaled even in what may fairly be called the happy and glorious history of England. The rancor of contending parties has never assailed the Crown, because all have felt alike that they were treated with the most loyal impartiality. Any one who would thoroughly appreciate the degree of merit which this impartiality implies should study the history of our colonies under their constitutional government, and observe how impossible the ablest governors have found it to maintain that impartiality between rival leaders which during the reign of the Queen has never been forgotten for a moment. If faction has almost died away among us, if the nation is united as it never was united before, it is because every shade of opinion has had full and fair play, and the powers of government have not been perverted to oppress one side or unduly to elevate the other. In the Prince, notwithstanding his German education, we have had as true an Englishman as the most patriotic native of these islands. He has had the sagacity to see and feel that the interests of his family and his dynasty had claims upon him superior to any other, and at no period has our foreign policy been less subject to the imputation of subservience to foreign interests and relations than during the last twenty years.

We have hitherto spoken of the manner in which the Prince has acquitted himself of the duties which may be said to have been cast upon him in virtue of his position as husband to the Queen. We have yet to speak of another duty which he may be said to have assumed of his own accord. As a foreigner of cultivated taste and clear judgment, he saw defects in us which our insular pride probably had prevented us from discerning in ourselves. He saw that our manufactures, with all their cheapness and durability, were strangely wanting in the graces of color and form, and that the whole life of the nation, public and private, had something of a sordid and material tint. The Prince set himself to correct these evils with indefatigable diligence. He labored to create the Great Exhibition of 1851, and has been the principal patron of those public establishments which are giving a new impulse to the Arts of Design, and are probably destined to regenerate the taste of the country, and bring our powers of decoration to a level with our astonishing fertility of creation. Even now there is rising under his auspices, in a suburb of this metropolis, a building destined to receive the products of the industry of all nations, and to give, we doubt not, a fresh impulse to the creation of whatever may serve for the use and enjoyment of mankind.

It is not too much to say that for the last twenty-four hours the public has been stupefied by the calamity which has befallen the highly-gifted man who has been

for so many years the Consort of the sovereign. Nor will the intense feelings called forth by the event be confined to these islands. Wherever throughout the world the character and influence of the Prince Consort are understood, there will be regret and pity, astonishment and speculation, to the full as much as among ourselves. For her majesty the deepest sympathy will be felt on every side. The life of the Queen and her husband for nearly twenty-two years was so calm and happy and domestic, that we had been accustomed to look upon them as realizing that ideal of earthly happiness which, it is said, seldom falls to the lot of princes. Until within a few months no severe family loss had troubled the Queen. All her children had lived; she had seen her eldest daughter married to the heir of a great monarchy; another daughter was about to form an alliance prompted by mutual affection. But in the loss of her devoted husband a dreadful blow has indeed fallen upon our sovereign. The world in general knew that in public affairs her majesty consulted her husband, but it hardly appreciated how constant were the services, how unwearied the attentions, which this position of the Prince Consort involved. For years he hardly ever stirred from the side of the Queen; and, knowing how much the direction of a large family, the management of a great court, and the administration of public affairs must tax her strength, he gave her his help with an energy, an acuteness, a tenderness, and a solicitude of which there are few examples. He has been cut off just when his mind was most vigorous, his experience verging on completeness, when his children are at the age when a father's authority is more than ever necessary, and—by a singular fatality—at a moment when the country is threatened with a most terrible conflict.

The Prince Consort was taken ill some twelve days since. Symptoms of fever, accompanied by a general indisposition, made their appearance. For some days the complaint was not considered to be serious, but from the early part of last week the medical men in attendance and the persons about the court began to feel anxious. It became evident that, even if the disorder did not take a dangerous turn, a debilitating sickness would at least confine the Prince for some time to the palace. It need not be said that no statement was made which could unnecessarily alarm her majesty or the public. It was not till Wednesday, when the fever had gained head and the patient was much weakened, that the first bulletin was issued, and even then it was said that the symptoms were not unfavorable. It is said that as early as Wednesday morning the Prince expressed his belief that he should not recover. On Thursday no material change took place in his condition, and on Friday morning the Queen took a drive, having at that time no suspicion of immediate danger. When, however, her majesty returned to the Castle, the extremities of the patient were already cold, so sudden had been the fresh access of the disorder. The alarming bulletin of Friday was then published. From that time the state of the Prince was one of the greatest danger. On Friday evening it was thought probable that he would not survive the night, and the Prince of Wales, who had been telegraphed for to Cambridge, arrived at the Castle by special train about three o'clock on Saturday morning. All night the Prince continued very ill, but in the forenoon of Saturday a change for the better took place. Unhappily, it was only the rally which so often precedes dissolution; but it gave great hopes to the eminent physicians in attendance, and was communicated to the public as soon as possible. The ray of hope was fated soon to be quenched. About four o'clock in the afternoon, a relapse took place, and the Prince, who from the time of his severe seizure on Friday had been sustained by stimulants, began gradually to sink. It was half-past four when the last bulletin was issued, announcing that the patient was in a critical state. From that time there was no hope. When the improvement took place on Saturday, it was agreed by the medical men that if the patient could be carried over one more night his life would in all probability be saved. But the sudden failure of vital power which occurred in the afternoon frustrated these hopes. Congestion of the lungs, the result of complete exhaustion, set in, the Prince's breathing became continually shorter and feebler. Quietly, and without suffering, he continued slowly to sink, so slowly that the wrists were pulseless long before the last moment had arrived, when at a few minutes before eleven he ceased

to breathe, and all was over. The Queen, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, their Royal Highnesses the Princess Alice and the Princess Helena, and their Serene Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Leiningen were all present when his Royal Highness expired. He was sensible, and knew the Queen to the last. The Duke of Cambridge and the following gentlemen connected with the Court were present: General Bruce, Sir Charl Phipps, General Gray, General Bentinc Lord Alfred Paget, Major Du Plat, Ge eral Seymour, Colonel Elphinstone, ar the Dean of Windsor. An hour aft and the solemn tones of the great bell c St. Paul's—a bell of evil omen—told a citizens how irreparable has been the lo of their beloved Queen, how great tl loss to the country.

ERUPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS.

Late accounts from Italy inform us that Vesuvius was very recently in a state of more menacing activity than it has been in since it suffocated Pliny, and made a sepulcher of Pompeii. Last Sunday week, an earthquake startled the inhabitants of Torre del Greco—a town time after time destroyed, time after time rebuilt, and reïnhabited by those who, when asked how they could return to move

per ignes
Suppositos cineri doloso,

carelessly quoted their proverb which affirms that "The jackchain does not dread the smoke." However used to earthquake and eruption, the Torre del Grecans, a fortnight ago, rushed out in naturally dire, even though only temporary, alarm when they heard the awful subterranean rumble, and saw their houses and churches cracking and tumbling as if built of cards, the very earth gaping beneath their feet. The shock over, they rushed back to save as much of their property as they could, and the roads were soon choked with vehicles laden with furniture; but so rapid was the subsequent flight that adventurous visitors to the deserted town saw melons and other articles of food dangling outside the houses, just as strings of herrings might a short time ago be seen swaying in the wind above ingles in the ghastly gap in our High Street.

The eruption commenced. The volcano vomited forth molten stone and lurid flame. A tall column of black smoke ros from the central crater, branched fort tree-like, and descended to earth like th shoots of the banyan. The land wa strewn with ashes. The mountain thu dered and fired red-hot shot, as if fa more than all the artillery in the worl were there engaged in deadly strife. Th sun was eclipsed at Naples by the gloor which spread through the air like in dropped into water. The purple water of Parthenope assumed the pea-soup hu of Tennyson's "yellow sea," which lap the muddy strand of Weston-super-Mar A thick peppering of black dust lay upo the tawny turbidity. The lava rushe along in a red torrent, desiccating vine stalks in an instant into cinders, ove throwing a church, and submergin houses. By a sharp turn of the Pyriphle gethon, Torre del Greco was saved, bu at one time fears were entertained tha the fiery flood would even flow on t Naples.

[Note by the Editor.—As volcani phenomena are among the grandest exhi bitions of the natural world, a few histor ic facts in regard to Mount Vesuvius ma be acceptable, to refresh the minds of ou readers, in connection with this new out burst of its power. Vesuvius, from th earliest historic records down to the yea 79 of the Christian era, had remained dor mant. That eruption entombed Hercula neum and Pompeii with its lava and ashes and for sixteen hundred years all trace of those cities were lost, and discovered a

length only by accident. Since 79, there have been forty-five, or more, authenticated eruptions. The diameter of the mountain mass at its base is about eight miles. It has been estimated that four times the bulk of the mountain has been ejected by its successive eruptions. In the eruptions of 1779, jets of liquid lava were thrown up to the hight of at least ten thousand feet, having the appearance of a column of fire. In 1793, millions of red-hot stones were shot up into the air, and falling back covered the cone with fire. The historian, Charles Sigonius, records that the eruption of A.D. 472 filled all Europe with ashes, and produced such alarm at Constantinople, more than six hundred and fifty miles from Vesuvius, that the Emperor Leo abandoned the city. The different eruptions have reduced the hight of the mountain eight hundred feet, or blown off eight hundred feet from the top of it. Some of the eruptions have opened a communication with the sea and the volcano. In 1631, the sea receded twelve paces, and left vessels aground; and in 1698, on the return of the sea, large quantities of shells half-burnt were found along the shore. Hot sea-water, fishes, shells, and sea-weed were ejected from the mountain.

The pure lava is a sort of liquid fire, of the consistence of melted glass. When the volcano is moderately active, the river of lava runs out through a subterranean channel, about half-way up the mountain. We spent a night on Mount Vesuvius, a few years ago, when it was in an active state, and saw a river of fire flowing out, and the burning lake formed by it a mile and a half long, and a mile in width. Once in a few minutes the throat of the crater became choked up, and then the jets of melted lava would be thrown up two hundred feet above the summit. We stood on the cone, and looked over into the crater, and watched with absorbing interest the grand phenomena. The mountain under our feet was trembling and shaking with the internal concussions. Its activity lasted eight or nine days. The guides informed us that when the crater becomes choked up so as to prevent the outflowing of the lava, an earthquake is sure to follow. The south of the kingdom of Naples abounds in the ruins of ancient cities and villages, whose names have nearly perished. Sicily, formerly united to the continent of Naples, lost by one earthquake—that of 1693—forty-nine towns and villages, nine hundred and twenty-two churches, colleges, and convents, and ninety-three thousand persons buried in the ruins. These historic facts, of which there are a multitude more like them, may add interest to the account of the recent eruption as above narrated. The village of Torre del Greco is three miles from the mountain, near the shore.—EDITOR OF THE ECLECTIC.

(From the London Times.)

THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.

NAPLES, Dec. 10th.

I returned too late from Torre del Greco to give you a detailed description of the eruption of Vesuvius by yesterday's post, so, leaving for the present all the petty jealousies of the Neapolitans, let me to-day give you fully the report of what I heard and saw on the spot. From Naples little is seen excepting those grand columns of smoke which rise gigantically into the air, and which, according to as close a measurement as could be made, were calculated—that from the lower mouths at ten thousand feet, and that from the upper crater at three thousand feet in hight. Our streets are free from the dust of the mountain, and though for some time after the sun rose it appeared to be in a state of eclipse, yet, to witness all the wonders of the spectacle, it is necessary to leave the capital and visit the site of the disaster.

From the confines of the city to Torre del Greco, one passes between two lines of a curious population, who have turned out to see the crowds who flock down to Torre del Greco. The wind blows off the mountain due north and south, so that, until you get just under the column, you are not exposed to the shower of dust which falls thickly and constantly, almost blinding one, and certainly not conducing to easy respiration. On arriving at the devoted little town, which numbers, by the by, twenty-two thousand souls, I found the place, except at the station, almost deserted. Every house was abandoned, and, as proving how rapid was the flight, melons and other articles still hung suspended outside the windows. At the station, there was a vast crowd of persons, some of the last lingering inhabitants,

with beds and other articles of furniture, anxious to be off; others consisting of the Bersaglieri and Nationals, who remained to guard the place, for misfortune is no protection against the hordes of thieves who just at present drive a thriving trade in the neighborhood.

The first thing which strikes the eye is the blackened appearance of every object, the fine dust, which had fallen in heavy showers, lying four and a half inches in depth in the streets and on the tops of the houses. Some of these were cracked horizontally across the flat roofs, and others perpendicularly, but it is not until you turn off to the left, a little beyond the station, that the full amount of the damage is to be witnessed. From this point, ascending the mountain, a number of houses are passed which have been most materially injured, from four hundred to five hundred in all, and rendered to a certain extent unsafe. At one house in particular, a handsome building, too, the proprietor, who had returned for some articles which he had left behind, was breaking the windows to get in, entrance by the doorway being impossible. I shall here insert the report which was sent to me yesterday morning by Giovanni Cozzolino, the principal guide of the mountain, as it will explain precisely the site where the mouths which are now vomiting forth fire, smoke, and lava, have been formed:

"On the eighth instant, at about a quarter past eleven A.M., a great trembling of the ground was felt at Torre del Greco, which continued at intervals of from five to ten minutes. The population were in great alarm, expecting an earthquake. At Resina this tremulous motion was felt, though not so strongly, about mid-day. Toward three o'clock in the afternoon a large opening was made in the ground above Torre del Greco, and a half a mile lower than the crater of 1774, and the first cone was formed underneath the house of Francesco Cruci. This house was thrown into the air, as were four others in a Masseria close by. The lava has arrived (on the morning of the ninth) at about a quarter of an hour's walk above the monastery of the Cappucini, (which has been destroyed,) and is about a half a mile in breadth. All the houses in Torre have fissures in them, and the population have fled to Naples. At the time that the new cones were formed, the top of the mountain was tranquil, but about two o'clock in the morning, the grand crater at the summit burst out with a tremendous noise, throwing stones and ashes to a great hight. Every effort of this kind is accompanied by a sound as of thunder. One of the guides, called Gennarino Sannino, while attempting to get a piece of the red-hot lava in which to put a coin, was killed on the spot by a stone which fell upon his head."

The report is meager, erroneous in some instances, and some of the details have been modified by what has since taken place. The road and the streets by which you approach the principal point of interest are in many places opened; and at the place alluded to by the guide, there are not one only, but two considerable cones and several smaller ones; indeed, in many places there are indications of the crust of the earth giving way to subterranean fires. The principal of these cones is an ellipse, and both at first sent out a body of lava, which threatened Terre del Greco with rapid destruction. One of those happy elevations which so often change the course of the current, divided it into two streams, flowing down on either side. The opening of the main crater, too, at two o'clock A.M. of Monday morning, diminished the violence of the lower stream, and possibly saved the town.

Last night the view which presented itself from my windows was very grand; the black column rose majestically, and was then carried off by the wind far over the sea, while forked lightning, as it were, and brilliant lights, such as those of Roman candles, played about the crater. This morning the volumes of smoke are rising and rolling one over another in grand involutions, while the eastern sun behind them gives hues which it is difficult to describe. Beyond the pall which hangs over the sea it is impossible to see any thing, except when an opening is made by a gust of wind, and then one sees a picture of Sorrento or Capri hung in the center of a deep black cloud.

I think much property will be destroyed, though not many lives, as all have escaped. What is ruin, however, to many, is prosperity to others, and there are many here who are calculating on a good season at last — on full hotels and much profit.

Dec. 11th.—Vesuvius, though still active, has much diminished in violence—a

fact to be regretted rather than otherwise, as the probability of earthquakes increases. Yesterday morning several violent shocks were felt, and still greater damage inflicted on the town and neighborhood. I am just going over, but shall have no time to report to-day. Another person has been killed by falling into the lava, which rose on Monday morning to the hight of twenty-eight palms.

From Chambers's Journal.

OLD ENGLISH PRIVATEERS.

Until very lately, for more than two centuries, the Admiralty of every maritime nation has granted "letters of marque," or commissions to private individuals for arming and equipping vessels to assist in carrying on a war by distressing the enemy's commerce. All prizes so taken, according to the usual regulation, became the property of the privateer-owners, to be divided between them and the ship's company. Unless protected by such commissions, the crews of foreign letters of marque, in the event of capture, were liable to be treated as pirates, instead of experiencing, as is the rule, the ordinary fate of prisoners of war. Our own countrymen were subject to the same rule by our own cruisers, when not furnished with the requisite papers from the English Admiralty. Privateers likewise gave security that they would not attempt any thing against the law of nations; as, for example, to assault an enemy lying in any port or haven under the protection of a prince or republic, whether friend, ally, or neutral, for the peace of such places must be inviolable. If England was at war with confederate powers, a separate commission was required for each; otherwise, if a captain carrying one only against the Danes, should in his course meet with and capture a Frenchman, his prize would not be good, and would be taken from him by the first man-of-war of his own nation that met with him. Formerly, the proceeds of privateering were divided into five parts: four going the merchant fitting out the rover, and a fifth to the Crown; hence the origin of a phrase now little understood, namely, "The King's Fifths." Where a vessel had struck, and was secured, the hatches were immediately spiked up, and the lading and furniture guarded from embezzlement. Great care was taken to secure all her papers, especially her commission, if she also proved to be a privateer, with a number of captures in possession. If no legal commission was discovered aboard, all the prisoners were to be landed in England, and examined before a magistrate, in order to their condemnation as corsairs. When merchant-vessels captured by an enemy's privateers were retaken by those of their own nation, the owners paid one sixth of the value to the officers and men of the rescuing vessel. When an English privateer captured one of the enemy, the Admiralty paid five pounds to every man on board previous to the commencement of the action. So a slaver in the present day being adjudged a pirate, a similar sum per head is paid to the crew of her Majesty's ships taking her; but the slaver herself, having all her sails hoisted, is sometimes allowed to drift and dash ashore upon the cliffs of the harbor where she has been adjudged a prize.

Men of Liverpool, and Bristol citizens, how much your octogenarian merchant-princes gloat over the memory of these fleshpots of Egypt, privateering and slave-dealing, once your staple occupation! The latter, by the by, they distinguished as "a roaring African trade," and rather plumed themselves upon it, although Burke had anathematized them, declar-

ing "that the very bricks of their houses were cemented with human blood!" Nor was this passionate outbreak a merely splendid rhetorical exaggeration. As far back as 1732, more than eighty years before the abolition, Liverpool in one year procured 22,720 slaves, the net profit on whom amounted to £214,617.

But to return to our sea-rovers. We are bound in fairness to admit that privateering is but a legalized piracy; yet, offering splendid visions of wealth and luxury, to be won by the sword and good right arm of the bold and enterprising, it can scarcely, in the event of a general war, remain in abeyance; other nations would revive the practice, and we must follow in self-defense. The people of Liverpool, during the late war, did a large amount of business in this way also. Their commerce was imperiled by a swarm of French letters of marque constantly cruising outside the port. Her merchants signed a "round robin," addressed to the editor of the "leading journal," calling on him to discontinue the publication of a list of vessels loading for foreign neutral ports. Rates of insurance on vessels bound to Jamaica rose to twelve per cent; from Jamaica to Cowes, twenty guineas; from Liverpool to Gibraltar, twenty guineas; from Newfoundland to the Mediterranean, twenty-five guineas per cent. These charges were almost, if not altogether, ruinous to commerce, so the merchants took to privateering. They armed and equipped nearly 200 vessels, the burden of which amounted to 12,800 tons, carrying 1300 guns, and 10,000 seamen. This formidable armament not only swept the seas of our foes, but, by the capture of rich prizes east and west, enabled Liverpool to uphold its credit and extend its trade.

The Anson privateer, of 150 tons and 100 men, was the first that left Liverpool; the Brave Blakeney followed. These two gave a very satisfactory account of their French foes at the very beginning of their first cruise, the Anson returning in a fortnight with two West-Indiamen worth £15,000. They afterward brought in a large French East-Indiaman, named the Carnatic, on board of which was discovered a box of diamonds.

The chance of acquiring such immense wealth animated the sailors with a valor and daring, the mere reputation of which sometimes made their foes an unresisting prize. In the beginning of 1779, the Dragon, Liverpool privateer, brought to action La Modeste, a vessel of the same profession. The latter, after one broadside, hauled down her colors. As she struck, the sea ran so high that boarding was impossible. As soon as the weather abated, they made an attempt to man their prize, in which all the boats belonging to either ship were stove. The impatience of the English being now uncontrollable, regardless of danger, five men stripped, leaped into the raging waves, swam to the French ship, and took possession. Five naked men on guard over an armed crew of more than two hundred! "Parbleu!" shouted the French skipper; "none but Englishmen would have conceived, much less carry into execution, such a mad-brained feat."

Besides Liverpool, the great commercial seaport of Bristol had its full share of gainful privateering. Two famous private armed ships, the Duke and Duchess, commanded by the renowed Captain Woodes Rogers, sailed thence to the Pacific, and after causing immense destruction to the Spanish trade and settlements, returned to Bristol with many prizes, his own ships having on board ingots of gold and silver, plate, coin, jewels, silks, and other rich spoils of that tropical land. The owners of the Duke and Duchess, although "peace-at-any-price Quakers," gave a practical recognition of the then political axiom, "There's no peace beyond the Line;" for without allowing the crews a chance of "spending like asses what they had worked for like horses," they at once dispatched them in search of a fresh booty. Amongst this was a Spanish brig, the Marquess, in which, stowed away with much valuable cargo, the Englishmen found five hundred bales of Popish indulgences, "sixteen reams in a bale," consigned to the South-American priests, who retailed them at prices varying from fifty pieces of eight down to three reals each, according to the purchaser's means and rank. "We threw most of them overboard, to make room for better goods," laconically remarks the captain, "except what we kept to burn the pitch off the ships' bottoms, when wanting to careen them."

About this time, likewise, the Duke and Prince Frederick, usually called the "family privateers," brought into King-road, at the mouth of Bristol river, two prizes, laden with 1093 chests of silver, worth upwards of three-quarters of a million sterling, besides five chests of wrought plate, many tons of cocoa, the model of a church in pure gold, and other costly items. The captors, desirous of conveying this rich spoil to London, but afraid to venture round on account of the many French cruisers in the English Channel, sent the treasure to London in forty-five wagons, guarded by the crew. After its arrival, the owners contrived to get all the seamen kidnapped, and sent off as slaves to the Indian plantations — a not uncommon practice of the time. Few of these poor fellows returned, and the whole prize-money was retained by their villainous employers. After a lapse of some years, a suit in Chancery began on behalf of those few who got home again, which in the memory of persons living was still undecided. At that time, eight or ten individuals, grand-children of the crews of the "family privateers," and entitled to a very large sum of money, were living in St. Pancras Poor-house, or supporing tthemselves by retailing fruit about London streets.

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

MEMOIR, LETTERS AND REMAINS OF ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE. Translated from the French, with large additions. In two volumes. Vol. I. 430 pages; Vol. II. 442 pages. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

DE TOCQUEVILLE was a remarkable man and a rare genius. His works, his travels, his journeyings and sojournings, are a rich addition to the treasures of literature. "His letters are valuable as sources of information and instruction, and above all as a moral study. The depth and seriousness of his mind, combined with an almost feminine grace and delicacy, the elevation which pervaded his whole character, and which breathes in nearly every sentence that he wrote, will be peculiarly appreciated by an English reader." This is high praise, but the commendation is merited. It is a strong mark of excellence, that its pages are not stained or marred with poisoned moral sentiment. The travels of our author extended to Italy and Sicily, and over a great portion of the United States and Canada. He is an agreeable and instructive traveler, and his power of description simple and beautiful.

Volume II. comprises some two hundred and twenty-five letters addressed to many persons of celebrity, imparting a large amount of instruction and information on a great variety of subjects.

THE LAND AND THE BOOK; or, Biblical Illustrations drawn from the Manners and Customs, the Scenes and Scenery, of the Holy Land. By W. M. THOMPSON, D.D., twenty-five years a Missionary of the A.B.C.F.M. in Syria and Palestine. With Maps, Engravings, etc. In two volumes. New-York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers.

BIBLE history, Bible illustrations, and Bible scenes are sources of inexhaustible study and instruction. Every traveler, every visitor to those sacred localities who contributes to make them better known and appreciated, renders a useful and important service to mankind. Dr. Thompson has well performed his task, and improved his opportunities. For a quarter of a century he has resided amid the scenes and scenery to be described, and from midday to midnight, in winter and in summer, has gazed upon them with a joyous enthusiasm that never tired. The long sojourn, and the patient observation and research, are embodied in these attractive volumes.

The numerous engraved illustrations, presenting the forms of beasts, birds, reptiles, trees, plants, and many other objects, animate and inanimate, which are spoken of or alluded to in the sacred writings, are exceedingly interesting and instructive to the reader and the student of the Bible. We are ever ready to welcome and commend books which have for their object the elucidation of Bible truths or Bible lands. The reader will find Dr. Thompson's book an excellent guide to conduct him over the scenes of sacred history, while he remains reading by his own fireside, at his own home.

A "ROGUE ELEPHANT."—The natives have their stories about these rogues, and the following, taken down from the narrator's lips, is worth quotation:

"In 1847 or 1846 I was a superintendent of a cocoa-nut estate belonging to Mr. Armitage, situated about twelve miles from Negombo. A rogue elephant did considerable injury to the estate at that time; and one day, hearing that it was then on the plantation, a Mr. Lindsay, an Englishman, who was proprietor of the adjoining property, and myself, accompanied by seven or eight people of the neighboring village, went out, carrying with us six rifles

loaded and primed. We continued to walk along a path which, near one of its turns, had some bushes on one side. We had calculated to come up with the brute where it had been seen half an hour before; but no sooner had one of our men, who was walking foremost, seen the animal at the distance of some fifteen or twenty fathoms, than he exclaimed: 'There! there!' and immediately took to his heels, and we all followed his example. The elephant did not see us until we had run some fifteen or twenty paces from the spot where we turned, when he gave us chase, screaming frightfully as he came on. The Englishman managed to climb a tree, and the rest of my companions did the same; as for myself I could not, although I made one or two superhuman efforts. But there was no time to be lost. The elephant was running at me with his trunk bent down in a curve toward the ground. At this critical moment Mr. Lindsay held out his foot to me, with the help of which and then of the branches of the tree, which were three or four feet above my head, I managed to scramble up to a branch. The elephant came directly to the tree and attempted to force it down, which he could not. He first coiled his trunk round the stem, and pulled it with all his might, but with no effect. He then applied his head to the tree, and pushed it for several minutes, but with no better success. He then trampled with his feet all the projecting roots, moving, as he did so, several times round and round the tree. Lastly, failing in all this, and seeing a pile of timber, which I had lately cut, at a short distance from us, he removed it all, (thirty-six pieces,) one at a time, to the root of the tree, and piled them up in a regular business-like manner; then placing his hind feet on this, he raised the fore part of his body, and reached out his trunk; but still he could not touch us, as we were too far above him. The Englishman then fired, and the ball took effect somewhere on the elephant's head, but did not kill him. It made him only the more furious. The next shot, however, leveled him to the ground. I afterward brought the skull of the animal to Colombo, and it is still to be seen at the House of Mr. Armitage."—*Tennent's "Ceylon."*

THE BIRTH OF THE YEAR.

BY FREDERICK TENNYSON.

Let us speak low; the infant is asleep;
The frosty hills grow sharp; the day is near,
And Phosphor with his taper comes to peep
Into the cradle of the new-born year;
Hush! the infant is asleep—
Monarch of the Day and Night;
Whisper—yet it is not light:
The infant is asleep.

Those arms shall crush great serpents ere to-morrow;
His closed eye shall wake to laugh and weep;
His lips shall curl with mirth and writhe with sorrow;
And charm up Truth and Beauty from the deep:
Softly—softly—let us keep
Our vigils; visions cross his rest;
Prophetic pulses stir his breast,
Although he be asleep.

Now, Life and Death, armed in his presence wait:
Genii with lamps are standing at the door;
Oh! he shall sing sweet songs; he shall relate
Wonder, and glory, and hopes untold before;
Murmur melodies that may creep
Into his ears, of old sublime;
Let the youngest borne of Time
Hear music in his sleep.

Quickly he shall awake: the East is bright,
And the hot glow of the unrisen sun
Hath kissed his brow with promise of its light;
His cheek is red with victory to be won.
Quickly shall our king awake,
Strong as giants, and arise;
Sager than old and wise
The infant shall awake.

His childhood shall be forward, wild and thwart;
His gladness fitful, and his anger blind;
But tender spirits shall o'ertake his heart—
Sweet tears and golden moments, bland and kind!
He shall give delight and take,
Charm, enchant, dismay and soothe;
Raise the dead and touch with youth:
Oh! sing that he may wake!

Where is the sword to gird upon his thigh?
Where is the armor, and his laurel crown?
For he shall be a conqueror ere he die,
And win him kingdoms wider than his own!
Like the earthquake he shall shake
Cities down, and waste like fire;
Then build them stronger, pile them higher,
When he shall wake.

In the dark spheres of his unclosed eyes
The sheeted lightnings lie, and clouded stars,
That shall glance softly, as in summer skies.
Or stream o'er thirsty deserts, winged with wars;
For in the pauses of dread hours
He shall fling his arms off,
And like a reveller sing and laugh,
And dance in ladies' bowers.

Oftimes in his midsummer he shall turn
To look upon the dead bloom with weeping eyes;
O'er ashes of frail beauty stand and mourn,
And kiss the bier of stricken hopes with sighs.
Oftimes, like light of onward seas,
He shall hail great days to come,
Or hear the first dread note of doom,
Like torrents on the breeze.

His manhood shall be blissful and sublime,
With stormy sorrows, and serenest pleasures,
And his crowned age upon the top of Time
Shall throne him great in glories, rich in treasures.
The sun is up; the day is breaking;
Sing ye sweetly; draw anear;
Immortal be the new-born year,
And blessed be its waking.

Modesty promotes worth, but conceals it; just as leaves aid the growth of fruit, and hide it from view.

Fancy runs most furiously when a guilty conscience drives it.

When we behold a beautiful mother with lovely children around her, we are reminded of those trees which blossom in October, and whose fruit and blossoms are on the bough at once.

When is a lane very unlike an action of law?—When you can see the end from the beginning?

THE MIDNIGHT HOUR.

The following graphic word-painting is from *The Spirits of the Midnight Hour*, by Mr. Motherwell, a poet of Scotland:

"And lo! even like a giant wight
Slumbering his battle toils away,
The sleep-locked city, gleaming bright
With many a dazzling ray,
Lies stretched in vastness at my feet;
Voiceless the chamber and the street,
And echoless the hall;
Had Death uplift his bony hand
And smote all living on the land,
No deeper quiet could fall.
In this religious calm of night,
Behold, with finger tall and bright,
Each tapering spire points to the sky,
In a fond, holy ecstasy;
Strange monuments they be of mind,
Of feelings dim and undefined,
Shaping themselves, yet not the less,
In forms of passing loveliness.

"O God! this is a holy hour:
Thy breath is o'er the land;
I feel it in each little flower
Around me where I stand,
In all the moonshine scattered fair,
Above, below me, every where,
In every dew-bead glistening sheen,
In every leaf and blade of green,
And in this silence grand and deep,
Wherein thy blessed creatures sleep."

The Gorilla Controversy.—Mr. J. B. Doyle, of Sandymount, writes to the *Times:* "It will be a singular turn to the Du Chaillu controversy if the author of the *Periplus* should turn out to be the true discoverer of the gorilla; and that more than twenty-three hundred years before the British Museum was enriched by the fine specimens contributed by Du Chaillu, the museum (if such existed) of Carthage was possessed of two skins of the female gorilla, brought home by their enterprising navigator, Hanno. Let the reader form his own opinion from the following passages taken from Falconer's translation of the Greek of the *Periplus*. Hanno, having penetrated to the southward as far as the fifth degree of north latitude, according to Bougainville's map, states:—'On the third day after our departure thence, (from the mountain called by him the Chariot of the gods,) having sailed to those streams of fire, we arrived at a bay called the Southern Bay, at the bottom of which lay an island like the former, having a lake, and in this lake another island full of savage people, the greater part of whom were women, whose bodies were hairy, and whom our interpreters called 'Gorillæ.' Though we pursued the men we could not overtake any of them, but all fled from us over the precipices, defending themselves with staves. Three women were taken, but they attacked their conductors with their teeth and hands, and could not be prevailed upon to accompany us. Having killed them, we flayed them, and brought their skins to Carthage.'" The really "singular" part of this business is not that Hanno brought the skins of the so-called gorillas to Carthage, but that Mr. Doyle should be ignorant of the fact that the passage from the *Periplus*, which is to give "a singular turn to the Du Chaillu controversy," is quoted and commented upon in M. Du Chaillu's own book.

Haworth's Perambulator and Street Railway.—This patent consists in the laying down of three lines of rails, the center one having a groove, in which the perambulator attached to the vehicle revolves, and thereby maintains the wheels upon the rails. The rails, being laid perfectly level with the roadway, present no obstruction to the ordinary traffic. The perambulating wheel, which works in the grooved rail, is centered on a bar hinged to the fore-axle of the omnibus, and spurred to it on both sides, so that as the wheel traverses the groove the axle is necessarily at right angles to the rails. The perambulator is suspended by a chain attached to a lever fixed on the footboard, which the driver can raise or lower with his foot at pleasure, and thereby either keep or leave the rails. This facility of running off the rails renders it unnecessary (except in the case of very extensive traffic) to have a double line, as the single one can be left and then re-joined at any point. In quick curves, or junctions of streets, they may even be dispensed with altogether, the vehicle taking the ordinary road.

The advantages presented by the adoption of this patent, as laid down by the inventor, are as follows: Cheapness of construction, and applicability to streets and turnpike roads; adaptation of the rails to existing omnibuses, lurries (?) or other vehicles, without alteration; no impediment to the ordinary traffic; reduction in the public highway rates, from the great saving effected in the repair of the roads, by the omnibus traffic being transferred from the road to the rails; increased ease and comfort in traveling; great saving in haulage power, and in wear and tear of rolling stock; absence of noise, dust, and mud. At Salford a line of Haworth's rails, from Pendleton to New-Bailey street, (nearly two miles,) has been in daily operation for above two months, giving great satisfaction, it is stated, both to omnibus proprietors and to the public.—*London Ill. News.*

Settling a Civil and Military Difference.—A letter from Warsaw, in the *Précurseur d'Anvers*, gives the following strange account of the death of General Gerstenzweig:

"The general, partly from obedience to orders, partly from natural severity of disposition, had arrested a great many Poles, and had placed them in the citadel. Shortly after fears were entertained that an insurrection would break out, and that consequently numerous prisoners in the citadel would be an embarrassment. Accordingly, the commander of the fortress, in conjunction with Count Lambert, ordered several of them to be released. On hearing this, General Gerstenzweig went in a state of great irritation to Count Lambert, reproached him with having acted through fear, and called him a coward. As several officers of the staff were present, a duel seemed inevitable; but, as a hostile meeting between two such high personages at that moment might present great inconveniences, it was decided that one of the two should kill himself the same evening, and that lots should be drawn to decide which it should be. The lot fell on General Gerstenzweig, and he fired three times with pistols at his head, the last time inflicting a mortal wound. These incidents explain why General Lambert shortly after left suddenly for St. Petersburg."

The man who lives in vain, lives worse than in vain. He who lives to no purpose, lives to a bad purpose.

DANGER OF BAD AIR.—When bad air works gradually, and is not directly obvious, its effects are not believed in. An accident which has recently happened to Sir F. Goodricke and his family at Studley Castle will probably have a good effect. According to the *Birmingham Post*, it would seem that to provide for the increasing severity of the weather the servants had commenced heating the various apartments of Studley Castle by the hot-air flues provided for that purpose. Whether from want of proper regulating, or from negligence in removing and not replacing the covers of the apertures, a large quantity of carbonic gas was emitted in the several rooms. The first to feel the perilous effects of this supercharged atmosphere was a lady visiting at the castle. Finding that she was rapidly becoming insensible, Sir Francis instantly set out for Mr. Morris, surgeon, who came at once, and on his arrival found that Lady Goodricke was also apparently dying. Mr. Morris soon divined the cause and took his remedies accordingly; but while he was attending to Lady Goodricke and the lady first seized, Sir Francis himself and Miss Goodricke also swooned. Every attention possible was given to the sufferers, and happily they were all ultimately restored.

A FIRE-PROOF DRESS.—The Emperor and Empress of the French have been witnessing, in the park at Compiègne, a trial, by Mr. Buvert, of a newly-invented fire-proof dress. A cottage was erected in the park for the purpose of the experiment. The frame-work of the building was iron, and the roof and walls were made of fagots and other combustible materials. Mr. Buvert's dress is described to be both water-proof and fire-proof, and is copiously stuffed with sponges sewed together. He wears a helmet like that of a diver, with an apparatus for supplying fresh air, and glasses to see through. At a signal from the Emperor he set fire to the temporary cottage; and when the flames had got well ahead he went into the midst of them several times, with perfect impunity. The experiment was considered to be entirely successful. Fire-proof dresses have been, of course, invented before, and have been exhibited in use; but practical difficulties have hitherto prevented their application to general purposes.

GOOD LUCK.—Some young men talk about luck. Good luck was to get up at six o'clock in the morning; good luck, if you had only a shilling a week, was to live upon elevenpence and save a penny; good luck was to trouble your heads with your own business, and to let your neighbors alone; good luck was to fulfill the commandments, and do unto other people as we wished them to do unto us. They must not only work, but wait. They must plod and persevere. Pence must be taken care of, because they were the seeds of guineas. To get on in the world, they must take care of home, sweep their own doorways clean, try and help other people, avoid temptations, and have faith in truth and God.—*De Fraine's Lectures.*

LEARN in childhood, if you can, that happiness is not outside, but inside. A good heart and a clear conscience bring happiness, which no riches and no circumstances alone ever do.

A LIVELY imagination is a great gift, provided education tutors it; if not, it is nothing but a soil equally luxuriant for *all* kinds of seeds.

INDEBTEDNESS OF THE SOUTH TO THE NORTH.—The mercantile indebtedness of the Southern to the Northern merchants has been ascertained from various sources of information, as follows: There is due the four cities of New-York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, about $211,000,000, divided as follows: New-York, $159,900,000; Philadelphia, $24,600,000; Baltimore, $10,000,000; Boston, $7,600,000. In the dry-goods interest alone, in these cities, our estimates show that New-York loses $75,000,000; Philadelphia, $14,000,000; Baltimore, $5,500,000; and Boston, $2,000,000; making a total of indebtedness to the dry goods trade of $97,500,000. The total liabilities of the South to the Northern States are estimated at $300,000,000.

THE *Bombay Gazette* says that a monster train, consisting of seventy-seven carriages, was run from Surat to Baroda, the day before the fair held on the Dussera festival. When it passed over the Taptee and Nurbudda iron bridges, the passengers offered to the rivers cocoa-nuts in such large quantities that the waters for the time seemed quite covered with them. It is said that this shower of cocoa-nuts was offered that the rivers, over which such monster trains were to pass, might not open "their wide mouths and swallow up the human freight."

A LEARNED young lady defines a thimble as a diminutive, argenteous, truncated cone, convex on its summit, and semi-perforated with symmetrical indentations.

A RICH, miserly old widower, made a proposal of marriage to a young girl. He promised her every thing she wanted, if she would have him.—"Will you let me keep my carriage?" asked she.—"Yes," was the reply. They were married, and a carriage was purchased. "Where are the horses?" inquired the lady. "That's more than I bargained for," said old stingy, "I promised that you might keep your carriage. There it is. Keep it where you please, my dear!"

As flowers never put on their best clothes for Sunday, but wear their spotless raiment and exhale their odor every day, so let your life, free from stain, ever give forth the fragrance of the love of God.

THE talent of success is simply doing what you can do well; and doing well whatever you do—without a thought of fame. Fame never comes because it is craved.

FINE connections are apt to plunge you into a sea of extravagance, and then not to throw you a rope to save you from drowning.

THE swan subdues the eagle when he attacks her on her own element; so the weakest may subdue the strongest foe, if he but keep his place and do his duty.

A BAD word from a woman's lips is unnatural. We would as soon expect a bullet from a rosebud.

HE who puts a bad construction upon a good act reveals his own wickedness at heart.

LADIES are like violets—the more modest and retiring they appear, the more you love them.

THE FRENCH POST-OFFICE.—The receipts for the Post-Office in France has been constantly progressing since 1815. In that year they were 17,500,000f.; in 1829, 30,500,000f.; in 1847, 50,000,000f; in 1860, nearly 58,500,000f.; and for 1862 they are estimated at 63,000,000f., of which 58,000,000f. are for letters, 1,713,000f. are for journals, the rest from the duty of 2 per cent on money orders, bank-notes, etc. In 1847 the sums sent through the Post-Office did not amount to 40,000,000f.; in 1853 they exceeded 61,000,000f.; and in 1861 they are estimated at 85,000,000f. The increase in the Post-Office revenue is the more remarkable, that in 1847 the rate of postage was reduced, and that on Jan. 1, 1849, the uniform rate of 20 centimes was adopted. In 1847 the number of letters sent through the Post-Office was 126,480,000, and of them only 12,648,000 were prepaid; the proportion of the latter was 10 per cent. In 1860, 263,500,000 letters were conveyed by post, and of them 237,150,000, or 90 per cent, was prepaid. In 1860 the number of journals sent through the Post-Office was 121,340,000; and that of pamphlets, etc., to 57,800,000.

READING, WITHOUT BENEFITING, A POET.—I well remember the indignation of Wordsworth, as walking near his house he was accosted by one of those hordes of tourists that used to besiege him, who, holding up a book, exclaimed patronizingly: "Ah! Mr. Wordsworth, see, I read you!" "You read me, do you?" replied the poet, seizing the book, "and you think you do me a favor. Sir! this is a dead robbery." It was a pirated Paris edition; and the poet, returning the volume, went on, leaving the astonished tourist transfixed in the road. Wordsworth told me at that time—it was before Mr. Moxon paid him £1000 for a uniform edition of his works—that he had not then made £50 altogether by his works; yet there had been 120,000 copies of his poems sold in Paris, which were totally superseding all further chance of sale of his own edition.—*W. Howitt, in the "Critic."*

UTILIZING TIDES.—Let us suppose, says the *London Review*, that by the action of the tides, the difference of level of the surface of the ocean at a certain spot is 21 feet between high and low water; omitting for the present all consideration of the power of the subjacent liquid; what is the mechanical value of a space of 100 yards square of this water? 100 yards square by 21 feet deep equals 70,000 cubic yards of water, which is lifted to a hight of 21 feet, or to 1,470,000 cubic yards lifted to a hight of 1 foot. Now since one cubic yard of water weighs about 1683 pounds, 1,470,000 cubic yards weigh 2,474,010,000 pounds, which is lifted in six hours. This is equivalent to lifting a weight of 412,335,000 foot pounds in one hour; and, since one horse-power is considered equivalent to raising 1,800,000 foot pounds per hour, we have, locked up in every 100 yards square of sea surface, a power equal to a 230 horse-power steam-engine; acting, be it remembered, day and night to the end of the time; requiring no supervision, and costing nothing after the first outlay but the wear and tear of machinery. By means of appropriate machinery connected with this tidal movement any kind of work could be readily performed. Water could be hoisted or air compressed to any desired extent, so as to accumulate power for future use, or for transport to distant stations. Light of surpassing splendor could be generated by means of magneto-electric machines; and, with a very little exercise of ingenuity, every light-house on the coast could be illuminated with sun-like brilliancy and with absolutely no expenditure of fuel. An American many years ago (probably thirty) suggested various modes of utilizing the tides.

CURIOUS DISCOVERY IN IRELAND.—In the month of July last some ancient regal ornaments were found by a poor countryman. The circumstances attracted general attention throughout the country, and several parties expressed an anxiety to obtain the ornaments, which were of pure gold, and consisted of a crown and collar. An intimation was even sent through the authorities under the regulations of treasure trove, demanding the ornaments, of course at their proper value. They have since been publicly exhibited in the collection of the Dublin Society, and much admired by those who relish antiquarian researches. The Messrs. Hynes offered the countryman a handsome douceur if he would point out where he found the relics, but this the wily native knowingly declined to do, no doubt expecting that other articles of value might be discovered in the same locality. He has, however, at length divulged the particulars. The man resided at a place called Skea, near the celebrated ruins of Clanmacnoise, on the brink of the Shannon. In the course of some agricultural operations he removed a large flag which opened the passage to a spacious cavern, in which were found the crown and collar, together with some ancient bronze weapons and several utensils used for culinary purposes. The discoverer of this singular labyrinth kept it concealed from the knowledge of any one for a considerable length of time, but at length he has been induced to show it to a very few individuals under a promise of secresy; and, as he is about to leave this country for Australia, he intends for a consideration to lead the way to this curious subterranean chamber, evidently the retreat of the ancient monarchs who reigned in the locality. The intricacies of this hidden apartment possess many singular vestiges of a defunct race. It was, no doubt, at once a fortalice and residence. The hard-pressed chieftain and his followers found in its recesses the most perfect security and concealment, for if any pursuers had the temerity to tread the tortuous windings of the entrance, certain destruction was sure to reach them ere they reached the apartments, several feet below the surface of what appears to be a lime-stone crag. Amongst other relics of bygone days are ten elaborately ornamental slabs, of an octagonal form, and bearing long inscriptions in the Ogham character. The discovery of this wonderful cavern throws much light on the legends of Bryan O'Donoghoe, and to this means of retreat from his enemies is no doubt due the story of his compact with the Evil One, from the consequences of which the Abbot St. Kieran is said to have released him.—*Dublin Paper.*

ALSO IN SCOTLAND.—Some discoveries of a remarkable character, says the *Scotsman*, have been made recently in Perthshire. Mr. Paterson, farmer Barns, on the estate of Kincardine, in the course of removing some stones from a knoll lying near the farmstead, came upon a flag of nearly a ton weight, under which a grave was discovered. The sides were formed of four flag stones placed on edge, and a similar one formed the bottom. The grave contained the remains of a human body, "which must have remained many hundred years." The space which contained the skeleton is about three feet and

a half long, barely two feet wide, and two deep. In this space the body could not, of course, have been laid at length, considering that the bones were those of a full-grown person. The grave is supposed to be that of a Roman. Several others of like description have been found in the district. More recently still another Roman grave has been found, within two miles of the same place, on the estate of Blackford. While a farmer was plowing, the implement came in contact with a Roman urn, containing a quantity of bones. The vessel was entire, with the exception of a portion of the bottom. As is very frequently the case, the urn was placed with the mouth downward, covering the bones; it was about 18 inches long, and 19 inches wide at the mouth. Numerous coins have been found in the same locality. "The troops of Agricola," says our authority, "on their march to the camp at Ardoch, came through Gleneagles, and, consequently, would pass near the spot indicated."

Lord Chancellor Eldon.—A law reporter in Lord Eldon's Court had occasion to be absent whilst a case, not very entertaining or promising for a report, was dragging its slow length along. Handing his note book to his friend, Mr. (afterward and now Sir George) Rose, the reporter requested he would take a note of any thing worth reporting in the case. To those who know the merry witty humor of the now retired judge, thus asked to furnish a report, the result might have been anticipated to be something droll. The reporter, on his return, opening the page of his manuscript book where the arguments and cases cited should have appeared, found instead the following lines:—

Mr. Leach made a speech
Angry, neat, and wrong;
Mr. Hart, on the other part,
Was prosy, dull, and long;
Mr. Parker made the case darker,
Which before was dark enough;
Mr. Cook quoted his book,
And the Chancellor said, "I doubt."

Of course these lines made the round of the bar, and were highly relished. Ultimately, they reached the Chancellor himself, who made known his acquaintance therewith in this wise. Mr. Rose some time after made a motion to the Chancellor, which his Lordship was obliged to refuse. Refusing it accordingly, he wound up his judgment by adding, "And in this case, Mr. Rose, the Chancellor has *no doubt*."

Photography on Wood.—The preliminary preparation of a wood-block by the artist, previous to the ordinary process of drawing on the design with pencil, is somewhat as follows. The surface of the block is lightly rubbed over with a very thin mixture of flake white and weak gum-water; to this some artists add a little finely-powdered brick-dust. The effect of this is to communicate a slight roughness to the surface, as well as to whiten the color for the readier throwing up of the fine lines of the pencil. The design is then drawn on this white surface, and the white parts are cut away, leaving the black pencil marks in relief. A process for photographing on wood, which I devised in the year 1847, seems not only to fulfill in the most perfect manner all the above-named conditions, but it has the further advantage of being absolutely identical in its manipulations with the ordinary process through which every block goes preparatory to its being engraved. I merely substitute for the flake white in general use, another powder equally white and impalpable—the oxalate of silver. This is mixed with the usual proportion of gum, or plain water and brick-dust, and applied to the surface of the wood. That is all the preparation the block undergoes. It is now sensitive to light, and merely requires exposing to sunlight behind a photographic or other negative for a perfect copy of the required subject to be printed on it. When this is effected, the block is ready to be cut, being in all respects in the same state as when prepared by the draughtsman; the only conditions enforced on the engraver being his capability of translating tone into tone, and working either behind a pale yellow glass, or by artificial light.—*W. C., in the London Review.*

Calvin and Knox.—A more careful study of the character of John Knox would dissipate many of the prejudices against this truly great man, and show that he was possessed of much broader sympathies and more liberal views than is commonly supposed. In this respect he suffers almost as much from misrepresentation as his friend Calvin.—*The Athenæum.*

Sal-Ammoniac for a Snake-Bite.—Arriving one evening at a large settlement, we had scarcely installed ourselves in the Sheikh's rakuba when shrill cries of the women denoted the presence of death. The Sheikh informed us that a valued negress, who had reared his children, had been bitten by a serpent at the well; and so fatal was its venom that the negress would certainly die. To a request to see her, in order to apply some remedy, he replied that it was quite useless, the poison of the serpent being deadly. Persisting in my desire, I was shown into an inner court, where, extended on the ground, I found a powerfully constituted woman, past the middle age, in whom life was still apparent. Speechless, she could reply to none of my questions, but her weeping fellow-slaves told me that the reptile had bitten her in the foot. By the light of a candle I discovered a few small punctures on the right toe, and cutting into them with a razor, the blood flowed freely. From a small medicine-chest I produced a vial of sal-ammoniac, with which I saturated the wound I had made, and, mixing a dozen drops in some water, poured it down her throat. Then, bidding her master place her on a couch and cover her up well, I left the rest to Providence. Although I had effectually cured poisonous scorpion wounds, never having had a trial on serpent bites, I was by no means certain of success; and while thanking me for my attention, the Sheikh and the village wiseacres were certain death would ensue. My first thought in the morning was of the suffering negress, and to my astonishment they told me she was following her usual occupation of drawing water. It is needless to say that the surprise and gratitude of the Sheikh and inmates of his house were boundless; and although proud of my success, I was glad the departure of our caravan furnished me with an excuse to rid myself of the importunities of a crowd of real or pretended invalids.—*Petherick's "Soudan."*

Across China.—The following extract from a private letter by a member of the expedition which made the bold attempt to cross the Chinese Empire,

and by way of Tibet to reach India, gives a summary of results. It will appear from it that our countrymen penetrated the Empire to the extent of 1800 miles, having entered to a considerable length it border province, Sechuen, with its area of twice the extent of Britain, and computed population of 32,000,000.

"Our party penetrated 1800 miles into the interior, and then found the country so overrun with rebels that no men could be induced to accompany us, and no carriage of any sort was procurable; the townspeople in one place fired upon us, and though they could not have prevented our proceeding, it became evident that no one would be allowed to accompany us, and we were compelled to return. We have mapped the Yangtse River for 1000 miles higher than any Europeans had ascended, and collected all the information possible relative to the commerce and rebels of Western China."—*Letter from Shanghai, July 18th.*

Paris zoned with Flowers.—A curious project has just been submitted to the Municipality of Paris. The plan is to gird Paris with a zone of flowers. The gentleman who proposes this plan of a "Jardin de Ceinture" is said to be a celebrated botanist and agriculturist. He proposes to the state to transform the fortifications and earthworks facing the city, both of which are now so much unproductive waste ground, into a great *pépinière d'acclimation*, or a nursery for exotics of every possible kind, whether from hot or cold countries, according to the aspect of the ditch, wall, and earthworks. The administrators of this garden, which he guarantees to form with a given capital for a commencement of operations, would pay to the state a certain rent per hectare; undertake to cultivate no species of parasitical fruit or flower that would be injurious to the wall or difficult to remove in case an enemy was expected; to sell at a low market price the produce of the fortifications; and, in the space of two years and a half, to clear all the expenses that the society may incur in carrying out the project. Nothing can be more brilliant than the results which are promised.

An emerald has been found in the mines of Muco, South-Africa, weighing over two pounds and a half, the largest in the world.

LIGHT AND DARKNESS.

Thou'rt walking in the sunshine,
  Seem to gaze upon the light,
But never more shall sun or sky
  Unto these orbs be bright.
The song of birds is on the breeze,
  The meadows flushed with bloom;
But thou canst neither hear nor see,
  Dark, silent as the tomb.

Thy wrinkled cheek bears passion's trace,
  As dried-up rills leave tracks;
Alike, thy joy and anger gone,
  The last hope fervor lacks:
The blushing beauty, who to thee
  Seemed life, and was thy bride;
Her name, thou scarcely canst recall,
  Or tell when 'twas she died.

How strange it seems, that thou hast been
  A laughing, rosy boy;
Thy father's anxious hope and care,
  Thy mother's tender joy:
That thou so feeble, blind, and deaf,
  With schoolboys gamboled wild;
And clomb the mountain, skimmed the plain,
  A reckless, fearless child.

Where are those youthful playmates now,
  Where is that mother dear;
And where the friends of manhood's prime,
  That thou'rt untended here?
Thou canst not tell, but like a stone
  Reared o'er the silent dead;
Effaced by years, show times have been,
  Whose records all are fled.

And yet, as dying fires emit
  Bright flashes as they close;
So memory may flash back the light
  Of youth, its joys and woes:
'Tis sunset now; thy sun has set,
  Fate soon shall smooth thy bed;
And few will miss that tottering step,
  Or weep that thou art dead.

Is this the end of mortal hope?
  Doth thus the warrior bend?
Forgotten by himself, can thus
  The proud man homeward wend?
Ah! yes. All earthly things, as grass,
  Must wither where they spring:
Fear not, O man! to meet thy God,
  To dust forbear to cling!

J. W. Thirlwall.

The Pastimes of Kings, Emperors, and Statesmen.—Ministers, conquerors, heroes of all descriptions, dance, fiddle, play chess, or flirt, by way of getting rid of care for a season. We all know how Cato played at dice, how Scipio gathered shells, how Augustus passed his time in tossing nuts with his grandchildren. Domitian and Commodus indulged in sports less innocent, the one impaling miserable flies, the other walking about dressed in a lion's skin like Hercules, knocking down those he met with a mighty club. We all know how Nero fiddled when Rome was burning. In modern times Henry IV. and our George III. were fond of galloping about the room with a prince or two on their backs; Charles IX., of gloomy memory, was fond of cards; Louis XIV. liked Molière and comedy; Louis XV., Pompadours and Du Barrys; Louis XVI., watch and lock-making. Napoleon the Great had very little time for amusement till he got to St. Helena, and there was small fun for him there; Charles X. was given to whist; our "gentleman George" passed his evenings and nights in debaucheries of all kinds. It would be an endless task to enumerate the pastimes of statesmen, philosophers, or men of letters, though an interesting and lively volume or two might be filled with such histories.

A Test of True Affection.—A middle-aged single man was dangerously ill at St. Omer's. He threatened to disinherit any nephew or niece that persisted in attending on him. All but one left him—of course they could not disobey these very strict injunctions of a dying man; but Josephine would not desert the sufferer—he might disinherit her, if he liked. He died; and it was then discovered that he had considered Josephine as the only relative who had

proved disinterested, and he left her all his property, valued at eighty thousand francs.

One reason why we meet with so few people who are reasonable and agreeable in conversation is, that there is scarcely any person who does not think more of what he has to say than of answering what is said to him.

Good Thoughts and Guardian Spirits.—The belief that guardian spirits hover around the paths of men covers a mighty truth; for every beautiful, pure, and good thought which the heart holds is an angel of mercy purifying and guarding the soul.

Marriage of Priests in France.—The grave legal question as to the validity of the marriage of priests is about to be submitted to the Civil Tribunal of Perigueux. A priest, who had been debarred from the exercise of ecclesiastical functions, resolved to marry a young woman of Deuville, near that city; but the mayor of the village refused to perform the necessary formalities, and accordingly the priest has brought an action to try the question.

Young Girls.—To our thinking there is no more exquisite creature on the earth than a girl from twelve to fifteen years of age. There is a period in the summer's morning, known only to early risers, which combines all the tenderness of the dawn with nearly all the splendor of the day. There is at least full promise of the dazzling noon; but yet the dew-drop glistens on the half-opened flower, and yet the birds sing with rapture their awakening song. So, too, in the morning of a girl's life there is a time like this, when the rising glory of womanhood sparkles from the sports of an infant, and the elegance of a queenly grace adorns the gambols of babyhood. Unimpeded yet by the sweeping raiment to which she foolishly aspires, she glides amongst her grosser play-fellows like a royal yacht amongst a fleet of coal-barges. Unconsciousness (alas! how soon to depart!) has all the effect of the highest breeding; freedom gives her elegance, and health adorns her with beauty. Indeed, it seems to be the peculiar province of her sex to redeem this part of life from opprobrium.

It is said that the photographic art in Paris, including all classes of photographic workmen, employs no less than ten thousand persons. The portrait card is the most profitable branch.

A Fine Family.—As to the prolific capacity of the natives of Central Africa, the following incident is a testimony: At a village, named Goa, Dr. Barth made acquaintance with its chief, one Dood, whom, to get rid of the exigent swarm of his sable attendants, he invited to call upon him next morning, attended only by his sons. Before sunrise Dood appeared with forty grown-up men or strong striplings, saying he did not like to bring the little ones for fear of trespassing on his visitor's generosity. Being asked how many he had, he began to count them by breaking a reed into small pieces, (none of these negroes can count beyond ten,) and calling over ten names as he placed a piece before him on the deck, and, omitting the babies, he made the sum total seventy-three.

A man's own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners.

Ten Men starved to Death in the Arctic Regions.—The whaler Alert arrived at Peterhead on Tuesday, from Cumberland Straits, where she was frozen in the whole of last winter, the crew having suffered great privations, and one half of them died from cold and scurvy. The Alert left Peterhead last summer, not intending to winter in the north; but, after several unsuccessful attempts to get out of the Gulf, was obliged to put back and bear up for Kitterton Island. Here the sufferings of the crew during a long Arctic winter were such as can not be described. Unexpectedly detained in that dark and desolate region, and unprovided with the comforts necessary for subsistence in the intense frost which prevailed, one after another the crew succumbed to the combined effects of cold and scurvy, until the half of the crew (ten) were dead, leaving only other ten, much enfeebled by disease. The horrors of such a winter may be conceived, as well as the emotions with which the survivors would hail the appearance of this year's ships. Quite unable to bring the vessel home themselves, the captains of the Alibi and Arctic, of Aberdeen, generously sent two boat's crews on board of the Alert to assist the remainder of her crew, and she arrived, as we have stated, at Peterhead on Tuesday, where her arrival with such melancholy news has overspread the town with the deepest gloom, all the crew belonging to that port.

"Well, Jeems," said Zeb, "I kissed Julia for the first time last night, and I declare it electrified me."
"No wonder," said Jeems, "it was a gal-vanic battery."

A young woman can have no excuse for thinking her lover wiser than he is, for if there is any nonsense in him, he is sure to talk it to her.

During an examination, a medical student being asked, "When does mortification ensue?" he replied, "When you pop the question, and are answered, 'No.'"

To Blooming Young Maidens who will one day be married, we would say a few words. A girl has fancies which she would like to gratify, fitting only for those of a heavier purse. Now then, while she is yet young, let her learn content. Let her not spend her money on gewgaws, unbecoming and unsuitable; let her fill her mind with stores of knowledge, her heart with faith and thankfulness, her hands with daily duties, and the plainest face will become so radiant that the eye of man will rest upon it with a lovingness which no gay attire could elicit. Happy in fulfilling her duties as a girl—happy in the gentle sway her virtues and her doings as a wife entitle her to—thrice happy in her maternity, training her children to walk in the footsteps of noble women and great men, and for a wider sphere in another world: and all this is in her power, without more wealth than a very limited income would suffice for.

Little Troubles.—It is little troubles that wear the heart out. It is easier to throw a bomb-shell a mile than a feather—even with artillery.

That's the Question.—What is the use of a seat of war to a standing army?

A smile may be bright while the heart is sad—the rainbow is beautiful in the air while beneath is the moaning of the sea.

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From the National Review.

THE ITALIAN CLERGY AND THE POPE.*

AMONG the most recent, and in our view the most remarkable, of Italian publications, are the polemical writings named in the list below. They illustrate a new phase, and reveal a fresh element in the working out of that signal act of Providence for the vindication of political justice, which news-dealers have not yet done calling "the Italian Question." It is this successive disclosure of different agencies, which proves the genuineness of the whole transaction, whether regarded as a necessary result of foregoing events, or as an exhibition of that overruling wisdom and righteousness, "which shape the growing stature of this world." We may see that it was no got-up factitious movement. It lay not in the reach of human ingenuity, though each conspiring patriot had been a Macchiavelli or a Cavour, to have devised and brought to pass, in the due order of their opportunity, so many timely interpositions of forces so remote and various, coöperating to the same intent. We can not thus explain away the significance of a movement which during the last twelve or fifteen years, to say nothing of previous efforts, has combined for the one

**Il Papato, l' Impero, e il Regno d' Italia.* Memoria di Monsignor FRANCESCO LIVERANI, Prelato domestico e Protonotario della Santa Sede. Florence. 1861.

Pro Causâ Italicâ. Ad Episcopos Catholicos, actore Prebytero Catholico. Florence. 1861.

Obbligo del Vescovo Romano e Pontefice Massimo di risiedere in Roma, quantunque Metropoli del Regno Italico. Per ERNESTO FILALETE. Florence. 1861.

Della Scomunica: Avvertenze d' un Prete Cattolico. Florence. 1861.

La Curia Romana e i Gesuiti. Nuovi Scritti del Cardinale de ANDREA; di Monsignor F. LIVERANI, e del Canonico E. REALI. Florence. 1861.

great purpose of national regeneration, the labors of all ranks and characters of men. They were theoretical republicans, prophetic enthusiasts, and generous madmen, clamoring, plotting, or striking at random in the dark. They were the patient exiles, and those martyrs who, dying on the scaffold, rebuked by their silent fortitude the oppressor that forbade them to bless Italy with their latest breath. They were grave moralists or prudent and vigilant constitutionalists, like Count Balbo at Turin; they were historians, poets, or zealous promoters of popular instruction. There was Gioberti, the liberal and patriotic divine, with that brilliant, fascinating rhetoric, which set off the visionary optimism of his designs; there was Massimo d'Azeglio, with his frank and genial spirit; there was Mazzini, before his faith and constancy had degenerated into fanaticism; there was Cavour, with his cool foresight, his wise audacity, and his consummate practical skill. Most admirably did the elements of this great success meet and work together for its achievement. There was the ambition, for once justifiable, of a royal house; the steady resolution of a parliament, the dexterity of a masterly statesman, the gallantry of a disciplined army, the chivalry of an inspired warrior and his devoted band — above all, the electric contagion of a grand idea possessing and sustaining the people, which discovered its own nationality in the very crisis of its fate. It must assuredly have been a genuine impulse which kept up the unwavering purpose of Italy to reach the goal of unity and independence through such varying means; from Mazzini's dream of a pure democracy, and Gioberti's dream of an equitable princely federation under Papal auspices, to Balbo's, D'Azeglio's, and Cavour's progressive reality of the restoration of Italy by the example of her champion Sulbalpine state. It is wonderful indeed to see how this movement has held right on, from the reckless, ill-concerted, and disastrous struggles of 1848, the ruin and prostration of 1849, to the present time. The cause of Italy, revived and uprisen in Piedmont, marched boldly and in arms, by the strange road of a Crimean battle-field, to impose her unwelcome presence on the Paris diplomatic Congress. Still this cause held on, "fulfilling itself by what seemed to hinder;" and from the desperate folly of poor Orsini, which perhaps fixed on Louis Napoleon his old engagements to the Roman Carbonari, is led, by the compact of Plombières, to the campaign of Lombardy and its liberation; and then, crossing the will of its most potent ally, it evoked in Tuscany and Romagna the undeniable, inviolable people's choice; and, as soon as that harvest of Central Italy was got in safely, it stirred up a new storm in Sicily and Calabria, that swept the southern provinces clear for the establishment of a national Italian sovereignty common to Naples and Turin. We look back with the greatest interest along the vista of this most lively passage of new-made history. What a manifold display of concurrent influences is here! and what a grand general design, ordering and directing them, is visible here to eyes that can see! In such a process of events, in such a marvelous combination, we may see the "adaptation of means to ends," beyond all skill and foresight of mortals. It is a complex and mighty operation of the Disposing Wisdom; it is not merely a worldly game that we see, half chances and half cleverness of tricks, played by the cunning politicians, busied in producing this vast transformation of the Italian populations and their country. Long divided, slumbering under a malignant spell, and shut up in seven petty states, they are changed into one great and free community, a nation, dwelling in one glorious land of its own. A fresh-comer has entered the society of nations; an old people has been "made new." Whose calculation, energy, or valor, was equal to this feat?

The latest phase we remark in this development of New Italy is the unwonted attitude of many of the orthodox clergy, who have joined the Catholic laity in asserting the national cause against its eternal enemy, the Papal Court, without renouncing their ecclesiastical allegiance to the Papal See. During last summer, a temporary suspension of other elements of change left us more leisure to observe this. The diplomatic agencies at work for Italy met with a severe check on the death of Count Cavour. The French Emperor's government did, a very few days after his death, notify its formal recognition of the Italian kingdom. But since that date, we under-

stand, the ministers of Victor Emmanuel have had no assurance of coöperation, nor has even the active opposition been withdrawn in regard to that entire deliverance and completion of Italy which all the freed Italians are resolved at any risk or cost to achieve. Baron Ricasoli's austere integrity, and his emphatic declarations in parliament, proved at once that he would never purchase French favors either by ceding more territory, or binding his government to subserve French designs which might be prejudicial to the rest of Europe. The new Cabinet was precluded, by the fearless honesty of its attitude, from doing certain things hereafter which might possibly have been asked of a too grateful Italy by her most efficient and most formidable friend. While thus the diplomatic element of Italian politics remains necessarily in abeyance, and the prospect of war with Austria is sedulously ignored, the ecclesiastical aspects of the new movement have come forward into the fullest prominence. The Papal Court, though it continues to provide for the details of administration, and to vex half a million of people with the worst police, the worst judiciary, and the worst public economy in Europe, has virtually ceased to constitute a real government. A state possessing neither the authority nor the material force of a state, would rather fall of itself than be violently overthrown, if its twenty thousand French protectors were to be taken away. The unsoldierly troops drilled and clothed at some cost to the Pope's revenue, would scarcely fire a shot in his behalf; while the truculent carabineers or police would fly the vengeance of a populace exasperated by their brutality. The lawyers, and laymen in the civil service, would hasten to offer their allegiance to Victor Emmanuel. Even the cardinals and monsignori would quickly divest themselves, for safety's sake, of all the functions of secular rule, and not a few of those worldly prelates might consult their personal ease, and court the good-will of their neighbors, by civilly recognizing the change they could no longer prevent. Italian members of the Sacred College are not all induced, by zeal for the Papal prerogative, or by the selfish pride of their own caste, to associate themselves with the unrelenting Chief Pastor of Latin Christendom in his denunciations against the political sinners of the age. So hollow and baseless is the fabric of this Papal sovereignty, this elective principality of the cardinals, which clings to the capital of Italy by no root or hold that it has in Italian soil, and by no power of its own, but is propped up by the interference of strangers, by the capricious patronage of meddling despots, and by the lingering in France, in Spain, and in Southern Germany, of a prejudice which Italy has long since outgrown. We now perceive not only amongst the people of Italy, but in the most unexpected quarter, amongst eminent members of the priesthood, symptoms that they also have ceased to reverence as sacred the temporalities of the Roman See.

The late demonstrations of a more advanced clerical opinion to which we refer were provoked apparently by an act of the Italian government and legislature, perhaps purposely designed to test the real feeling both of the Church and the country on the abstract question of the relations between spiritual and political authority. A yearly festival of National Independence and Unity has been established by a law which passed the Chamber of Deputies and Senate last May. In the debate on it, as we remember, stress was especially laid on the absence of any clause to provide for a public religious service on these occasions of general thanksgiving. It was then plainly avowed by Signor Minghetti, the Minister of the Interior, that "one of the motives which had induced the government to omit such a provision was the express wish to mark the essential distinction between the powers or functions of Church and State." He declared "that they would seize every opportunity of converting that great principle into a reality, as the basis of their new institutions." As soon as the law was passed, Signor Minghetti issued a circular to the senators, gonfaloniers, syndics, and other communal authorities, instructing them how each municipality should prepare for the celebration on the first Sunday in June. They were to send "a courteous invitation" to the ecclesiastical authority in each district respectively, merely asking whether the clergy would be pleased to assist on that occasion with a religious ceremony, which would consist simply of a mass and the Ambrosian hymn. "But if in any case," the Minister went on to remark,

"the ecclesiastical authorities can not comply with this invitation, the king's government, while deploring what it considers to be an illusion on their part, desires that their conscientious sentiments may be scrupulously respected, and you are not therefore to insist on that point."

Those who happened to be in Italy at the time can bear witness that the Home Minister, who enjoyed Cavour's fullest confidence, exposed himself by this conciliatory measure to the angry scorn of that large section of the democratic party which cherished a most implacable resentment against the priests for their complicity in past years with the tyrants and spoilers of the land. It was decidedly an unpopular step. The Cabinet might have won the unreflecting applause of a passionate multitude by attempting to coerce the parish clergy, and defying the contrary orders of their ecclesiastical superiors. But we have reason to believe that amicable propositions were being made at that moment by Count Cavour to the Papacy, through his private correspondence with the late Cardinal Santucci, in which a charter for the practical exemption of all church matters from any control or interference by the civil legislature—in fact, the same terms that were latterly propounded by Baron Ricasoli—would have formed the compensation to be given to the Holy See for its relinquishment of political dominion at Rome. The Minghetti circular was doubtless intended as an example to assure the Church, and the Pope as its head, that these terms were offered in sincerity, and that it was indeed a principle of the Italian liberal policy immediately to forego putting in execution, and presently to repeal, every former enactment of those restraints and compulsory injunctions which the old kingdom of Sardinia, as well as most of the Catholic States, had found it needful to impose on the ecclesiastical body.

It is, however, improbable that even the sagacity of Cavour himself, whom we must credit with the authorship of this dexterous and inoffensive appeal to the enlightened sentiments of the clergy, could have anticipated the ferment of opinion it excited in the next few weeks throughout Northern and Central Italy. The bishops, or the other chief diocesan authorities, where the long-standing quarrel between the courts of Rome and Turin had prevented the institution of bishops to fill the vacant sees, made haste, in very many instances, to interdict their clergy from taking part in the national festival. The episcopal order is now distinguished in Italy, as well as in France, by its servility to the Papal Court, and, at the same time, by its disposition to usurp greater power than ever was intrusted to it in former ages over the parochial clergy. It was not, therefore, quite unnatural that when a portion of the parochial clergy and cathedral chapters in Lombardy and in Tuscany came to associate their own rights and duties, not less as citizens than ministers of religion, with this common rejoicing of their people, they should feel themselves standing opposed to the excesses and abuses of the provincial episcopate, as well as to the worldly pretensions of the Roman See. It is quite notorious that many of the bishops, and other prelates with or without cure of souls, have become in these times no better than irresponsible political agents of the Roman court. They contend for the Pope's temporal as identical with the Church's spiritual interests; they are a dangerous and insidious class of persons in the view of all prudent statesmen; and it is satisfactory to find the lower ranks of ordained professional churchmen disposed to revolt against them. If the working clergy determine, indeed, to vindicate their own liberty of action, as men and citizens, within the limits of due canonical obedience, we may hope for great moral and social improvement concurrently with the political redemption of Italy. Perhaps this remark may, in a certain measure, be applied to France.

One of the earliest and most notorious of these collisions between different orders of the clergy, excited by the dispute which arose from Minghetti's circular, took place at Milan. The vicar episcopal, Monsignor Caccia, having peremptorily forbidden the clergy of his diocese to have any thing to do with the intended celebration of United Italy, fifteen of the Milanese canons thereupon addressed a letter to the civic authorities, declaring that they would have cheerfully joined in it, but for this prohibition. The parish priests, or curates, of Milan and its neighborhood, then followed with an address to their deputy-bishop, telling him that, while they must obey, they yet made bold to disapprove his order, as one "tending

to disturb the minds of the people, to fill them with distrust of the clergy, and to estrange them from habits of religion." They expressed a fear lest Monsignor Caccia's obtrusive hostility to the public joy should provoke a breach of the peace. In fact, being unfortunately mobbed as he went the next Sunday from his palace to the cathedral, he thought it best to escape further inconvenience by leaving the city. The Chapter, on whom in his absence the ecclesiastical rule devolved, set aside his injunctions, when the appointed day for the festival came round, and allowed some kind of religious service to be performed. The address, which we have quoted, from the Milanese parochial clergy, obtained in the mean time nearly two hundred signatures. The Bishop of Brescia having likewise ordered his clergy to keep aloof from the national festival, they drew up so strong a protest against his conduct, that, without any menace of popular disorder there, he was fain to retire for very disappointment and shame, leaving in his place the vicar-general of his diocese, who patched up the breach with an ambiguous direction to have prayers "for the king" read on the national thanksgiving day. The vicar of Pavia, with all the priests of that city, and those of several other places in Lombardy, announced their intention to take part in the festival. About fifty clergymen at Piacenza likewise got up a declaration, in which they said that "they, both as priests and as citizens, could appreciate, as highly as their fellow-countrymen, the great efforts and sacrifices, which their king, his ministers, and all classes of the community, had made for the redemption of Italy; that they should feel they deserved the reproach of ingratitude, therefore, as well as that of an illiberal temper, if they were to refrain from joining in this celebration; and that they should be unfaithful to the pastoral office if they separated themselves on such an occasion from their flocks, since they held it to be the duty of ministers of the Gospel to share in the joys and hopes of the people." These Piacenza clergymen added, that in their view, "true religion should bless and sanctify the fraternal communion of nationality for all the Italians, and that the political unity of their nation would be favorable to the unity of the faith." In almost the same phrase went the public manifesto of the canons of St. Ambrose at Milan. They said: "Religion is the friend of liberty, and this is a fitting occasion for us to teach our people that the unity of Italy, which they so much prize and desire, is quite consistent with the unity of the Catholic faith. We are most anxious," the Ambrosian canons went on, "to prevent any suspicion that the Italian clergy are accomplices of a party which is hostile to the present government—of a party which is indeed the enemy of Italy, now that she seeks to constitute herself as a great nation." It must not be supposed, from what has been stated of the general conduct of the Italian bishops, that there were none of them who sympathized with the people. Those of Verona and Mantua, within the Austrian Quadrilateral, wrote letters recommending a participation in the national festival to the clergy of certain outlying districts, situated in the dioceses of Verona and Mantua, but on the right bank of the river Mincio, and in the actual dominions of Victor Emmanuel. The Bishop of Sarzana, in a circular to the rural deans, gave the festival his warmest approval, and enjoined the clergy of each commune to accept the invitation of its syndic, and to perform in its principal church the ritual *pro gratiarum actione*, with the prayer *pro rege*, and the benediction of the holy sacrament to conclude. It was about the same time, that in Tuscany, the Bishop of Conversano publicly rebuked some Jesuits, or other father confessors, "for having denied absolution to the faithful because they were in favor of liberal political institutions, and because they had voted for the kingdom of Italy one and independent." The refusal of absolution on such grounds was denounced by this bishop as an "unreasonable, unjust, and irreligious proceeding," and he judicially suspended those who had done so from hearing confessions in future. In the Neapolitan territory, there are similar instances. Monsignor Capputi, the Bishop of Ariano, actively espoused the national cause, and was appointed chaplain-general to the army in the south of Italy. We observe that the Bishop of Potenza has recently followed his example. At Florence, the clergy liberally disposed, seeing that they were risking ecclesiastical penalties, and, it might be, the deprivation of their benefices, set the example of clubbing their funds for self-protection and forming themselves into a Mutual

Aid Society, whose real object, though not set forth in their rules, was to afford each other relief in such a case. In more than one town of Northern Italy, similar institutions arose, which could only be censured by the Ordinary on the pretext that their members sometimes indulged in a little political discussion when they met to audit their accounts. In the divers monastic orders which abound throughout Italy, there was here and there to be found some learned Benedictine, or some robust bare-headed and barefoot Capuchin, who would frankly incline to the popular side. In Sicily, the monks of La Grancia had fought most valiantly against the Bourbon troops before Garibaldi arrived. At Turin, it was a monk, the well-known Father Giacomo, who was summoned by Cavour's desire, not only as the curate of his parish, but as a personal friend, to the dying statesman's bedside, to pronounce the absolution, and to administer the sacrament, by which intolerance and party spite were balked of an opportunity for squabbling over his funeral. It could, therefore, no longer be alleged, without many conspicuous exceptions, that the clerical body stood wholly committed to that hostility against the national cause of which it had formerly been accused; nor could its support be any longer relied on by the political intriguers of the Roman court with the same confidence as before. The old allegiance of provincial clergymen had been strained by this contention between their attachment to the Pope and their attachment to their native country, or between fanaticism, the pride of caste, and sentiments of good fellowship. In not a few minds the ecclesiastical spirit yielded to the dictates of Christian charity, common-sense, and experience. They were prepared to welcome the consummation of those vast and most beneficial changes which were irresistibly proceeding throughout Italy, although it must put an end to the secular domination of Roman prelates.

The festival of national unity and independence passed off quite successfully on the second of June; but four days later the great Minister of Italy had departed, and by the shock of that loss public attention was for a while distracted from the demeanor of the clergy. Not many weeks had elapsed before the discussion on Papal temporalities was revived by a deliberate indictment against the vices of the Roman court, issuing from the respectable free press of Florence, and boldly owning for its author a most unimpeachable churchman, who was a cathedral-canon at Rome, one of the Pope's domestic prelates, a learned antiquarian explorer and literary eulogist of the primitive glories of the Roman See. Such were the claims of Francesco Liverani to a hearing, when he volunteered to testify against the scandals and abuses which he had witnessed in a residence of nearly twenty years at the head-quarters of all official corruptions of church and state in Rome. Of the seven privileged Basilicas or cathedral establishments in that city, the most esteemed, after the Lateran and St. Peter's, is that of Santa Maria Maggiore, called from its first patriarch the Liberian, to whose chapter Liverani belonged, and where the charge of trustee or superintendent of the building devolved on him. The seven prelates, or Monsignors, forming the college of protonotaries, or apostolic chancellors, in domestic attendance on the Pope, take precedence of bishops and archbishops in the Consistory; they are subject to none but the Pope's immediate jurisdiction, and are entitled, wherever they please, to celebrate a pontifical mass, or, in the technical slang, "to pontificate the mass," without asking the diocesan for his license. These dignities, enjoyed by Monsignor Liverani, gave additional weight to his example with a hierarchy that flourishes by the worship of conventionalities and symbolical parade. He was perhaps better accredited by a blameless moral reputation in his unobtrusive and studious life at Rome; and his father had been killed in fighting on the Papal side. While a diligent schoolboy in his native town of Imola, he had merited the notice of the archbishop there, by whose patronage he was, though of a poor family, soon admitted into the academy, then existing at Rome, for the education of youths of noble birth destined for the clerical profession. That archbishop in that year 1842, was Cardinal Giovanni Mastai Ferretti, now reigning as Pope under the name of Pius IX. The cordial intercourse which appears, from a few of his own letters, printed in the Appendix, to have subsisted between him and young Liverani in those days of his provincial episcopate, has given place to es-

trangement, and even to positive aversion, since the elevation of Ferretti to the pontifical throne. We can not help detecting in the tone of Liverani's personal censures and complaints the bitterness of a disappointed man, who has been deprived of the good-will of a capricious and peevish superior. With the due qualification on this score, we may take from his book, to begin with, the portrait which he has drawn of Pio Nono, whom he knows so well.

It is remarkable that most English, and indeed Protestant, folks are accustomed to judge much more favorably of the Pope's character than the Romans themselves do. We believe that, apart from his fatal errors and inconsistencies in dealing with the Italian revolution, he is, or was, rather a genial and amiable old man, though somewhat fickle, self-indulgent, and vain; and while weakly solicitous of the applause of those about him, yet with sanguine temper and facile charity, he still nourishes a vague sentimental ambition to leave the world as well as the Church happier than he found it. But unhappily this kind of egotistic benevolence, which grasps so eagerly at fresh and splendid opportunities of doing some conspicuous good, is a specie of the milk of human kindness exceedingly liable to be soured when those flattering projects for the general improvement, and for personal glorification, which pampered awhile the self-esteem of their author, have by his own faults and unsteadiness of purpose resulted in mortifying failure. The Pope is a spoiled man, if ever there was one, at least taking Monsignor Liverani's description of him as correct. It is true that Monsignor Liverani, who feels bound to give his Pope and former patron at least one good word, and that one a plumper, roundly assures us that "the Pope is an angel," but then it may be that Liverani's idea of angelic excellence is very different from ours. And the "few blemishes" that he reveals in the following account of Pio Nono's disposition seem to us the characteristics of one who may be wise and good enough to be the Vicar of Christ in the eyes of a devout member of the Romish hierarchy, but whom Liverani himself thinks not wise or good enough to be the ruler of a small Italian state, and whom few sensible men would pronounce fit to exercise any authority whatever over his inferiors, if, instead of being the supreme and sovereign Pontiff, he were the master of a private household.

"The innocence and purity of his morals, his love for the sacred ceremonies, the facility and good taste with which he can speak *extempore*, the sweetness and unction of his prayers, the tunefulness of his singing, and the august majesty with which he ministers at the altar—these gifts, with his zeal in undertaking many things for the glory of God, not shrinking even from the most hazardous, form but a small part of the virtues of Pio Nono. He can not be charged with nepotism, and he has not the slighest taint of avarice or thirst for acquiring treasure; he only values or cares for gold and silver to spend them on the poor, or to grace and honor the sanctuary with them. He is patient, and even indefatigable, in giving audiences, and in listening; but at such times he concerns himself excessively about the pettiest details, and most vulgar gossip. He estimates the worth of men or things rather from accidents and circumstances than from their essential nature. He is very accessible to sinister impressions and malignant prejudices; he is hasty and obstinate in his decisions and purposes, but not less inexorable when he has changed his mind or taken an aversion to any thing. He lets his heart be easily stolen away by sudden movements of sympathy and predilection; and he incautiously allows his face to betray his complacency or repugnance, and the inmost feelings of his heart; so that he yields up the key of it to all the sly and cunning parasites who read his thoughts in his countenance. They wait, therefore, in his presence with their necks bent, eyes gently melting, and mouths half open, and with every muscle of their limbs kept in docile suspense, and ready to run here or there with their applauses at his slightest nod, or to praise and repeat any expression of his wishes, even if those wishes should be ruinous to his interest. He is very quick in passing judgments on persons, but will judge of a man by his complexion and carriage, and such outward appearances, by his Socratic visage, or his bald head, or by his more or less melodious voice, instead of looking to the qualities of his mind and genius. He will not bestow his favor on any one who does not know the arts by which it may be dexterously gained. Hence he regards honest men with jealousy and suspicion, whilst rogues find in him an unarmed and unwary victim. He is virtuous, but with a public and clamorous virtue, sonorous, like his fine voice; he has an ardent passion for doing good deeds, but will have them announced all through the world in a thousand newspapers, and recorded in a thousand inscriptions and medals, for the remembrance of careless posterity. He is changeable in his opinions and plans, according to the weather, the aspect of the sky and clouds, or according to the state of his nerves and circulation, and the pathology of a sickly body; his *morale* is affected by all the impressions made upon an

infirm physical constitution. He is good-natured and mild, though you can never be safe with him against some outrageous treatment or sudden burst of anger; but these outbreaks do not belong to his real nature, and they are quickly followed by repentance, unless they be again stimulated by some artful and intriguing persons. He has fallen a prey to those perfidious courtiers who have so long made him the sport of their own contentions and of their evil passions. For fifteen years Pio Nono has been made the plaything of wicked men, who, to whatever country or faction they belong, and of whatever sort they be, are all busied perpetually in quarreling for his favor, which they profane and squander amongst themselves."

Such, then, is the reigning Pontiff, and such are they who monopolize under his scepter all the important and lucrative offices of government at Rome. It is beyond the scope of this Review to follow Monsignor Liverani's startling narrative of those frequent acts of flagrant and unpunished dishonesty which have, and most notoriously of late years, disgraced the Papal administration in almost every department: peculation in the finances, jobbery in the government contracts, bribery of the judicial and police authorities—the partnership of ministers and of their kindred in commercial profits, gained by artificially enhancing the prices of various commodities through legislative decrees for that purpose—the tricks played with a paper currency under the bank-charter, which was framed for the convenience of influential persons, to give them a command of the Roman markets, by controlling the issues of the circulating medium of trade. These and other mal-practices, which had, indeed, been referred to by Edmond About, and several former writers, are illustrated by many facts here mentioned in a memoir from the pen of an Italian prelate. We need not, however, dwell on the very ugly picture he has drawn of Cardinal Antonelli, the all-powerful Secretary of State, who may say, after the fashion of Cardinal Wolsey's arrogance, *ego et Papa meus*. Still less are we tempted to repeat Liverani's anecdotes of the particular viciousness of all those assiduous jackals who feed in the prime minister's train. It appears, from Liverani's account, that the chief branches of the public service are infested with a low bred and rapacious tribe, the offspring of those hungry mountain villages in the neighboring Apennine region, which have never failed in sending down their adventurous sons to live in the metropolis, if not upon the highways, by plunder of the helpless commonwealth. All this, indeed, was what the world had been told before. But, in addition to giving us many such instances of this disorder in the Papal State, the author relates not a few instances of the grossest misbehavior, and almost grotesque impropriety, in the discharge of clerical functions. He proves that this disorder extends to the Pope's spiritual as well as temporal admistration, and that, as a necessary consequence of their being united, the one shares its contagious vices with the other. Monsignor Liverani is fond of historical parallels. For the present condition of the Pontifical throne, occupied so feebly, and so insidiously beset, he finds a parallel in the reign of Benedict XII., from 1724 to 1730. The reins of government were handled at that time by Cardinal Coscia, whose conduct became so scandalous, and excited such violent indignation amongst the populace, that the succeeding Pope, after due investigation, condemned him as a fraudulent and unjust steward to condign punishment and pecuniary restitution. Some other periods, almost as miserable for the credit of Papal sovereignty, might be quoted from the familiar pages of Ranke, to show that the abuses of ecclesiastical despotism at Rome are not weeds of recent growth. "The Roman atmosphere," says Liverani, borrowing a forcible metaphor used by several previous writers on this subject — "the Roman atmosphere is impregnated with this vice of corruption." And who are the previous writers from whom this strong language is taken? They are not enemies of the Papacy, but the Popes themselves, who have repeatedly confessed the prevalent immorality of their court. It is something in the air, says one; a peculiarity of the Roman climate, says another—"*la temperie di questa patria.*" Such are the very expressions of Paul III. and Gregory XV., in their memoirs, written for the instruction of their nephews; and Gregory XIII., speaking of the behavior of some cardinals after their promotion, employs a similar phrase. The arch-rogue Coscia himself, in a letter of self-exculpation, pleaded this universal depravity and greediness of public persons at Rome as an excuse for his own robberies, "*Al pubblico rubare non vi è chi resista;*" there is nobody who can

stand against it. It is "*la proprietà di questo cielo*," a social pestilence which belongs to Rome, like the malaria fever, and which may, like it, be ascribed to the ill effects of Rome's prelatical government, hindering equally the healthy growth and culture of its public life, and the wholesome tillage and planting of its soil.

But Monsignor Liverani is not merely an accuser of the system which exists, he has a defined theory of that which ought to be established. His grand idea is the feasibility of reconciling the Papal See with the Italian crown, by reviving that fiction of the middle ages which assumed that the lord of Italy, in those days a German emperor, when elected by the Romans for their king, was to have his Italian dominion consecrated by the Pope's benediction. The Holy Roman Empire, established by Charlemagne in concert with Leo III., passed afterward from the Frankish dynasty, and was held for a short time, in the tenth century, by certain Italian princes, or Lombards naturalized in Italy, who were favored by the Popes of their day. This dark and doubtful interval between the epochs of the Frankish and Swabian ascendency is cited by our fond ecclesiastical antiquary as a precedent for advising Pio Nono to admit or confirm the legitimacy of Victor Emmanuel's new kingdom of Italy, to be completed and consecrated by the Pope himself in his capital of Rome! In spite of the pedantic impracticability of this idea, we think its advocacy by a zealous churchman is rather significant, as it proves his desire to find in the traditions of ecclesiastical history some juridical grounds for settling the present dispute as to the sovereignty of the Roman States, on terms favorable to the national wishes. In his view, this ancient rag of an assumed titular supremacy, by virtue of which the Pope, in compliance with the suffrages of the Roman senate and people, was authorized to confirm the political dominion given to a prince of their choice, is "the rational, speculative, and philosophical formula of Italian independence." "It is," he again declares, with the same odd concatenation of epithets, and in a tone of *ex cathedrâ* decision—"it is the desirable, historical, traditional, and canonical formula" of Roman sovereignty. In a similar vein of scholastic eloquence, he says it is "a true politico-ecclesiastic system," which provides for the "perpetual equilibrium of two opposite and omnipotent forces." Considerations of this sort were not unfrequently broached in the endless Guelph and Ghibelline controversy, by those who fancied that a compromise, reserving the nominal supremacy of the Pope, could be consistent with the secure exercise, by a king or emperor, of the secular power. It is only worth our while to notice how Monsignor Liverani, asserting, as he does, that the Popes had an original title to some Roman sovereignty, allows that it was "an abstraction more than a reality," and that it did not involve the actual exercise of any political power. He finds evidence of this in the oldest Romish decretals, in the liturgies, and in letters of the early Popes; and his aim is to show from these documents how the Roman see has distinctly acknowledged that Italy has a right to be ruled by a secular prince, and to have a political head of her own. Dante, in his political essay *De Monarchiâ*, which is among the forbidden books in the Index, and to which, therefore, Monsignor Liverani does not allude, maintains the same opinion by sundry philosophical arguments on the distinction between the civil government that he claimed for the elect Emperor Henry of Luxemburg, and the spiritual authority belonging to the Pope. It could not be any concern of the Church, as a religious corporation, whether the temporal potentate ruling over Italy were a French, a German, or an Italian monarch. The Holy Roman Empire, in modern times more commonly called the German Empire, continued, according to this theory, to exist until 1815, when it was dropped at the Congress of Vienna, and has since lain vacant till revived last year by the vote of an Italian parliament, and vested in the House of Savoy. King Victor Emmanuel may therefore go to Rome, and there legally demand his crown at the hands of Pope Pius IX. under the constitution agreed to between Leo III. and Charlemagne a thousand years ago! Here is an end of the Roman question; here is an answer to all diplomatic and canonical objections; here is ample satisfaction given to the Legitimists and Catholics of Europe. Monsignor Liverani triumphs in his victorious "formula," and beholds a vision of the new King of Italy, as King of the Romans, presenting himself at Saint Peter's sepulcher to ac-

cept from that Apostle's successor the crown which has been given to him by the will of the nation. But it is Napoleon III. who appears in this romantic vision as "the new Charlemagne;" and Montalembert, to whom the treatise is dedicated, is told he shall, in spite of himself, become the laureate and panegyrist of the liberal and Catholic French "Cæsar," who will have carried our author's plan into execution, thereby fulfilling the aspirations of the Italians, and yet saving the dignity of the Holy See! Thus far went Monsignor Liverani, whose book is so curious that our readers may forgive the space it has taken up.

Two or three months later, in September, appeared a champion of much greater force in the lists of theological controversy, Carlo Passaglia, the most famous of living Romanist divines, who challenges the entire host of the episcopate and all the prelacy, the whole College of Cardinals, and the Pope himself, for having, in the worldliness of their selfish temporal politics, offended against that charity which is the true spirit of the Church. There could be no mistake about this man, or what he meant to say. It was on behalf of the religious interests of Catholicism, that he dared to impugn the conduct of its supreme Head, and that of a great majority of the highest order of its ministers. He addressed himself openly and avowedly to those whom he had to reprove; the first of his published tracts was *Concio ad clerum*, a letter written in the Latin language to the bishops throughout Italy. The author had a right to claim the attention of all the bishops of his Church throughout Europe, for to none of them could he be a stranger, since it had been his task a few years before to address them, and to invite their opinions on a very different controversy. For it was he, then a shining light of the Jesuits, an admired professor of the Sapienza, or Roman University, who undertook, at the Pope's very urgent request, to carry on the discussions in favor of that once questionable dogma of the Immaculate Conception of Mary, which it is the boast of this pontificate to have established. Passaglia was indefatigable in his literary and personal exertions to persuade the Italian and other clergy of the Romish communion to make up their minds that the Nazarene maiden, as well as her divine Son, was assuredly born into this world exempt from any taint of the sinfulness inherited from Eve. This doctrine is now finally acknowledged. In the Piazza di Spagna at Rome, where artists and English visitors most do congregate, a pillar bearing her statue, with those of four prophets at its base, has been erected to commemorate this great achievement in honor of the mother of Jesus; and on the walls in St. Peter's Church, conspicuous tablets record the names of a multitude of bishops who stood around Pius IX. when he pronounced, with all the emphasis of infallibility, the precious truth which had been recommended by Passaglia's ingenious and erudite pleading to the acceptance of the Catholic world.

It is not, therefore, Passaglia who can be thrust aside as an infidel or heretic, when he stands up to protest against the infatuated or profligate abuse of spiritual authority, and its prostitution to the service of Mammon. For though his address to the Bishops is entitled *Pro Causâ Italicâ*, it is for the interests of the Church in Italy that he is concerned. He looks about him, and it is "the present condition of the ecclesiastical communion in this country" which fills him with the bitterest grief. He sees the people miserably cut off from their pastors, and in danger of departing forever out of "the paradise of the Church," while the Pastor of pastors, the Vicar of Christ upon earth, denounces against all Italy the dreadful sentence of excommunication. And he asks, what is this for? Have the Italians, then, followed the English, Germans, Swedes, and Danes, in leaving the orthodox faith? Not they, for they still hold it firmly. Are they disobedient in matters of religious duty to their appointed pastors, or have they disregarded the supreme authority of the Roman Pontiff? No; they are still devoted and obedient in all that is imposed on them by the divine law. Do they seek audaciously to rob the Church of her liberties, or insidiously to steal them away? No; the Italians proclaim "a free Church in a free State;" they beg for peace; they try every way to obviate discord; they are not offenders against the Church.

On the other hand, Passaglia says he is scandalized by the manner in which the Italian bishops are behaving toward

this unoffending people. While the people exult, and render thanks to God, for the greatest of blessings, which they have now received as a nation, the bishops reprove, reject, and execrate that which all classes of the laity have desired and hailed with delight. These bishops stop the popular hymns of joy with menaces of the divine anger; and when the multitude hasten to assemble in their churches, and ask permission for an act to worship, it is the bishops who shut the church-doors against them, and drive away their priests from the altar. Are these the fathers of the Church? he asks. Is this their paternal care and love? They were made bishops to procure the welfare of the flock, and in order that they should look to the continuance of peace and concord among all Christian people. Such was the original reason for which their office was instituted. He quotes St. Jerome and others, to show that the offices of presbyter and of bishop were at first the same, and it was by a council of priests that the primitive Church was ruled; but in a later age, to avoid dissensions, the care of the Church was committed to the bishops. It is by custom, he says, rather than by divine appointment, that the bishop is superior; and Chrysostom bears him out in claiming, as a presbyter, an equal right to speak his opinion on church matters. The bishops, according to St. Cyprian, ought to hear the voice of warning and instruction, in their turn, like every body else; and therefore he, Passaglia, will make bold to tell them that they are doing wrong. They are offenders against the spirit of Catholic unity, which is the very end and aim for which bishops, Pope, and Church exist. They are rashly tearing to pieces the mystical body of Christ. They are sinfully preferring worldly grandeurs to the eternal profit of souls.

Rising, then, to a higher sphere, the author of this remonstrance is led, from considering the Papacy as the appointed symbol of Catholic unity, to appeal to the essential object of that institution against the conduct of the Pope on this occasion. He starts with some abstruse deductions from the "three species of unity," which he finds to be respectively the central idea in the sciences of theology, christology, and ecclesiology, those three sciences, involving the triune unity of the Godhead, the unity of two natures in Christ, and the unity of many particular churches in one Catholic Church. Now he affirms, as a Romanist, that in order to secure the realization of this last species of unity, Christ has established a perpetual primacy in the alleged episcopal See of the Apostle Peter. We need not pause here to discuss the worth of those authorities which Passaglia cites to support this allegation, very superfluously, as one might think, in a letter addressed to the Roman Catholic bishops. They can not require so many pages of extract from patristic homilies to prove that the Bishop of Rome, above all others, is bound to prevent divisions in the Church. But what is it the Pope has actually done? He has "deemed it to be his duty to deny peace and communion to the Italians." In his anger for the loss of worldly possessions, and his animosity against the Italian kingdom and against the national cause, he has smitten a whole people with undeserved anathemas. Now this case seems to come within the definition of those cases alluded to by St. Augustine, where the peace and unity of the Church may be injured by a rash use of spiritual censures. Excommunication is a dreadful thing, because outside of the Church there stands the devil, to whom, for his prey, the limb thus amputated from Christ's body is cast out, to be by Satan devoured. The Pope should therefore think twice about it, before he excommunicates any body. For if any of the faithful should happen to be unjustly smitten, the anathema will do more hurt to him by whom it is perversely uttered, than to him upon whom it has fallen undeservedly. It does happen sometimes that, on account of seditions and tumults excited by carnal men, good Christians are wrongfully expelled from the Church. Let the tares and wheat grow up together, for the wheat's sake, that its roots may not be disturbed. If any one deserve censure, let it be applied in such a manner as not to risk provoking a schism. "Where his fault is so notorious to all and execrated by all, that he finds either no defenders or not so many as might give rise to a schism, let the severity of discipline not be spared. Censure may then be inflicted without disturbing peace and unity. . . But where many are infected with the same disease, we can do nothing but

mourn over them." Such is the precept, omitting the arguments of St. Augustine. Whereupon Passaglia exclaims:

"But has this rule of the Church been observed by the bishops of Italy? Has it been taken any account of by the Roman Pontiff in the course of the recent political transactions? Had not the persons against whom his anathemas were thundered a multitude of company with them? Were they but few and scanty, and was the majority dissentient, or is it now dissentient from them? Were they destitute or are they now destitute of partisans sufficient to promote a schism? Let the Italian bishops reflect well on these matters, and observe whether the multitude of these populations are in favor of the superior authority which has inflicted a reproof, or in favor of the culpable party who resists it. Let them see to it, lest when the minds of the Italians are thus disposed, the excommunication tend, not to correct them, but to exasperate, not to heal with painful surgery, but rather to inflict a mortal wound."

It will not be out of place here, leaving for a moment Passaglia's address on the question between the Church and Italy, to refer to his treatise on "Excommunication," since published. In this he maintains, with a long array of learned quotations that "censures and excommunications are invalid, and legally null, even without absolution, wherever they are detrimental to the Church, either from having been leveled against the multitude, or from their having struck at some person influential enough to draw over the multitude to his purposes in such a manner as to cause a schism." We must confess that this appears to us very low-church doctrine, and altogether inconsistent with the traditional power to bind and loose, assumed by the successors of St. Peter. We may say more, that it appears to be unworthy of an institution which claims the moral and spiritual direction of mankind, and which is good for nothing if not freely and candidly to rebuke men for sin. This, however, is called by Romanists "the moderation of a necessary connivance." It was three or four years ago that Father Passaglia withdrew from among the Jesuits; and some traces of that sophistry which is exposed in the "Provincial Letters" may yet be detected in him. For all that, he is right in the main, and perhaps would say openly, if he dared, that the Pope's excommunication of the Italians is void, not because they number some twenty millions, whose souls would be lost if severed from the Pope's communion, but because they are equal inheritors with the Pope himself of all the benefits of the Christian dispensation and may not be excluded by his rusty keys. Passaglia does indeed recollect how no less a Pope than Innocent III. has acknowledged that people may be excommunicated by the Church without being thereby excommunicated in the sight of God. On this, therefore, as well as on some other grounds, he repudiates the insinuations of the *Civiltà Cattolica*, that the soul of Count Cavour has gone to perdition, because he died under the ecclesiastical ban of Pius IX. One of these grounds is so curious, that, in spite of our sadness, we can not but smile at the pettifogging habit of Romish theologians, who will plead the accidental non-service of a writ in arrest of a judgment of eternal doom. Passaglia coolly suggests that because the Papal bull had not been published in Piedmont, as, indeed, by the laws of the land it could not be, therefore, according to the opinion of most legists and canonists, it did not take effect, so that Cavour was not in an excommunicated state! A broader view of the case, however, is embraced by his principal argument; namely, that the sentence of excommunication is only valid in cases where the offense so punished relates to purely spiritual affairs, properly belonging to the Church, such as heresy or the violation of Catholic doctrine; and that the sentence is *ipso facto* void when meant to guard merely worldly possessions, which can not properly belong to the Church. The Pope's spiritual jurisdiction can not extend to punish those who invade his own temporalities. Much less, it is contended in *Pro Causâ Italicâ*, can the Pope or the bishops decide on territorial disputes between the princes of Italy, or censure Victor Emmanuel for seizing the dominions of Tuscany and Naples. How can the successor of an Apostle be a judge and divider of the estates of other men?

With these comparatively enlightened views as to the scope and limits of Church authority, Passaglia comes forward, he says, with God's help to defend not only the cause of Italy, but the Church in Italy, which is in extreme danger of perishing altogether. For the Church consists of a people congregated around their priest, and attached to him by those ties which bind the pastor to his flock. There is no Church where the people are want-

ing. Now what has become of the Church's people in Italy? There is no congregation or flock; they stand aloof from the priests their pastors. He says, this is the state of things all over the country; that the churches every where are languishing, evaporating, fading away to mere shadows, and will vanish entirely, unless the bishops, and the Pope especially, will desist from persecuting and making war against Italy. Pius IX. has declared that he can not approve of what has been done; and he has sworn that he will never consent to alienate the patrimony of the Roman See. But his declarations on such a matter have no dogmatic character, and are therefore not immutable. The promissory obligation of his oaths is removed when, by ceding the temporal domain, he may not only save the Church from ruin, but may acquire for the Holy See advantages far greater than those he would give up. Those advantages are comprised in the new maxim of Italian policy, "a free Chure in a free State." The proposals of Baron Ricasoli were probably well known to Passaglia when he wrote this appeal, three or four months ago. But he does not ask nearly so much for the Church as Ricasoli would have given. He briefly examines the question whether the political liberty enjoyed by a sovereign person be requisite, or at least useful, to enable he Pope to exercise his spiritual authority in order that he may bind or loose, and strengthen his brethrei in the faith. and feed the flock of Christ. His conclusion is, that there will be no risk to the due liberty of the Pope in things divine and in his apostolic ministrations, even if the Pope should become a subject of some human government. Nor will the true majesty of Christ's Vicar be diminished by his ceasing to display the pomp of an earthly kingdom.

"And if there were former times in which the condition of human society was such as seemed to require that a civil princedom should be joined to the supreme Pontificate, the aspect both of public and private affairs is now so much altered, that nothing should appear to the Pope himself so desirable as a separation of the scepter from the keys, and of the sacerdotal tiara from the regal diadem. Their separation is called for unanimously by those who are still subjected to the Papal reign, though unwilling and reluctant, by force of foreign arms; and it is called for unanimously by the populations of all Italy, which can no longer brook that the new kingdom should be deprived of Rome, its capital. It is called for unanimously by the most cultivated nations of Europe, who are convinced by the plainest reasons that nothing but loss and ruin can accrue to religion and to the Papacy from its retaining the temporal dominion. It is demanded by the approach of those dangers, both to the Church and to civil society, which can not be averted unless the supreme Pontiff will incline his mind to counsels of peace and concord. It is demanded by his office, as the chief pastor, which should be wholly exercised for the benefit of the flock. It is demanded by every right, both human and divine."

Before ending this review, some notice must be taken of the third publication on our list—another tract, under the pseudonym of "Ernesto Filalete," proceeding also from the rapid pen of Father Passaglia. It is a statement of the easons why the Pope ought still to reside in Rome, though Rome should become he metropolis of the new kingdom of Italy. One reason seems to us very obvious at first sight. Is he not Bishop of Rome? But that is not enough for a Roman Catholic, who would prove the obligation of the supreme Pontiff to abide in the Vatican. "Since the year 42 of the Christian era," he says, "Rome has been historically the seat of Peter, and dogmatically the living and speaking center of Christendom." We will allow him to say this, according to his belief, and then we shall see what follows. As Bishop of Rome, the Pope has his episcopal seat at St. John Lateran on the Cœlian hill, where Constantine, immediately after his conversion, provided for the ministers of the Christian religion a temple and residence in or near his imperial palace. There is no residence at the Lateran now, but only a museum of antiquities and a cathedral church, privileged above all others in Rome. The diocese is actually ruled by a cardinal-vicar But the Pope, as Pope or universal bishop, has his apostolic or œcumenical seat on the Vatican hill, close to what is supposed to be the site of St. Peter's tomb, and which is precisely beneath the apex of the mighty cathedral's dome. Now, can he lawfully go away and live somewhere else in the regular discharge of his pontifical functions? In the days of Alexander VII., it appears, the Pope had a mind to remove, not from Rome to another city, but from the Vatican palace to the Quirinal palace, where Pius IX. lived

before he fled to Gaeta, and where he now entertains Francis, the ex-King of the Two Sicilies. The courtiers of Alexander VII. said that he might go there if he pleased, but grave theologians told him that he must stay by St. Peter's sepulcher. Two learned men were commissioned to examine this question. One of them decided that the Pope was only bound to remain within the diocese of Rome; but the other, whose opinion is approved by Father Passaglia, held that the Vatican was the only proper place for the Pope. St. Peter lives there and presides there still, it is alleged; wherefore thither the tribes go up, says Baronius, and thus that suburban hill (which was alluded to by Tacitus as a shabby sort of place in his time) has become grander than the Capitol, for it is the holy mount of prophecy, where is the house of the Lord, to which the faithful of all nations turn. The Catholic bishops throughout all Christendom are accustomed to journey to Rome, that they may take their prescribed oaths at St. Peter's tomb. Though Passaglia does not think that the mystical virtue of the Pontificate is inseparably joined to that locality, he makes the very plausible observation that, humanly speaking, the Popes are more likely to be inspired with the personal virtues most appropriate to their office if they dwell amidst the monuments and associations of its venerable history. At any rate, he denies that Pius IX. or any other Pontiff may voluntarily quit the city of Rome. Pius VI. declared to the French ravishers, in 1798, and so likewise did Pius VII. in 1809, that it was only by armed force they were compelled to leave their flock. They did not go of themselves, from motives of fear or displeasure; they were carried off. Now Pius IX. will not be able to plead this excuse for his departure, if he listens to bad advisers. And what would be the consequence? A general war for the purpose of bringing him back in triumph is a prospect horrible to every Christian mind; and, in the mean time, how the Church in Rome would be distracted in her long widowhood, and what hostile conclaves, what anti-popes, and what fatal schisms would arise! The calamitous experience of a past age, during the stay of the Popes at Avignon, might be renewed. The Pope, too, living in a distant land, would be regarded by the Italians as a slave of foreigners, a tool of alien factions, and perhaps an accomplice in the invasion of Italy; whilst the Italian government, sharing these apprehensions, would forbid the clergy to communicate with him. "What a frightful encouragement to the Protestant propaganda this would be!" On the other hand, says our writer, if the Pope will stay in Rome, he will overcome many prejudices, avert many disasters, "and prevent the Capitol, it may be, from becoming heathen once more."

The author of these striking protests against the Roman court and prelacy came boldly to Rome, as soon as they were published, and avowed his readiness to give any further written or oral explanations that might be demanded of him. But the Papal government, having no intellectual combatant at its disposal who could be matched with Professor Passaglia in dexterous wielding of the weapon of patristic lore, sent a lieutenant of carabineers with an adequate force to lead him captive out of the controversial field. Passaglia was residing in the Palazzo Spada as the guest of an English lady, whose zeal and munificence in promoting the Romish faith might have exempted her from the insult of this police visitation to her household. It was in vain that she remonstrated. In Passaglia's absence, his chamber was ransacked, and his private papers carried away to be inspected in the Holy Office. Passaglia himself escaped by instantly leaving the city; for being, as a native of Lucca, in the eyes of the Papal government no Italian citizen, but a subject of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, it is probable that no diplomatic remonstrance would have protected him from arrest. Several of the Roman clergymen, who are politically as well as religiously subject to the Pope, have, indeed, been confined for months in the prison of the Inquisition by way of a penitential seclusion, to make them recant their expression of liberal sentiments. We need mention of these only the Canon Pedemonte, who was imprisoned by order of the Inquisition from August till November last. The Abbé Simonetti, one of the professors in the College of the Propaganda, was taken into custody by two of the police, and led on foot through the streets to a common jail, upon some

vague charge of conspiring against the Papal dominion. Since his escape from Rome, Passaglia has accepted a chair in the University of Turin, and the editorship of the *Mediatore*, a new journal to which Canon Reali and the Abbé Perfetti are contributors. It will combat the *Armonia* and *Civiltà Cattolica* on their own ground, and open the eyes of the clergy, who feel themselves oppressed by an oligarchy of courtly prelates, dishonoring the offices, and making selfish profit of the authority of their Church.

Such we believe to be the actual relations in which the Papal court now stands with regard to the ecclesiastical body throughout Italy, as it begins to be affected with strong aspirations toward a greater degree of local and personal independence, a purer administration of sacred things, if not a more spiritual religion, and a freer sympathy with the popular mind and with the civilizing ideas of this age. This is not quite a Protestant movement, but one for reform within the Catholic Church. It promises great help in completing the political emancipation of Italy. It may also help to preserve or restore the influence of Christianity among the Italian people, after all that has been done at Rome to the discredit of their ancient faith.

From a Foreign Quarterly.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.*

We have lately lost one of the foremost poets of our age and country; we have lost her at a time when her mind was still advancing in culture, when her genius was still maturing. The personal friends of Mrs. Browning, who knew her as the delicate and fragile woman, will, perhaps, express surprise that she survived so long and accomplished so much. The public, who knew only that there was a spirit among them singing beautiful odes, sonnets, poems of all kinds, must simply mourn her too early departure. The verses which she had, but a few months ago, thrown into the *Cornhill Magazine*, had kept her name fresh before the reading public, and the news came as of the sudden extinction of one from whom it was expecting still greater and greater things. It might be an erroneous inference to conclude that the poems published in this magazine were her latest productions because they appeared the latest; they might have been lying for some time in the poet's desk; we can only say that we read them with singular pleasure, and thought they betokened an increasing mastery over her beautiful art. There was more *unity* than her shorter poems used to display; the leading thought was more vigorously expressed, more tenaciously kept in view, and the strong poetic vision made throughout subservient to it. Never was Pagan god brought more clearly or delightfully before the fancy than Pan amongst the reeds; and in the very last piece, *Little Mattie*, the contrast between the simple and lovely *child* that has just died, and that immortal *spirit* into which we believe it transformed, was never touched upon more tenderly or more thoughtfully. Alas! she too, now, in her own striking language,

> "Knows what Ramses knows."

She has gone to other spheres and to other harps, to songs that will not have and will not need—as all earthly songs occasionally do — the sad stimulants of sorrow and of doubt.

We feel that there can be no real dif-

* *Poems.* By Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Fourth Edition. In three Volumes. Chapman & Hall.

Aurora Leigh. By the same. Chapman & Hall.

ficulty in forming an estimate of the poetry of Mrs. Browning, its excellences and its defects being both so distinctly marked.

But, speaking generally of the merits and demerits of Mrs. Browning's poetry, it is hardly possible that two opinions of very wide divergence could be formed; nor is there any writer of poetry whom we could mention on whom so uniform a judgment has been hitherto passed. All our leading reviews and magazines, so far as our memory can serve us, have from time to time expressed substantially the same admiration and the same censure. The tenderness and pathos of her verse have been universally admitted—her tendency to deep thought, and the wealth of her imagination, have been always pointed out and ungrudgingly applauded. On the other hand, her faults have not been spared. The occasional violence of her metaphorical language, the carelessness which sometimes allows the verse to be defaced by a line no better than doggerel, and, above all, the obscurity, the straining after a thought where there is no thought possible, or where some distortion of language is made to serve in place of thought, all these errors have been duly commented on. By some they have been encountered with a smile of irony, by others they have been gravely regretted, and the author solemnly, and, of course, fruitlessly admonished to abstain from them in future.

We think it might be said, without any hesitation whatever, that Mrs. Browning is the greatest poetess that England in any age has produced. Nor would this be slight praise, considering that we live in a land which still remembers the songs of Felicia Hemans and the dramas of Joanna Bailie. But praise of this kind seems to imply that a poetess is to be judged by some less elevated standard, or by some less rigid rules than those we apply to the poets generally; and a reader of Mrs. Browning's poetry will not need to be reminded that any leniency of this description would have been considered as more offensive than the rudest censure. The authoress has, in many an indignant verse, repudiated such praise as "good for a woman"—has denounced it with a most eloquent anger. We should feel ourselves guilty of an act of discourtesy, if not of critical injustice, if we used any form of speech which seemed for a moment to give her, as rivals or compeers, writers only of her own sex. Nor would comparison with writers of her own sex suffice to bring out to view all her varied excellences. She enters fairly into the lists "against all England." She claims a place in the great array of English poets. What place shall we venture to assign her?

Fortunately it is not necessary for the purposes of criticism that a scale of genius should have been formed—that a list of our poets should be made out in the order of their merit, and that we should be able at once to assign to any given author his place in that list. Perhaps few men form such a list even for themselves, and certainly no two persons would arrange the literary worthies of England exactly in the same order. What most of us do, we suspect, is something of this kind. We bracket off some two or three names of world-wide celebrity, a Shakspeare, a Milton, about which we are all supposed to be enthusiastic; we next admit a larger class of celebrities who have also stood the test of time, but to many of whom we may declare ourselves personally indifferent — a Pope, a Dryden, a Chaucer, and the like. Hitherto the opinion of the world has had much to do in determining our judgment. But next comes the class of personal favorites, chiefly perhaps of writers that have lived near our own times, and given expression to sentiments somewhat peculiar to our own age. Some make a selection in which Byron, Moore, Scott take highest rank. Others, in which Wordsworth and Tennyson would figure as the chiefs. In this selection each one gives full scope to his own personal tastes and his own modes of thinking; he demands that his own sentiments, his own philosophy, his own religion, be rendered back to him with that pathos and beauty which it is the part of the poet to supply. Mere artistic merit is but one element in the choice. Well, in this selection of favorite poets which each one makes for himself, the name of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, we feel assured, has frequently been placed. If more frequently by women than by men, this was owing to the greater tenderness of her verse, not to any weakness in it; it was owing to the simple fact that a woman's heart had spoken itself out in her poetry. And her earlier poems did address themselves peculiarly to womanly sympathies, to womanly culture, and had

indisputably some of the peculiar charms, and some also of the peculiar defects which are frequently observable in the writings of women. But men also, especially of late years, had put the name of the authoress of *Aurora Leigh*, and of many a beautiful sonnet and lyrical effusion, in the list of their favorite poets. Some high upon the list, others, of course, upon a lower level.

We will venture to make a comparison which will not be thought otherwise than complimentary, and which will somewhat assist in determining the intellectual rank of our poetess. Longfellow is a universal favorite. Always polished, never deficient in sentiment or feeling, Longfellow has scarcely a verse you would be solicitous to erase. Except that his metrical experiments have been, in our opinion, most unfortunate, and that we can never forgive him for telling his New-England story in detestable hexameters, we hardly know a vulnerable point in which to assail him. He is master of his art. There are no metaphors that have evidently carried away the poet till thought is lost in some fantastical image; there are no obscurities, no mystical half-meanings; the writer always *knows what he means to say*, and says it well. Nor does he wantonly break down the melody of his verse by the introduction of crude and rugged lines, as if he despised the peculiar labor which metrical composition requires. His pedantic hexameter being excepted, he never willingly inflicts a torture on the ear; for it is a torture to be compelled to read verse that has ceased to be musical. The most rugged prose that was ever written is melody itself compared to the style of versification which some of our poets—if poets they are to be called—have thought fit to introduce. If they disdained the trial of sustaining a perpetual but varied rhythm—if they disdained the charm of perfect rhyme and cadence—why did they write verse at all? Plain prose was open to them. Now from Mrs. Browning's poems a whole volume might be selected of instances of just those faults the absence of which we have noticed in Longfellow. But, on the other hand, in those volumes which would remain after this expurgation, there is a wider range of thought, there is more of pathos, there is a greater wealth of poetic imagination than you will find in Longfellow. Thus would stand the comparison as it seems to us. The stream of the poet is neither so broad nor so deep as that of the poetess. But it flows more gracefully and with a constant fullness, and between banks that are well preserved, and on the margin there are none of those unsightly patches that are neither green land nor flowing river—barren, stony, disfiguring, useless; all the bed of the stream is filled with pure and transparent water.

He who would criticise a voluminous and varied writer, must not be afraid of uttering what may, at first, appear to be contradictory verdicts. There is one form of composition, and that the most difficult and elaborate, in which Mrs. Browning has been eminently successful. The sonnet has not been a favorite with English poets, nor would the collection of really good English sonnets be very large. With the exception of Wordsworth, no English poet has written many excellent sonnets. Here and there one may be found of surpassing merit. Now we will venture to say—if we may reduce our general praise to a numerical specification—that from no English writer, with the exception, perhaps, of Wordsworth, shall you select half-a-dozen sonnets so excellent as you might with ease extract from these volumes of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. In saying this we do not forget that Shakspeare wrote sonnets; or at least that a huge collection of poems so called stand attributed to Shakspeare. We have our own opinion as to those sonnets, both as to their merit and their authenticity; but let that pass—all we have to say is, let some one who *can* read them through, select his half-dozen—we stand ready with ours.

Now, when it is considered what a good sonnet requires—how much skill and patience as well as poetic thought—how a noble or tender sentiment has to be rendered in most lucid language, and in a most difficult scheme both of rhyme and meter, it will be admitted that one who has succeeded in this style of composition must be a consummate artist. And after such an admission, to hint at such faults as a defiant carelessness of all the artistic requisitions of poetry, to suggest that there breaks out occasionally a headstrong, violent, turbid, and obscure strain, sounds contradictory. It surely is a mistake. It is no mistake, however. A willful abandonment of the very music of poetry by one who can write most

musically — a confused commingling of thought and metaphor by one who can elucidate a chosen thought till it stands out distinct and graceful as an image of Parian marble — nay, even a turbulence and violence in the sentiment itself in one distinguished for tenderness, for power blended with sweetness—all these contradictions are what the critic has to deal with. Nor are such inconsistencies as we very naturally but not very accurately call them, at all uncommon. So far from surprising us, they ought rather to be expected from a writer of vigorous genius, writing at different periods of life on different themes, and under various influences. It is plain that the only way to form a just estimate of such writers is to examine each poem individually, or, at least, to attempt some classification of their works according to the nature of the subject, or the epoch of their literary career in which they were written. We can not attempt a minute examination of Mrs. Browning's numerous poems; but a perusal of her works, aided by such knowledge of the biography of the writer as has been long open to all the world, will enable us in some measure to classify her poems—will enable us to describe the several *manners* of the great and amiable artist whom we have lost.

The first image which we remember to have had presented to us was of a young girl, piously brought up, the child of wealthy Dissenters, living the secluded life of an invalid in a large London house. Books and her own imagination supplied the place of a more actual intercourse with society, and of the more active duties of life. We heard, too, that this young and delicate girl was a Greek scholar, and had translated the *Prometheus* of Æschylus. We found, also, that in her own poems she had, with the characteristic boldness of youth, seized upon the theme which Milton had made his own, and had sung the triumph of Satan and the expulsion of our first parents from Paradise. She had even ventured on a higher theme than any Milton had attempted, that of the crucifixion of our Saviour. The *Drama of Exile* and the *Seraphim* are poems in which angels and the spirits of Nature, and God himself, are introduced, and where man is seen in relationship with the supernatural. Other and smaller poems were also published with these, expressive of great tenderness and a habit of reflection, but not without those defects which young poets of both sexes are apt to fall into. The picture presented to us was interesting in the extreme, and lent an additional zest to the poems. Here, in the dim retirement of a sick room, in one of those dreary London houses into which sunshine and the breeze seem never to penetrate, a young girl lives out her *thought-life*, and pours forth from the exuberance of her imagination many a strain, not only of men, but of angels, and not only of our present times, but of antiquated medieval forms of existence. How beautiful a compensation! You have taken health and pleasure, and left little of companionship, and shut up the young heart in a darkened chamber, where the roll of the carriage-wheel on the paved street is almost the only sound that penetrates. You would think the life of the soul must go out. It burns all the more brightly. The roll of the carriage-wheel, suggestive of many a social pleasure, is very patiently heard by one who is riding with Milton in the chariot of God; by one who has had her heart moved to tenderness by the records of romance; or, better still, by the recorded distresses of her own cotemporaries. The dim life has only made immortality a more vivid and palpable reality.

The poems of this epoch—wherein we have before us a youthful mind deeply imbued with sentiments of Christian piety, weaned by illness from the earth, thinking of no personal object, looking upon mortal life only as a preparation for immortality, having no terrestrial passion except that love of fame which must hang over the purest of terrestrial harps —form in some measure a class by themselves. Knowing so much only of the biography of our author as her writings disclose, and the date of her compositions being not always preserved for us, we do not pretend to specify the circumstances under which each individual poem was written. But this epoch in her writings is sufficiently marked for the purposes of criticism. A transition takes place, or is made manifest, in those sonnets feigned to be "from the Portuguese." After this, we hear of the invalid breaking like butterfly from the chrysalis, breaking from her dim retirement, the bride of a poet, of one whose fitful genius had won for him a fitful admira-

tion from his cotemporaries — breaking from the sick chamber, from the London house, from the fogs of England, and opening her new wings under the sun of Italy. The proud and happy bride of a man of genius, she wakes to new interests; the world itself grows large, and *present* and vivid before her. Its manifold progress, its politics, its social hopes and activities, and especially the great political revolution she witnesses in Italy—all these take possession of her heart, and impress a new character on her poetry. She who had lived only in the past or in the future, lives now in the present; she who had lived only for immortality, lives also in the grand life of humanity. Not that she resigns for an instant her great Christian futurity, but the moral and social aspect of the living world arrests her attention. She is now in the open air, in the bright sunshine, and stands face to face with nature, and society, and God. The problems of this world engage and oppress her: the problems of this world, and something also of the doubts and fears, and occasional clouds of terror and distrust, that attend upon all the speculations of mere human reason. Her writings of this later epoch are still those of the Christian poet; but the Christian poet who takes his stand on earth, beset by all its fears, earnest with all its hopes. With the heart of the Christian she is taking up her stand-point on humanity.

Her great poem of this epoch is *Aurora Leigh*. Others of a quite political character, as *Casa Guidi Windows* and *Poems before Congress*, are very inferior, but must not be overlooked. The latter is especially interesting as significant of the manner in which her mind was developing, though it may add but little to her poetical celebrity.

We have, therefore, two well-defined epochs in the literary life of our poetess, with a sort of transition stage between them. We must begin with some notice of the former. Opening the edition before us, the first piece we encounter, though we believe it was not the first in actual publication, is the *Drama of Exile*. This takes up the great eventful history of our first parents at the point where Milton had closed it.

"They hand in hand, with melancholy step,
Through Eden took their solitary way."

Better if it could have been left there. One Satan, one Adam, one Eve, one *Paradise Lost* is quite enough. Better if subsequent poets would allow the imagination to rest here, and see our first parents commencing, under the common daylight of the world, the sad journey of life. But our young poets will not suffer the imagination to rest here. Our drama opens with the following scenic description:

"SCENE.—*The outer side of the gate of Eden shut fast with cloud, from the depth of which revolves a sword of fire, self moved. Adam and Eve are seen in the distance flying along the glare.*"

LUCIFER ALONE.

We will not proceed to quote the soliloquy of Lucifer, nor do we feel tempted to enter analytically into Mrs Browning's personification of the spirit of Evil. She makes him, in one fine burst of utter irrationality, choose evil and hate for their own sakes, and thus far, we suppose, she is faithful to the character she intends to delineate; but her Satan, in spite of all his terrific wickedness, leaves the impression upon us of a very weak, miserable, remorseful, irrational creature. After Lucifer has delivered his soliloquy, the angel Gabriel descends, charged apparently with the mission of expelling the Evil One from the earth. Lucifer refuses to take his departure, and, much to our surprise, he holds his ground, and Gabriel commands in vain. In this dialogue between Lucifer and Gabriel there is a passage we must quote, because it shows that our young poetess had not neglected her metaphysics, and was quite capable of a subtle train of reasoning. Lucifer has been boasting of his *revolt*, of his *independence*, as if, whatever desperation he might assume, he could possibly project himself out of the laws of God. Gabriel replies:

"Spirit of scorn,
I might say, of unreason! I might say,
That who despairs, acts; that who acts connives
With God's relations set in time and space;
That who elects, assumes a something good
Which God made possible; that who lives, obeys
The law of a Life Maker."

Sir William Hamilton himself could not have better expressed the impossibility of any power (save that of the Absolute) being exercised *but* in obedience to preäppointed relations. When this dia-

logue is closed we hear "*a chorus of Eden spirits chanting from Paradise, while Adam and Eve fly across the sword-glare.*" The song with which the *Bird-spirit* dismisses the late occupants of the happy garden is pretty. We can not say much for the poetry of the other spirits. Throughout the drama there are many of these *spirits*, personifications of the earth, or animal and vegetable life, which hardly seem to harmonize with the presence of Gabriel and Satan. These, so far as they are the creation of our epic poet, may indeed be described as mythological persons; but even so, they belong to another scheme of mythology. In one scene these spirits of the earth surround Adam and Eve, reproaching them bitterly for the curse that had alighted on all nature, owing to their sin. They all "wail" round these two bewildered exiles. One spirit says:

"I bounded with my panthers! I rejoiced
In my young tumbling lions rolled together!"

Another says:

"I wail, I wail!
I had no part in your transgression—none.
My roses on the bough did bud,
My rivers did not loiter in the sun;
I was obedient."

The earth, it is true, so far as food of man is concerned, was cursed with comparative barrenness; but there is no Scriptural authority for supposing that animal life or vegetable life were cursed in themselves. Nor can any one understand what all this "wailing" is about. There are still bounding panthers, and tumbling lions, and rivers that do not loiter in the sun. What had these "wailers" lost?

The redeeming point in the drama is the tenderness thrown over the dialogue between Adam and Eve, and the sweet heroism with which Eve, in the name of all womankind, takes upon herself her especial office of minister to the sick and the distressed. Adam says:

"God! I render back
Strong benedictions and perpetual praise
From mortal feeble lips, (as incense-smoke,
Out of a little censer may fill heaven,)
That thou, in striking my benumbed hands
And forcing them to drop all other boons
Of beauty and dominion, and delight,
Hast left this well-beloved Eve, this life
Within life, this best gift between these palms,
In gracious compensation!"

Eve answers:

"Is this thy voice,
Or some saluting angel's calling home
My feet into the garden?"

And further on she says:

"Noble work
Shall hold me in the place of garden rest,
And in the place of Eden's lost delight,
Worthy endurance of permitted pain."

It illustrates the difficulty inherent in the subject, that this very representation of the virtues and affections of Adam and Eve irresistibly suggests to us the idea that they seem now more worthy of Paradise than before their expulsion from it. Nay, Adam and Eve seem more *happy* in their exile than the poet could possibly have portrayed them in the uniform prosperity of Eden. These supernatural themes are unavoidably encumbered with difficulties of this description. A writer should think long before he touched them, and probably, after long meditating on them, he would leave them untouched.

This *Drama of Exile* is replete with passages illustrative of the faults defacing the poetry of Mrs. Browning; but it would be ungenerous to select them from a performance of her early years. Indeed, as such faults have been often commented on, and must, on all hands, be frankly admitted, a very few examples of them will suffice. We may pass on to the other sacred drama, *The Seraphim.*

The plan of this poem is highly commendable for its simplicity. There are here no questionable inventions. The signs of the zodiac are not made to do duty like so many specters in a grand incantation scene, as they do in the *Drama of Exile.* Two seraphim, Ador and Zerah, witness together the crucifixion. The poem almost entirely consists of the dialogue between these two spirits. They watch together from the gate of heaven, or in mid-air above Judea.

Here and there we meet with a thought or a line we would willingly quote; but we look through the drama in vain for any lengthened passage to which we could fairly call the admiration of the reader. Permitting ourselves large omissions, we will present them with the following extract, as an example both of the style and mode of thinking of this, which, we believe, was the earliest of her longer poems:

"*Ador.* The flame
Perishes in thine eyes.
Zerah. He opened His
And looked. I cannot bear——
Ador. Their agony?
Zerah. Their love. God's depth is in them. From his brows,
White, terrible in meekness, didst thou see
The lifted eyes unclose?
He is God, seraph!
Heaven is dull,
Mine Ador, to man's earth.
My heaven! my home of heaven! my infinite
Heaven-choirs! what are ye to this dust and death,
This cloud, this clod, these tears, this failing breath,
Where God's immortal love now issueth
In this MAN's woe?
Ador. Hereafter shall the blood-bought captives raise
The passion-song of blood.
Zerah. And *we* extend
Our holy vacant hands towards the throne,
Crying, 'We have no music!' Oh! the love,
The love, mine Ador!
Ador. Do we love not?
Zerah. Yea—
But not as man shall!"

This may be sufficient to show what strain of thought had, at this time, taken possession of the young poetess. Almost cotemporary with these sacred dramas are some romances, or pieces framed from medieval manners and ideas, such as the *Duchess May*, and the *Romaunt of Margret*. These have received their full meed of praise—and something more—we are not tempted to pause upon them. The poems which made the name of *Elizabeth Barrett* dear to all her countrymen, were those which appealed directly to the sympathies of her cotemporaries—poems of the affections, full of tenderness, pity, sadness, and love—such as *Bertha in the Lane*, *Caterina*, and that marvelous poem, *The Cry of the Children*. Speaking generally of these charming lyrics, one has to regret a fault very common amongst young poets of both sexes, and —we must be excused for saying it— which especially besets our female poets —they do not know when to stop. One verse suggests another, and that another; and, as they all have some bearing on the theme in hand, there seems no reason why they should not all be admitted. If the same labor were bestowed in completing a few verses (expunging every weak, slovenly, and awkward line) that is bestowed in producing a greater number of verses, how much better would the poem be! There is scarcely one of these lyrics which would not be greatly improved by the simple process of taking half or one third of them away. Amongst our poetesses there is a mode of composition that is revealed to us as plainly by the structure of the verses themselves, as if we were in the confidence of the writer, and stood at her elbow as she wrote. Some image, some thought, some sentiment occurs, and a single verse is penned; then this verse is allowed to suggest some other, that other its successor, without any idea of a preconceived whole ever crossing the mind. The inevitable result is, that if the poem is not long, it still wearies before we have come to the end. The same idea is, perhaps, repeated several times, with little variation. Look at the effusions of L. E. L., and Felicia Hemans; scarcely one has the unity and completeness that a short poem should be particularly distinguished by. If there are but three verses, one, you may be sure, is superfluous. From this weakness of an unrestrained fluency, Elizabeth Barrett was far from being exempt. Examine the best of these early poems, and if you have a pencil in your hand, you almost involuntarily draw it through many a line, through many a verse. Here is one to which, by the way, she had given an affected title, not English at all—*The Cry of the Human*. It begins with a stanza which has been often quoted with approbation:

"'There is no God,' the foolish saith,
But none, 'There is no sorrow.'
And Nature oft the cry of faith,
In bitter need, will borrow.
Eyes, which the preacher could not school,
By wayside graves are raised;
And lips say, 'God be pitiful,'
Who ne'er said, 'God be praised.'
Be pitiful, O God!"

With the exception that words ought to be pronounced in poetry as we pronounce them in prose, and no one says raisèd and praisèd, we have not the least objection to make against this stanza. But read on; you find no second stanza of the same completeness; you find the same idea repeated or illustrated; and nothing but some *measurement of the eye* seems to have set any limits to the

facile production of verses on so fruitful a theme. Those favorite verses of *Caterina to Camoens* would be much improved by mere excision. Here is a piece called *Man's Requirement*, intended to be pungent and satirical. The sting at the close loses its effect simply because we are kept too long from the close. Even that beautiful poem which made the hearts of all Englishwomen to ache with pity, *The Cry of the Children*, would have been twice as beautiful had it been half as long. The poem is probably too familiar to our readers to permit us to quote from it, or we should have been tempted to present it to them in an abridged form. Here are some verses on a subject which must have been most congenial to our poetess, on *Cowper's Grave*. Some of them are admirable; but how the reader wishes that the force displayed in some were sustained throughout. How willingly would he barter half a dozen of them for another such stanza as this:

> "O poets! from a maniac's tongue was poured the deathless singing!
> O Christians! at your cross of hope a hopeless hand was clinging!
> O men! this man in brotherhood your weary paths beguiling!
> Groaned inly while he taught you peace, and died while you were smiling!"

There is a pathos in many of these poems of so delicate a character, that it hardly bears transplanting; you are stirred and touched, and you could hardly justify the emotion you have felt by any limited quotation. One may say generally, that wherever our poetess yields to some natural sentiment of her own, she always succeeds, more or less, in interesting us. It is otherwise where the strain is evidently an imitation of some other poet; whether she attempts to transfer some graces of a Greek poet into her own Saxon tongue, or is misled by the mannerisms of some poet nearer home, as Keats or Tennyson. We mean the Tennyson of early years, for in his later works he has established himself as a classic of our language. *Lady Geraldine's Courtship* wears the appearance of an imitation of *Locksley Hall*, and of a very exaggerated imitation. In *Locksley Hall* the angry lover had full right to complain. We do not altogether admire his style of complaint, but the lady had been false to him, and his anger is excusable. But in *Geraldine's Courtship* the poet-lover plumes himself upon his genius, and on this ground loudly protests that the Earl's daughter ought to marry him! Only some insane youth, mad with vanity, could talk like this. The poem is called a *Romance of the Age*, but it is not the manners of our age to rail at a lady, to scourge her with our tongues into loving us! We wonder that Mrs. Browning, at all times a champion of her sex, instead of caricaturing *Locksley Hall*, did not write the appropriate *pendant* to it. If frivolous women overlook our poetic youths, and choose some wealthy squire, descending to a "lower level" of thought and feeling, pray what sort of woman is it that your man of genius most frequently chooses for the "idol of his soul"? What is his choice? What is that level of thought and feeling into which he subsides? The poetess might have painted for us, on one side, a pretty doll-like figure, pretty face, pretty manner, nothing more; on the other side, a cultivated woman, with that beauty which the mind throws over the face, but which does not at once fascinate the eye. She might have put our poet between the two, and if she had made him choose the doll, she would have done no violence to probability. To the level of the doll, to the level of waxen cheeks and flaxen hair, to the level of paint and bran, our man of genius is seen to descend. He is well punished for his folly. Poet indeed! The pretty doll loved nothing but the name—knows nothing of the life of one—hates and distrusts the silent and the solitary hour—loves in her man of genius what she loves in her spaniel, something that will fetch and carry, and smile up to her from her footstool. Oh! to what level the intellectual man may sink!—it is too humiliating to think of—let us be thankful that Mrs. Browning did *not* describe for us our folly and its punishment.

As to the strain of sentiment generally expressed in her poems, we can not overestimate their purity and tenderness. Sometimes there is a magical pathos suffused over the whole piece—sometimes, but more rarely, a couplet or a verse stands out from the rest, and fastens itself forever upon the memory.

> "Thou knowest, though Thy universe is broad,
> Two little tears suffice to cover all."

How perfect in every way! And other gems like this might be collected. If we

might hint at any fault in the general strain of her sentiments at this epoch, it is that her piety sometimes takes the hue of asceticism. Even this may be thought hypercriticism. All we mean by it is, that in the glorious hope of immortality there is an undervaluing of this terrestrial life. The sadness of the young poet we are not complaining of; this must always be excused—we could not have his poetry without it. As she herself writes:

> "Poet's sigh—and poet's sadness—
> Alas! they come together."

And a mere sentiment of sadness is too vague a matter to deal with controversially. You can not argue against a sigh; but there may be a systematic disparagement of human life open to grave objection. Immortality is the faith which renders a grand life possible on earth—possible even to those who tread the most retired paths of existence. It grows up from that which is highest, purest, best in human life—it eternizes what is noblest; it is not built on a destruction of human life, as if all must be swept away to make a foundation for it. Accordingly it is the constant labor of every sane theologian to teach us to exalt our lives, not to despise. Still less does he ever teach us to regard external nature with any other sentiment than that of gratitude for the admirable relationship which has been established between it and the human being. A mother is nursing her sick child, who is indeed on the point of death. She prays earnestly for its recovery, and the prayer is heard and answered. The prayer of the mother is very touching. The babe wakens. But the infantine features are animated by the wisdom of mature years, and in grave solemn voice it reproaches the mother for calling it back from the gates of heaven:

> "O mother, mother, loose your prayer!
> Christ's name hath made it strong,
> It bindeth me, it holdeth me,
> With its most loving cruelty,
> From floating my new soul along
> The happy heavenly air.
> It bindeth me, it holdeth me
> In all this dark, upon this dull
> Low earth, by only weepers trod!
> It bindeth me, it holdeth me!
> Mine angel looketh sorrowful
> Upon the face of God.
>
> "Mother, mother, can I dream
> Beneath your earthly trees?
> I had a vision and a gleam—
> I heard a sound more sweet than these
> When rippled by the wind.
>
> . . . .
>
> "Is your wisdom very wise,
> Mother, on the narrow earth,
> Very happy, very worth,
> That I should stay to learn?
>
> . . . .
>
> "Love! earth's love! and *can* we love
> Fixedly when all things move?
> Can the sinning love each other?
> Mother, mother,
> I tremble in thy close embrace,
> I feel thy tears adown my face,
> Thy prayers do keep me out of bliss,
> O dreary earthly love!
> Loose thy prayer, and let me go."

The mother, we are told, "changed the cruel prayer she made," and when the morning breaks, "the babe upon her arm was dead." Now, in all the range of human sentiment there is nothing more touching or more consolatory to the mind, than the new hope which springs up to the mother, even from the grave of her lost child.

THE NIGER EXPLORING EXPEDITION.—This expedition, under Captain Douglas, has returned to Lagos. The expedition spent eighty-one days in the river, undergoing during that period the usual visitation from fever inseparable from an exploration of the Niger. Captain Douglas seems to have been more successful in overcoming the opposition of the natives by employing force than by pacific measures. He destroyed five villages, the inhabitants of which were very hostile. The effect of this was to render the other chiefs and people met with extremely civil. The highest point reached on the river was Onitcha. The expedition remained there a month, and communicated with Dr. Baikie, who has been in that part of Africa for some years.—*Athenæum, Nov. 16th.*

From Douglas Jerrold.

THE POETRY OF AGE.

It is a praiseworthy effort of everyday philosophy to extract from an uncomfortable subject something of that hidden spirit of truth and beauty which is visible in the higher orders of Nature; and since Age is an evil, in the opinion of mankind, more devastating in its effects than the simoom or the avalanche, or any other dispute between the elements and the surface of the earth, we would suggest some few topics of consolation on that stage of existence, which is as incidental to civilization as it is to savage life, and as closely allied to happiness as it is to misery. If old age were considered in its true light — not as the season when the frame is weary and satiated, and selfishness has preyed upon the few good feelings that have been left from the contest with the world, but as the full time, when the various faculties have been tried and proved — it would be looked upon as the calm eventide of the busy day, the garner of experience which has been gathered with toil and trouble, the winter whose bright spring is yet to come. But thus it can not be; for while the motive of man's reluctance to appear old and decrepid may arise from personal vanity, the instinctive dread of age is closely connected with the best feelings of a woman's heart. A wife may watch the furrows on her husband's brow, and yet not believe them to be produced by age: to her affectionate heart he may still appear in the proud maturity of life; her looking-glass gives back her own altered face, and she shrinks from the cold or careless glance that tells her she is guilty of becoming aged. But if there be truth in this, let her also remember that the attraction of mind to mind will exist to the last, and while esteem and respect remain, if one small link of that wondrous chain of love be broken, the rest will be but more firmly riveted by time.

There are many peculiarities about old age that are lost sight of, in the thirst for observation in all that concerns youth. Watch the thoughts of an aged person attentively, and you will see how little they are occupied by retrospection. It is not that he would say with Fontenelle, "Had I again to begin my career, I would do as I have done," but it is, that the powerful impulses of life no longer existing within him, they have been forgotten in all but their effects. It frequently occurs that in the listlessness and indifference of age we find no trace of the mental activity and energy of character that has once existed. The old woman at the door of the almshouse who has retailed the last particle of gossip to her next neighbor, may have passed through an ordeal which a diplomatist would have shrunk from, had the plowshare been of gold, and the lookers-on princes. Let us turn, then, to what are called, so emphatically, old women; not to those who, having been described as *passées* some twenty years before, are in the last stages of inventive despair, but to some who have yielded at discretion to the conqueror Time, and are wrinkled and withered and gray-haired, and have not endeavored to appear otherwise. They are the type of that change that passes over every created being whose existence is prolonged beyond maturity. They fare alike with the insect and the bird; the eye grows dim, the wing droops, the hum of one and the song of the other is heard more faintly; but let the span of life be what it may, one brief day or "fourscore years and ten," the gradual decay comes in the same form, and is productive of the like result.

No man looks with a less kindly eye upon his brother or his friend because age is creeping stealthily over him; and if woman could feel that she were regarded with equal lenity by her master, the fearful doubt would be dispelled, that sometimes clings too closely to her heart,

and with it the only drawback to the consideration of age in the light in which it has been placed by Providence; for it has been hallowed by the voices of young children and the reverence of manhood from the patriarchal times; and sad and lonely is the fate of him who has no one in this wide world to minister unto and revere.

One of the happiest descriptions of extreme age is to be found in a play written by Nathaniel Lee in the year 1680. It is a gem that will survive the exaggerated frame-work in which it was placed, but, like much of the poetry of the seventeenth century, is now but little known:

"Of no distemper, of no blast he died,
But fell like autumn fruit that mellowed long—
Even wondered at because he dropt no sooner;
Fate seemed to wind him up for fourscore years,
Yet freshly ran he on ten winters more,
TILL, LIKE A CLOCK, WORN OUT WITH EATING TIME,
THE WHEELS OF WEARY LIFE AT LAST STOOD STILL."

A. P.

From Fraser's Magazine.

CONCERNING THE WORLD'S OPINION:

WITH SOME THOUGHTS ON COWED PEOPLE.

It seems to me that there are few things in which it is more difficult to hold the just mean, than our feeling as to the opinion of those around us. For the most part, you will find human beings taking a quite extreme position as to what may be called the World's Opinion. They pay either too much regard to it, or too little. Either they are thoroughly cowed by it, or they stand toward it in an attitude of defiance. The cowed people, unquestionably, are in the majority. Most people live in a vague atmosphere of dread of the world, and of what the world is saying of them. You may discern the belief which prevails with the steady-going mass of human kind, in the typical though not historical fact which was taught to most of us in childhood—that DON'T CARE came to a bad end. The actual idea which is present to very many minds is difficult to define. Even to attempt to define it takes away that vagueness which is of the essence of its nature, and which is a great reason of the fear it excites. And the actual idea varies much in different minds, and in the same mind at different times. Sometimes, if put into shape, it would amount to this: that some great and unaccounted number of human beings is watching the person, is thinking of him, is forming an estimate of him, and an opinion as to what he ought to do. Sometimes the world's opinion becomes a more tangible thing: it means the opinion of the little circle of the person's acquaintance; or the opinion of the family in which he or she lives; or the opinion of even some single individual of a somewhat strong, and probably somewhat coarse and meddlesome nature. In such a case the world becomes personified in the typical Mrs. Grundy; and the fear of the world's opinion is expressed in the question—What will Mrs. Grundy say?

Most people, then, live in a vague fear of that which may be styled Mrs. Grundy; and are cowed into abject submission not merely to her ascertained opinions, but also to what they fancy that possibly her opinions may be. Others, again—a smaller number, and a number lessening as the individuals who constitute it grow older — confront Mrs. Grundy, and defy her. DON'T CARE was a leader of this little band. But even though Don't Care

had not come to trouble, it is highly probable that as he advanced in years he would have found that he must care, and that he did care. For a good many years I have enjoyed the acquaintance and the conversation of a man who, even after he became Solicitor-General, held bravely yet temperately by the forlorn hope of which a large part has always consisted of the young and the wrong-headed; and from which, with advancing years and increasing experience, men are so apt to drop away. I know that it was not vaporing in him to say: "The hissing of collected Europe, provided I knew the hissers could not touch me, would be a grateful sound rather than the reverse—that is, if heard at a reasonable distance."* But though I believe the words were sincere when he said them, yet I am convinced it was only by a stiffening of the moral nature, implying effort too great to last, that he was able to keep the feeling which these words express. I see in these words the expression of a desperate reaction against a strong natural bias; and I believe that time would gradually crumble that resolute purpose down. By a determined effort you may hold out a heavy weight at arm's length for a few minutes; you may defy and vanquish the law of gravitation for that short space; but the law of gravitation, quietly and unvaryingly acting, will beat you at last. And even if Ellesmere could peacefully go about his duty, and tranquilly enjoy his home, with that universal hiss in his ears, I know of those into whose hearts that hiss would sink down—whose hearts that hiss would break. How about his wife and children? And how would the strong man himself feel, when day by day he saw by the pale cheek, the lined brow, the anxious eye, the unnatural submissiveness, that *they* were living in a moral atmosphere that was poisoning them? Think of the little children coming in and saying that the other children would not play with them or speak to them. Think of the poor wife going to some meeting of charitable ladies, and left in a corner without one to notice her or take pity on her. Ah! my friend Ellesmere, once you have given hostages to fortune, we know where the world can make you feel!

Let us give a little time to clearing up our minds on this great practical question, as to the influence which of right belongs to the world's opinion; as to the deference which a wise man will accord to it. Let us try to define that great shadowy phantom which holds numbers through all their life in a slavery which extends to all they say and do; to the food they eat, and the raiment they put on, and the home they dwell in; and in many cases even to what they think, and to what they will admit to themselves that they think. The tyranny of the world's opinion is a tyranny infinitely more subtle and farther-reaching than that of the Inquisition in its worst days; one which passes its sentences, though no one knows who are the judges that pronounce them; and one which inflicts its punishments by the hands of numbers who utterly disapprove them. And yet, one has not the comfort of feeling able to condemn this strange tribunal out and out; you are obliged to confess that in the main its judgments are just, and its supervision is a wholesome one. Now and then it does things that are flagrantly unjust and absurd; but if I could venture, with my experience of life, to lay down any general principle, it would be the principle, abhorrent to warm young hearts and to hasty young heads, that in the main the world's opinion is right in those matters to which the world's opinion has a right to extend. I dare say that you will think that this is a general principle promulgated with considerable reservation. So it is; and I hardly know to which thing, the principle or the reservation, it seems to me that the greater consideration is due.

It is wrong, doubtless, to be always thinking what people will say. It is a low and wretched state of mind to come to. There is no more contemptible or miserable mortal than one of whom *this* can be said:

"While you, you think
What others think, or what you think they'll say;
Shaping your course by something scarce more tangible
Than dreams, at best the shadows on the stream
Of aspen trees by flickering breezes swayed—
Load me with irons, drive me from morn till night,
I am not the utter slave which that man is
Whose sole thought, word and deed are built on what
The world may say of him!"

The condition of mind described in

* Ellesmere, in *Companions of my Solitude.*

these indignant lines is doubtless wrong and wretched. But still one feels that these lines must be understood with much qualification and restriction. Neither in moral principle, nor in common-sense or taste, can one go with those who run to the other extreme. It is as well for most people to be cowed by a rule which in the main will keep them right, as to be suffered to run wild with no rule at all. The road to insanity is even more short and direct to the man who resolves that he shall do nothing like anybody else, than to the poor subdued creature in whom the fear of the world's judgment has run to that morbid excess that she fancies that as she goes along the street every one is pointing at her. There was nothing fine in Shelley's wearing a round blue jacket after he was a married man, just because men in general do not wear boys' jackets. And his writing *Atheist* after his name in the tourists' book, to shock people, does not strike me for its profanity half so much as for its idiotic silliness and its contemptible littleness. I do not admire the woman who walks about, a limp and conspicuous figure, in the days when crinoline is universally accepted. The extreme of crinoline is silly; the utter absence of it is silly; the wise and safe course is the middle one. I do not think it wise or admirable for a lady to walk a quarter of a mile bareheaded along a crowded street to a friend's house, even though thus she may save the trouble of going up-stairs for her bonnet. I do not approve the young fellow who tells you, when you speak to him about some petty flying in the face of the conventional notion of propriety, that he will do exactly what he likes, and that he does not care a straw what any one may think or say. That young fellow is in a very unsafe, and a very unstable position. It is not likely that he will long remain at his present moral stand-point. It is extremely probable that after a few signal instances of mischief brought upon himself by that defiant spirit, he will be cowed into abject submission to what people may think, and become afraid almost to move or breathe for fear of what may be said by folk whose opinion he secretly despises. He will gain a reputation for want of common-sense, which it will be very difficult to get rid of. And even the humblest return to his allegiance to Mrs. Grundy may fail to conciliate that individual's favor, lost by many former insults.

There are some persons who are bound not merely in prudence, but in principle, to consider the world's opinion a good deal. They are bound, not merely to avoid evil, but to avoid even the appearance of evil. And this because their usefulness in this world may be very prejudicially affected by the unfavorable opinion of those around them. It is especially so with the clergy. A clergyman's usefulness depends very much on the estimation in which he is held by his parishioners. It is desirable that his parishioners should like him: it is quite essential that they should respect him. It is not wise in the parson to shock the prejudices of those around him. It will be his duty sometimes to yield to opinions which he thinks groundless. However fond a clergyman of the Anglican Church may be of a choral service, it will be extremely foolish and wrong-headed in him to endeavor to thrust such a service upon a congregation of people who in their ignorance think it Popish. And it will not be prudent in a clergyman of the Scotch Church, placed in a remote country parish where the population retains a good deal of the old covenanting leaven, to fill his church-windows with stained glass, or even to put a cross above the eastern gable. And such a man will also discern that it is his duty to practice a certain economy and reticence in the explaining of his views as to instrumental music in church, and liturgical services. If it be the fact that many rustics in the parish regard these things as marks of the Beast, he need not obtrude the fact that he holds a different opinion. For he would then, in some quarters, bring all his teaching into suspicion. Let Mr. Snarling take notice, that I am counseling no reserve in the grave matters of doctrine: no reserve, that is, in the sense of making your people fancy that you believe what you do not believe, or that you do not believe what you do. The only economy in doctrine which I should approve would be that of bringing out and applying the truth which seems most needful at the time, and best fitted for its exigencies. But as to other things, both in statement and in conduct, I hold by a high authority which states that many things may be lawful for the parson which are not

expedient. And I believe that in little things the world's judgment is right in the main. There is a gravitation of society toward common-sense; at least to approving it, if not to acting upon it. I am not going to defend hats and the like; or to stand up for our angular Western dress against the flowing garments of the East, though I believe our dress is more convenient if it be less graceful. And I do not believe there is any perverse bent of society to what is ugly and inconvenient, at least in male attire: if any hatter or tailor produced a better covering, which would be as cheap, it would doubtless find acceptance. But I hold that it is not wise for any ordinary man to take issue with his race on any point of dress. He will not be the wisest of judges who shall first lay aside the venerable wig of gray horsehair. It is not expedient that a young clergyman should fly in the face of his parishioners on such a question as the wearing of a shooting-coat or a black neck-tie, or as going out with the hounds. It was not wise in John Foster, the great Baptist preacher, to horrify his simple flock by appearing in his pulpit in a gray coat and a red waistcoat. No doubt, in logic, his position was unassailable. For people who reject all clerical robes as Popish, it is manifestly absurd to make a stand for a black coat and a white neckcloth. By making a stand for these, you cut the ground from under your feet: you admit the principle which justifies satin and lawn. Let me say, a sound and reasonable principle too. It is not fitting that in every day attire a man should conduct the worship of God's house. But even with folk who thought differently, John Foster acted unwisely. As lawyers would say, it was a bad issue to take. I know how a certain eminent essayist, whom I much revere, stands up for eccentricity. He holds it to be a useful protest against our tendency to a dead conformity. I venture to say that, generally, it is not wise to be eccentric. You find that eccentric people are usually eccentric in little things, not worth fighting about. We all know that there are great and important things in which the world thinks wrongly: take issue *there* with the world, if you like: but it is not worth while to do so in small matters of dress and behavior. It is not worth while to take a beard into the pulpit where it will interfere with the congregation's attention to the sermon; nor to appear in the same place in lavender gloves in a country where lavender gloves, in such a locality, are unknown. It is wise to give in to the little requirements on which the world's opinion has been plainly expressed. If you are resolved to take a part of opposition to all the world, do so in the behalf of things which are worth the trouble of the strife. Let it not be engraven on your tombstone, Here lies the man who confronted the human race on the question of the wide-awake hat. Stand up for truth and right, if you are fond of fighting: you will have many opportunities in this life. Smite the flunkey, pierce the humbug, violently kick the aristocratic liar and seducer, and probably you will find abundant occupation. But though you know it is a pleasant and enjoyable thing for yourself and your children to sit on the steps of your country-house in the sunshine after breakfast, you will not gain the approval of wise men by doing the like on the steps of your town-house in a much-frequented street: say, for example, in Princes street in Edinburgh. And though you often roll on the grass with your little boy in the country, do not attempt the like on the pavement of such a public way. For in that case it is conceivable that you may jeered at by the passers-by, and apprehended by the police. And while you are being conveyed to the station-house, instead of being esteemed as a philosopher and revered as a martyr, it is not impossible that you may be laughed at as a fool. "We sat on the bridge, and swung our legs over the water:" with these words an eloquent writer lately began an essay. Of course, the bridge was in a quiet rural spot. If the writer and his friend had done the like on London-bridge, the small boys would have hallooed at them, and the constable would have moved them on. Yet the merits of the deed are the same in either case. Only in the one case the world says, You may; in the other case it says, You must not. And the human being who resists the world's judgment in these little matters, shows, not strength, but weakness. Where principle is involved, it is noble to swing your legs, but not otherwise. But doubtless you have remarked that it is a common thing to find great obstinacy in petty

icerns in a man who has no real firm-
s. You will find people who are
eezable and facile in the great affairs
life, and in their larger opinions have
; a mind of their own, but adopt the
nion of the last person they heard
ress one; yet who persistently stick
some little absurd or bad habit which
y have often been entreated to leave
, which annoys their friends, and makes
m ridiculous. You will find a man
om you might turn round with a straw
his belief on any question political, mor-
or literary, but who, having taken up
ground that once one is three, would
to the stake rather than give in to the
rld's way of thinking on that point.

I beg the reader to observe, that I do
; counsel a general conformity to the
pointments of his particular world,
rely on the ground that non-conform-
may cause him to be derided, or dis-
ed, or suspected. I wish him to think
the injury which his non-conformity
y occasion to others. If your shooting-
it, my clerical brother, however light
d easy to walk in on a hot summer day,
to stand between a poor dying girl and
comfort and profit she might get from
ur counsels and prayers, why, I think,
you are the man I mean, that you will
termine never to go beyond your own
te but in the discomfort (often very great
country parishes) of severely clerical
tire. Possibly few of my readers know
at in various rural districts of Scotland
sermon, however admirable, will do no
od if the preacher reads it; he must
her give it extempore, or appear to do
by having previously written it and
mmitted it to memory. "I canna thole
e paper," I have heard an intelligent
rmer say. He meant, he could not bear
e sight of the manuscript discourse. It
fair to add that this prejudice is fast
ing out, even in rural parishes; while
large towns in Scotland, it has entirely
ppeared. But however unreasonable
d stupid may have been the prejudice
hich condemned over-wrought ministers
several hours weekly of the irksome
hoolboy labor of getting their sermons
heart, and however painful the anxiety
hich a man with an uncertain memory
ust often have felt on a Sunday morning,
the fear that he might forget what he
d painfully prepared, and be reduced to
state of utter blankness, and ignomin-
ely stick in his sermon; still, you will
think that a conscientious man, earnest to do good, would make this painful sacrifice, not to his popularity, but to his usefulness. Let me confess, for myself, that I can not imagine how the elder clergy of the Scotch Church were able to accomplish this awful toil. The father of the present writer, for thirty years, wrote and committed to memory two sermons of forty minutes each, every week; and hundreds of his brethren did the same. I could not do it, to save my life. Surely the intellectual fiber of the new generation is less muscular than that of their fathers. I have made mention of a judicious economy in giving instruction. You may discern the result of the want of it in what we are told about a poor dying laborer, in one of the midland counties of England. It is quite unquestionable that the world goes round the sun; but it is not in the weakness of the parting hours of life that a poor uneducated man should be called to reconstruct the theory of the universe under which he had lived all his days. And though it was certainly needful to explain to the dying man the meaning of Christian faith, it might have been done without going into any thing like metaphysics; and in a way in which a child of six years old might understand it, possibly as well as the parson himself. But a young parson could not see this. He would correct all the intellectual errors of his humble parishioner. He would pour upon him a flood of knowledge. Possibly you may smile at the odd expressions; but I remember few sentences which have so touched me with their hopeless pathos, as that with which the dying man feebly turned to the wall, and spoke no more. "Wut wi' faeth," he said, "and wut wi' the earth goin' round the sun, and wut wi' the railways all a-whuzzin' and a-buzzin,' I'm clean muddled, confoozled, and bet!" Well, let us hope that light came at the evening-time upon that blind, benighted way.

It should be borne in mind, that as to any particular subject, there is sometimes great difficulty in ascertaining what the world (by which I mean our own particular world) is actually saying. It seems to me especially difficult to know, in a small community, what is the general opinion upon almost any matter. For you may fall in with people holding quite

exceptional opinions. And exceptional opinions are often very strongly held; and held by very clever men. I remember hearing a really able man (one whom the great world has recognized as such) declare that in his judgment a certain clergyman, not remarkable for talent, earnestness, oddity, or any thing but self-conceit, was the greatest preacher he had ever listened to, incomparably greater than A, B, C, or D, each of whom is well known to fame. The man who expressed this opinion was one you would have been obliged to admit as most competent to form an opinion; yet somehow, for some inexplicable reason, some sympathy or antipathy beyond the reach of reasoning, he had come firmly to hold an opinion which was entirely exceptional, which was shared by no other human being. And thus the world may be saying one thing at one tea-table, and just the opposite at another tea-table, in some little country town. At one tea-table the sermon of last Sunday may be very good; at the other, it may be very bad. The like difference of opinion may exist as to the efficiency of the member of parliamen. At one table, he may be a worthy, hard-working man; at the other, a poor silly creature. So with the singing of Miss X. If you are enjoying the cup that does not particularly cheer with Mrs. Smith and her set of friends, you may be informed, as a stranger to the town, that a great treat awaits you in listening to Miss X's songs. Her voice is splendid, and admirably cultivated; her taste exquisite. She is generally regarded as singing better than Jenny Lind. You naturally go away with the belief that in the opinion of the world at Drumsleekie, Miss X is a very great singer. But all this is due to the accident of your taking tea with Mrs. Smith. Had it been Mrs. Jones, you would have been told that Miss X overstrained her voice; that she sang untruly; that she sang flat; that she sang harshly; that her affectation in singing was such that it was hard to refrain from throwing something at her head; and finally, that she could not sing at all. All this is perplexing. It would be a comfort to get over the preliminary difficulty, and to find out what it is that the world actually does say. Its voice, however, conveys an uncertain sound. And it would cost more time and trouble than the result would be worth, to add up the tea-tables on one side, and the tea-tables on the other side, and then discover on which side is the preponderant weight. And in case it should be found that the tea-tables on either side exactly balanced each other, the difficulty would arise, that it would appear that in Drumsleekie, on the subject of Miss X's singing, the world had no opinion at all. The favorable and unfavorable would just neutralize one another. And as with the singing of Miss X, so you will find it with the beauty of Miss Y, and the manners of Miss Z. Likewise with the horses of Mr. Q, and the poems of Mr. R. In short, to sum the matter up, it depends entirely on the set into which you get in a small community, what impression you are to carry away as to the general opinion upon any question. For though one slice taken from a leg of mutton will give you a fair idea of the general flavor of all the joint; yet you may (so to speak) cut a slice out of the talk of the town which shall be entirely different from all the rest. You may have chanced on the faction which cries up the new town-hall, or on the faction which cries it down. You may have chanced on the party which thinks the parson the greatest of men, or on the party which esteems him as one of the least.

Then it is certain that Mrs. Grundy may be made to appear to say almost any thing, by the skillful management and the energy of two or three pushing individuals. It is possible for a very small number of persons to *get up a sough*) to use the Scotch phrase) either for or against a man. A few clacking busy-bodies, running about from house to house, may disseminate a vague unfavorable impression. A few hearty, active, energetic friends may cause the world's opinion, in a little place, to seem to be setting very strongly in a man's favor. You have probably heard the legend, which very likely is fabulous, of the fashion in which the blacking of a certain eminent man rose into universal fame. The eminent man hired four footmen, of loud and fluent power of expression, and of brazen countenance. He arrayed them in gorgeous liveries; the livery of each being quite different from that of the other three. Then, each alone, from morning to evening they pervaded London; and this

was what they did: When each footman saw a shop in which blacking appeared likely to be sold, he rushed into it with great appearance of excitement, and exclaimed in a hurried manner: "Give me some of Snooks's blacking instantly." Snooks, it should be mentioned, was the name of his eminent employer. "Snooks's blacking," said the man in the shop; "we never heard of it!" "Not heard of Snooks's blacking!" exclaimed the footman; "why, my master won't let me brush his boots with any other; and just now he is roaring at me for brushing his boots this morning with that of Stiggins; I must be off elsewhere and get Snooks's blacking forthwith." This interview naturally startled the man in the shop; he began to think: "I must get some of Snooks's blacking; every body must be using Snooks's blacking!" And when, in the course of the day, the other three footmen severally visited his shop, as the first had done; one exclaiming, "The Chancellor won't use any thing but Snooks's blacking;" another, "His Grace won't use any thing but Snooks's blacking;" the last, (in crimson livery,) "His Majesty wont use any thing but Snooks's blacking;" the man in the shop took his resolution. He found out the factory of Snooks, and ordered a large quantity of his blacking.

That which has pushed blacking into fame, has done the like for other things. Two or three individuals, vigorously puffing a book, may cause it to seem that the world's judgment in the locality where they live is in that book's favor. And most people will bow to that judgment. Not very many people have so much firmness, or confidence in themselves, as to hold their own opinion in the presence of the strongly-expressed opinion of the world on the other side. And a loud and confident declaration that something is very bad, will silence and put down many people who in their secret soul think it very good.

The *sough*, or general opinion and belief in a country district, may occasionally be got up by persons who are little better than idiots. Let me relate a story which I heard, long ago: A very distinguished preacher once went to preach in the parish church of a certain big and ugly village in Scotland. The village lies among the hills, in a pastoral district. It had no railway communication; no near neighbors; no large town within many miles. The people, many of them, were very ignorant, very pragmatical, and self-conceited. The big and ugly village thought it was the center of the world; possibly, that it was the whole world. Its population formed an unfavorable estimate of the preaching of the great orator. It was generally said in the village that "his sermons were no' very weel conneckit." It happens that the discourses of that clergyman are remarkable for their logical linkedness of thought; for the symmetry and beauty of their skeleton, no less than for the brilliance and range of their illustrations. But some blockhead said (not having any thing particular to say) that they were "no' very weel conneckit." Other blockheads grasped at this. It was something to say; and to say it seemed to imply the possession of some critical acumen. So the voice of Mrs. Grundy, in that village, reëchoed that statement on every side. The statement was, indeed, absurd. You might as well have said that the sermons were distinguished by their ignorant impatience of the relaxation of taxation, or by their want of mezzotinto. But people seized it, and repeated it. I remember going as a boy to that locality; and hearing several persons, all densely stupid, and most of them very conceited, speak of the great preacher. They all criticised him in the self-same terms: "His sermons were no' very weel conneckit!" But there is no opinion expressed with so great confidence as the opinion of the man who is incapable of forming any opinion. I remember an old gentleman telling me how he went to hear Dr. Chalmers. "I could not understand the man," said he; "I could not see what he was driving at." I am entirely satisfied that the old gentleman told the truth. Like the Squire in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, Dr. Chalmers could supply argument, but he could not supply intellect to comprehend it.

An unfavorable *sough* may be got up in a rural district, by a man who combines caution with malignity; and all in such a way that you can not lay hold of the malicious but cautious man. Let us suppose a new doctor is coming to the village. You, the old doctor, may go about the village and beg the peo-

ple to try and receive him civilly; he may not be such a bad man after all. The truth probably is, that nobody supposes him a bad man, or intends to receive him otherwise than civilly; but a few days judiciously spent may excite a prejudice which it will take some time to allay. Some one speaks to you in praise of an acquaintance. You may reply in a hesitating manner: "Yes; he is rather a nice fellow; but —— well, I don't want to say any thing bad of any one." In this way you have not committed yourself; but you have conveyed a worse impression than you could probably have conveyed by any definite charge you could have made against the man. Honest and manly folk, indeed, may possibly call you a sneak. What do you care? Some muscular Christian may kick you. In that case you will have the comfort of knowing that it unquestionably serves you right.

There is something worrying and vexatious in thinking that the *sough of the country side*, which in Scotland signifies the general opinion of the neighborhood, is running against yourself and your possessions; even though you heartily despise the individuals whose separate judgments go to make up that *sough*. For you gradually come to attach considerable importance to the opinion of the people among whom you live, even though that opinion be in itself worth nothing. There is compensation, however, in the fact that if the unfavorable opinions of stupid and incompetent people are able to depress a man, the favorable opinions of stupid and incompetent people are able to elate and encourage even a very clever and wise man. Many such men are kept up to the mark at which they do good and even great things, by rumors of the high estimation in which they are held by Mrs. Grundy. There is probably as much happiness communicated to a human being by the favorable estimate of those around him—though they are people of no great standing, and not very wise—as if they were the wisest and noblest of the land. For, by degrees, even the wise man begins to fancy that these people who think so highly of him are not quite ordinary folk; they are more capable judges of human excellence than people in their station in life usually are. can quite understand that the autho who finds his book praised in the *Litt Peddlington Gazette*, or the *Whistlebink Banner of Freedom*, will conclude tha these are important newspapers, conduc ed with intelligence much surpassing tha of country papers in general. He will b quite cheerful for a whole forenoon afte reading in either of those journals, tha he is one of the most original thinkers c the age. So a clergyman, who is popula in his own parish, will quite honestl come to think that its population is r markable for its intelligence and its pow er of appreciating a good sermon. C course, as has been said, the convers case holds good. The ill opinion of thos around you, if quite universal, is depres ing, however much you may despise tha opinion. Not only is that unfavorabl estimate always around you, like an un healthy atmosphere, but you graduall come to think that the people who hold i are rather wise and important people. A parson going from a large and intelligen parish to one where the people are fe and uncultivated, knows at first ver nearly what is the mark of his presen position and his present congregation He knows that, seriously, the opinio which his parishioners form of him i neither here nor there. But he learn very soon that comfort and discomfor may be caused by judgments which ar absolutely valueless. You may remem ber what Philip Van Artevelde says o that which may be regarded as the mos favorable of all individual estimates o man:

> "How little flattering is a woman's love!
> Worth to the heart, come how it may, world;
> Worth to men's measures of their own de serts,
> If weighed in wisdom's balance, merely nothing!"

And gradually you go farther than Van Artevelde. Probably even that philosophic man, as he found day by day new indications of the warm affection and the hearty admiration of the woman he had in his mind when he said such words, began to think that, after all, there must be something unusual about him to elicit all that devotion; began to think that her opinion was sound and just; and that she must be a person of no ordinary

sagacity who arrived at a judgment so true. You will do all that. You will not only be pleased by the favorable estimate of incompetent judges: you will come to think that they are very competent judges. A clergyman who at one time used to preach to a great crowd of cultivated folk in London, told me that after he had been a few months in a little country parish, he felt quite pleased when he found the mill-girls of a manufacturing town four miles off, walking over on Sundays to hear him preach; and also that he began to think these mill-girls very intelligent people, whose appreciation was worth having. Your "nature is subdued to what it works in." You stand in considerable awe of things amid which you always live. And the truth is, that almost every thing, when you come to know it well, is bigger than the stranger fancies it. It is because things, when you come to know them, are really so good, that the *lues Boswelliana* prevails to such a degree in biographers; that each parson thinks his own church in some one respect superior to the general run; and that the rustics of each parish think their own the finest in the country. The things are really very good; and it is difficult to estimate how good, relatively to others. When a wise man finds himself second, or ninth, or nineteenth, in competition with others, whether the competition be in the size of its turnips, the speed of his horses, the beauty of his pictures, the bitterness of his reviews, the amiability of his children, or the badness of his headaches, (all matters of which people are given to boast,) the wise man will not necessarily conclude that he himself or his belongings are less good or great than he had previously supposed. The right conclusion is this: that other men and their belongings are better or bigger than he had fancied them. And though the favorable appreciation of judges, barristers, cabinet ministers, and the like, is undoubtedly worth more than that of factory-girls, still the favorable appreciation of the factory-girls may be regarded as worth a good deal, by one who lives exclusively among factory girls.

Besides this, there is a farther consideration that comes in to give weight to the unfavorable judgment of Mrs. Grundy. A wise man, knowing how human vanity leads people to over-estimate their own merits, would, if he found that every body thought he was a fool, begin to fear that he was one; and also to fear that the fact that he could not see he was a fool showed the hopelessness of his condition; as we know that a maniac occasionally believes that he is the only sane person in the world. I believe that there is nothing that can hold a man up against the depressing effect of being held in little esteem by those around him, as his family, or his neighbors; but the fact of his being held in good estimation by some person or persons elsewhere, whom he can regard as wiser and worthier judges of him than those around him are. I have known a great preacher, whose church was nearly empty on Sundays. It was in a remote rural district. But whenever he went to preach in any large town, the church in which he preached was crowded to excess. So he could set the opinion of the remote Mrs. Grundy against that of the near Mrs. Grundy, and, though surrounded by the unfavorable estimation of the near Mrs. Grundy, he could retain composure and confidence in himself, by backing up his estimate of himself with that of the distant world. And there are people with no distant friends to lean on, who yet, in a remote situation, find the support and sympathy they want, in the better part of our periodical literature. The *Times* coming daily to an educated man in a very rustic place, is a great blessing. So is the *Saturday Review* to the country parson. So are the Quarterly Reviews generally. He will find much in them with which he can not agree; a good deal which is extremely distasteful to him. But in reading them, he breathes a different atmosphere from that in which he is placed by many of his daily concerns and acquaintances. He finds in them something to prevent him from being cowed into conformity. He finds the thoughts of cultivated men, holding the same canons of taste with himself; and, in the main, holding nearly the same great points of belief on more important things. I felt it as a comfort, after lately hearing a man say that a certain noble cathedral was "a great ugly jail of a place," to read a brilliant article in praise of Gothic architecture. And when you are building a pretty Elizabethan house, with all its graceful characteristics, you do not mind a bit that Mrs. Grundy, Mr. Snarling, and Miss Limejuice go about saying that it is

gimcrack, barbarous, Popish, inconvenient, dark, and fit only for monks and nuns, when you are able to turn to many pages on which competent men have set out the beauties and comforts of that delightful style, and shown up the nonsense of the stupid and tasteless folk who abuse it. But if you stood alone in the world in your love for the well-shown gable and the pointed arch, it may be feared that, unless you had the determination of the martyr, you would be badgered into keeping your opinions to yourself, and into conforming your practice to that of other people. There are few more delightful things to any one who has long lived among those with whom he feels no sympathy, than to find himself among people who think and feel as he does. And there is more than pleasure in the case; there is something in this that will strengthen and vivify his tastes and beliefs into redoubled energy.

You will not unfrequently find people who loudly profess their contempt for the world's opinion, who are really living in abject terror of it. A coward, you know, often assumes a bullying manner. And there is no weaker or sillier way of considering Mrs. Grundy, than to be ever on the watch for opportunities of shocking her. It is for the most part nervous people, very much afraid of her, who do this. We all know persons who take great delight in trying to astonish mankind by the awful opinions they express, and by conduct flatly opposed to the rules of civilized society. You will find parsons who in their sermons like to frighten people, by sailing as near unsound doctrine as possible; or by a manner very devoid of that gravity which becomes the time and place. So with young ladies who smoke cigars, or talk in a fast manner to gentlemen on subjects and about people of which they ought to know nothing. So with the greater part of all eccentricity. One can bear eccentricity, however great, when it is genuine. One can bear the man, however oddly he may act, who acts in Mrs. Grundy's presence as though he saw her not; and who *bonâ fide* does not see her. But it is a very wretched and contemptible thing, to witness a man doing very bold things, going through all kinds of eccentric gyrations, with a side-glance all the while at Mrs. Grundy, and with an ear upon the stretch to remark what she is going to say.

There are men who are right in carefully observing the world's opinion of them and their doings: whose duty it is to observe these things carefully. There are men who know for certain that the world has an opinion of them: an opinion varying from day to day; and an opinion upon whose variations very tangible results depend. Such a man is the Prime Minister in this country. His possession of actual power and of profitable place depends just upon the world's opinion of him: an opinion which ebbs and flows from week to week: which is indicated unmistakably by his parliamentary majority as it rises and sinks; and which is affected by a host of circumstances quite away from the Premier's merits. If the Premier is desirous to retain his place, I should fancy that, till he gets indurated to it, it must be a most disagreeable one. From what a variety of quarters the voice of Mrs. Grundy must be borne to his ears; and how difficult it must be to know precisely what importance to attach to this or that specific bellow! Judging from the easy way in which the present head of the government bears his functions, one would suppose that to be Prime Minister must be like being stoker of an American high-pressure steamer. At first, you will be momently in expectation of being blown up; but by and by you will come to take it quite coolly; indeed, with a hardihood rather appalling to most people to see. There is no one who has it in his power to know so certainly and immediately what his own world thinks of him, as a great actor. It is an index of his popularity, as certain as the mercury in the thermometer is of the temperature, how the theater fills at which he performs. And to him, popularity is more than empty praise. It is substantial pudding. The bread and butter of his wife and children depend upon it. There are cases in which it is a miserable spectacle to see a man eagerly anxious about the world's opinion. There is no more contemptible and degrading sight, than a clergyman who sets his heart upon popularity as a preacher; who is always fishing for compliments, and using clap-trap arts to draw a crowd and amaze people. You come to hear of preachers who, it is plain, are prepared to go any length: men who would preach standing on their head rather than fail of creating a sensation. I thank God I never listened to such; but I

have read in print addresses described as having been given in buildings professedly used for the worship of the Almighty, which addresses, in their title, subject, and entire tone, were perfectly analogous to the advertisements and exhibitions of Barnum. Their vulgar buffoonery and disgusting profanity were intended as a bait to the lowest and worst classes in the community. You may have known persons, in various walks of life who were in possession of the world's good opinion, but who could not be said to be in the enjoyment of it. It did not make them happy to have it, but it would have made them miserable to lose it. To go down a peg or two in the scale of fame would have been unendurable. And you would find them occasionally putting out feelers, to try whether the popular gale was slackening. Should it show signs of slackening, you have various acquaintances who will be careful to inform you. I knew a young divine who preached for almost the first time at a certain country church. A few days after, a man from the parish, a vulgar person, and almost a stranger, came and assured him that his sermon did not by any means guv sahtisfawkshun. I have known a person, a stupid and ignorant blockhead, who devoted himself to going about and retailing to every one he knew, any wretched little piece of tattle which might be disagreeable to hear. I don't believe the man was malignant. I suppose he yielded to an impulse analogous to that which makes a hen cackle when it has laid an egg. Unhappily, some men are so weak that though they find it unpleasant to be informed that the world is pronouncing opinion against them, they yet find a certain fascination impelling them to learn all particulars as to this unfriendly opinion. And so the ignorant blockhead found many attentive auditors. Doubtless this gratified him. My readers, cut such a man short at once. Snub him. Shut him up. As you would close the window through which a bitter north-east wind is blowing into your chamber on a winter day, so shut up this wretched gutter that conveys to you the dregs of Mrs. Grundy!

As you go on through life, my friend, you will discover a good many *Cowed People*. These people have been fairly beaten by their fear of what the world will say. They are always in a vague alarm. They are afraid of saying or doing the most innocent thing, lest in some way, they can not say how, it may turn to their prejudice. They are in mortal dread of committing themselves. They live in some general confused apprehension of what may come next. They are always thinking that Mr. A bowed rather stiffly to them, and wondering what it can mean; that Mrs. B looked the other way as they passed, and no doubt intends to finally cut their acquaintance; and the like. All this shades off into developments which pass the limit of sanity; as believing that the entire population of the place have combined against them, and that the human race at large is resolved to thwart their plans and crush their hopes. I do not mention these things to be laughed at. The sincerest sympathy is due to such as suffer in this way. No doubt all this founds upon a nervous, anxious nature; but it has been greatly fostered by lending a ready ear to such stupid, if not malicious, tattlers as have just been mentioned. There is, indeed, much of natural temperament here; much of physical constitution. There are boys who go to school each morning, trembling with vague apprehension, they can not say of what. Possibly there is some idea that all their companions may league against them. There is not much of the magnanimous about boys; and such a poor little fellow probably leads a sad enough school life. And years afterward, when he is a man in business, you may find him going away from his cottage on the outskirts into town each morning, to get his letters and attend to the day's transactions, as Daniel might have gone into the den. To many human beings the world is as a great, fierce machine, whirring and grinding inexorably on; and their great desire is to keep away from it. And possibly the man who is most thoroughly cowed by the world is not the man who lives in an even and equable awe of it; but rather he who now and then rebels, makes a frantic, foolish fight for freedom, gets terribly mauled in a quarrel with the world on some stupid issue, and then gives up, and sinks down beaten into a state of utter prostration. Probably such a man, for a while after each desperate rally, is the most cowed of cowed men.

There are human beings of this temperament, who seem to feel as though any street in which an acquaintance lives were barricaded against their passage. They

will tell you that they don't like to pass Mr. Smith's house, lest he should see them. You listen with wonder, and possibly you reply: "Suppose he does, what then?" Of course they can not answer your question; they can not fix on any specific evil result which would follow if Mr. Smith did happen to see them; they have simply a vague fear of the consequences of that event. You will find such people, if they are walking along the street, and see any one they know coming in their direction, instantly get out of the way by turning down some side-lane. I believe that in the hunting-field the cry of *Ware wheat* warns the horseman to keep off the ground sown with that precious grain, lest the crop suffer damage. I think I have seen human beings, the voice of whose whole nature, as they advanced through creation, appeared to be *Ware Friends!* Their wish was just to keep out of any body's way. It was vain to ask what harm would follow even if they met Mr. Green or the Miss Browns. They did not know exactly why they were afraid: they were vaguely cowed. Is it because the present writer feels within himself something which might ultimately land him in that wretched condition of moral prostration, that he is anxious to describe it accurately and protest against it bitterly? You find people so thoroughly cowed, that they appear to be always apologizing for venturing to be in this world. They seem virtually to say to every one they meet, but especially to all baronets, lords, and the like: "I beg your pardon for being here." You will find them saying this even to wealthy mercantile men. Not only is this a painful and degrading point to arrive at; I do not hesitate to say that it is a morally wrong one. It implies a forgetfulness of Who put you in this world, my friend, that you should wish to skulk through it in that fashion. Is not *this* the right thing for a human being to feel—The Creator put me here, in my lowly place indeed; but I have as good a right in this world, in my own place in it, as the queen or the emperor. My title to be here is exactly the same as that of the greatest and noblest: it is the will of my Maker. And I shall follow the advice of a good and resolute man in an early century, who was always ready to give honor to whom it was due, but who would not abnegate his rights as man, for mortal. I intend to do what he said should be done by "every man"—I intend, "wherein I am called, therein to abide with God."

There are few more contemptible exhibitions of human slavery than you may find in cowed people who, in every little thing they do, are guided not by their notions of what is right, but by their belief as to what Mrs. Grundy may say, more especially the Grundy whose income and social standing somewhat surpass their own. I once heard a parson, who had a large income, say that he could not venture to put his man-servant into livery, because the gentry in his parish would not like it! I suggested that it was no concern of the gentry how he might attire his servant; that the questions to be considered concerned only himself, and appeared to me to be these:

1. Whether he could afford it;
2. Whether he would like it.

And that for myself, if I could answer these questions in the affirmative, I should like to see the man in my parish who would venture to interfere with what I thought fit to do in the matter. Not but what I believe that vulgar and impertinent individuals might be found who would not like to see my friend approximating too closely to their own magnificence; but if there be a thing in this world to be decisively and instantly snubbed, it assuredly would be the insolence of venturing to express, in my friend's presence, either liking or dislike in the case. I have known a talking busy-body, a relation of Miss Limejuice, who called at the house of a family lately come to settle in a remote country region, to inform them that their dining so late as they did was regarded as presumptuous; and that various neighboring families felt aggrieved that their own dinner-hour, hitherto esteemed the most advanced in fashion, had been transcended by the new comers. It may suffice to say, that though the relation of Miss Limejuice was treated with entire civility, she never ventured in that house to recur to that topic again. It is curious how rapidly it comes to be understood, whether any individual possesses that cowed and abject nature which permits impertinent interference in his private concerns, or not. The most meddlesome of tattling old women knows when she may venture to repeat Mrs. Grundy's

opinion, and when she had better not. And all this without the least noisy demonstration; all this with very little reference to the absolute social position of the person to be interfered with. It is a question of the nature of the animal. An eagle, you know, is a smaller animal than a goose; but it is inexpedient to interfere with the former bird. If you have any unpleasant advice to offer, stick to the goose, my friend!

In this country, when a man gets on in life, and begins to evince signs of wealth, the only hostile feeling he is likely to encounter is that of the superior class into which he is now seeking admission. It is natural enough that those who have long been in an elevated place should feel disquieted when they find some one on whom they have been accustomed to look downward, rising up to their own level, or even transcending it. The feeling, of course, is an unworthy one; and worthy people struggle with it, and soon get over it. A still more disagreeable manifestation is one which I am told is not uncommon in democratic countries. It is that the man who rises is pursued by the envy and hatred of the class from which he rises; and that the people of that class desire to keep him down to his original level. I have been told that in the United States men who have reached great fortune are afraid to take the use of it, lest by doing so they should draw upon themselves the popular enmity. It is quite certain that a rich man in a certain Atlantic city put up a gilded lamp over his front door; and that in a few days a deputation of his neighbors waited upon the rich man, and informed him that the gilded lamp would not do; that it was esteemed as "too aristocratic;" and that if he did not wish his windows smashed, he had better have taken it away. In this country the rich man would have shown the deputation the door; if, indeed, one can imagine the deputation even coming to him. But in that country of unlimited freedom, where the people are free to force other people to do what *they* like, and what the other people don't like, a different course was advisable. The rich man humbly bowed to the expressed judgment of Mrs. Grundy; and he removed the gilded lamp. As the old Scotch poet said: "Ah! freedom is a nobill thing!" The misfortune is, that in a perfectly free country, it seems essential that the cultivated minority should be the most cowed people—that is, the most abject slaves—on the face of the earth.

It is worthy of notice, that in the respect of the attitude which men assume toward the world's opinion, the most remarkable change sometimes passes over them. We all know that human beings in the course of their lives, go through many phases of opinion and feeling as to most matters; but I think there is no single matter in which they may exhibit extremes so far apart as in the matter of confidence and cowedness. You will find men who as schoolboys were remarkable for their forwardness: who were always ready to start up and roar out an answer in their class; and who even at college were pushing and confident, and quite willing to take a lead among their fellow-students; but who ten years after leaving the university, have shrunk into very modest and retiring and timid men. I have known several cases in which this was so; always in the case of men who had carried off very high honors. Doubtless this loss of confidence is in some measure the result of growing experience, and of the lowlier estimate of one's own powers which *that* seldom fails to bring to men of sense; but I believe that it is in no small measure the result of a nervous system early over-driven, and of a mental constitution from which the elasticity has been taken by too hard work, gone through too soon. You know that if you put a horse in harness at three years old, he will, if he be a good horse, do his work splendidly; but he will not do it long. At six years old, he will be a spiritless, broken-down creature. You took it out of him too soon. He is used up. And the cleverest young men at the universities are often like the horse set to hard work at three. By the time they are two-and-twenty, you have sometimes taken out of them the best that will ever come. They will probably die about middle-age; and till that time they will go heavily through life, with little of the cheerful spring. They will not rise to the occasion. They can not answer the spur. They are prematurely old: weary, jaded, cowed. Oh! that the vile system of midnight toil at the universities, both of England and Scotland, were finally abolished! It directly encourages many of the most promising of the race to mortgage their best energies and their future years, to

sustain the reckless expenditure of the present. It would be an invaluable blessing if it were made a law, inexorable as those of the Medes, that no honors should ever be given to any student who was not in bed by eleven o'clock at latest.

It is a sad thing when any person, old or young, goes through his work in a cowed spirit. I do not mean, goes through his work in a jaded, heartless way merely, but goes through his work in the bare hope of escaping blame. A great part of all that is done in this world is done in this way. Many children, many servants, many clerks, and even several parsons, go through their daily round thus. I need not say how poorly that work will usually be done which the man wishes just to get through without any great reprobation; but think how unhappily it will be done, and what a miserable training of mind and heart it is! It seems to me that few people do their work heartily, and really as well as they can. And people whose desire is merely to get through somehow, seem to stand to their work as at a level below it. The man who honestly does his best, works from above; his task is below him; he is master of it, however hard it may be. The man who hopes no more than to escape censure, and who accordingly aims at nothing more, seems to work from below; his task is above him; he is cowed by it. Let us resolve that we shall always give praise when we can. You will find many people who are always willing to find fault with their servants, if their servants do any thing wrong, but who never say an approving word when their servants do right. You will find many people who do the like as to their children. And only too often that wretched management breaks the spring of the youthful spirit. Yes, many little children are cowed; and the result is either a permanent dull quiescence, never to be got over, or a fierce reäction against the accursed tyranny that embittered early years—a reäction which may sometimes cast off entirely the bonds of natural affection, and even of moral restraint. How it encourages and cheers the cowed little fellow, growing up in the firm belief that he is hopelessly wicked, and never can do any thing to please any one, to try reward as a change from constant punishment and bullying! I have seen the good effect upon such a one of the kind approving word. How much more cheerfully the work will be done; how much better it will be done; and how much happier a man he will be that does it! A poor fellow who never expects that he can please, and who barely hopes that he may pass without censure and abuse, will do his task very heartlessly. Let us praise warmly and heartily wherever praise is deserved. And if we weigh the matter, we shall find that a great deal of hearty praise is deserved in this world on every day that shines upon it.

May I conclude by saying, that many worthy people go through their religious duties in a thoroughly cowed spirit? They want just to escape God's wrath—not to gain his kind favor. The great spring of conduct within them is not love, but abject terror. Truly a mistaken service! You have heard of the devil-worshipers in India; do you know why they worship the devil? Because they think him a very powerful being, who can do them a mischief if they don't. Does not the worship of the Almighty, rendered in that cowed spirit, partake of the essential nature of devil-worship? Let us not love and serve our Maker, my reader, because we are in fear that he will torment us if we do not. Let us humbly love and serve him because he is so good, so kind to you and me, because he loved us first, and because we can see him and his glory in the kindest face this world ever saw! I do not think we should have been afraid of Jesus of Nazareth. I do not think we need have gone in a cowed spirit to him. And in him we have the only manifestation that is level to our understanding, of the Invisible God. I think we could have gone to him confidingly as a little child to a kind mother. I think we should have feared no repulse, no impatience, as we told to him the story of all our sins and wants and cares. We can picture to ourselves, even yet, the kindly, sorrowful features, which little children loved, and which drew those unsophisticated beings to gather round him without a fear. Let there be deep humility, but nothing of that unworthy terror. You remember what we know on the best of all authority is the first and great thing we are to do. It is not to cultivate a cowed spirit. It is to LOVE our Maker with heart and soul and mind. A. K. H. B.

From a Foreign Quarterly.

ARE THE PLANETS INHABITED?

Are the planets inhabited? is a question which naturally presents itself to the human mind, and for a solution of which we as naturally look to the science of Astronomy. But when the immense distance which separates us even from the nearest of the planets is remembered, it can scarcely be matter of surprise that the telescope affords no direct evidence on the question, whether the planets, like the earth, are inhabited globes. Yet, though it gives no direct answer to this inquiry, modern astronomy has collected together a mass of facts, connected with the positions and motions, the physical character and conditions, and the parts played in the solar system by the several globes of which that system is composed, which forms a vast body of analogy, leading the intelligent mind to the conclusion that the planets are worlds, fulfilling in the economy of the universe the same functions, and created by the same Divine hand, for the same moral purposes, and with the same destinies, as the earth. Thus, for example, we find that these orbs, like our own, roll in regulated periods round the sun; that they have nights and days, and successions of seasons; that they are provided with atmospheres, supporting clouds, and agitated by winds; and that thus, also, their climates and seasons are modified by evaporation, and that showers refresh their surfaces. For we know that wherever the existence of clouds is made manifest there water must exist; there evaporation must go on; there electricity, with its train of phenonema, must reign; there rains must fall, there hail and snow must descend. Notwithstanding the dense atmosphere and thick clouds with which Venus and Mercury are constantly enveloped, the telescope has exhibited to us great irregularities on their surfaces, and thus proved the existence of mountains and valleys. But it is upon the planet Mars, which approaches nearest to the earth, that the greatest advances have been made in this department of inquiry. Under favorable circumstances its disk is seen to be mapped out by a varied outline, some portions being less reflective of light than others, just as water would be less reflective than land. Baer and Maedler, two Prussian astronomers, have devoted many years' labor to the examination of Mars, and the result has put us in possession of a map of the geography of that planet, almost as exact and well defined as that which we possess of our own; in fact, the geographical outlines of land and water have been made apparent upon it. But a still more extraordinary fact in relation to this planet remains to be considered. Among the shaded markings which have been noted by the telescope upon its disk, a remarkable region of brilliant white light, standing out in boldest relief, has been observed surrounding the visible pole. This highly illuminated spot is to be seen most plainly when it emerges from the long night of the winter season; but when it has passed slowly beneath the heat of the solar beams, it is found to have gradually contracted its dimensions; and at last, before it has plunged into light on the opposite side, to have entirely disappeared. But the opposite pole, then coming into similar relations, is found to be furnished with a like luminous spot, which, in its turn, dissolves as it becomes heated by the summer sun. Now these facts prove to us, incontestably, that the very geographical regions of Mars are fac-similes of our own. In its long polar winters the snows accumulate in the desolation of its high northern and southern latitudes, until they become visible to us in consequence of their reflective properties; and these are slowly melted as the sun's rays gather power in the advancing season, until they cease to be appreciable to terrestrial eyes. This fact is a most striking one in reference to the present question. For, to quote the remarks of one of the authors before us —

"If the moon has proved to us, incontrovertibly, that one of the celestial luminaries is a solid sphere, carved into elevations and depres-

sions analogous to those familiar to us as the mountains and valleys of the terrestrial surfaces, Mars teaches us as emphatically that another among them is a world fitted with its rains, and snows, and clouds, and seasons, to the purposes and wants of organic life, which is intimately dependent upon such adaptations for its being."

The comparative proximity of our own satellite, the Moon, has necessarily rendered it an object of the greatest interest, and it has, perhaps, in a greater degree than the other celestial orbs, been subjected to the scrutinizing observations of the telescope. Since the completion of the great instrument of Lord Rosse, that nobleman has frequently observed it, and its appearance, as seen by the great telescope, is thus described by Dr. Scoresby:

"It appeared like a globe of molten silver, and every object of the extent of one hundred yards was quite visible. Edifices, therefore, of the size of York Minster, or even of the ruins of Whitby Abbey, might be easily perceived if they had existed. But there was no appearance of any thing of that nature; neither was there any indication of the existence of water, or of an atmosphere. There was a vast number of extinct volcanoes, several miles in breadth; through one of them there was a line, in continuance of one about one hundred and fifty miles in length, which ran in a straight direction like a railway. The general appearance, however, was like one vast ruin of nature; and many of the pieces of rock, driven out of the volcanoes, appeared to be laid at various distances."

We have here a strong, nay, a complete confirmation of the most interesting recent discoveries of the continental philosophers, Maedler of Dorpat, and Baer of Berlin. The result of their curious and elaborate observations has been a map of what may now, without a figure, be called the geography of the moon, in which the surface of that satellite has been laid out with as much accuracy as that of our own globe. Of this map, a singular triumph of human ingenuity, Dr. Nichol has given a reduced copy, besides a number of plates, representing on a larger scale special parts of the surface. The general character of the moon is highly irregular, marked by huge mountains and pits, the hight and depth of which have been accurately measured. About a third part only of the surface presented to us is comparatively regular, this regular portion being plains, and not seas, as was formerly imagined. There is no appearance of water; and although astronomers are divided in opinion about the existence of an atmosphere, we are to conclude that the moon is not, in its present state, adapted for the abode of organized beings. With regard to the mountains, a great number of them are isolated peaks, such as Teneriffe; mountain ranges, of which some reach a great elevation, are also present in the moon, though not a chief feature in its surface. At least three fifths of its surface are studded with caverns, penetrating its body, and generally engirt at the top by a great wall of rock, which is serrated and often crowned by lofty peaks. These caverns or *craters*, as they are called, vary in diameter from fifty or sixty miles to the smallest visible space. And it is also remarkable that as they diminish in size they increase in number. In order that the general reader may obtain some notion of these vast craters, we will accompany Dr. Nichol in his ideal visit to one of them—a crater to which the name of Tycho has been given:

"Wandering through a district perhaps the most chaotic in the moon, where ranges, peaks, round mountains with flat tops are intermingled in apparently inextricable confusion, where there is no plain larger than a common field, that, too, rent by fissures, and strewn with blocks that have fallen from the overhanging precipices—we descry in the horizon what seems an immense ridge stretching farther than the eye can carry us, and reflecting the sun's rays with dazzling lustre. On approaching this wall, through a country still as toilsome, it appears not so steep, but to have an outward sloping, which, however rough, is yet practicable to the strong of head and firm in knee. Ascend, then, O traveler! averting your eyes from the burning sun, and, having gained the summit, examine the landscape beyond. Landscape! It is a type for the most horrible dream—a thing to be thought of only with a shudder. We are on the top of a circular precipice, which seems to have inclosed a space fifty-five miles in diameter from all the living world forever and ever! Below, where the wall casts its shadow, it is black as Orcus—no eye can penetrate its utter gloom; but where daylight has touched the base of the chasm, its character is disclosed. Giddy it must be to stand on the summit of Mont Blanc, or the Jungfrau, or Teneriffe; but suppose Jacques Balmat, when he set the first foot on that loftiest Alpine peak, had found on the other side, not the natural mountain he ascended, but one unbroken precipice, thirteen thousand feet deep, below which a few terraces disturbed the uniformity; and at some ten miles distance from its base, a chasm deeper,

from where he looked, by two thousand feet, than Mont Blanc is elevated above the level of the sea! would even the stout Swiss have brought home his senses? or, rather, would he have returned at all, and not lain there to this hour, fascinated as by ten thousand rattlesnakes? But onward, and to the bottom of this mysterious place! No foot of man can take us there, so that we must borrow a wing from the condor. Off then, down, down, and arrive! It is, indeed, a terrible place! There are mountains in it, especially a central one, four thousand feet high, and five or six concentric ridges of nearly the same hight, encircling the chasm; but the eye can rest on nothing, except that impassable wall, without breach —only with a few pinnacles on its top—towering seventeen thousand feet aloft on every side, at the short distance of twenty-seven miles, and baffling our escape into the larger world. Nothing here but the scorching sun and burning sky; no rain ever refreshes it, no cloud ever shelters it; only benign Night, with its stars, and the mild face of the Earth. But we tarry no longer, so off again, and rest for a moment on the top of that highest pinnacle. Look around now, and away from Tycho. What a scene! Those round hills with flat tops are craters, and the whole visible surface is studded with them—all of less diameter than Tycho, but probably as deep. Look yet farther! What are those dazzling beams, like liquid silver, passing in countless multitudes away from us along the whole surface of the moon? Favorites they are of the sun; for he illumines them more than all else besides, and assimilates them to his own burning glory. And see! they go on every side from Tycho. In his very center, overspreading the very chasm we have left, there is, now that the sun has further ascended, a plain of brilliant light; and outside the wall, at this place at least, a large space of similar splendor from which these rays depart. What they are we know not; but they spread over at least one third of the moon's whole surface. And so this chasm, which, in first rashness, we termed a hideous dream, is bound indissolubly to that orb, on which, when the heart is pained, one longs to look and be consoled, and through her to the beneficent universe, even by those silver though mystic cords!"—*Contemplations on the Solar System.*

The phenomenon of these rays is generally believed to indicate a protrusion from below, through rents or cracks in the moon's crust, extending over a vast portion of its surface, and produced by the convulsion which formed that stupendous chasm. The formation of the rays and the crater was therefore the same; and the crater is the mere mouth or point of escape of some tremendous internal and *eccentric* force. And thus, at an early age in the history of the present crust of the moon, at least five thousand cubic miles of rock were displaced, and the solid surface in all directions rent, in one case, through the length of seventeen hundred miles, by some terrific convulsion. But our space prevents our dwelling longer on this interesting topic. Dr. Nichol's work above quoted contains the most ample details of the discoveries relative to our satellite—discoveries so amply verified by the great Rosse telescope; and we cordially recommend it, both on account of its accuracy and elegance, to the notice of all our readers.

From Fraser's Magazine.

COMETS AND THEIR PHENOMENA.

As recently as in the month of April last, an opinion was expressed in these pages, that "the Donati had spoiled us," for other comets, "for many a year to come." Little could it have been then anticipated by ourselves, or our readers, that thirteen weeks would prove the groundlessness of that conjecture. Not, indeed, that we can admit that our old friend of 1858 is altogether beaten out of the field. The fact is much otherwise. There was no comparison between the condensed profusion of his beautiful white plume, as it stood right up, night after night, in the dark autumnal sky, and the thin and scattered streams of our late visitant. But what the latter could not claim on the score of intrinsic

merit was fully compensated to him by his very favorable circumstances. Far smaller in bulk than the Donati, he came right up over the sun with a more vivid and fiery blaze; his very aspect seemed to show his threatening nearness, and the comparatively feeble diffusion of his tresses might have told us — but that none of us knew at the moment how to interpret their language—that they were closely impending over our heads, if not actually enfolding us in their mazes, and penetrating the very air we were breathing. It seems now an established fact, that we have either traversed bodily the line of that glorious comet's train, or at least have been in such immediate proximity to its sweep, that it is scarcely conceivable that the whole of its materials should have traveled past us. It was a wonderful conjuncture. Such events may have frequently taken place in pre-astronomical ages, but no record of them, worthy of the name, remains; and we have been told, upon good authority, that the tails of comets were, in 1819, 1823, and 1826, directed toward the earth; but they, again, were too short to have reached us: while, on the late occasion, the length of the streams, as they were lifted off our atmosphere, showed plainly that they had passed by us, and far beyond us, away into illimitable space. And now the event has actually happened which was alluded to in our former dissertation as at any rate possible—that near appulse which, it was supposed, might afford an unequivocal solution of the question of cometary influence; and here we are, proceeding as steadily and quietly as ever in our orbit, and as far as ever—at least as regards any positive evidence — from any kind of additional information. The comet has come and gone, never to be again beheld by any one now living upon the face of the earth; and we know scarcely any thing more about it than before. It is not only a present, but a prospective disappointment. Generations may pass away, as they have passed, without the record of an equally close approach; and unless some new means of research should unexpectedly be offered to us, or some known mode of investigation may be found capable of a new application, it seems probable that, whatever may be the case with our posterity, we, at least, have reached the limit of our discoveries in this direction. Since, then, we can look so little forward, it appears a good opportunity for looking back and reviewing the actual amount of our knowledge; or rather, selecting a few outlying points of interest for discussion; for the whole subject in all its bearings spreads itself out to a magnitude that perhaps might be little anticipated; and had we the ability to lead the way, we doubt whether our readers could in fairness be expected to persevere in following us through such an exploration.

For example, what may be called the literature of comets has alone attained a disheartening magnitude. To say nothing of the numerous monographs of celebrated comets which marked the awakening of astronomy, or treatises such as those of Kepler and Hevel, which gave a more general view of the subject, all of which materials are valuable, even now, in proportion to the fidelity or sagacity of their authors—we have only to turn to the two folio volumes of the Socinian minister Stanislaus Lubienietzki, whose troubled and miserable life, together with those of two of his daughters, was cut short by poison in 1675, to see how much might be said, even at that early period, and comparatively to how little purpose. Or, if we would form an idea of the field over which cometary information is sown broadcast, we shall find that the indefatigable and trusty Pingré, in order to form as complete a catalogue as possible, consulted upward of six hundred authorities—the greater part, of course, annalists of former days. At least sixty-five treatises must have been published relating more or less to the comet of 1680 alone, since that amount is already collected in the noble astronomical library of the Czar's observatory at Poulkowa, near St. Petersburg; and the three hundred and eighty-two works on the subject of comets not long ago to be found there, must in these days be a continually increasing quantity.

Or, again, it would be no trifling matter to trace all the absurd superstitions which have been connected with these phenomena from the earliest ages. How they originally came to be aspersed as ominous of evil, or why that impression should have been so widely and so long entertained, it might be difficult to say. It is remarkable that no mention is made of comets in Holy Scripture, though the

imagery of prophetic inspiration seems well calculated for their introduction; possibly the object of that silence might be to discourage the dread of portents which would naturally attend upon heathen idolatries:

"Learn not the way of the heathen;
And be not dismayed at the signs of heaven;
For the heathen are dismayed at them."*

Among the Greeks such apprehensions were general. Yet Aristotle, in assigning a physical cause for the effects of comets on our atmosphere, seems not to have shared the popular opinion as to their political signification; an instance of moderation or caution the more to be wondered at, since one of those coïncidences took place in his youth which in every age have alarmed the ignorant, and sometimes staggered the better informed. In the year 373 (or 371) B.C., a tremendous comet which was called the "Beam" (or rafter) and the "Way," from its aspect, and whose tail resembled a long avenue of trees, preceded or attended a fearful earthquake, which overwhelmed the cities of Helice and Bura in the gulf since named from Lepanto, and seemed to herald to the Spartans their bloody overthrow on the field of Leuctra, and the departure of a supremacy of five hundred years. The Romans, as might have been expected, inherited the prejudice, as it would be easy to show by a whole string of quotations, but we will only cite those fine lines of Lucan:

"Ignota obscuræ viderunt sidera noctes,
Ardentemque polum flammis, cœloque volantes
Obliquas per inane faces, crinemque timendi
Sideris, et terris mutantem regna Cometen."

Which, as Rowe is here is somewhat stupid, we shall venture to render thus:

"Strange stars arose upon the midnight gloom,
Flames girt the pole; the fireball's hasty glare
Shot through the void, and nations read their doom
Foreshadowed in the comet's dreadful hair."

Or the still grander passage of Virgil:

"Non secus ac liquida si quando nocte cometæ
Sanguinei lugubre rubent."

This is painting indeed. Nor is Dryden's rendering an unworthy one:

"Thus threatening comets, when by night they rise
Shoot sanguine streams, and sadden all the skies."

Yet, if we may digress a moment, we have here a specimen of the difficulty of translation, even in the hands of a master. The idea of rising by night has no place in Virgil, and is worthless in point of effect: while the exceedingly beautiful contrast implied in the "liquida nocte" is unrendered in the English version. The state of knowledge, and that of society, in succeeding ages, were little calculated to disperse these apprehensions, and the scientific progress of later days has done less to remove them than sanguine persons have expected. In France, in 1773, the terror was unbounded, from the mere announcement of a very harmless memoir by Lalande, on Comets which may approach the Earth: it has been even said that there were several cases in which life was sacrificed to the fear of death. In 1832, a similar alarm roused up the same impressible nation to an extent which called forth government interference in the shape of Arago's well-known treatise, great part of which is composed of grave replies to the silliest of inquiries. In our own quieter country there was some discomfort felt a few years ago, in consequence of the anticipated approach of that great deceiver, the Comet of Charles V.: and even last summer we have been told that the journalists of Paris received official instructions to be sparing in their references to the wonder in the northern heavens, and never to allude to there being such a thing as a comet called "Cæsar's," or to the name of the Emperor Charles V. So much for the boasted "march of intellect" in "the nineteenth century." However, some allowances must be made. Every body can not have a scientific education; and prejudices are slow in departure. There certainly have been singular coïncidences, even in this nineteenth century: the comet of 1807 was followed by the French occupation of Spain; the pallid plume of 1811, by the most disastrous retreat from Moscow; the fiery saber of 1854, by the war of Sebastopol; the Donati, by that in Italy; and these would naturally be more noticed than the absence of any adequate sequel to the greater comet of 1843. No doubt it is one of the indirect benefits of astronomy

* Jeremiah 10: 2.

that it tends to remove unreasonable apprehensions; but if this were all the result, poor indeed must be the study that could yield no nobler fruit; and one scarcely knows whether to feel most pity or surprise in reading, at the close of Laplace's *Système du Monde*, that while modern discoveries have rendered important services to navigation and astronomy, "their great benefit has been the having dissipated the alarms occasioned by extraordinary celestial phenomena, and destroyed the errors springing from the ignorance of our true relation with nature —errors so much the more fatal, as social order can only rest on the basis of those relations." And was this all that so gifted an intellect could perceive in the study of the handiwork of God? Most lame and impotent conclusion! The youthful shepherd of Bethlehem Ephrata, in all his scientific ignorance, was by far the better philosopher of the two!

But, were this branch of our subject exhausted, another awaits us—the various hypotheses which have been framed at different times to explain the appearance of comets, or to account for the evil effects for which they have been made answerable. But there would be little to interest us in the ancient ideas of their being reflections of the solar rays in the mirror of the firmament, or the result of the conjunction of planets, or in the more rational guesses that they were lights shut up in lanterns of mist, or lofty clouds illuminated or inflamed by the rays of the sun, moon, or stars. Democritus was said to have gone off in quite a different direction, and beheld in them the translation of heroic souls to a higher region; and Augustus, when a comet appeared during the funeral games of Julius Cæsar, seems to have been willing to cherish a similar notion, and in consequence affixed a star to the forehead of his great predecessor's statue. The theory of Aristotle, that comets, being the combustion of hot and dry terrestrial exhalations in the highest region of the atmosphere, might be followed by winds and drought, was not wide enough for the popular belief; and his followers accordingly attempted to improve upon it by asserting that, in ascending to form the comet, and descending again in the shape of ashes, these hot, sulphureous, and volcanic exhalations would so poison the air through which they passed as to produce pestilence, ill-humor, hatred, conspiracy, and war; and all persons of delicate or melancholic temperament being most subject to such influences, it would of course follow that princes and rulers, who are naturally of such a constitution, would be especial sufferers. It would be easy to enlarge the list of the absurdities of what Hooke calls "worm-eaten antiquity," but to little purposes; and we must not forget that the elder Pythagoreans, and Apollonius of Myndus, entertained far more sensible notions upon the subject; and the prophetic words of Seneca would well deserve repetition at length, had we room for them; he ought never to be forgotten, who said: "The time will come when our posterity will wonder at our ignorance of things so plain." At a later period light broke in rapidly upon the dark regions of cometomancy; the method of parallax—or, in other words, of finding the distance of an object from its apparent change of place as viewed from different stations—though it had but partial success as applied by Regiomontanus in 1472, was a spell of power in 1577, in the hands of a greater master, Tycho Brahe: thenceforth not only was our atmosphere forever exorcised from bearing the blame of such ill-omened productions, but the solid Ptolemæan spheres were shattered by the blow, and comets went through in triumph, and the fertile and exuberant genius of Kepler expatiated in the opening and followed them into illimitable space. It is true that his vivid fancy here as elsewhere, led him into speculations which have been sneered at by men every way his inferiors. He not only supposed that comets were created to occupy the great solitudes of the heavens, as fishes were made to inhabit the sea, and that the celestial hights are as full of the one as the marine depths of the other—and there he was not far wrong, for a moderate computation shows that about four thousand comets have probably traversed our system since the Christian era—but he assigned superior intelligences as their conductors, and on purpose to explain the tempests and inundations which they preceded, attributed to the earth a vital or animal faculty, that, together with the spirit of all mortal creatures, is dismayed at any portent in the heavens. These indeed are dreams. But they are the dreams of a magnificent intellect — the unmeasured and unbounded outbreaks of

that enthusiasm which is so often the handmaid of true and living power. But dreams visit likewise minds of an inferior order; and we should be unworthily detained were we to recount the visions of various speculators down to the present time, as well of those who looked upon comets as places of torment, as of those who fancied them the most suitable observatories for the study of creation. Celebrated as they were in their day, the lucubrations of the eccentric Whiston, as to the Comet of the Deluge, and that of the future Judgment, are now admitted to be of little more value.

Another branch awaits us—the history of the events and anecdotes connected with these phenomena, which would form a curious collection: such as the repartee by which Vespasian would fain have averted the omen of his death, as though the "hairy star" concerned much less his own bald-headed self than the long-haired King of Parthia; the far nobler remark of Charlemagne to Eginhard before his own decease, when the latter would have dissuaded him from apprehension, "We ought to fear nothing but Him who is the Maker both of us and of this star; but we are bound to praise his mercy, who, sinners as we are, vouchsafes to admonish our inertness by such prognostications;" the representation in the Bayeux tapestry of the Comet of the Norman Conquest, (the same with that of Halley;) the church-bell still rung at noon in Roman Catholic countries, in consequence of the terror of Pope Calixtus III. at another return of that comet in 1456; and the arrogant yet somehow sublime exclamation of Giovanni Galeazzo Visconti, first Duke of Milan, on occasion of the wonderful comet of 1402: "On dit," says Pingré, "que galéas l'ayant vue, désespéra de sa vie: car, dit-il, notre père, au lit de la mort, nous a révélé que selon le témoignage de tous les astrologues, au temps de notre mort, une semblable étoile devoit paroître durant huit jours . . . ses amis l'aidèrent à sortir de son lit, il vit la comète et s'écria, Je rends grâces à mon Dieu, de ce qu'il a voulu que ma mort fût annoncée aux hommes par ce signe céleste." He died shortly after. We might mention, too, the curious "comet-dollar" still worn as a charm, which was struck in Germany on occasion of the comet of 1664, with the inscription: "O Lord, punish us not in thine anger." But we can only just touch these things. We have a long road before us—well for our readers if they find it not a weary one. We have been merely sketching a few preliminaries; not a word has yet been said as to the real phenomena of comets; and to this part of our undertaking we must now at once address ourselves.

Every one knows that comets in general consist of a head and a tail, and is aware at which end the nucleus is to be looked for. But if we make pretensions to accuracy, we must begin further back, and observe that many comets have neither tail or nucleus, being in fact mere circular patches of faint mist, undistinguishable except by their motion, from the numerous class of inconspicuous nebulæ. As we ascend the scale, the center is found to become more dense, and in certain cases to put on a granulated and even a sparkling aspect, like that of a nebula beginning to yield up its starry components to optical power. Through various stages of increasing concentration we thus arrive at the fully-developed specimen, and then the nucleus-bearing head is almost sure to throw out some proportion of tail. In fact, the more brilliant comets seem formed, with many individual peculiarities, upon much the same plan, consisting of a nucleus, a coma, rays or sectors, envelopes, and a tail. We propose to give some account of these in order.

I. The *Nucleus*.—All the larger comets, viewed without a telescope, or with only a low power, bear in the midst of the head the likeness of a star. Higher magnifiers, while they enlarge, almost invariably confuse this stellar appearance, and give it the character of a condensed center rather than of a defined planetary disk. In 1807 and 1811, Herschel I. detected a minute and scarcely measurable point, which in the latter case was not in the center of the greatest brightness. Schröter, on the other hand, gave the name of nucleus to the whole interior of those heads, which, though without a defined edge, exhibited in one part a sudden increase of brilliancy. In general, there is a small but measurable central speck, sufficiently distinct from the surrounding haze, yet by no means bounded, like a planet, by a sharp outline. Donati's Comet, in 1858, and our recent visitor, furnished beautiful examples of such nuclei: in splendor, however, they have been far surpassed on former occasions.

The Donati was never visible to the naked eye in the day-time; the late comet was so seen only by one observer (Mr. Lowe) on the evening of June thirtieth; but there is evidence more or less satisfactory that the comets of the following years have all dared to show their faces in the presence of the sun:—B.C. 43, (Cæsar's;) A. D. 975, 1106, 1269? 1402, 1472, 1500, 1532, 1577, 1618, 1744, 1843. Of these, in 1106 a star was visible at the distance of a foot and a half from the sun, from the third to the ninth hour, on February fourth or fifth, appearing two or three days later as a great comet: Pingré has assigned two such to 1402; but we are inclined to think that one has been multiplied by the inaccuracy of early chronicles; it was the star of Galeazzo Visconti, and did not dread even the vicinity of the solar blaze: that of 1577 was seen by Tycho when he was fishing with his servants a little before sunset; that of 1744, the "Pretender's Comet," was of surpassing splendor, being seen at its perihelion even at mid-day with the naked eye. But all, excepting perhaps that of 1106, must yield the palm to the glorious visitant of 1843. It had just all but grazed the sun's surface, when on February twenty-eighth it was seen in various parts of the world as a star, or a white cloud, confronting his dazzling orb all day long. Amici at Parma measured its distance, and found it only 1° 23′, not three times the diameter of the sun, from his limb: of all the planets, Venus alone presumes to show herself at noon, but only when she is far removed and upon a dark-blue sky; a tenfold splendor would be requisite before she could be visible so near the sun: the accuracy of modern times was needed, and fortunately was at hand, to establish so wonderful a phenomenon.

The nuclei of comets appear subject to great fluctuations in apparent brightness and real magnitude. Donati varied materially from night to night: the American observers made its diameter fifteen hundred and sixty miles on October second; on the fifth, only four hundred miles; the next night it was double that size, and on the eighth eleven hundred and twenty miles. These vast changes seemed dependent upon successive disengagements from its surface of separate clouds of luminous matter; so that it was difficult to say when, or whether in any case, it was seen free and clear. Something similar was noticed in 1861, and possibly this mysterious vailing of the true nucleus may be a general characteristic. Herschel I., in 1807 and 1811, seems to have had a better view of what he calls the "planetary bodies" of those comets, which, according to him, measured only about five hundred and thirty-eight and four hundred and twenty-eight miles.

Nuclei in general are of a circular form, but an elliptical shape has been in some instances ascribed to them. Every thing seems to indicate that they have no axis of rotation.

II. The *Coma.*—This term is applied to the exterior light of the head, which always melts away imperceptibly into the surrounding sky. High magnifiers extinguish it in their limited fields, offering so little contrast with the blue heavens. Its form is usually spherical, though some irregularity was recorded in Donati by several observers; its extent is sometimes very great: the coma of the curious "lost comet" of 1770, or "comet of Lexell," (from the name of its investigator,) was spread over a space of no less than two and one third degrees, or more than five times the size of the moon; but this was owing to its proximity, as at that time the head had made the nearest of all such recorded appulses to the earth, being only six times the moon's distance from us: the true diameter was fifty-nine thousand miles. But that of 1811, though from its distance subtending a less angle to the eye, surpassed it far, and was in fact the most voluminous body in the solar system; its diameter, variously given from its indistinct boundary amounting to considerably upward of a million of miles—more by one quarter than the whole globe of the sun, and capable of including the moon's orbit twice over! Yet, with this wonderful extent, its weight was utterly insignificant — possibly, as Herschel II. says of the tail, only a few pounds or even ounces! It has been observed that the coma of some, and possibly it may be true of all comets, diminishes in its approach to the sun, sometimes in an extraordinary degree. Kepler has the credit of this discovery, of which much has been said by Valz and others in our own day without any very definite conclusion: it is probably a fact, but allowance must be made for the effect of a brighter background.

III. The *Rays, Jets, Fans, or Sectors.*

—Though many comets seem to be of a more imperturbable character, the larger specimens are frequently distinguished by the emission of luminous streams from the nucleus, usually curved, and bending backward from the sun. Of these several are sometimes visible at once, and sometimes a collection of them,; of a straight form, radiate outward like the folds of a fan. Something of the kind, on a large scale, and, contrary to the general rule, extending beyond the coma, seems to have distinguished the comet of 1577. Hevel figured a luminous hook in Halley's Comet in 1682; such an one was seen again at its return in 1759; and in 1835 the number of jets and brushes of light which streamed off from the nucleus like fireworks in different directions, astonished all observers. They were carefully drawn by Struve, Schwabe, and Bessel; and, from repeated measurement, the latter established the fact that they issued from the same points of the nucleus, which had no rotation, but a librating or swinging motion from side to side. Such a reciprocation was less distinctly but sufficiently indicated in the Donati, and there were symptoms of it in 1861. In 1811, these rays, under the most favorable conditions for observation, were entirely absent. In 1858 their intervals were so regular that they resembled the spokes of a wheel; the very curious comet of 1860 shot out narrow, curved, diverging pencils; but a regular fan was gradually formed in 1861, and continued visible till the thickening coma settled down around it, and shrouded it, after the manner of departing comets, in a general misty veil.

IV. The *Envelopes.*—This name, first given probably by Herschel I. in 1811, is very descriptive of those hemispherical or parabolical caps or vails which frequently arise from the nucleus, and are suspended at a considerable distance from it, like clouds above the surface of the earth, forming a brighter border to a vacant and therefore comparatively darker space. Several of these hollow shells occasionally overlie one another, having apparently risen at distinct intervals. The very process was witnessed in the Donati; and the increase of the ascending envelope was on one occasion so rapid, if Mädler's eye was not deceived, as to widen its distance from the nucleus by one half within two hours. The singular changes and separations in the head of the great comet of 1618, when the telescope was new, may possibly have had some such origin. These envelopes constitute the denser part of the coma, from whose thinner exterior they are in some cases distinguished, in others not, by a rapid gradation of light; a sharp outline is not usual, yet such was the case in the second comet of 1811, as observed by Herschel I., when he considered it a nucleus; and his son observed a very clearly defined envelope during the retreat of Halley's Comet in 1836. These vails are frequently irregular in aspect, and unsymmetrical; in the Donati they were set on awry like so many hoods, all one way up to a certain period, and subsequently inclined even more to the opposite side. In 1861, the six which appeared on June thirtieth were in part sloping as regarded the sun, and could only be distinctly traced on the following side of the head. The coma itself may be considered as a very faint and extended envelope.

V. The *Tail.*—There can be little question that this, in the majority of cases, is not a mere confused stream, but a hollow cone, or occasionally a combination of hollow cones, one within another, each springing from a corresponding envelope, of which, in fact, it is the continuation. Hence it is frequently found that the central portion of the train is less luminous than the edges, which thus put on the appearance of two separate streams from the effect of perspective, the sight traversing a greater thickness of luminous material at either side of the cone than where the hollow center has only a thin vail in front of and behind it. It must, however, be owned that this explanation, however plausible, and in many cases adequate, breaks down entirely in some grand instances. A comparison of observed appearances with the inflexible rules of perspective occasionally shows that the proportionate value of neither the breadth nor brightness of the sides can be forced into accordance with the theory. The central space in Donati was obviously much too narrow and too obscure to be thus disposed of; the darkness on one occasion was to the experienced eye of Schwabe *almost black, and much darker than the heavens still illuminated by the twilight*—a truly wonderful observation; so in 1811 both Herschel I. and Schröter agreed that the space behind the nucleus was at one time devoid of all

luminosity; and so thought Secchi on one evening in June, 1860. To meet this great difficulty, the idea has been resorted to of a shadow cast by the nucleus upon the tail, but with very imperfect success. The especial gloom immediately behind the nucleus of Donati might thus be accounted for, had the nucleus exhibited a phasis; but that which could not shade its own averted side could shade nothing behind it; and as to the more general but less intense obscurity, it was no shadow, for in 1811 it surrounded the nucleus on every side, and in 1858 soon assumed a curve corresponding with that of the edges of the tail. Another supposition has been introduced—that of a radiated structure, which would make the cross-section of the tail resemble the long sparks issuing from a Catherine wheel. The brilliancy would thus be evidently very much greater when the luminous streams lay transversely than when they were presented end-ways to the eye; but this, too, is open to serious mechanical objections; nor does Winnecke's supposed multitude of very thin cones seem at all satisfactory. This dark stripe is sometimes effaced at a short distance from the nucleus, at others it attends the streams throughout their length; and it has been occasionally known to be replaced by an especially luminous ray. The two streams are affected like the envelopes from which they rise, by many irregularities in comparative length and thickness. Occasionally, as has been mentioned, a repetition of lateral rays betrays the existence of a series of cones one within another; three such were at one time preceptible in 1811. In other instances, however, the tail seems to be divided actually, and not merely apparently, into separate branches—a strange and perplexing development. The principal mass usually assumes a graceful curve, as though it were unequal to keep pace with the head in its course; and in accordance with this idea, it falls directly behind it, or, in astronomical language, the flexure lies in the plane of the orbit, though it is said that in Donati's Comet it was also bent a little to one side; and independently of this curvature, the general line of direction is said to be not always immediately opposite to the sun, but sometimes, like the curve, to fall back toward the already traversed region. The convex edge, or that which precedes according to the motion in the orbit, is usually the more dense, distinct, and sharp; this was remarked by Kepler as far back as 1618, and compared, in his graphic way, to the effect of wind, keeping one edge close, while it scatters the other, of a heap of corn in a winnowing floor; its absence was remarkable in 1811, but in the Donati it must have been noticed by every one. In 1861, the direction of the comet's motion concealed it from the eye. Occasionally, as in the grand and long comet of 1769, a double curvature has been seen; and something of the kind was perceptible last year. In 1858, an enormously long, faint stream shot out as a tangent to the convex edge, from the neighborhood of the head, straightforward into the sky like a lance, as though a ray of solar light had traversed the nucleus, and somehow been rendered visible in its subsequent path. The American astronomers detected a second like it, a little further back, and, together with some observers in Europe, have recorded the marvelous phenomenon, toward the close of the comet's appearance, of the breaking-up of the main tail, at a considerable distance from the head, into alternate streaks of light and darkness, exactly like auroral steamers, crossing its curve obliquely, projecting beyond it at their outer ends, and diverging from a point between the sun and the nucleus. This strange modification, as though the tail were being rolled up into separate pencils of light, did not occur till the general mass had attained an amazing breadth as compared with its first development. Such wide outspreadings of luminous haze are not uncommon. Sometimes the divergence, as in that instance, seems to be real; at others, as in 1861, it is due to the effect of perspective. Thus, on the memorable night of June 30th, the keen eye of at least one observer made out the two far-separated boundaries of the enormous fan impending closely over us; while the rapid motion of one of those sides, as seen at another station, proved that it was being lifted away from our earth, and speedily drawing in its wonderful apparent breadth as the two bodies, having flown past each other, were every instant widening their distance. Under such circumstances, the spectator, placed close to the edge of the stream, will trace it to an astounding extent; and thus the tail of 1861 unquestionably exceeded one hundred degrees, and was followed by one

observer to one hundred and five degrees which is, with a doubtful exception mentioned by Hooke, the greatest extent upon record. But this was only apparent, inferring a real length of merely some sixteen or twenty million of miles—*merely*, we repeat, as being but an ordinary train for a comet; nothing in any way to boast of. But first let us realize—or rather consider by what possible means we can realize—the idea of twenty million of miles, little less than one quarter of our distance from the sun, and then we may proceed to hear how the sixty degrees (according to the Americans) of the Donati's tail represented fifty-one million. The twenty-three and a half degrees of the comet of 1811 swept, Herschel I. tells us, through upward of one hundred million—a like extent with that of Newton's Comet in 1680; and if such an amazing dimension, considerably exceeding the sun's distance from the earth, conveys any species of definite impression to the mind, we may proceed to that of 1843, the same wonderful comet that gazed closely upon the solar disk, and hear how, a few days afterward, its tail shot away to a distance of at least two hundred millions, far beyond the orbit of Mars—Boguslawski would persuade us to extend it to five hundred and eighty-one million of miles! We presume not to offer any opinion. Nothing can be too great for the magnificence of the Creator.

This tail was as astonishing for its luminosity as for its length. At the time that the head was conspicuous, as we have already related, so near the sun, (February twenty-eighth, 1843,) claiming more especially for itself the title which our forefathers gave to all these bodies, of a "blazing starre," the nearest and densest part of the tail was also visible for the length of about a degree (some said, four or five degrees) like a white cloud. So it was seen in several parts of North and Central America, off the Cape of Good Hope, and in Italy; and so it might have been seen, beyond all doubt, in England, had any fortunate spectator been looking at that part of the heavens. But few persons ever do turn their eyes toward the neighborhood of the sun, and possibly our cloudy skies may have interposed their too familiar barrier. It is highly creditable to the perseverance of English observers, that they should have carried off so large a portion of the honors of discovery; for assuredly, to those who have traveled southward, few things are more striking than the vapor-charged condition of our insular climate, concealing so pertinaciously the face of the heavens, or drawing over it a faint and pallid vail. Nor is the superiority of other skies confined to the unaided vision. Let Herschel II. tell us his achievements at the Cape. Let Lassell speak of his surprise at the telescopic distinctness of the Maltese air, when he rectified the satellites of Uranus with his two-feet mirror, then one of the noblest in the world, but now replaced by a still more light-grasping four-feet speculum. Piazzi, it is true, on the other hand, was so teased by some atmospherical peculiarity at Palermo, that he pronounced Greenwich a paradise for an observer; and Secchi, at Rome, complains of the short duration of the transparent evening hour; and Admiral Smyth has defended our climate, like a true Briton as he is; and no doubt there is often an exceeding beauty in the exuberant drapery of our own atmosphere; yet, when both sides are heard, it is a very lovely thing to gaze into the pure, deep transparency of the Continental heavens. Whether, at the epoch we have mentioned, the sky was clear in England, we do not know; we should prefer to think that it was not, and that we were inevitably obliged to forego one of the most interesting sights in the universe. But what would have been the majesty and the fearfulness of that spectacle, had the sun at that time been totally darkened in eclipse, as it is said to have been when a comet was thus discovered on more than one occasion in ancient days! Hundreds of times more vivid than the lunar rays, this would have been indeed what Diodorus Siculus speaks of, and what probably was the same with the prodigy of Aristotle's youth, a *shadow-casting* comet. Two instances alone of such brilliancy are previously on record—the imperfectly related one of 1106, and when the great comet of 1402 was visible for eight days in the neighborhood of the sun, with one or two "fathoms" of the tail of upward of two hundred which had previously illuminated the twilight sky; but this was further from the sun, and consequently less difficult to be seen. At this conjuncture in 1843, a peculiarity remarked by some of the spectators deserves attention: a less luminous space

intervened between the nucleus and the tail; a strange phenomenon, still more conspicuous nearly three weeks afterward, when the connection between the head and the enormous beam of light could no longer be traced by the naked eye. So, in the summer comet of 1860, a remarkable interruption occurred near the head, in one of the two streams composing the train, so that its continuation formed a distinct pencil of rays: what subsequently became of it can, unfortunately, never be known, as it soon after passed from our sight. In this case the division of the tail could hardly be looked upon as the perspective view of a hollow structure; in other instances, as has been already mentioned, separate branches have been less equivocally formed. Such was clearly the straight ray of the Donati, the lance that was borne on high in front of the flowing standard:* and something curiously similar was discovered by Olbers and figured by Schröter in 1807. A secondary tail of enormous length, nearly twice that of the principal, was unquestionably detected in 1843; and probably these devious rays, which are usually very faint, might be more frequently traced if they were carefully looked for. But in certain cases they assume a direction entirely adverse to all our ideas of cometary structure. In addition to the ordinary tail, a comet in January, 1824, shot out for several nights a longer and narrower stream in the direction of the sun: and traces of such an "anomalous tail," as it has been called, were subsequently found to have been perceived by the faithful old observer Kirch on two nights, beneath the great comet of 1860: a similar emission has since been noticed in 1824, 1845, and 1851, and once by Secchi in Donati's Comet. To the same class of development probably belongs the eccentricity of the coma of Encke's Comet *toward* the sun.

The tendency to separation shown in certain tails has been exemplified in a more marvelous way. There was in ancient times a story of no great authority, and treated by Seneca with contempt, that "the great Comet" of Aristotle had divided at last into two. This might be a "myth" in 373 B.C., but in A.D. 1846 it was a fact—only at the beginning instead of the end of the observed course. The comet named after its investigator Biela, which has a period of only six and three quarter years, had at eleven previous returns exhibited an ordinary aspect; but on this occasion a smaller companion was detected in its close vicinity, which widened its distance and increased till it more than rivaled its parent, when each had a little nucleus and tail of its own, and they were connected by a faint arch of light. After several alternations of brilliancy, the new production first diminished and was lost to sight; but at the next return, in 1852, it was made out by Secchi and Otto Struve, at a considerably greater distance, and probably by this time the two portions may have parted company forever. A recent announcement states that Liais, in Brazil, witnessed a similar association in 1860.

We have nearly done with these strange appendages, but not entirely. To say that they have not, in certain cases, exhibited a wavering or flashing motion, would be to array against one's self a large amount of testimony, extending as far back as Pliny's days, and as far from home as China, where it must be admitted that the old observations are free from fanciful exaggeration, and unprejudiced by the Aristotelian combustible theory. Cardan in 1556—Kepler in 1607, (Halley's Comet,) he, Cysatus, and others in 1618—Hooke, a most careful observer, and bent upon this very point, in 1680 and 1682, may be cited among other authorities; but in particular Schröter, who, especially in 1807, and in an inferior degree in 1811, was confident of the existence of coruscations like those of the Aurora Borealis rushing through the tail, and increasing its length by several degrees in less than a second of time. To this, great objection was made by Olbers; it was alleged that such a velocity — of between four and five millions of miles per second—could not be distinctly represented by the light which would take more time in traversing the same space; and for a tail much inclined to the line of vision, the objection seems valid. Notwithstanding Hooke and Schröter's great and deserved reputation for carefulness and fidelity, it appears more probable that these flashings are due, like the glimpses by which a very minute star is caught in

* The Italians called the great comet of 1500 by the striking name of *Il Signor Astone*. Astone is a great lance; perhaps "the master-spear."

the telescope, to a fluctuating state of sensibility in the retina of the eye, induced by an effort too great to be sustained, to keep hold of an object at the extreme limit of its power. There were marvelous stories in 1858 of Donati's whole Comet fading while gazed at, even down to total extinction, and then glowing out again; and something of the kind was repeated last summer. Certainly, many of the phenomena of comets are passing strange, but it would require a heavy amount of concurrent testimony to keep these assertions in their place. In fairness, however, to the spectators, it should be admitted that the sensitiveness of the eye is a matter which may yet admit of further examination.

We must not omit that in 1811 a recurrence of irregular streams led Herschel I. to infer the possibility of the rotation of the whole tail. This has been also suspected of the comet of 1769, and was yet more strongly indicated in one observed at Paramatta in 1825: nor did Secchi think it quite improbable in July, 1860.

Thus far of the more obvious phenomena of comets. Details in profusion are still lying before us: we could tell of twinkling heads, and undulating tails, and sparkling nuclei, and oblique comæ, and startling alternations of light, and dark vacancies, and streaks like those in the nebula of Andromeda, and other minutiæ; but we forbear. Our readers will already have had enough. Shall we add something concerning the courses of comets through the pathless sky, and those computations of their periods which stand so high among the mathematician's triumphs? We have but little space for it; and some people may say, so much the better. Yet there are those who dearly love these things. When Halley, to whom the post of highest honor in these researches belongs, had roughly, but with amazing labor, calculated for the first time the return of the comet since called after his name, and Clairut, Lalande, and Madame Lepaute (whose assistance was invaluable) had set themselves as the time drew on to verify his reckoning, they computed for six months from morning to night, with little intermission even at meals: such is the material of which mathematicians are made. But our object is very different. The wondrous story of the harmonics of creation could be told in simple language, but it must not be now: we only wish to give a generally intelligible notion of the principle upon which the computations of periods are founded, and the reason why they are so often found to fail. Our school-books all told us that the comet of 1680 would return in five hundred and seventy-five years; certainly it makes little difference to us; but when we find Encke telling us that this is wrong, and that it may be eight hundred and five years, or more probably eighty-eight hundred, it is not wonderful if our faith in such results is shaken altogether. It would deserve to be, no doubt, but for the fact that the perfect success obtained in many cases proves that the principle is correct, and that the defect is solely in the application. Premising, then, that our readers understand that a considerable number of comets are known to move in ellipses, or lengthened ovals, we may thus illustrate the principle: Make three ink-spots upon a sheet of paper, in any position position relative to one another except a straight line, and draw a circle through them with a pair of compasses. We shall soon find practically, what Euclid demonstrates in theory, that only one circle will pass through them all. The case is the same with the ellipse. Let us then fix, by accurate observation, three positions of a comet in the heavens, and we have the shape of its ellipse; and from the time it takes in passing through the three observed points, we can easily compute the time of its completing the whole curve. This is the principle; now for its application. It is easy, so long as the spots are well situated in different parts of the ellipse; but what if they are very near together, all in one part, and not much out of a straight line? One ellipse alone will fit them in theory, but it will be extremely difficult to find it among a number of others in practice; and if the spots, instead of being minute and clear, should be blotty and confused, as the heads of comets often are, or fixed uncertainly by a blundering hand, the difficulty will be greatly magnified, and the chance of error increased. If our readers will work out this illustration for themselves, they will have a fair idea how orbits are computed; why, till a comet actually returns, the best results are somewhat doubtful; why returns calculated from very rough eye-estimates

instead of careful telescopic observations, as in the case of Charles V.'s Comet, must be necessarily very uncertain; and, lastly, how it is that in many instances it remains undecided whether we are dealing with a very long, thin ellipse, or with a parabola or hyperbola—curves almost coïnciding with it where it bends round the sun, but going off on either side into nearly straight lines which never meet, so that a comet moving in either of those curves, as some appear to do, can never by any possibility return.

How lightly have we been drawing from materials which would form a volume! We feel more and more how inadequate is this feeble sketch to the extent and interest of our subject, and how much we have been obliged to leave behind. And yet we have said nothing as to the probable nature, or materials, or destination of these wonderful bodies. Very pleasant it would be to enter boldly upon that great field of speculation; but the difficulty is greater than might have been supposed. In vain have we accumulated observations; in vain have we multiplied theories; in vain have we passed—once for certain, Humboldt and Arago think many times—close to or through a comet's tail. But let us put together, at any rate, what we can; and if our readers find but little in it, we think we have given them reason already not to expect a great deal. First, then, it is clear that the materials of the nucleus possess some positive weight or mass, and are not merely of an electric or quasi-electric nature, from the fact of their gravitation toward the sun; even comets that appear as patches of thin mist, without any central mass, obey his call. That mass, however, must, even in the largest, be very inconsiderable, or they would so attract the planets near which they pass as to disturb their orbits, which has never taken place; the comet of 1770, at only six times the distance of the moon, produced no effect whatever upon the length of our year. Of solidity there is no evidence; nor would it be easily procurable, unless during the transit of a nucleus over the sun or some large star. It was a great pity that Donati so narrowly missed Arcturus. A smaller nucleus has been observed to be extinguished in conjunction by the vivid light of a star, instead of the reverse; still, if the solid portion were a mere point, it might have easily passed unnoticed on one side. One or two questionable occultations of small stars have been recorded. The sun would tell us the truth, but it has not told us yet; in 1819 a comet had passed across it before its existence was known, and subsequently it was matter of controversy and uncertainty whether any unusual spot had been seen on that day. In 1823, a transit must have taken place unseen. In 1826, Gambart foresaw, some days before, a transit about sunrise, and announced it with all speed; but the morning was every where saddened by clouds and rain; he and Flaugergues alone caught sight of the sun, and could perceive no comet. Yet they who, like ourselves, have just seen the black globe of Mercury so ill defined upon the rising disk as to mistake it for an ordinary spot, will easily understand how a comet might be missed then, which would be visible enough upon the noonday sun. And certainly nuclei that reflect so many of the solar rays as to be conspicuous near his disk, ought, as a spectator remarked in 1843, to be visible upon it for the like reason. But for this we must wait. Meanwhile, we are not without symptoms of something worth looking after. From the unaltered position and aspect of stars seen through thousands of miles of cometary material, it has been inferred that they can not be of a gaseous nature, which would cause refraction, but must consist of separate particles, like terrestrial fogs, or clouds of dust. But it seems doubtful, on the one hand, whether we have a right to expect sensible refraction through gas at such extreme attenuation; and on the other, whether the premiss is universally correct. There are some suspicious facts. A star in the southern hemisphere once started suddenly when a comet passed over it; and in some cases, confusion and enlargement of stellar disks have been noticed through the luminous haze; so that to generalize either way would be at least premature. The absence of phases—of which not one is recorded upon conclusive evidence, though the borders of envelopes have often been mistaken for them, and which, if they existed, would certainly have been seen in 1858 and 1861—shows that either the nucleus is wholly permeated, like a thin fog, by the solar rays, or else shines—as Herschel I., Schröter, and others have thought—by unborrowed

light. This, indeed, is a very curious inquiry, and great names may be cited on either side. That ingenious instrument, the polariscope, by which in recent times it was hoped it might have been decided, has given ambiguous indications; and so has the spectrum analysis. Solar light seems to be reflected, especially by the tail; but there may be as Secchi states, a mixture of native luminosity. The very variable brightness of certain nuclei, or whole heads, is certainly more consistent with intrinsic phosphorescence; and it has been plausibly urged that a haze so thin as to transmit the rays of the minutest stars ought not to be made visible to us by stopping and reflecting the solar beams. It may be hoped that future observations may here at least advance us a few steps. But, whatever may be the material of the nucleus, it is certain that it is subject to extensive changes from the solar influence. These are somewhat masked by difficulties of vision. It is not easy always to ascertain which are independent jets or streams, and which are mere borders of hollow envelopes; and the perspective of Donati, with two concentric circles and a number of rays combining them both with the nucleus, resembled much more a section somewhat like that of a chambered shell, than an external view of a sphere of vapor. Still, the fact is unquestionable that a comet in its perihelion suffers throughout a vehement change. First, the nucleus is developed, some say concentrated within its cloudy vail; then envelope rises hastily after envelope, widens, spreads, and is driven away; jet flies out rapidly after jet, and the nucleus swings to and fro, either from the reäction or some polar force wholly unknown; the tail flies up and away with a speed literally inconceivable; Newton thought that, in 1680 twenty millions of miles of it were raised in two days; as, in 1843, two hundred millions seemed to be formed in less than three weeks. There have been those who have questioned the effect of heat in all this as though the comet were too attenuated to feel it; it may be so—unreasonable seeming assertions are sometimes found true; yet this does seem unreasonable. Let the action be what it may, we must naturally fancy it heat; and so fierce and ardent is that action, that the heads which have emitted the most brilliant trains have become comparatively dull and obscure. This disproportion has been many times noted, but was evident in 1680, and more conspicuous still in 1843; and what wonder? The former had passed before the sun at a distance of only one sixth of its diameter; the latter closer still—about one seventh of its semidiameter—immediately in front of that enormous photosphere, filling a great part of the visible heavens, and glowing with the insupportable blaze and the unutterable fervor of forty-seven thousand suns such as we behold. Well was it that that awful passage was urged on with a swiftness as of lightning!—at the narrowest approach the comet was flying probably three hundred and sixty-six, some have said four hundred and fourteen, miles every second — so that from one and a half to two hours carried it half round the solar globe; otherwise it must surely have been utterly burnt up, and shriveled, and destroyed. And such perhaps might be the key to that extraordinary outburst of light which was witnessed before the sun's face, far brighter than the sun itself, by two separate observers on September first, 1859. We are told that, in Encke's Comet at least, the resistance of the ether which fills all space is contracting the orbit, and bringing it to ultimate destruction. Might this have been such an epoch—the moment of a comet's fall? But though the speed of 1843 still held the orbit unbroken, it could hardly keep the materials unscathed; what wonder that the nucleus and the very tail glowed so vividly the day after it had escaped from that tremendous ordeal? what wonder that the head, after it had dashed out its gigantic beam to at least two hundred millions of miles, looked exhausted, and spent, and worn away? The wonder is, that it continued to exist at all. And surely, whenever it may return—for its period is altogether uncertain—it will be with far diminished rays. Under all circumstances, the production of a tail of any length must entail waste and loss; it never can be gathered to its source again, and therefore each successive perihelion must involve some degradation. Yet, again — such are the inconsistencies of these phenomena, or rather such our ignorance of the right clue—the oft-returning Comet of Biela would seem in 1846 to have been strengthened to a separation, and even afterward kindled to a more vivid glow. These things are

enough to make us think, as worthy Olbers did some thirty years ago, that the obscurity and unintelligibility of the nature of these extraordinary bodies is greatly on the increase!

As to the mode of the tail's formation, well has Sir J. Herschel said that "there is, beyond question, some profound secret and mystery of nature concerned in the phenomenon." To go through all the ingenious hypotheses which have been devised from time to time, and have all proved inadequate in succession, would lead us far to little purpose. But we see plainly one inference alike strange and inevitable—that the matter of the train is not amenable to the force of gravity—or, in other words, possesses no weight—and thus transcends all terrestrial analogy, except that of electric or auroral light; or, at the very least, the action of gravity upon its wonderfully rarefied condition is evanescent, while some other force acquires, or retains, a hold of almost illimitable energy, and projects it with velocities unknown. But what is that force? Electricity, or its modification, magnetism, at once suggests itself. But the tail of 1861 swept over the earth, and all our instruments were silent. "There may, after all," as Sir J. Herschel has suggested, "exist in nature other repulsive forces, whose existence can only be known to us by studying their *instantiæ luciferæ*;" but a most obscure study we find it. M. Faye is at present engaged in experiments tending to prove a repulsion emanating from incandescence; and other forces connected with chemistry and vitality we know have their chief dwelling in the sun, but their nature is a dark enigma.

On the whole, the hypothesis entertained by Schröter, and brought into mathematical form by Bessel, is probably open to least exception. An expansive power in the nucleus which would enlarge the coma and envelopes in all directions, is opposed on one side, and overcome by a more vigorous repulsion from the sun, thus only made manifest before our eyes in any direct effect. But how to reconcile with this the diverging branches, and, still worse, the anomalous rays; and how to explain the formation of a tail when we can perceive no nucleus, and how to bend all the details into their places—we as yet know not; especially is it difficult to see how those enormous beams are kept in any thing like opposition to the sun, while the nucleus is describing a rapid curve round him at the perihelion, without introducing a repulsion that would annihilate all deviations. And whence spring the forces that cause these devious and irregular shapes, when the repulsions of the sun and nucleus must be presumed uniform? Some clue perhaps, but one we little know how to use, may lie in the probability that as comets unquestionably differ from each other in constitution—a fact many ways apparent, but beautifully manifested by the presence of photographic power in 1858, and its absence in 1861—so there may be a combination of various materials in the same comet. This was indicated in 1811 by contrasted hues—the head greenish, the envelope yellow; and it is just possible that these differences may influence the directions of the envelopes and branches. The curvature and condensation of the convex edge of the main tail have been usually referred to that same resistance of the ether which is working the destruction of Encke's Comet. Pape, however, a German astronomer, thinks, as Bessel did, that it may be sufficiently explained by the combination of the motion impressed by the progression of the nucleus in its orbit, with the repulsive power of the sun, and seems to have so satisfied himself from very careful examination and measurement of the Donati; but the association of curved and straight rays presents a formidable obstacle to this or any explanation. In fact, our great and paramount difficulty is, the total absence of all analogy. We look upon a planet, and we know something of what we see; we turn to a comet, but there is nothing that we can comprehend; the planets tell us of so many resemblances to ourselves that we can form some probable inferences—the comets are utterly silent; or rather, they speak loudly of their Creator's glory, but in a tongue that no man can understand. Every where, instead of tracing analogies, we stumble upon contradictions. The planets revolve all one way, the comets in every direction. The planets are forbidden all interference—there is no known impediment to cometary collision; however improbable, it is yet possible; and the question is often asked, what if it were to happen?—and to that we have no answer; the tail we have now reason to believe perfectly innocuous in its attenuation—we know nothing of the

properties of the nucleus in its density. The planets keep within prescribed limits; if some of the comets do the same, others transcend all bounds; summoned, it may be, from infinite depths by the progress of our sun through space, they do homage to the glorious stranger once for all, and withdraw into the void of a dark and silent eternity. Though by far the most numerous, and some of them the largest, bodies in our system, they seem to belong to it but in part; and some of them may possibly connect it with the attraction of other suns. Comets constitute a system apart; we trace no links of gradation or affinity with other bodies beyond the common force of gravity; we miss in them that possibility of habitation which is so conspicuous elsewhere; we perceive not their meaning, and we know not their destiny. All that we do is to see and to reason about wholly unknown materials, possessed of properties to us all but incomprehensible. There is something fearful in these things, something beyond the ordinary impression of grandeur and magnificence—something in the presence of a glorious comet especially calculated to remind us that we are also in the presence of its far more glorious Creator. He that could look upon these mysteries as Laplace did, or rather let us believe, and we *may* believe, felt himself obliged to do in that miserable age—let him depart out of the sanctuary and hide himself in silence; but let us, and every succeeding generation, take up the magnificent apostrophe of Kepler: "Thus far let our remarks on the work of God the Creator pass by acclamation. It now remains, that with hands and eyes raised at length from my tablet of demonstrations, and lifted up to heaven, I should devoutly and humbly entreat the Father of lights, O thou who dost by the light of nature advance in us the desire of the light of grace, that thereby thou mayest transfer us to the light of glory; I give thanks to thee, O Lord the Creator! for thou hast made me glad through thy works, and I have rejoiced in the operation of thy hands."

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE CONSTABLE OF THE TOWER.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE. BY WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

III.

HOW THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH VISITED THE ADMIRAL IN HIS CELL.

On the following day, the Admiral was again visited by Latimer, who strove, but ineffectually, to bend his haughty spirit, and bring him to a state of penitence. Not being in a mood to listen to homilies, Seymour impatiently interrupted the divine, and bade him leave him in peace. Finding all his efforts fruitless, Latimer desisted, and took his departure, recommending the obdurate man to make his peace with Heaven, for his time was short.

Again night arrived. Seymour was pacing his cell, full of gloomy thought, when the door was unbarred, and the Constable of the Tower entered. But not alone. He was attended by a young personage wrapped in an ample velvet mantle, whose features were so muffled up that by the dim light of the lamp it was difficult to determine whether they belonged to youth or maiden. But though the jailer and others might have been deceived by this disguise, Seymour was not. He instantly recognized his beloved Elizabeth, and springing toward her, cried out, "Oh! you are come, Princess!—you are come!" while she, throw-

ing off her disguise, and disregarding the presence of the Constable, flung herself into his arms.

Their first transports of delight had scarcely subsided, and they were still gazing at each other with unutterable fondness, almost unconscious where they were, when Sir John Gage deemed it necessary to interfere, and remind them that their interview must be brief.

"I am disobeying the Lord Protector and the council in allowing this visit," he said; "but I could not resist the Princess's entreaties. However, I can not give you many minutes. During that time I will remain outside."

On this, he withdrew, and closed the door after him.

"O Seymour!" exclaimed Elizabeth, looking passionately at him, "with what mingled feelings of rapture and anguish do I behold you again! When last we parted, I thought you would return to me in triumph, and demand my hand. And now —— Oh! this is more than I can bear!" And she burst into a passionate flood of tears.

"Calm yourself, dearest Elizabeth," said Seymour. "Your grief unmans me, and I have need of all my firmness."

"Yes, I will be calm," she rejoined. "I will smile and be cheerful, though my heart is breaking. Oh!"—and she placed her hand upon her bosom—"think not that I have been indifferent to you, Seymour. No tongue can tell the anguish I have endured since your arrest. But the Protector's vigilance rendered it impossible for me to write to you, or convey any message, neither have I been permitted to see the King—or even to write to him—so that I could not plead in your behalf. The dreadful news of yesterday—that Edward had given his assent to the bill of attainder—had just reached me, and overwhelmed me with grief, when your faithful little messenger found me out, and delivered your tablets. Then I was resolved at all hazards to see you. Heedless of consequences, I left Sherne this afternoon with the trusty dwarf, who served me with the utmost devotion, and through his agency obtained admittance to Sir John Gage, who, while blaming my rashness, yielded at length to my entreaties, and brought me hither."

"Heaven bless him for it!" exclaimed Seymour. "He has given me more happiness than I ever expected on earth. The thought of this meeting will cheer me on the scaffold."

"You shall not die, Seymour!" shrieked Elizabeth. "'Tis horrible to think that a foul and murtherous caitiff should disfigure a godlike form like yours, and sever such a head from such a frame. No—no—it can not—shall not be. I will intercede for you with Edward. I know he loves me, and I think he will yield to my entreaties, and spare your life."

"He loved me once, too," said Seymour bitterly. "But my enemies have turned his heart from me by their calumnies. Whatever his will may be, Edward can not save me. The Lord Protector and the council control him, and they are bent, it is plain, on my destruction."

"Then I will go to *them*," cried Elizabeth. "I will plead for you on my knees. They can not refuse me."

Seymour shook his head.

"Such an avowal of your love for me will be to them an additional motive for my destruction," he said.

"What is to be done?" cried Elizabeth distractedly. "You must not—shall not die."

At this moment the door of the cell opened, and Sir John Gage stepped in.

"It grieves me to interrupt you," he said in accents of profound sympathy. "But the moment of separation is arrived. You must part forever."

"Not forever, Sir John," cried Elizabeth. "I shall bring Lord Seymour a pardon. The King my brother, the Lord Protector, and the council, will listen to my prayers."

"Indulge no false hopes, Princess," said Gage. "The Lord Protector and the council are inexorable."

"Then I will not go hence," shrieked Elizabeth. "I will stay here and die with him."

"Princess, I pray you, come with me," cried the Constable.

"I will not go," she rejoined, clinging desperately to Seymour. "Hold me fast, my loved lord! hold me fast! Let him not tear me hence!"

"Do not forget yourself, Princess, I implore you!" cried the Constable. "Do not compel me to employ force."

"Stand off, Sir John!" cried Elizabeth

impetuously. "Stand off, I command you! Hear what I have to say, and let it abide in your recollection. I here solemnly affiance myself before Heaven to Lord Seymour, and I register a vow that if he be put to death by his brother, I will wed no other man."

"Retract this rash oath, Princess, I implore you," said the Constable. "Hereafter, in calmer moments, you will rue it."

"Never," rejoined Elizabeth emphatically. "Heaven so help me, as I keep it religiously."

"I have not merited this love," cried Seymour in a voice suffocated by emotion. "But the cup of happiness is presented to me only to be dashed from my lips."

"My lord," said the Constable to Seymour, "it rests with you to put an end to this painful scene. To prolong it will but increase your distress. The Princess must go hence."

"Will you have it so?" cried Elizabeth, still clinging fondly to him.

"It must be," he rejoined despairingly. "One last embrace," he added, straining her to his bosom. "Take her, good Sir John."

Elizabeth made no further opposition. Half fainting, she almost fell from his arms. Hastily enveloping her in the mantle, and wrapping the couvre-chef about her head, the Constable led her toward the door. Before going forth, she cast one farewell look at Seymour, who stood as if transfixed by despair.

The clangor of the closing door roused him from this stupor. The pang he felt was intolerable. With a wild cry he threw himself on his pallet. Death could have no greater bitterness for him.

IV.

HOW THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH INTERCEDED FOR THE ADMIRAL WITH THE KING; AND HOW THE DEATH-WARRANT WAS SIGNED.

NOTWITHSTANDING the endeavors of Sir John Gage to dissuade her from the attempt, and the assurances of the worthy Constable that it would be fruitless, Elizabeth was resolved to solicit the Admiral's pardon from the King, and by her tears and entreaties succeeded in wringing consent from Gage to procure her an interview with her royal brother.

Accordingly, on the following day, the Constable met her at the entrance of the palace of Whitehall, and conducted her to the royal apartments. Had the Princess not been thus attended she would have been refused admittance; but the authority of Sir John Gage, as comptroller of the household, was sufficient to procure her ingress, and they reached the ante chanber without obstruction.

The Princess's unexpected appearance filled the pages and henchmen there assembled with surprise and consternation, and the chief usher advancing toward her, and making her a profound obeisance, informed her gravely, but with much respect, that it was impossible she could see the King at this moment.

"But I will see him," she cried resolutely. "No blame shall attach to you, sir—I will take it on myself."

"Pardon me, gracious Princess, if I am compelled to refuse you admittance," rejoined the usher. "The Lord Protector and the council are now deliberating amongst themselves in an adjoining chamber, and as soon as their consultation is ended they will return to his majesty."

The significant look given by the usher to Sir John Gage did not escape Elizabeth.

"They are deliberating about the Lord Admiral's execution. Is it not so? speak!"

"Your highness has guessed right," replied the usher, reluctantly.

"Then I must see the King my brother without delay," cried the Princess.

"I guess your object, gracious lady, and would willingly further it," said the usher, in a tone of deep sympathy; "but I dare not disobey my orders."

"Is his majesty alone?" inquired the Constable.

"He is, Sir John," answered the usher. "The Bishop of Ely and Doctor Latimer have just left him. But the Lord Protector and the council may return at any moment, and then——"

"You hear, Princess," said the Constable.

"I do," she replied. "But you promised to bring me to the King. I call upon you to make good your word."

"Nay, then, I must needs comply," returned the Constable. "You shall not suffer for this, sir, with the Lord Protec-

tor," he added to the usher; "the fault is mine, and I will bear the blame. There is no need to announce her highness."

With this, he took Elizabeth's hand, and led her on. The doors were thrown open, and they entered a spacious chamber, at the upper end of which Edward was discovered, seated beside a table. A book was open before him, but it was evident he was not engaged in its perusal.

On seeing Elizabeth he arose, and advanced slowly to meet her. He was magnificently attired in a jerkin of cloth of gold raised with purple velvet and tissue, over which he wore a purple velvet gown, embroidered with gold, and lined and trimmed with ermine. His cap was of black velvet, richly ornamented with diamonds, rubies, and other precious stones, and having a white feather in it, inclining toward the right ear. His splendor, however, accorded ill with his looks. He moved feebly, and looked pale, careworn, and unhappy. Never before had he greeted Elizabeth as he greeted her now. In a sharp, almost angry voice, he demanded why she came there, and how she had obtained admittance.

"It is my fault, sire," interposed the Constable. "I have ventured to disobey orders."

"Then you have done wrong — very wrong, Sir John. Know you not ——" And he suddenly stopped.

"I know it all, sire," said Elizabeth, casting herself at his feet. "I come as a suppliant for the Admiral, and will not quit this posture till you consent to spare him."

"Alas! Elizabeth," rejoined Edward sadly, "you ask a grace which it is impossible for me to bestow. My unhappy uncle is attainted and condemned by the Parliament, and I have been compelled, though sorely against my will, to ratify the sentence. The high crimes and misdemeanors of which he has been guilty leave him no hope of pardon."

"No hope, sire!" exclaimed Elizabeth. "Oh! say not so. One word from you will save him. Pronounce it, royal brother, for my sake—for the sake of your future peace, for your breast will never be free from remorse if you suffer him to perish."

"I have not judged my uncle," said Edward. "He has been justly condemned. His terrible designs were happily frustrated, but if they had succeeded the whole state would have been subverted, the kingdom devastated by civil war, and I myself, perchance, driven from the throne — to make way for him."

"These are the charges of the Admiral's enemies, sire," rejoined Elizabeth. "He has had no opportunity of disproving them; for an open trial, which he demanded, was refused him. His aim was to free your majesty, to whom he is devoted, from the thraldom in which you are placed. For this he is to be sacrificed. But no, sire, you will not do it. Your noble and generous nature must revolt at such injustice. You will not aid the Lord Protector in his fratricidal schemes."

"Peace, Elizabeth; you go too far."

"No, sire, I speak the truth, and it shall out. Nothing but his brother's life will content the Duke of Somerset. 'Tis he who, by his artful misrepresentations, has steeled your breast against your once-loved uncle — 'tis he who has procured this bill of attainder against him—who has stifled his cries—and who would now force you to aid him in the work of destruction. Is not the Admiral bound to you by ties of near relationship? Will you sunder those ties? Will you allow the Lord Protector to imbrue his hands in his brother's blood, and compel you to share his guilt? Have patience with me, sire. I am half-distracted."

"What mean these passionate supplications, Elizabeth? You plead for him as for a husband."

"He is almost my husband, sire. I have affianced myself to him."

"Ha!" exclaimed Edward, with a look of displeasure.

"You have hurt your cause by that admission," whispered the Constable.

"I am sorry to hear what you tell me, Elizabeth, because such a marriage never could take place. 'Tis against our royal father's will. You must reconcile yourself to the Admiral's fate."

"Then your majesty is resolved to destroy him?" cried the Princess.

"Justice must take its course," rejoined Edward, somewhat sternly. "Heaven knows how dearly I loved my uncle, Lord Seymour," he continued, in a more softened tone; "but I have been greatly deceived by him. His true character has

been revealed to me — not by the Lord Protector, whom you unjustly charge with sinister designs—but by others."

"By whom, sire?"

"By Archbishop Cranmer — by the Bishop of Ely—by Doctor Latimer. He is restless, turbulent, dangerous — too restless and too dangerous to be spared. I would he could be brought to a better frame of mind, for I hear he refuses all religious instruction and consolation."

"Then cut him not off in a state of sin, sire. Give him time for repentance."

"'Tis for the council, not for me, to appoint the time of execution," replied Edward sadly."

"The council should obey you, sire — not you them. But if you will not grant him a free pardon—at least spare his life. Doom him to exile—to imprisonment—but not to the block."

"His crimes are of too deep a dye to allow of any leniency," responded Edward.

"Then I have done, sire," cried Elizabeth, rising. "Heaven grant you the pardon which you refuse to him.

At this moment, the doors were thrown open, and an usher entered, announcing the Lord Protector and the council.

It was now too late for Elizabeth to retire, but so far from being intimidated by the frowns of Somerset, she replied by glances as menacing as his own.

"I would counsel you to withdraw, princess," he said sternly.

"I thank your highness," she rejoined, "but I design to remain here."

"Nay, stay if you will," he answered. "I meant but to spare your feelings."

On the entrance of the council, Edward moved slowly toward a chair of state placed beneath a canopy, and took his seat upon it. The Lord Protector, followed by the Earls of Warwick and Southampton, then advanced toward him. In his hand Somerset held a parchment, the sight of which chilled the life-blood in Elizabeth's veins. She knew it to be the Admiral's death-warrant.

"Sire," said Somerset, "after due deliberation, the council has decided that the execution shall take place to-morrow morning on Tower-hill."

At this dread announcement, Elizabeth with difficulty repressed a scream.

"So soon!" exclaimed Edward. "'Twere better he should live a few days longer. 'Twill give him more time for repentance."

"Such grace would little profit him, sire, while there are many cogent reasons why the execution should not be deferred," rejoined the Duke.

"Can aught be advanced in mitigation of his sentence?" demanded Edward.

"Nothing, sire, or I should be the first to suggest it."

He then called for a pen, and offering the warrant to the King, pressed him to sign it.

"Can not my signature be dispensed with?" rejoined Edward, averting his head. "He is my uncle, and I like not to doom him thus."

"He is also my brother," rejoined Somerset. "Yet I shall not hesitate to sign the warrant. A few strokes of the pen, sire, and it is done," he continued, again proffering the warrant.

"But those few strokes will destroy one whom I have dearly loved — and whom I still love," cried Edward. "I can not do it."

And he burst into tears.

"Heaven be praised, his heart is touched! He will spare him!" muttered Elizabeth.

"If this opportunity passes by, our prey will escape," whispered Warwick.

"Be firm, sire," said the Protector. "You must not yield to this weakness."

"Give me the pen," cried Edward. "And he hurriedly signed the warrant. "Take it hence," he cried, with a look of horror, and feeling as if he had committed a crime.

The warrant was then countersigned by the Protector and the whole of the council, after which it was delivered to the Constable by Somerset, who bade him see it executed on the morrow, between the hours of nine and twelve in the forenoon, on Tower-hill.

"It shall be done," replied the Constable, in a somber tone. "Princess," he added to Elizabeth, "your errand here is accomplished. Come with me, I pray you."

While Somerset and Warwick were glancing at each other with ill-disguised satisfaction, Elizabeth approached them ere they were aware, and fixing a piercing look on the Protector, said in a low, freezing tone: "Fratricide! your own turn will come soon."

Then perceiving a smile flit across Warwick's somber countenance, she added to him:

"Ha! you smile, my lord. I read the secret of your soul. You would destroy both, that you may rise and rule in their stead. But tremble! you will not walk steadily where the path is slippery with blood. You will fall likewise."

And she quitted the chamber with Gage.

V.

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE EXECUTION.

Not unprofitably may the Admiral's last hours be contrasted with those of another noble captive, who, only two years before, had occupied the self-same cell in the Bowyer Tower. Equally comely with Seymour was that illustrious captive — equally proud, daring, and perhaps ambitious, but yet more highly born, more richly endowed in mind, and far less guilty than the Admiral.

Often did Seymour, in his long and lonely hours, think of him—often did he recall their last interview, and the prophetic denunciation uttered by the ill-fated Surrey. But far more sadly, far more painfully, passed the last hours of Seymour's existence than Surrey's had done. The latter had no guilt upon his soul, but had the consolations of religion and philosophy to support him. He could pray—could make his shrift to his confessor and receive absolution. To Surrey it was hard to die — but he was prepared. Seymour's conscience was heavily laden, yet could not be unburthened. Within him was a hell of fierce and conflicting passions, which he was compelled to endure. His pride sustained him, or he must have sunk beneath this mental torture. Groans and fierce imprecations burst from him—but he could not pray. He rejected, as we have seen, the efforts of Latimer and the Bishop of Ely. 'Twould be in vain, he thought, to supplicate heaven for forgiveness — his offenses were too great. To man he would never acknowledge his guilt.

Thus passed the dreary hours of his last day on earth. He knew not that it was his last, because intimation had not yet been given him that the execution was appointed for the morrow, and hope, not yet wholly extinct within his breast, suggested that his life might be spared. But he was more perturbed in spirit than he had ever hitherto been. Only rarely did he sit down, but for the most part continued to pace fiercely to and fro within his cell, like a tiger in its cage.

Toward night he became somewhat calmer, and, feeling exhausted, sat down upon his chair, when sleep insensibly stole over him. His dreams instantly carried him away from his prison, and brought him back to all the splendors of his gorgeous palace. Once more he was at the head of a princely retinue—once more in a spacious and richly-furnished apartment — once more Elizabeth smiled upon him, and showed him how to win her hand.

From this bright dream he was suddenly and cruelly aroused by the drawing back of the ponderous bolts. The door opened, and the Constable of the Tower came in with the warrant in his hand. His sad aspect, as revealed by the dim light of the lamp on the table, left no doubt as to the nature of his errand.

"Good night, Sir John," cried Seymour, rising, and speaking with forced composure. "I can guess the tidings you bring me."

"My lord," said Sir John, gravely yet kindly, "you must prepare for eternity, for you will not see another night on earth. Your execution is fixed for tomorrow morning. It will take place on Tower-hill, and your remains will afterward be buried in Saint Peter's Chapel, in the Tower."

"Where I was married to the Queen," murmured Seymour, almost mechanically.

"Where you were married to the Queen," repeated the Constable. "Here is the warrant," he added, laying it before him.

"'Tis signed by the King!" cried Seymour, staring at it. "I thought he loved me too well to do this. But there is no faith in princes. Did the Princess Elizabeth speak with him, as she promised, Sir John?"

"She did, my lord; but she could not move him. His majesty seemed persuaded of your guilt. I can give you no further hope, but recommend you a patient suffering of justice, and preparation to meet your Supreme Judge."

"Remain with me a few minutes, I pray you, good Sir John," said the Admiral somewhat faintly. "The shock, though not unexpected, is severer than I deemed it would be."

"You are a brave man, I know, my lord," observed the Constable, looking at

him with surprise, "and I fancied you had no fear of death."

"Neither have I," replied Seymour; "but I have not yet lost my love of life. One tie binds me to earth, which nothing but the ax can sever. How looked the Princess to-day, good Sir John? Did she send any message to me?"

"She bade you a tender farewell, and sent you this embroidered handkerchief, to which her lips have been pressed," replied the Constable.

"Give it me, Sir John," cried Seymour, kissing it rapturously.

"Dismiss her image, if you can, from your mind, my lord," said Gage, "and make up your account with Heaven. You have much, I fear, to do, and but short time to do it in. Will you see Doctor Latimer to-night?"

"No, Sir John. He troubles me more than he instructs or consoles me. I can pray to Heaven without his aid."

"But if you have any undivulged sin, 'twere well you eased your conscience by confession," remarked the Constable.

"Since Heaven can read the secrets of all hearts, mine must be known to it," rejoined Seymour. "Why should I reveal them to man?"

"Heaven's ministers can give you absolution for your sins," said Gage. "Have compassion upon your soul, I implore you, and save it alive. If you will not see a minister of the Gospel, let me send a Romish priest to you. Ha! why do you stare so into the vacancy?"

"Do you not see him?" cried Seymour, with horror-stricken looks, and pointing as he spoke. "There! close behind you!"

"Whom do you imagine you behold?" asked the Constable, not altogether free from the superstitious terrors that affected his companion.

"A former inmate of this cell," replied Seymour, "who died, as I shall die, on Tower-hill."

"The Earl of Surrey!" exclaimed Gage.

"Ay, Surrey," rejoined the Admiral. "He points to his bleeding throat, as if to show me what my fate will be. "Look at him, Sir John! Look at him!"

"I can behold nothing," replied the Constable, looking in the direction to which the Admiral pointed.

"Ha! he vanishes!" exclaimed Seymour. "But in his place another phantom rises. 'Tis the injured Queen, my consort."

"Queen Catherine!" exclaimed Gage in amazement.

"Her features are death-like, and she is wrapped in a shroud; but I know her," pursued Seymour. "Her looks are full of woe and pity. Oh! forgive me, injured Queen! forgive me! I can not bear those looks." And he covered his face with his hands.

There was a pause, during which Gage made no remark, but regarded his companion with mingled commiseration and wonder.

After awhile, Seymour looked up again.

"She is gone!" he cried, greatly relieved. "But what is this? Another specter rising to blast me? Hence, hence! accursed fiend! Thou wert the cause of all."

"Whose spirit troubles you now, my lord?" said the Constable.

"That of my malignant and treacherous servant, Ugo Harrington," replied Seymour. "He points to a yawning wound in his breast, from which blood is streaming, and seems to charge me with his slaughter. 'Tis true I did it, and I would slay him again, were it to do. He smiles upon me with a devilish grin, and disappears."

"Have these phantoms ever visited you before, my lord?" demanded the Constable.

"Never thus," replied Seymour, "though I have had dreadful dreams."

"Let me once more recommend you to make your peace with Heaven," said the Constable. "These visions show how heavily laden must be your soul, and how needful it is it should be cleansed of its offenses. Take what I say to you in good part, I pray you, my lord. 'Tis well meant."

"I know it, and I thank you," replied Seymour earnestly. "I will strive to profit by your counsel."

"And now good night, my lord," said the Constable, rising. "To-morrow I will be with you at the appointed hour."

"You will find me ready," answered Seymour.

On this Gage took his departure.

As soon as he was left alone, Seymour fell upon his knees, and for the first time since his imprisonment, prayed long and fervently. Much comforted, he then threw himself on his pallet, and slept

tranquilly till the jailer entered his cell next morning.

"What time is it?" he demanded.

"'Tis seven o'clock," replied Tombs. "Your lordship has but three hours left. At ten the procession sets forth."

"Is the day fair?" inquired the Admiral.

"Somewhat cloudy, but I do not think there will be rain," rejoined the jailer. "On a melancholy occasion like the present, 'tis meet the weather should correspond. I like not to see the sun shine on an execution."

"To me the weather is indifferent," replied Seymour. "Yet I shall less regret to quit the world if the skies frown on me. Thou must help to attire me presently. 'Tis the last time I shall trouble thee."

"Ay, your lordship will do well to put on your bravest apparel. You will not die unobserved. There is a great crowd on Tower-hill already."

"Already!" exclaimed Seymour, scarcely able to repress a shudder. "They are eager for the spectacle."

"Ay, many of them came overnight, so Mauger tells me," rejoined Tombs. "He is without, if your lordship desires to see him."

"Bring him in," said Seymour. And as he rose from his couch, and hastily enveloped himself in a black velvet robe, the headsman entered the cell. With him also came Xit, but as the dwarf kept in the background, Seymour did not at first notice him.

"So thou hast brought the weapon of death with thee, I perceive, fellow?" cried the Admiral, glancing sternly at Mauger, who was clad in a jerkin of blood-red serge, and carried the ax on his shoulder.

"I thought your lordship might like to examine it," replied Mauger, offering him the weapon. "If you will try the edge with your thumb, you will find it keen."

"I shall try its edge soon enough," rejoined Seymour. "Meantime, I will take thy word for its sharpness. What concerns me most is, that thou shouldst not do thy devoir clumsily."

"Your lordship shall have no cause to complain of me," said Mauger. "If I take not off your head at one blow never trust me more."

"I shall not require to trust thee more, good fellow," replied the Admiral, with a half-smile. "I have not much to give thee," he added, detaching some gold ornaments from his apparel. "But thou art welcome to these."

"I thank your lordship," replied Mauger, as he took them. "I told you you would die by my hands, and my prediction, you see, has come to pass."

"But you predicted, also, that two others would perish in the same manner?"

"And so they will."

"I could almost forgive thee the blow thou art about to deal me, were I certain of this."

"Then your lordship may rest as easy as if you saw it done," replied Mauger, with a grim smile. "Both their heads will fall by this ax."

And with an uncouth reverence, he drew back, and, while doing so, discovered Xit.

"Ha! thou art come, my little knave?" cried Seymour, on perceiving him. "I am glad to see thee."

"I am come to take leave of your lordship," replied Xit, "and to crave some slight relic in remembrance of you."

"Here is a brooch," replied Seymour, detaching it from his cap.

"I would fain have something that your lordship may wear on the scaffold," said Xit, with a certain significance.

"All his lordship's apparel will belong to me," observed Mauger.

"True," replied Seymour, "but thou wilt not begrudge him my velvet slippers?"

"Marry, I do begrudge them; but since your lordship desires it, he shall have them," rejoined Mauger gruffly.

"Prithee, let him also have the handkerchief with which I bind mine eyes?" said the Admiral.

Mauger returned a gruff assent.

As the dwarf approached to take leave, the Admiral whispered to him:

"Within the sole of one of these slippers thou wilt find a letter to the Princess Elizabeth. See it conveyed to her highness. Give her also the handkerchief."

"Your lordship's injunctions shall be fulfilled," replied Xit, pressing his hand upon his heart.

And he quitted the cell with Mauger.

For nearly an hour the Admiral was left to himself, and this interval he passed in prayer. He then attired himself with

as much care as if preparing for a fête, and Tombs, who appeared while he was thus engaged, aided him in making his toilet. His habiliments consisted of a doublet and hose of black velvet, with a robe of the same material. His cap was likewise of black velvet, adorned with a red plume.

Shortly before the hour of ten, the awful rolling of muffled drums was heard outside, accompanied by the heavy tread of armed men. A body of yeomen of the guard, it was evident, was collecting in front of the Bowyer Tower. As the bell tolled forth the fatal hour, the Constable of the Tower, accompanied by the Lieutenant, entered the cell. Seymour rose to meet them, and said, with a smile:

"Good morrow to you, Sir John Gage, and to you too, good Sir John Markham. I am glad to see you both. I will not keep you waiting."

But few more words passed between them. The little, however, that was said strongly impressed both the Constable and the Lieutenant with Seymour's composure and firmness, and they felt assured that he would die with great constancy.

"Have you any charge to give me, my lord, ere we set out?" inquired the Constable kindly.

"Only this, good Sir John," replied Seymour, "and I am sure, from old friendship, you will see it done for me. You are aware," he continued, in a voice of deep emotion, "that I have an infant daughter, the offspring of my marriage with Queen Catherine. 'Tis a pretty child, but tender and delicate, and I much fear will not grow to maturity. My estates and possessions being forfeited to the crown, I have not wherewithal to provide for my child."

"Give yourself no concern on this score, my lord," observed the Constable. "Your sister-in-law, the Duchess of Somerset, I am sure, will take care of your infant daughter."

"I would not have her committed to the Duchess's care—nay, I forbid it," rejoined the Admiral sternly. "Let her be given to the Marchioness of Dorset, who, for my sake, I am certain, will treat her kindly. Give my child my blessing, good Sir John, and see my dying wish complied with."

"It shall be done, my lord," replied the Constable.

While they were thus conversing, the door of the cell opened, and an austere-looking personage, habited in a cassock of dark stuff, and wearing the peculiar cap adopted by the reformed clergy, came in. This was Doctor Hugh Latimer, who, as already mentioned, had several times before visited the Admiral during his imprisonment. A long, gray, pointed beard imparted a venerable character to the divine's somewhat sour physiognomy. A pair of large spectacles were suspended by a cord round his neck, and from his surcingle, in a black leathern case, hung the Bible.

"I am come to attend you to the scaffold, my lord," he said, coldly saluting the Admiral, "and I trust you are better prepared to appear before your Heavenly Judge than when I last parted from you."

"At least, I am penitent," rejoined the Admiral; "but little time is now left me for amendment."

"Enough, my son, if you use it well," said Latimer, in a more softened tone.

"My lord, I must pray you to set forth," said the Constable, throwing open the door, and passing out.

"I am ready," replied Seymour, following him with a firm footstep.

VI.

TOWER-HILL.

Outside, as we have intimated, was waiting a large body of yeomen of the guard, armed with halberds. In the midst of them stood Mauger, leaning on his ax, his features being concealed by a hideous black and bearded mask. Two chargers, trapped in black, were likewise in waiting for the Constable and the Lieutenant.

Having mounted his steed, Sir John Gage gave the word to move on, and the mournful procession, which had been rapidly formed, set forward. At its head rode the Constable, the sorrowful expression of his countenance showing how profoundly he was affected. His charger seemed to sympathize with him, and exhibited none of its customary spirit. Then followed the Chaplain of the Tower in his robes, with an open Prayer-book in his hand, on which his eyes remained fixed as he moved along. Then came the trumpeters, with their clarions, which they did not sound, suspended from their

necks. After them came the drummers, beating their muffled drums. Then came thirty yeomen of the guard, marching three abreast, and headed by the three gigantic warders. Then, after a short interval, came Mauger, masked, limping in his gait, and carrying the ax with its edge toward the prisoner, who marched with firm step and undaunted deportment a short distance behind him. The Admiral was closely followed by Latimer. Another detachment of yeomen of the guard, preceded by the Lieutenant of the Tower on horseback, brought up the rear.

Many persons were collected on the green, on the walls, and at different other points, curious to see how the Admiral would demean himself on this trying occasion. All were astonished at his fortitude. His countenance was wan from anxiety and long confinement, but his figure was erect as ever, his carriage stately and dignified, and his looks haughty and unbending. Nothing that was passing within could be read from his features. But what memories of other and brighter days were wakened as he passed along the wide open space in front of the White Tower, and gazed at the palace beyond it! To check the painful current of his thoughts, he looked in the opposite direction.

At that moment he was close to the Beauchamp Tower, and, casting his eyes upon the frowning structure, he beheld the Duke of Norfolk gazing at him through a strongly-grated window. Their glances met, and how much did that single look convey! There was no exultation over a fallen foe in the Duke's glance—no smile of gratified vengeance lighted up his venerable features—but he shook his head mournfully. Seymour faltered for a moment, but instantly recovering himself, strode on with as much firmness as before. Norfolk's look and mournful shake of the head, however, continued to haunt him. "I would I had not seen him," he thought.

The procession now passed beneath the gloomy arch of the Bloody Tower, and in the outer ward more spectators were congregated, grouped on either side of the way. Many of these audibly expressed their commiseration for the Admiral, but were rebuked both by word and gesture by Latimer, who shook his staff at them. But the ire of the austere divine was yet more vehemently roused by an incident which shortly afterward occurred. The first detachment of the guard had passed through the gateway of the By-ward Tower, and Seymour was just approaching it, when Xit, who was stationed among the bystanders, sprang forward, and ere he could be prevented, threw himself at his feet. In another moment the poor dwarf was removed by one of the guard, who pushed him aside with the pole of his halberd, but he sobbed out a piteous farewell.

The most trying part of the ceremony had now to be undergone, and Seymour braced his nerves firmly for it. Already the horrible roar of the vast multitude collected near the outer gate of the fortress and on Tower-hill could be distinctly heard. There was something awful in this sound, and for a moment Seymour felt appalled by it, but the feeling instantly passed away, and by the time he was exposed to the gaze of those thousand inquisitive spectators, whose eyes were eagerly fixed upon him, devouring his very look and gesture, and commenting upon them as a Roman concourse might upon a gladiator, he was as full of intrepidity as before. Nor did his extraordinary power of fascination fail him at this supreme moment. As he marched slowly on, looking to the right and left in search of friendly faces, loud murmurs rose among the crowd, cries began to be raised, many persons pressed forward, and it required the utmost efforts of the arquebusiers, who were arranged in double lines all the way to the scaffold, to keep back the throng.

"Be patient, my good friends," cried Seymour, waving them back. "You will harm yourselves, and not serve me."

But this, instead of allaying the excitement of the crowd, increased it, and the tumult threatening to become dangerous, Sir John Gage, fearing a rescue might be attempted, ordered the guard to close round the prisoner, and accelerate their pace. This was done, and not a moment too soon, for the lines of halberdiers were broken in two or three places by the rabble, who, disappointed in their expectations of reaching the Admiral, attacked the guard, wrested their halberds from them, and a sharp conflict ensued, in the course of which some persons were killed, and many others grievously wounded. Loud and fierce execra-

tions were uttered against the Lord Protector, and he was denounced as the murderer of his brother.

In anticipation of some such disturbances as actually took place, a company of German lansquenets had been placed around the scaffold, and these were strengthened by the mounted city train-bands, so that the place of execution was completely invested. An enormous multitude was collected. The whole area of Tower-hill was thronged, and in the vicinity of the scaffold, which stood on the highest ground on the north-west of the fortress, scarce an inch of ground was unoccupied.

Owing to the precautions taken by the Constable, Seymour was brought to the scaffold in safety, and when he soon afterward mounted the steps and appeared upon it, a tremendous shout arose from the beholders.

Hitherto, the day had been dull and gloomy, but at that moment a slight burst of sunshine fell upon him, and illumining his noble countenance, rendered him yet more conspicuous to the vast assemblage, whose eyes were strained toward him. Not in his proudest moments had he looked more majestic than he did now that he stood upon those fatal boards, nor perhaps, for one instant, more elated. But the smile which had played upon his features quickly faded away, as did the sunshine that had lighted them up, and left them pale and rigid-looking as marb'e.

He had been preceded upon the scaffold by the Constable and the Lieutenant, together with Mauger. By this time Latimer had mounted the steps, and stood beside him. No other person was allowed upon the scaffold.

It had been the Admiral's intention to address the crowd, and for this purpose he advanced toward the edge of the scaffold, and, bowing to the bystanders, began to speak, but such a tumult arose, and so many vociferations were raised, that his words were completely drowned, and he yielded — though with manifest reluctance—to the Constable's entreaties to him to desist. Taking off his cap, he cried in a sonorous voice that rose loud above the disturbance: "Long live King Edward!" The shout was received with acclamations, followed by fresh groans and hootings against the Lord Protector.

Latimer then approached him, and asked if he sincerely repented his sins, and placed his hope in the Saviour? But Seymour, scarcely heeding him, and anxious, as it seemed, to get done with the scene, called fiercely to the executioner to make haste, and throwing off his gown, revealed a figure which, for symmetry, was unrivaled.

Again Latimer approached him, and was again repulsed.

Seymour then knelt down, and a deep silence fell upon the multitude.

His prayers, which did not occupy many minutes, being ended, he signed to Mauger that he was ready. Then, approaching the block, he knelt down beside it, took the broidered handkerchief sent him by Elizabeth from his doublet, pressed his lips to it, and fastened it over his eyes.

At this moment Latimer advanced, and cried out in his ear: "Repent!"

"Away!" cried the Admiral. "You distract me."

He then laid his comely neck upon the block, and the ax descended.

Thus perished the guilty and aspiring Seymour. According to Latimer, he died "very dangerously, irksomely, horribly." Others, however, judged him more charitably, and thought he made a brave ending. No doubt he suffered justly.

Under the superintendence of the worthy Constable, his mutilated remains were interred in St. Peter's Chapel in the Tower.

Three years later, his brother, the Duke of Somerset—likewise decapitated—was laid beside him. Eighteen months after that, the ambitious Duke of Northumberland, known in this chronicle as the Earl of Warwick, also beheaded, was buried in the same place, within a few paces of the brothers whose destruction he had contrived.

The three graves may still be seen.

From the North British Review.

LIFE AND TIMES OF EDMUND BURKE.*

On the nineteenth of April, 1774, on Mr. Rose Fuller's motion that the House would take into consideration the tax of three pence per pound on tea imported into the American colonies, Burke gave one of his noblest speeches on American taxation. He was called to his feet by a harangue from the renegade Charles Wolfran Cornwall, which consisted of an attack on the Rockinghams, accusing them of all the colonial disturbances since the repeal of the Stamp act.

He rose ostensibly to put Mr. Cornwall right, but really to defend the Rockinghams from the injurious slights which had been cast upon them. He showed, from the evidence of the existing Ministry, that parliamentary taxation for an American revenue had virtually been abandoned; and even on the assumption that a repeal of the colonial duties had led to the American disturbances, Lord North was himself the worst of these repealers, because, while Lord Rockingham during his ministry repealed one duty, Lord North had repealed five. Then, accepting a challenge thrown out by the previous speaker, he went fully into the history of colonial taxation, and completely vindicated his own party from the charges brought against them. He went into a copious history of the circumstances preceding taxation by the British government; the evils of the Stamp Act; the good effects of its repeal; the difficulties of Lord Rockingham's Ministry; the revival of the policy of taxation by the Chatham Ministry; its evil consequences to the colonies; the solitary tea-duty a financial blunder; and the consequent estrangement of the colonies from the mother country, which was daily becoming more and more imminent. He ingeniously enriched his general narrative by pausing to depict, in colors too glowing ever to fade, the characters of Grenville, of Chatham, and of Charles Townshend, and by showing how their weaknesses had aggravated the discontents of the American colonies. Then he wound up by an appeal to the House, such as has seldom been heard, not to persist in such wrong-headed measures, but to return to that wise policy which the Rockingham Whigs had inaugurated, and without which, Burke concluded, there could be no peace for England.

During the delivery of this masterly oration, idle politicians, drawn thither by common report, filled the lobbies and staircases of the House. Loud cries of "Go on!—go on!" greeted the speaker, on his pausing to ask if he tired gentlemen. Members of all shades of political opinion declared enthusiastically, that here was the most wonderful man they had ever listened to, and the American agents were with difficulty restrained from hurraing their admiration in the gallery. So entirely and emphatically had he got men's prejudices under for the time by the force of his persuasive voice, that the King and his crotchet of taxing America were temporarily forgotten, and, even at the risk of being regarded as personal enemies to his majesty, adherents of the Ministry were known to join in the general and irresistible burst of applause.

Perhaps the most perfect specimen of Burke's oratory is to be found in his great speech on administrative reform, delivered on the eleventh of February, 1780. At the hight of his powers, and in the full blaze of his fame, he was likewise of more gentle temper than he afterward became. All England sang his praises. While difficulty is good for man, as Burke himself declared, there are occasions on which sunshine is one of the most joyous things on earth. He opened his address by laying down the principles on which a wise reform should be founded, neither too liberal nor too conservative, and then proceeded to apply those principles. He proposed to abolish the middle-age divi-

* Concluded from page 200.

sion of England into five sovereign jurisdictions, namely, the Principality of Wales, the Duchy of Lancaster, the County Palatine, the Earldom of Chester, and the Duchy of Cornwall. He proposed to get rid of the landed estates of the crown, and of the forest lands and forest rights. He proposed, by issuing contracts for the royal household, to cut off a number of useless and fat offices, which consumed a great amount of the public revenue. He intended to apply the principle of public contract likewise to the Board of Works and to the Mint. He would abolish the ordnance office by assigning it to the army and navy. He would introduce unheard of reforms into the Pay Office, and transfer the Treasury and office of Paymaster of the Pensions to the Exchequer. He would not abolish any existing pensions, because such a course might injure individuals: but he would limit the fund from which they were drawn to six hundred thousand pounds, or some such sum, which would tend to check all extravagance. He would reduce the emoluments of the patent offices of the Exchequer, as the lives and reversions fell in, to fixed salaries, so that public rewards for merit as well as public pensions might still be at the disposal of the crown. The offices of the Colonial Secretary of State, of the Board of Trade and Plantations, were likewise to be done away with; and he proposed to regulate the salaries of the judges, the ambassadors, and the tradesmen of the court, on more equitable principles than they had been settled on hitherto. He would make the ministers of the treasury and the great personages of the royal household responsible for such emoluments, who on an insolvent quarter-day would, he said, be more dreadful to the royal mind than that of the united colonies.

But it is impossible, in this dry skeleton form, to give any thing at all like an adequate idea of his extraordinary powers. The sound political wisdom which held the reins while the bold imagination went forward on the work of reform; the alluring charms of poetical illustration which clothed the past with life, and the future with radiance; the brilliant flashes of wit which played up like electric coruscations over the House; the condensed reasoning, the burning emotion, and the fervid appeals to the most noble passions, rendered this speech the most remarkable one in a small compass that the orator ever delivered. For three hours the audience were spell-bound. Ministerialists, courtiers, sycophants, amid tumultuous cheers, bore testimony to the greatness of the success. The historian Gibbon, though a King's friend, praised it; and even Lord North condescended to say of it that it excelled all he had ever heard in the House.

Burke's prodigious labors in the prosecution of Warren Hastings, for his alleged cruelty to the Rohillas and the Begums of Oude, formally began in 1784, and the actual trial commenced in Westminster Hall in February, 1788. The animosity of the orator to Hastings dates as far back as 1773.* "Mr. Hastings," said Burke in a speech delivered in that year, "is to have the casting vote. Mr. Hastings is the individual nominated by this Parliament. If all that has been said is true, if the insinuations of the Committee of Secresy and the speeches of to-day are true, this man is guilty of every thing charged against the Company. Yet this man is to be the First President, and to him is given a controlling power in the council."

It was obvious from the impeachment that Burke had spared no pains to make himself acquainted with the alleged crimes, and with the country wherein they were transacted. No man probably ever understood India so well, without having actually set foot on its shores. There is something entirely eastern about this great oration, partly from the vividness and intensity with which the objects were conceived, and partly also, it may be, from the excited state of his mind caused by the protracted tale of cruelty and wrong which had buried themselves so deeply in his very soul. This speech, while it has much more than the customary share of gorgeous orientalism in its composition, betrays, besides, far more of embittered sensibility, and even of reckless judgment, than we find in the rest of his great orations. That "Burke generally took up his side like a fanatic, and defended it like a philosopher," is an unfortunate saying of the late Lord Macaulay, who appreciated Burke's genius highly, and has done much to disseminate his greatness. The sentence, so far as it applies to the present oration, would be

* Lord Macaulay, in his *Essays*, dates it as far back as 1781, but it was certainly eight years earlier.

much truer were we to reverse it. The position which Burke took up on the present occasion was by no means a fanatical one, whatever his subsequent advocacy of that position might be called. A man, after turning a case over in his mind for fifteen years, as Burke is proved to have done in the case of Hastings, can not be said to have made up his mind without due consideration. His feelings, if ever they are to subside on this side of time, have certainly had sufficient leisure to do so in the course of fifteen years. A man who is wholly at the mercy of his feelings we denominate a fanatic; but Burke, even by Lord Macaulay's admission, had naturally perhaps the most solid understanding of any man in England. But, to say truth, these antithetical sentences ring to the ear like adages, but will not always bear too close inspection.

The impeachment lasted nine days in all, four of which were occupied with the oratory of Burke. He opened his charge in the presence of the most august assemblage of rank and intellect that perhaps ever met in Westminster Hall to listen to any single speaker. On the third day of the trial, which was, perhaps, rhetorically considered, the most important, the speaker, with the documents in his raised hands as a testimony to heaven of the guilt of the person charged, with streaming eyes, and with suffused countenance, related how slow fires were made to inflict unmentionable tortures on tender women, how death met life at the very gates and strangled it. His audience could endure the agony no longer, and burst out many of them into tears. Mrs. Siddons confessed that all the terror and pity which she had ever witnessed on the stage, sank into insignificance before the scene she had just beheld. Mrs. Sheridan fainted; and the stern Lord Chancellor Thurlow, who always in the most headstrong way had insisted on Hastings's innocence, was observed for once in his life to shed a tear. "This peroration," said Windham, himself an orator of great accomplishments, as Burke closed his address, "was the noblest ever uttered by man." It may astonish not a few to be told that this speech was not written, that the speaker trusted to his never-failing supply of appropriate language in which to clothe his ideas as they crowded upon his brain.

So thoroughly had Burke mastered the art of government, and so completely new were his political speculations, that this very thoroughness and novelty stood in the way of the reception of his ideas by the British public, and even by the British Parliament. It has taken the greater portion of a century to place the majority of the House of Commons abreast of what he spoke long years before. There are few of the great measures of the present day which his far-seeing wisdom did not anticipate, and which his feelings did not valiantly defend. He advocated free-trade many years before it became a watchword of party, and supported the claims of the Catholics when Fox was a boy in small clothes. Catholic emancipation was granted many years after his death, but only as a means of preserving the loyalty of the Irish nation. He supported the petition of the Dissenters to be relieved from the restrictions which the Church of England in its own behoof had imposed upon them. He opposed the cruel laws against insolvents, and attempted in vain to mitigate the penal code. He strove to abolish the old plan of enlistment; and he attacked the slave-trade, which the King wished to preserve as part of the British constitution. His labors in law reform are well known, and he is almost universally recognized as the first financial reformer whom the British nation produced. By means of various bills, he carried through Parliament a system of official reörganization which, in the single office of Paymaster-General, saved the country £25,000 a year. Is it to be wondered at, that the man who entertained such "revolutionary views" should never have been intrusted with a seat at George III.'s cabinet? His Majesty, as is well known, boasted that he would transmit the crown, exactly as he had received it, to his successor. The paramount evil of Burke's age, and the one against which he sleeplessly battled, was the court scheme of having a dependent administration in opposition to the government. It need in no way astonish us, that the most eminent of English politicians, whose mind was fitted for far nobler things than even politics, after spending thirty years in the British Parliament, retired without ever having enjoyed so much as a seat at the cabinet. But he foresaw all this well. Very early in his public career, he remarked with much sagacity, and, as time

proved, with too much truth, at the end of his great speech on American taxation, (1774): "I know the map of England as well as the noble Lord, [Lord North,] or as any other person, and I know that the way I take is not the road to preferment." He was a poor man when he entered Parliament, and the genius who presides over the destiny of great men held him too fast to her own breast to admit of his gathering much of the glittering dust that the world in its mean way fights for.

In March, 1768, he purchased a small estate in Buckinghamshire, twenty-three miles out of London, for some £23,000. This agreeable residence was named Gregories; and is situate near Beaconsfield, where Burke now lies buried. The money with which he was enabled to effect this purchase has given rise to some curious inquiry and to knowing shakes of the head on the part of some of Burke's critics. Lord Rockingham, whose private secretary he was, lent him £10,000; he got by mortgages from Dr. Saunders, of Spring Gardens, £5000; and William and Richard Burke let him have £8000. The latter sum had to be returned some years after, when "the Burkes" were ruined by jobbing in India stock. Lord Rockingham, it is conjectured by Mr. Macknight, may have lent Burke £30,000 in all previous to that nobleman's death in 1782—all of which sum was nobly canceled by a codicil to his will. The Irish estate, which Burke inherited from his brother Garret, was not sold till 1792 or 1793, when it brought something less than £4000. He sat for Bristol from 1774 till 1780; then for Malton, in Yorkshire, till the close of his political career. On his retirement from public affairs in 1794, the representation of Malton was delegated to his son, a young man of good promise, who had previously filled the post of deputy-paymaster to his father, at £500 a year. But this only son, the joy and pride of his heart, was cut off in a few months by a rapid consumption, in his thirty-sixth year. The grief of the father at this great catastrophe is said, by Dr. Laurence, to have been "truly terrible." Bursting frequently from all control, he would rush into the room where his dead son lay, and "throw himself headlong, as it happened, on the body, the bed, or the floor."

Thenceforward, Burke's life was immeasurably desolate. His affections, which had always been fervid, now became almost ungovernable. His feelings occasionally mastered his reason; and the strong oak of the forest sensibly swayed. "I live," says this broken-hearted old man, "in an inverted order. They who ought to have succeeded me have gone before me. They who should have been to me as posterity are in the place of ancestors. The storm has gone over me, and I lie like one of those old oaks which the late hurricane has scattered about me. I am stripped of all my honors; I am torn up by the roots."

His increased irritability is observable, likewise, in the writings which he gave to the world after this date. His *Observations on a late Publication, intituled, The Present State of the Nation*, which appeared in 1769, was admitted by highly competent judges to outstrip the publications of Halifax, of Swift, of Addison, and of Bolingbroke. His *Thoughts on the Causes of the Present Discontents*, (1770,) while it called down the dignified wrath of Chatham, the cynical sneers of Horace Walpole, and the screeches of Mrs. Catherine Macaulay, sister to Sawbridge, Lord Mayor of London, is now admitted on all hands to be the most perfect exposition of Whiggism which has ever been made. When one compares with these noble works his *Letter to a Noble Lord*, and particularly his last work, the *Letters on a Regicide Peace*, we can readily perceive how much the ancient prowess had deserted that undaunted will.

It was during this same year, but before this sad calamity had befallen him, that the final quarrel occurred between him and his generous friend and pupil, Fox. Fox was the acknowledged leader in the House of Commons of what is called the New Whigs; while Burke, again, had been allied all his life long to what he called the Old Whigs. In Burke's speech on the Marriage Act, in June, 1781, he said: "I am accused, I am told, abroad of being a man of aristocratic principles. If by aristocracy they mean the peers, I have no vulgar admiration nor vulgar antipathy toward them. *I hold their order in cold and decent respect. I hold them to be of an absolute necessity in the constitution; but I think they are only good when kept within their*

proper bounds." The only respect in which Burke's recent writings differ at all from those of an earlier date, is, that they display a mind much more alive than formerly to the dangers of popular illusions, and urge with ever-increasing fervor the necessity for those restraining institutions which the author always advocated as necessary to the preservation of civilized society. His emotions, no doubt, are much more fervid, and his understanding is less solid; but, to all intents and purposes, the opinions which he advocated regarding government thirty years before, were precisely those which he died maintaining.

Fox, again, as we have said, was the darling of the New Whigs, who were supposed to be more on a level with the free spirit of the age, as it was called, than Burke, with his clinging to old systems and to old aristocracies. Fox, besides, at the critical juncture of the French Revolution, seemed to push his doctrines of freedom to an excess, rather than to bring forward the conservative side of his political views to allay popular alarm. The Old Whigs thought this step was at variance with sound discretion; and Burke, who was very violent on every thing regarding the French Revolution, openly declared in the House of Commons, that his friendship with Fox was at an end. Thus these men, who had loved each other more than brothers from the time that Fox entered parliament, were violently separated, by what one can not help terming a vile political squabble. No doubt the ardent generosity of Fox would have sought forgiveness in no long time; but Burke, whose nature was deeper, wider, and more serious than Fox's, possessed something of that dark irreconcilability which men fear rather than cling to, and which has been a characteristic of more than one great man in our day.

It was in 1790 that his work on the French Revolution made its appearance. It was read every where, and talked about by every body. No political work on the current events of the day ever equaled it in interest, and in the sudden reputation which it acquired. Nothing else was asked for or thought of. Edition followed edition quicker almost than the printers could throw them off. Thirty thousand copies were soon in the hands of the public. In no place was its effect greater than in the court of George III., where for long years the name of the author had not been mentioned without a shudder. His majesty himself read the book, and would have every one read it near him. "It will do you good—do you good," said he; "it is a book every gentleman should read." Meanwhile Fox was consigned to perdition by the creatures of the Court: Burke was a great man, and a good man. Even clever Miss Burney (Madame D'Arblay) the intelligent Keeper of the Robes, felt her interest in Burke revive on this royal criticism. The book was talked over with much admiration by Pitt and Wilberforce, and other ministerialists, at a public dinner at Wimbledon. The fame of it reached the banks of the Isis and the shores of the Liffey; and grave academicals in Oxford transmitted their thanks to the author, and in Dublin they made him an LL.D.! All the crowned heads of Europe, the French nobility, and princes in exile, King Stanislaus of Poland, the princes and sovereigns of Germany, and Catherine of the icy north sent their special congratulations to the author of the *Reflections.* This was flattering to poor Burke, who had battled so long and so earnestly under neglect and depreciation. Yet Fox could not bear the book; Sheridan could not bear it; and young Mackintosh, at the age of twenty six, wrote a reply to it. Many of the English people liked it, yet many of them disliked it. Some fifty replies were penned against it; but the only one that is still read is the production of a political staymaker, the "infidel" Tom Paine. Some two years before Burke's death, the King saw good to bestow upon him two considerable pensions, which amounted in all, during his life, to something over ten thousand pounds. Except the four thousand pounds per annum, which he received as Paymaster under Shelburne's ministry, this was all that he ever obtained either from king or courtier. Yet there were persons, as of course there will always be, who knew well the vast sums which his spirit of reform had saved the nation, who were so mean as to grumble at the "prodigality" of the government and at the "corruption" of Burke in this transaction.

From the time of his son's death, Burke never dined from home. His house, formerly like a hotel, was now the

picture of desolation. He studiously avoided visitors, and wrapt himself up in the cold folds of his own great sorrow. His head declined, and his body bent together; and the peasants in the neighboring fields, accustomed to a kind word as he passed, now shrunk off, awe-stricken at the spectacle of so great a grief. Yet still his mind was fresh, and his faculties vigorous. He spent a considerable portion of the days which preceded his death on the perusal of a good book sent him by a good man—*Practical Christianity*, by his friend Wilberforce. On the ninth of July, 1797, Edmund Burke expired at Gregories, without a groan, in the sixty-fifth year of his age. His disease was a scirrhous affection of the stomach. "His end," wrote Dr. Lawrence, on the morning of his death, over his lifeless remains, "was suited to the simple greatness of his mind, which he displayed through life—every way unaffected, without levity, without ostentation, full of natural grace and dignity."

By his own express injunctions, he was to be interred in the family burying-ground at Beaconsfield, beside his brother Richard, and a yet dearer friend to the old man's heart. On the fifteenth of the month, at eight o'clock, on a beautiful July evening, while the sinking sun sent its last rays through the casements of the little church, he was slowly lowered into the grave, and laid beside the ashes of his son. It was all over. The great noblemen and members of Parliament slowly and silently file back to their homes and their politics; the flagstones are let down over the grave, and silence and night rule over the scene. Thus passes away the glory of the world!

Burke's widow, who survived him for fifteen years, was removed to the same resting-place in 1812.

It is matter of regret that the achievements of the orator and the actor pass away with the breath of the individual performers. It would be gratifying in studying Cicero, to be able actually to confront him with his great rival Burke; or, in inquiring into the histrionic powers of Cicero's friend, Roscius, to place him face to face with Burke's friend Garrick. But as no such magical gifts have been given to us, we must content ourselves with the meager limning of such men which history records. When Burke came forward, as his custom was, to the middle of the House of Commons to speak, the first peculiarity which caught the eye of the spectator was the glasses which he almost constantly wore in the days of his celebrity. He was tall and noble-looking, with a decidedly prepossessing appearance; by no means smart in his dress, yet possessing a personal dignity which the tailor could not have given him. He seemed full of thought and care; and the firm lines about the mouth, the strong jaw, and the severe glance of the dark eye, spoke of many an inward battle which was known to no human observer. The head was solid and intense, rather than heavy and massive, high rather than broad, and tolerably prominent; fuller, one would say at first sight, of the reasoning than of the imaging power. His nose, which was straight as if it had been cut after a bevel, opened out into two powerful nostrils, made apparently only to sneer. Altogether he looked like a great man, with a great lesson to read to men, more than like a gentle one sent into the world to please. He spoke with a decided Hibernian accent, even although he left the country early in life. But it is to be remarked that men of genius hardly ever lose the tongue of their youth. He had a voice of great compass, and he never required to hesitate for words. They came quick and vehement, frequently almost beyond the power of utterance. As he spoke, his head rose and fell; now it swung, and anon it oscillated from side to side of his body, moved by the intense nervous action of his frame. Young Gillray, the foremost of English caricaturists, sketches Burke in various postures and attitudes. One of the most characteristic of these represents him as rapt in the delivery of some splendid oration, with his hands clenched and his arms raised erectly over his head, his whole body the picture of living energy. Yet Grattan complained of the want of grace in Burke's manner as a speaker.

Burke, by the almost unanimous testimony of his cotemporaries, was the foremost orator that ever lived. It was the opinion of Fox that *no good speech read well;* and while this is no doubt true of the style of oratory which Fox himself practiced, it is the very opposite of true as a test of the highest style of eloquence. A man with a grand voice,

a noble presence, and with great plastic powers of countenance, may be an excellent speaker, but, nevertheless, there may be a style of oratory higher than this, of which he knows nothing. If the passion is more in the person of the man than in the thoughts that he gives forth; if the imagery which he wields is quick, sudden, impulsive, not slow, grand, and impressive, the chances are that his speech will not read well, even although it may have made a great impression on the hearers. But let the speech itself be filled to the full with heated emotion, every thought, every image, every word; let it be delivered with all the extraordinary appliances of the orator's art, depend upon it it will both be a great speech to the hearer and to the reader. Now, Fox's style partook more of the former than of the latter qualities. He was more a debater than an orator, while Burke was an orator all over. Fox gave to his hearers the most splendid specimens of impassioned logic which ever rung through the halls of St. Stephen's; while Burke's declamations were so full of wisdom, of intellect, of knowledge, of imagery, of wit, that his hearers were overpowered by the luxurious prodigality poured at their feet. As one consequence of this, Fox was, take him altogether, more popular as a debater than ever Burke was. In any audience, more than three fourths may fairly be counted on as possessing only the ordinary amount of ability, to which Fox's powers allied him much more closely than Burke's. Burke possessed more of the constitutional wisdom of the seer than of the rhetoric of the declaimer; while Fox, again, though he possessed real eloquence, was much more limited in the range and intensity of his ideas. Fox possessed logic and passion in abundance, but wanted imagination; while Burke had all the three in their fullness. Burke's eyes were made to see hardly any thing but original ideas; while Fox stole as openly from his great friend as if the matter had been arranged by previous concert. Fox's celebrated maxim, that "what was morally wrong could never be politically right," was constructed from the teachings of Burke; and in countless ways, which Fox's generosity rendered him only the first to recognize, Burke disciplined his mind like a schoolmaster. In 1790, Fox stated in the House of Commons, that "if he were to put all the political information which he had learned from books, all which he had gained from science, and all which any knowledge of the world and its affairs had taught him, into one scale, and the improvement which he had derived from his right honorable friend's instruction and conversation were placed in the other, he should be at a loss to decide to which to give the preference." (*Par. Hist.* vol. xxviii. p. 363.) It was only the other day that there appeared the first installment of a grave, and, on the whole, meritorious work, in which Burke, as an orator,* is ranked beneath the two Pitts and after Fox. If the writer of this book means to place Burke in the fourth rank of those speakers, who were fully appreciated by an admiring audience, one can find little to object to; for the great Irishman, by the very prodigality of his powers, quite outran often the ordinary faculties of his hearers. But if, on the other hand, it is meant to depreciate that wonderful genius that rendered him not only the foremost speaker in the British Parliament, but, unless we are very greatly mistaken, the foremost speaker in the whole world, we can only say that we are sorry to know it, and shall continue to pray that Pallas may descend and "give light to men." Neither is Burke's love of imagery and illustration at all excessive, as this writer supposes. We simply hope, as the most charitable way of accounting for his apparent ignorance, that Mr. May has never read Burke patiently through. Indeed, we hardly know any orator of reputation who is so chary in his use of imagery as Edmund Burke. When he does strike out a figure, he often beats it so thin, and lavishes all his wonderful powers of language in adorning it, that it partly loses the effect of carrying forward the argument, which every good illustration should possess. But this occurs but rarely—not more than once or twice in the course of an oration.

It is, besides, a distinguishing feature of Burke's orations, that they are nearly as far beyond ordinary printed prose, as they must have appeared to the hearers of them above ordinary spoken discourses. While we can not sympathize with Mr. May in applying the term "dissertation"

* See *The Constitutional History of England* from 1760 to 1860. Vol. I. pp. 481, etc. By Erskine May. 1861.

to Burke's eloquent speeches, they possess nevertheless much more of the printed disquisition than of the merely rhetorical harangue. They want the closely knit reasoning, the severe diction, the condensed illustration, the restrained language peculiar to a dissertation; and they possess the loosely flowing argument, the easy figure, the disengaged style, the burning passion, the polished and prompt wit, peculiar to a spoken discourse. That which distinguishes them above all other printed orations, and which lends to them, we should say, nearly all their power, is the intense sensibility in which they seem to have been conceived. By all accounts, Burke's face was not particularly expressive; it was much less so than Fox's: yet he contrived to surpass Fox in the earnestness and intensity with which he formed his ideas, before they had, so to speak, taken the distinct and expressive form of words.

No one was more familiar than Burke with that Dantean pool where the passions breed, and which every man must visit who would move the affections of others. That dark tarn, with steep and naked sides, rising sheer to heaven, over which these stern sisters, in their wild turmoil, sweep, was as familiar to Burke's eye as any bend of the muddy Thames. Every fragment that he spoke was dipped most cunningly in the waters of this somber lake. Every paragraph, sentence, clause, word, and syllable, was saturated in this transforming bath. This is the true secret, we take it, of the singular power which his speeches still exercise over his readers.

Burke never strains after fervor. Every thing seems to come naturally, as the sunshine after the shower. The exquisite art displayed in the approaches to situations of deep interest or of overmastering power, is as finely natural as are the successive breeze, gale, and storm, which herald a hurricane. All this lavish expenditure of passion is but as the pent-up steam within a ship. It moves her forward by its power, to confront and to defeat its twin elements, the air and the water. So it is with Burke's speeches. Passion exists simply to confirm and to ratify his arguments; never, or very rarely, to dazzle the eyes with wanton coruscations. It moves the speech forward, but only according to rule; it seldom breaks out into ungovernable lawlessness. He was an engineer of almost perfect knowledge, and he guided his ship with a pilot's skill.

Burke was always greatly too much in earnest, both from the violence of his emotions and from his intense moral fervor, ever to be a rhetorician in any strict sense. He was, perhaps, the most eloquent man of whom we have any record, but he was not properly a rhetorician.*

There is a pretty general impression abroad among men, that Burke conveyed his thoughts in an ornate, flowery style. No idea of his writings or speeches can be wider of the truth than this. Burning emotion abounds every where in his orations and in his more studied discourses, but there is nothing like the florid pomp of words which offends the taste in minor rhetoricians. The astonishing thing is, that the passion is so great, and that the imagery is so small; for, in men of genius, passion and imagery are nearly always in direct proportion. The passions, like the hounds of Actæon, keep always in full cry of the imagination; but there is no Melanchætes so crafty as to make it his prey. Nothing but the extraordinary solidity of an extraordinary judgment could have kept that wild faculty so completely in check as Burke did his imagination. His style is often simple, and even chaste, but always intensely forcible. Sometimes it is fanciful, but seldom elaborately so, particularly in his better days; and in rare cases wildly and even recklessly imaginative. Sometimes he loses, for a time, the command of his powers; one is then lost in the bewildering Alhambra of splendors

* The term *Rhetoric* is used in a twofold way, by a twofold class of persons. It is employed in a *critical* and in a *popular* sense. 1. In its critical signification it is used by all who have written on it, from Aristotle downward, including Quinctilian, the gentlemen of Port-Royal, Dr. Campbell, and Archbishop Whately, as the *art of persuasion*. But here they differ among themselves as to details. Dr. Campbell maintains that there can be no persuasion without an *appeal to the passions;* and Archbishop Whately, again, urges that *conviction of the understanding* must form an essential part of persuasion. The sense in which the word is employed here, is, to denote that voluntary exaltation or derogation of some peculiar aspect of a question in which belief or disbelief is desired to be produced in the minds of the hearers. Thus Rhetoric deals entirely with opinion or probable matter, and with probable matter of a peculiar kind. 2. The word is used popularly, either to denote a showy ornamental discourse, or one filled with rank sophistry.

into which he has been inveigled. The thread of the argument is lost; the connecting link is amissing; the center of the sphere is forfeited, and few have the cunning to discover it. Yet, again, he returns to it, but with no advantage gained by his mighty illustration; the reasoning has got cold meanwhile, and it will take the arm of a Thor again to hammer it hot. This was really the way, we believe, that Burke lost so many of his hearers, and, of course, also of his hearty admirers. It was not in the tangled meshes of any syllogism; it was not in the intricacies of any deduction, that his panting auditors broke down; for no man sends home a bit of reasoning with more genuine simplicity and force than Burke. It was rather among his labored figures, few as they in reality were, where the imagination of the man, like a wild steed unaccustomed to freedom, as those dapple gray coursers of the dawn, that, in old Marston's play,

> "Beat up the light with their bright silver hoofs,
> And chase it through the sky,"

that he broke entirely away from all human control.

His taste, besides, can not always be defended. His celebrated picture of Lord North will occur to every intelligent reader—"extending his right leg a full yard before his left, rolling his flaming eyes, and moving his ponderous frame;" and his comparing of North's ministry to a party of courtesans. If Burke had possessed less passion and imagination, we think there can be little doubt that he would have gained a name as a philosopher. We have really little on which to judge off-hand of his purely speculative capacity. Except his treatise on the *Sublime and Beautiful*, where the writing is admirable, but the thinking rather lame, we have nothing to which we can appeal in a ready way to settle his claims as a philosopher. The only word that we can offer as an apology to speculators for the immaturities of thought that are substituted for sound philosophy in the above treatise, is the possibility of its having been a favorite theory of his college days—the hot season, as we all know, of hot theories, and of much else, which he had taken up before he had got entirely away from the keen-sighted but crude views of his youth, and which he had endeavored to elaborate at a period when style (Bolingbroke's and others) held much greater sway over him than thought did. This view is confirmed likewise by the report of his having renounced the theory before it had well got before the public. There is obviously no use pointing, as his biographer does triumphantly, to his published speeches for a refutation of those who choose merely to estimate him as a splendid rhetorician. In these very speeches Burke is never done decrying "general maxims," "abstruse points," and "metaphysical subtleties;" and unless we suppose him artfully trying to stave off a popular impression regarding himself, we must admit at once that these orations form no just criterion on which this important question can be settled.

Aphorisms, no doubt, toss perpetually to the surface of his orations, as foam-bells adorn a stream; but is not this one of his happy knacks of insinuating his constitutional wisdom into his speeches, so as not to make them heavy or dull? There is nothing that a popular assembly love more than apothegms: they are like gold coins—they enrich the possessor while they do not burden him. Those "short sentences drawn from long experience," as Cervantes called them, have always been admired by the world, even though sometimes they have not been fully understood by it. In general, however, they are eminently simple in their form, and so far as the language is concerned, easy of apprehension. Bacon, Burke, and Goethe constructed more adages than all their cotemporaries. The first was a philosopher, the last was a poet; and we have not yet ascertained what Burke was, unless we make him a mixture of both. These adages were sometimes imperfectly expressed, no doubt, in Burke's speeches; but, nevertheless, the pith and marrow of the apothegms were there.

Burke's style of constructing a speech is somewhat peculiar, and highly artistic. His usual way is to gather up the contents of what he is going to say into a series of aphoristic forms, and afterward hammer them out into the gorgeous details, which he knew so well how to handle. Besides, there is an outer and an undercurrent both of thought and lan-

gnage observable in this process. In general, the adage is resolved into its constituent elements by a keen process of analytic thought, while it is delivered with ceaseless passion, and often over all there hangs the fine imaginative nimbus of genius; so that to a listener, unless he were possessed of more than the ordinary sagacity, the outer surface of the oration would alone strike his attention, and the undercurrent of energetic reasoning might pretty much escape him, but he would receive the full contents of their combined force in proportion to his natural ability. Unlike those thriftless though impressive speakers, who trust merely to chance for what they are to say, nothing, apparently, was with Burke adventitious, except perhaps some of his oriental illustrations. The greater portion of his speeches were constructed, whether consciously or unconsciously, on the principle which we have just described, and it was one of great philosophic sagacity, and of eminent practical effectiveness. It was that art which conceals art, which no one but a man of genius can ever adequately handle. Bacon, besides, indulged much more in philosophical aphorisms than Burke did; but Burke had little or no opportunity as a politician of forming any thing else than practical maxims.* They are nearly all of this class, and display an extraordinary power of generalizing. It argues that he must have watched men and manners with the same sleepless eye for which the philosopher is distinguished. Men generally designate such a power of forming practical aphorisms by the name of wisdom; yet it is much more intimately associated with the fundamental elements, at least, on which the highest philosophy is based. In truth, the eye of wisdom and the eye of philosophy bear a striking resemblance to each other; but it is this power of sagaciously noting the differences and the resemblances — the *differentia*, in short—of affairs, and of leisurely binding them together, which begins and ends the process of abstraction. And it is this, we take it, more perhaps than in certain other striking coincidences of Bacon's life and his, that discloses to us the kind of mind which Burke possessed. Here we have him actually engaged, only in a different way, in the identical process of induction which the great English philosopher expounded so well; and it is all the more interesting that it is unconscious, struck out, as many of these adages were, on the heat of the moment. Can one doubt that Burke, who spoke these wise sayings that are sown up and down throughout his speeches, had he possessed less passion, would have been a philosopher with a fame, perchance, near to Bacon's? It was passion that urged him into Parliament, and it was the same stern mistress that at last closed his eyes. To her, likewise, he must attribute any falling away of which the speculative part of the world accused him, as, indeed, by the same austere dame his whole life was in a manner colored.

Yet Burke did not sell himself to passion; on the contrary, he kept the reins close on it, guided always by the sense of rectitude which rules the world. This is, out of sight, the most striking feature in Burke's political character. While other men are content with propriety, decency, respectability, fitness, as the bases of their political views, Burke is never content until he has landed the question, whether rightly or wrongly, in the arms of virtue or of vice. Thus his political philosophy was something very like a moral philosophy. There is one aspect of his moral and intellectual being which would charm the heart of Mr. Carlyle. It is the entire harmony or apparent unity of action between his understanding and his moral sense; so entire, indeed, that one would be half persuaded to adopt Mr. Carlyle's paradoxical theory, that the two faculties are essentially one in all men, did one not recollect the number of Apolloniuses, Cagliostros, and Barnums there are in the world. Speaking to Dr.

*A few of those wise sayings for which we have given Burke credit are here subjoined. They are taken at random from his writings: "Difficulty is good for man." "A brave people prefers liberty, accompanied with a virtuous poverty, to a depraved and wealthy servitude." "Vice loses half its evil by losing all its grossness"—a saying which has since often afforded the moralist a text. After the horrors of the French Revolution, Burke said, with truth, "The age of chivalry is gone"—a sentence which has been very pregnant of remark for politician and man of letters since his day, and which no one has handled to better purpose than Mr. Carlyle. "Geography, though an earthly subject, is a heavenly study." "It is the nature of all greatness not to be exact." "Like all great public collections of men, they possess a marked love of virtue, and an abhorrence of vice." "Those who are bountiful to crimes will be rigid to merit, and penurious to service." And so on.

Markham, on one occasion early in his career as a statesman, regarding this manner of judging public events and public men, he said: "I neither now do, nor ever will, admit of any other." And he kept his word. In those orations of which some account has been given, it is always the morally wrong that he denounces with his most scathing eloquence, always the morally right that he contemplates with the most peculiar satisfaction. It was on this principle that he judged the conduct of the English government during the American war, the cruelty of Warren Hastings to the Rohillas and the Begums of Oude, and the atrocities of the French revolutionists. His work denunciatory of the French Revolution, was answered by Camille Desmoulins, by Anacharsis Clootz, by Tom Paine, and by Sir James Mackintosh; but, with every allowance for the violence with which his burning sensibility carried away his better judgment, so deeply were the principles on which it was written drenched with the moral nature of the man, that Burke must remain forever, in all the great essentials of the case, unanswerable, even by right honorable dissertators on ethical philosophy. If a man will only be sure he has got truth on his side, he may face an enraged world with a calm front, in the sure reliance that as soon as mankind *can* know better they will, and the time will come when they will write the very name high in their Temple of Fame that they now decry with such a fiendish delight. So true is the old Greek proverb, The mill of the gods grinds late, but it grinds fine.

There is one line in that exquisite sarcastic poem of Goldsmith's, the *Retaliation*, in which, in a humorous, bantering way, he describes the character of his great friend Burke, which has always struck us as particularly true, and even happy. No doubt, Mr. Macknight is assiduous in his endeavors to persuade his readers that this poem possesses no real truth; but as we know that he is a hero-worshiper, that circumstance need give us no trouble. While admitting that sarcasm, by its very nature, tries rather to conceal than to communicate the real state of the case, we nevertheless are of opinion that Goldsmith, in his line,

"And to party gave up what was meant for mankind,"

described Burke's character in one important point, more accurately than his latest biographer has done. It may have been unconsciously, but no one with eyes can help seeing that Burke more than once adhered to the policy of his party more from an associative feeling, than from any determination to proclaim the truth by his political conduct. In saying this, after all, we are merely recognizing his proper humanity: no statesman or politician could be more free from all sorts of party charges.

That in private and domestic life he appeared nearly as great as in public, need in no way astonish us. His conversational gifts are admitted, on all hands, to have been remarkable. No doubt, this was the secret of the early attachment of the accomplished Mrs. Montague and of the blundering Mrs. Vesey; as it was certainly, in the days of his celebrity, of Hannah More and of fickle Miss Burney. Goldsmith, who knew nothing of the spontaneous power of conversation himself, could nevertheless apply himself reflectively to the contemplation of it, remarked of Burke's power of talking on one occasion, when the merits of Johnson and himself were being canvassed, "Burke," said he, "winds into a subject like a serpent." But the foremost testimony we have is that of Dr. Johnson, who, although by no means what is called an elegant talker, possessed, nevertheless, an unrivaled power of enchaining the attention by his emphatic eulogiums or denunciations. Burke could only "ring the bell" to him. "Burke's talk," said Johnson, is the ebullition of his mind; he does not talk from a desire of distinction, but because his mind is full." Again: "That fellow calls forth all my powers. . . . . Were I to see Burke now, it would kill me." "Burke," said he on another occasion, "is the only man whose common conversation corresponds with the general fame which he has in the world. Take up whatever topic you please, he is ready to meet you." Often did he repeat, that "no man of sense could meet Mr. Burke by accident under a gateway to avoid a shower, without being convinced that he was the first man in England."

Burke's modesty was nearly as noticeable as his great powers of conversation; and women, who are much quicker-witted than men in detecting any little foible in character, bore ample testimony to the fact.

Mrs. Montague, Madame du Deffand, and many others, bore witness to his humility; yet we can not but think, that the spirit of self-depreciation in which he was accustomed to indulge in the House of Commons, had in it somewhat of affectation.

All who knew Burke must have been aware that benevolence was with him almost a passion. The feeling was kept in pretty strict regulation by the influence of a discerning judgment; it was not allowed to bubble over on the appearance of every object of visible destitution, as in the case of his countryman, Goldsmith. But no man could exceed Burke in sympathy for the really distressed.

The following stories of a hero, a painter, and a poet, serve to put this in a clear light. And first of the hero. One afternoon, while Burke was yet an unknown man, chancing to stroll in St. James's Park with a Mr. Bodly, a lawyer who had been in Calcutta, there came up to Burke (not to Bodly) a timid-looking little fellow, with keen eyes; and after making his humble submission to the two gentlemen, he told Burke that he wished to inquire of Mr. Bodly, whom he had seen in Calcutta, and who was Burke's companion at the time, of his own father's welfare. Having done so, Emin entertained the two gentlemen on their way down the Strand, with a sketch of his life. He was an Armenian of good family, who, with his father, had been compelled to take refuge in Calcutta from the storms of persecution which raged among his native mountains. Here for the first time, he witnessed the effects of European civilization. Perceiving with the glance of something very like genius, that England was born for empire, he was seized with an irresistible desire to visit that distant country, the mother of the arts, of peace, and of war. This little brown Asiatic, of eighteen, worked his way to England, and his heart bounded as his feet touched English soil on the stairs of Wapping. Now he was a menial servant, anon he was a bricklayer, then he became a porter, and again he was a copying clerk. Still he hungered for knowledge. His father sent him sixty pounds, on condition that he would return to Calcutta; but the boy said he had yet much to learn, and sent this sixty pounds back to India! Had any thing like this youth's heroism and devotion in pursuit of a noble cause yet met Burke's ears out of the pages of romance? By the time the narrative had reached this point, Bodly the lawyer had gone, and the two sat in Burke's humble rooms, in the neighborhood of the Temple. Burke took out half a guinea, and said: "Upon my honor, this is all I have at present; please accept it." But he had to do with as noble a spirit as his own. Showing Burke in return three guineas and a half, Emin remarked: "I am worth this much: it will not be honest to accept of that!" The Armenian subsequently learned the art of war, distinguished himself in eighteen skirmishes on the Continent, and was the first man to fire the French ships near St. Malo. He afterward returned to his native hills; but the ignorance, jealousy, and selfishness of the Armenians dashed his sanguine spirit, and he settled down at Calcutta a sadder, and it may be also a wiser man. Emin's Autobiography, which is very rare, possibly because "the age of chivalry is gone," may be seen as it was revised by Sir William Jones, London, 1792.

The story of the painter is soon told. Burke rescued James Barry literally from the forecastle of a Dublin merchantman. He brought him to England, sent him to Italy, where his own narrow income helped to support him, wrote him fatherly letters when abroad, established him in London; and after all this, the impracticable temper of Barry made him quarrel with his best friend. The painter's selfish ingratitude is a standing reproach: surpassed only by that of Goneril and Regan in King Lear.

Nor is the tale of the poet longer in the telling. George Crabbe, an apothecary's assistant from the fishing hovels of Aldborough, came up to London with the roar of the German Ocean in his ear, and the sounds of a higher music making melody in his heart. He wrote to Lord North, he supplicated Thurlow, he praised Shelburne in verse, but all in vain. Starvation stared him in the face. He wrote to Burke, who pronounced him "a true poet." From that day henceforth his fortune was made. He afterward became the Reverend George Crabbe, who is known in all our households as a true if not an elevated poet; as one in whom homely pathos atones for the want of ideal excellence. If any of

the descendants of Joseph Emin, of James Barry, or of George Crabbe hold the memory of Burke next their heart, is there any man so rude as to tear that amulet away?

On one occasion, in a street of Loughrea, in Ireland, he found a group of ragged urchins intent on seeing a show. Some friends, coming up and proposing to share the cost—"No, no," he said, "this pleasure must be all my own, for I shall probably never again have the opportunity of making so many human beings happy at so small a cost." "Always preserve a habit of giving," were his instructions to his son Richard, then residing in France, "(but still with discretion,) however little, as a habit not to be lost." These anecdotes, gleaned from a field where they lie thickly strewn, may serve, in some faint way, to afford an idea of the benevolence of that great heart, with whom kindness was not merely an instinct; it was based likewise on the deepest conscientious convictions of his mind.

The studies of Burke were almost as various as the objects with which he came into daily contact. He knew politics far better than other men, both historically and speculatively; and the width of that vast field from which he lit up his peculiar subject, was only limited by the extent of his own ardent imagination. His profound knowledge of jurisprudence has gained the applause of eminent lawyers; and Reynolds "deemed Burke the best judge of pictures he had ever known." He had paid great attention to the history and the filiation of languages; and when Adam Smith came to London, he found to his amazement, that Burke was familiar with deductions which had cost the professor half his lifetime to elaborate. But when Burke began to study a subject, so intense a hold did his imagination take of its phenomena, that henceforward they were like real things, which he could handle and use. It mattered not what aspect of a subject presented itself, by the aid of that "fine madness," of which old Drayton speaks, he was at once able to seize upon it and turn it up to the light of his own exquisite understanding. His memory, beside, which he ceaselessly cultivated, was prodigious, and could only be matched by his other wonderful powers.

There is another curious and highly important feature in Burke's intellectual character which can not be too much insisted on: the essential unity or harmony of all its great operations. From the preface to his earliest work until the last word he wrote, there is a thread of gold by no means impalpably pervading his writings. It is that complete renunciation of what may be called the metaphysics of politics. He professes entire ignorance of how possible kingdoms ought to be governed; what he wants to know is the circumstances and present condition of the kingdom he lives in. Tell him that, and he will suggest a few reforms. Is not this the old principle of "political expediency," for which some of us have hardly done praising Peel, and for which a few of us have hardly done blaming him? Have not all our statesmen of any note, literally lived upon Burke, whether they would acknowledge it or no? His works are like a perennial fountain, at which a man may gain refreshment to-day and forever. Like all men of genius, he was far in advance of his age; and we have not yet nearly exhausted the great mine of constitutional and political wisdom which is stored up in his works.

From the Temple Bar Magazine.

ANCIENT FORESTS AND MODERN FUEL.

Any one traveling a few hundred miles through England, on one of our great lines of railway north or west of London, can hardly fail to be reminded of the magnitude and importance of the coal interests, some part or other of which he must traverse. Somersetshire, South-Wales, Warwickshire, Staffordshire, Lancashire, Yorkshire, Durham, and Northumberland exhibit portions of a vast chain of mineral fuel, of which the underground links reach from the fertile valleys of the west to the storm-beaten shores of the north-east of England; and if the journey is farther extended, Scotland will be found to comprise a second and outer line, equally manifest, and in its way not less valuable.

Through this wide extent of British lands it is true that coal is very rarely seen at the surface, except when brought there by the active industry of man. From various depths—varying from a few yards to a third of a mile—up pits and shafts, sometimes simple enough in their structure, sometimes exceedingly elaborate and costly, but almost always by the aid of steam-power, the coal is brought to the surface, and when there is soon distributed and conveyed to its destination. The thousands of men and boys, the numerous horses employed, and much of the machinery, all these are out of sight, and we see only the result. Our eyes are perhaps offended with the interruption and injury to fine scenery by the unpicturesque surface-works and heaps, or we are annoyed by the smoke vomited forth from the chimneys of the numerous steam-engines, and we throw ourselves back in the railway-carriage, indifferent and wearied, caring nothing and thinking nothing of those vast mines of wealth we are passing over, compared with which the gold of California and Australia, and the diamonds of Golconda, may be regarded as unimportant.

Or should we pause and endeavor to make ourselves familiar with coal as it exists in the earth, and compare its appearance there with its aspect on our fires or in our cellars, the effort, which is often one involving no trifling amount of fatigue to those not accustomed to underground traveling, might result in a notion more confused than useful; and if we had previously any book-knowledge of the subject, we should perhaps come away with the conviction, that written and published descriptions of such matters were far more interesting than the reality.

A visit to a coal-mine is not, however, without value, especially to any one who has some little idea of mining operations. The descent through hot air, foggy with floating particles of coal, the darkness and gloom but very imperfectly revealed by candles or lamps, the crowd of trucks, horses, and men at the bottom, and the incessant clanking of the machinery, all these prepare the visitor for his work. Once landed below, he is led past vast furnaces, burning day and night to create a draft of air, on which the very life of all those employed underground depends; he is told that air close to him, passing into the chimney a little above his head, over these fires, is highly explosive, so that a single spark would involve destruction; he is introduced first through broad, and then into narrower paths, where the roof has once come down or the floor has been squeezed up; he sees men working with difficulty, picking a deep groove in a black wall; he hears, when away from the work that is going on, a dull, singing noise of gas, always oozing through the coal; at one place he is shown where tons of roof have recently come down; at another, cracks whence hogsheads of fiery gas are issuing with rapidity, poisoning and rendering dangerous all the air of the mine; he is taken along miles of a vast black tunnel cut through the mineral—the way is to him a perfect labyrinth, though really designed and executed on an admirable system; and at last he is brought

somehow or other to a pit-bottom, whence he is lifted, greatly to his satisfaction, to the outer world; and finally, he makes his way to a warm bath, and endeavors to remove as far as possible the marks of his visit from his skin and lungs.

We have said that the impression made on an intelligent person by such a visit is not without some good result. He learns at least to estimate the nature and extent of the deposit; he sees some of the peculiarities connected with its position in the earth; he feels some of the difficulties, and recognizes some of the dangers, of underground engineering, and he wonders that men can be found who, for moderate wages, will undertake mining as a regular employment, and give up so much of the satisfaction that all human beings must have in seeing the light of day and breathing the fresh air.

But in looking at the black mineral cut through with a pick or blasted with gunpowder underground, it may occur to him to look back to the period when this material was first formed or deposited, and consider the circumstances under which it became coal.

The floor of the coal—in other words, the earth on which we tread in a coal-mine—is generally a bed of bluish clay; and if a specimen of this clay is brought up and examined, it will generally be found loaded with innumerable black stringy markings, crossing each other in every direction. These were once the rootlets of plants that either grew in this clay as a vegetable soil, or were matted up with it into a tough mass before the plants had decayed. Overhead there is generally sandstone; and on the roof, where the sandstone and coal were once in contact, we may often see long flat markings, the stems of ancient trees that had not entirely decayed when the sands buried the whole mass. Thus the coal lies upon a clay on which plants grew, and is covered with a material that contains innumerable marks of similar vegetation. Whatever the thickness of the coal in the regular coal-deposits in England, these conditions of the rocks above and below are singularly uniform. In France, especially in the small coal-districts in the west and south, such is not the case, but the coal is there generally of different quality, and has been accumulated in a different way.

The first thing that is learnt on examining coal-deposits in England is, that they are generally pretty uniform in character and thickness over several square miles of country. In some countries, especially in the Northern States of America near the Ohio, where the extent of coal is enormously greater than in England, this regularity is far more striking than with us, but it is always observable. Beds of coal vary much in thickness, but each retains its own thickness or nearly so, and they are found lying over one another in a long series. Many are thick enough to be worth working, and each of these is known by some local name; others are only just thick enough to be recognized as coal, forming a thin black ribbon among the rocks; but all are generally so circumstanced with reference to the clay below and sand above, as to be easily known to those accustomed to look for them. The clay below with its rootlets, (the *under-clay*,) and the sandstone or other rock above, with leaves, twigs, and trunks of trees, these are almost invariable.

It is impossible not to conclude from all the circumstances connected with coal-deposits, that this mineral is the remains of an ancient vegetation, growing on or near the place where we now find it. Even the coal itself, black and opaque as it seems, yields under the searching power of the microscope some evidence as to its origin. When ground down to the thinnest possible slice, and carefully examined under a high power, traces are seen here and there of spiral vessels, such as belong to woody fiber, and of some other marks proving a complicated vegetable structure. Fruits, such as nuts of strange forms, and even delicate flowers have been detected. Examples of each of the two principal divisions of vegetable structure have been identified from the mode of growth. Insects and other animals have been found; and proof exists in abundance that coal was formed near land, if not actually grown on the soil with which it is now buried.

It is worth while to look back into nature's history, and endeavor to read a chapter of the stone-book in reference to this subject. There is a good deal written, and the illustrations are ample.

From a pile of rubbish near the shaft of a coal-mine it would be difficult to take up a dozen specimens of that peculiar hardened blue clay called *shale*, that is so abundant in such places, without finding

in them impressions of leaves; and a very little examination and comparison would suffice to enable any one accustomed to plants to refer these to some kind of fern. Why these should be so invariably fern-leaves, instead of leaves of the forest-trees, which one might have expected to form at least some part of the deposit, is perhaps the first question that would suggest itself to any one who was accustomed to find in the earth remains of a former world.

A more thorough examination, and a visit to local museums where such things are collected, arranged, and exhibited, would, however, show that, though not entirely absent, leaf-fragments of other plants than ferns are so exceedingly rare, that they may practically be disregarded in considering the important contributories to coal.

Either of two causes may have brought about this result. The other plants may have been absent altogether, or they may have been less easily preserved when buried, perhaps under water, in the conditions favorable for making coal out of wood. Experiment has shown that, in fact, the leaves of our forest-trees do decay much more rapidly than fern-leaves, and thus there may have been large accumulations of them that have disappeared or gone to make coal; but the vast multitude of ferns seems of itself to show that these were really predominant, and a further study of the trunks of the trees points to the same conclusion.

Remains of the trunks of trees are sometimes very numerous and very large in the sandstones near coal, and fine specimens have also been found in the shales, or clayey beds, especially when these, instead of the sandstones, rest upon the coal for ming aroof. In fact, it would seem, generally, that the greater number of recognizable fossil plants occur in this position, heaped, as it were, on the top of the vegetable mass that has been converted into mineral fuel.

Let us now endeavor to reproduce an ancient forest, such as existed in and near our island at the time when the coal was in preparation; and, as far as the materials will justify, let us also people this forest with animal life.

Such a forest certainly abounded with lofty plants of ferns, like those we now call tree-ferns, and to such an extent that in many places it probably contained little else. As, however, in Norfolk Island and other parts of the Antipodes, where such vegetation now prevails, the outskirts of the thick forests may have exhibited a considerable admixture of other trees, and here and there groups where the ferns were absent. Pines of large dimensions were certainly among these occasional trees.

Let us look a little more closely at the trees which seem to have been the chief agents in supplying material for coal. There are many portions of large trunks, many markings of the bark, many casts of the interior, and not a few fragments, which show the texture of the wood, the springing of the branches, and the attachment of the roots. Occasionally the structure of the wood can be examined under the microscope; but this is a rare exception, for the stone is generally not in a state to admit of this minute examination.

There are three kinds of trees, exceedingly unlike one another, that appear to have combined to form a very large proportion of the actual coal. Each of these may have been represented by a great variety of species; but as, on the whole, it is the habit of plants when they grow freely and abundantly to exclude strangers, so there may have been then but little admixture in the depths of the forest. We can, in a general way, understand the appearance and nature of these three kinds of ancient forest-trees.

Crowds of lofty trunks, not scaled like pines, but fluted like the columns of a temple, rise before us in large groups, each trunk terminating in a magnificent crest of fronds, some drooping over the trunk, some curling in curious contortions toward the light. Whether of the dark green of some of our ferns, or of the bright metallic tint of others, these ferns, forming the capitals of natural columns, must have presented a strange appearance. Thickly grouped, they must almost have excluded light from the ground: and thus there was perhaps only a small amount of other vegetation, except where an opening occurred. Rapid growth and equally rapid decay, in a very moist atmosphere, and under a clouded sky, would accumulate a vast amount of vegetable matter in such forests in a short time, and it would be left to the insects to destroy the fallen wood. Should it happen that the land was swampy, and insects were not abundant, the trees might have accu-

mulated, to form a thick mass of half-rotten matter.

The trunks of these trees would not seem to have been very solid, or at least the interior was liable to decay more rapidly than the bark. Flattened stems, that have belonged to trees three or four feet in diameter, and from forty to fifty feet high, are not uncommon. Others have been found larger, and some that have perhaps been double the hight mentioned. At regular intervals the channeled stem is deeply marked by curious scars—the places whence leaves or fronds have formed and grown, and been afterward cast off; within the thick bark there was woody tissue, growing, like that of ferns, by additions above, and not around. Thus the young fern shoots up, and becomes a tree by degrees, and may even assume the proportions of a lofty tree; but all this time it does not enlarge its bulk, and is rarely branched. Trees of this kind continue to grow in hight as long as they live, and soon break off near the root when once dead.

Those parts of the singular tree we are now considering that were buried in the earth are not at all less remarkable than the trunk. Large circular roots pass off in every direction from the base of the trunk, like the spokes of a wheel. Each main root has its offsets of smaller size, and each one of these its leaf-like long rootlets spreading in every direction, and producing that complicated mass of tendrils found in the beds of blue clay that serve as floor to the coal. Thus this tree, instead of seeking food from the air by a complicated apparatus of branches, twigs, and true leaves, obtained what nourishment it required from the earth, and passed this food by circulation through the lofty vertical trunk to the fronds at the top. The roots and rootlets often remain in the clay. They seem to have been little changed even when the trunk and fronds were converted into coal, and they have lost all traces of their form as well as texture.

Such would seem to have been the condition of one of the principal trees of the coal period. How long it continued, how often it was repeated in its essential peculiarities by local varieties, why these particular trees rather than others were so frequently accumulated in thick masses on the ground, we can not tell. These speculations we must leave for the present.

Another very different kind of tree demands our attention. Lofty, and having the proportions of pines and firs, such trees shoot up into the clouds on a mountain-side, and yet present all the peculiarities of leaf-vegetation of the club-mosses. New-Zealand and other moist insular climates present us with club-mosses, like dwarf-trees, a few inches high; the coal seems to show us these magnified into forest vegetation. There are great trunks, twenty to fifty feet high, branching and forking in the manner peculiar to the club-mosses; but the trunks are scarred, like pines; the stem is like that of a fern, and grows by additions to the extremity; the leaves, or whatever they may be called—delicate feathery filaments, pointed at the end—shoot out from the stem, (there are no twigs;) the fruit grows at the extremity of the branches, and resembles the very long cone of a fir. Trees such as these are not rare; but they do not seem to have been so numerous as the other kind we have attempted to describe. Their remains are found nearly in the same localities.

A third singular form of vegetation is before us—a gigantic reed, made up, like a bamboo, of numerous joints, hollow and cylindrical, now only to be seen crushed and flattened, and often only known by the markings it has left on the stone. This tree was perhaps limited to swampy places; but it was certainly exceedingly common. It is met with wherever coal is found, and the varieties of detail are very great. Some naturalists have thought that it resembled those marsh-plants called mare's-tail, (*Equisetum*,) so common in our own country. Some have referred to it as a variety of plants with true woody structure, the stem increasing by an annual thickening of the wood under the bark. Leaves seem to have preceded in a fringe-like form from each joint, and branches were given off at intervals. Nothing is known of the fruit. These trees were sometimes thirty or forty feet in hight, and two or three in diameter. The trunk was deeply fluted, and at each joint there was a flat plate or diaphragm crossing the stem.

Numerous varieties of tree-ferns, such as still abound in the Southern hemi-

sphere, very tall coniferous trees, like the great *Araucaria* of Norfolk Island, several palm-trees bearing fruit not very different from some form of dates — these and a multitude of other plants have been found buried with the sands and mud that have in course of time made up the rocks we now call coal-measures. These, then, with the nondescripts we have endeavored to picture, formed the vegetation of north temperate land during the coal period.

With these plants the remains of a few insects have been found, including among them a scorpion. There were also a number of small lizards. Little else is known of the inhabitants of the land at this distant period. There may have been many whose remains were not preserved. There may also have been many whose remains are safely buried, but have not yet been turned up. Judging from the number and variety of additions within the last few years, since attention was directed to the subject, the last hypothesis is probable enough.

How have these ancient forests been converted into coal, available for fuel? How have they been buried under such thick masses of stone and clay? How have they been broken up into compartments, and tilted at high angles, as they are found to be in our coal-mines? And, lastly, how have they been brought into their present accessible position? These are questions of great interest, not very easily answered without some knowledge of the general history of the earth in respect to other rocks. Let us consider each in its turn.

The essential difference between wood and coal consists in the replacement of the water always found in fresh vegetation by gases never found there in a free state. It is almost impossible, perhaps quite impossible, to deprive wood by artificial drying so completely of moisture that the part still left behind shall not interfere seriously with the value of the material as fuel; for, so long as any water is present, the whole of it has to be evaporated into steam before available heat is obtained, and the heat lost in this process must be deducted from the heat-giving power of the fuel. Coal contains no water; but, on the contrary, it holds a certain proportion of hydrogen combined with carbon, and some oxygen gas; but these help combustion rather than hinder it, and are useful for other purposes. There is also another difference between wood and coal, indicated by the closer texture of the latter. The cellular condition of the wood is in fact altered, and the water-contents of the cells removed or decomposed before coal is produced. This chemical change has never been produced artificially, either in the case of green wood, dried wood, the black wood obtained from fens and bogs or various deposits in the earth, nor with such vegetation as peat. All these still contain water; they do not contain gas, and they are not dense and compact stony substances.

Nature would seem to require a long period of time, and certain conditions of heat and pressure, to bring about the required result. The woody matter originally accumulated has been buried with clay and sand. The whole together has been sunk down into the earth, and has then been gradually covered up with newer deposits, until it has reached a depth where the temperature is high enough for the chemical change needed. For thousands and tens of thousands of years the ancient forests have been thus exposed, and at length the work is done, and coal has replaced wood, sand has become sandstone, and clay shale. Who can say how long the beds may have remained after this change, or when the movements took place that have brought the whole again to the surface?

But still the question remains, how were so many successive deposits of vegetable matter produced in so narrow a space, and only at one part of the earth's history? Perhaps, in the absence of facts bearing on the inquiry, it would be safer to leave this great difficulty without an attempt at solution. That sometimes the trees grew on the clay, where their roots still remain, and on which the coal now lies, would seem unquestionable; that in other cases the whole mass of vegetable matter had been conveyed from a distance, and had been mixed up with marine remains, is equally certain. We may easily lose ourselves in conjectures as to the best explanation, not only of the repeated depressions of the surface that admitted of a succession of deposits, but of the mere fact of the accumulation of trees without destruction. They are difficult to explain, and it is something in these cases to recognize a difficulty.

The deposits of vegetable matter with sand and mud once converted into horizontal and parallel layers of coal, stone, and shale, the mechanical uplifting could only have been caused by some great force acting from below, and upheaving with resistless power the whole mass. But in such upheaval, whether slowly or rapidly effected—whether a succession of violent earthquakes has jerked mountains into the air, or, which seems more likely, a gentle pulsation has by degrees brought up the mass at the rate of only a few inches, or at most a few feet, in a century —in any case there must have been fracture of the brittle minerals, partial upheavals, separations of beds, and liftings up of one part higher than another, tiltings up of certain strata and droppings down of others, accompanied by a washing away of loose material from the surface, especially when the elevation has brought surface-beds under the influence of the sea-waves. Thus have been produced all those results that at first seem so strange; and the reader may safely accept this as the explanation of the third and fourth queries.

We may now proceed to the consideration of another matter concerning these ancient forests, and learn, if possible, how far they could have grown in the climates in which they are now found. The great beds of coal are very widely spread, and fossil remains of plants, very nearly allied to each other, if not identical, range at no very distant intervals throughout the whole of the north temperate zone, and extend even within the Arctic circle. Similar trees appear to have inhabited the country now occupied by the European continent, the northern part of North-America, and even China and Japan. The same kind of trees occurring over this wide tract presume a similar climate every where, and some means of communication. There is no other condition of land conceivable than a vast archipelago — a countless multitude of islands of various sizes, but with no continued continent, studded over the whole area. Such an archipelago exists to some degree in the South-Atlantic ocean now, and is there accompanied by a condition of depression admitting of the growth of coral islands with extreme rapidity. Such an archipelago we may suppose, then, formerly occupied the whole northern hemisphere.

And the climate that would belong to lands so placed may be guessed at with tolerable certainty. The outlying islands near Great Britain, in spite of the great mass of continental Europe, possess climates so equable as to astonish all those who first make acquaintance with them. With an average temperature not much higher than that of London, we have here, in spite of cold northerly winds and the ice in the Atlantic, spots where snow is rarely seen and water hardly ever freezes. The vegetation of the south of Europe easily adapts itself there. The orange-tree and the arbutus ripen their fruits in the open air, and delicate flowering shrubs, elsewhere confined to the greenhouse, here adorn the garden during the whole winter.

One step farther—a change that should remove these islands from the influence of cold land-winds — would assimilate their climate very closely to that of the islands near Australia, where ferns are the prevailing vegetation, where they grow to gigantic size, and are accompanied by trees perhaps the nearest in many respects to those of the coal period. This change would be effected if, in place of the Alps and the land ranging northward toward the pole, there were a sea covered only with islands of moderate elevation.

There is really nothing, so far as present knowledge of coal-plants is concerned, which requires for their production more than that amount of warmth with moisture, and that absence from chilling cold, that belongs to islands in temperate latitudes with no adjacent large continent. The conditions in the southern hemisphere are in no way remarkably favorable in these respects, though much more so than in the northern; for the continuous ice extends actually much farther from the pole in the former than it does in the latter hemisphere, and floating ice reaches to latitudes which correspond to those of the Mediterranean islands. The extreme of equable heat is certainly not obtained in any part of the present surface of the earth, and the conditions are nowhere such as to suggest a possible limit of warmth and moisture.

On the other hand, the present land of the surface in the northern hemisphere must certainly have been submerged during the whole deposit of the great series of rocks which we now find

overlying the coal-measures. It is not only a conjecture, but a certainty that this was the case, since all these are marine deposits, and loaded with marine productions. The changes of level needed to bring the coal within reach have been amply sufficient to lift all the land of the northern hemisphere from deep water.

We are then at liberty to assume that our ancient forests may have grown on islands of various dimensions, near or identical with the present position of the deposits. These islands, if at no great distance asunder, and if connected by marine currents, might easily have a similar vegetation; they might even possess identical species. That such islands should have a rapid succession of forest-growth, and a quick accumulation of trees and vegetation in their hollows, with but few animal inhabitants, is probable; and that they should have been subjected to occasional depression is only what we find now in the southern seas. There is no reason to doubt that there would be warmth and moisture enough under such circumstances to account for a rank growth of ferns and palms, mixed with gigantic pines, and a few forest-trees such as those which we still possess.

The extent of accumulation of vegetable matter required to produce a single bed of coal of moderate thickness is, however, so great, and the number of coal-seams in a single district is so considerable, that one is lost in astonishment at the magnitude of the result. Even if the whole growth be taken, the time required to produce an acre of coal a foot thick from an acre of forest would, under any circumstances of growth, amount to many centuries, and it can not be supposed that any thing like the whole growth could be secured. Look at it as we may, the mere heaping together of the raw material for those scores of millions of tons of fuel annually consumed in England is a subject that must ever present great difficulty to understand, and the more so as we can certainly point to nothing in recent times strictly analogous.

The interval of time that separated the ancient forests from the human period, when their remains were first to be extracted from the earth as modern fuel, is not one of the least remarkable subjects for contemplation. Each step in the operation demands so much time, and has been followed by such long repose — each bed has had to be so hardened and altered, and afterward lifted and depressed, and lifted again, before other beds were placed upon it — that one is lost in the endeavor to trace the history and connection of the various movements, and read the succession, whose broken links are seen in the different intervening strata.

Perhaps there is no geological question that admits of closer discussion, none in which the evidence adduced is larger in amount, or more satisfactory in its nature, and at the same time none in which the general conclusion is more overwhelming in the vastness of all it offers for consideration, than this concerning the origin and history of mineral fuel. No one can for a moment doubt that the rocks containing coal abound with indications of plants, and that they are essentially deposits formed in the vicinity of land. No one, again, who has looked closely into the matter has ever ventured to suggest that true coal can have other than a vegetable origin. The nature of the vegetation is indeed known well from numberless examples, and the coal has been clearly derived from the trunks of the trees of which we see the leaves. But the change that has taken place to convert wood into coal has never yet been imitated in human laboratories, and its nature can only be guessed at. The vast heaps of sand lying over the coal are sometimes penetrated for many yards by some ancient tree now converted into stone, and piercing through many successive beds; and yet no one can decide absolutely whether such accumulations of sand were rapid or slow. Amongst the shales that alternate with the sandstones are numerous and valuable deposits of iron ore, whose origin is not less obscure than the conversion of wood into coal; but which certainly were not where they now are when the beds were deposited, for many of the oval nodules of rich ore are formed on some small fragment of a fern, or on a fruit of small tree as a center. All these changes seem to tend to a single great result—an accumulation of certain mineral treasures in one spot, which had been previously distributed irregularly through a large space—this being, in other words, a concentration of mineral wealth in the form most useful to man.

Thus ancient forests distributed over groups of islands in the northern hemisphere have here and there by some happy accident escaped from natural decay, and have become buried with mud and sand. The cause, whatever it may have been, that first preserved the woody and leafy matter from decay continued to act at the surface, repeating its effect on each successive deposit that came under its influence; while those heaps already completed passed downward to greater depth, perhaps by the slow collapse of some vast subterranean cavern. The climatic cause that produced the coarse and rapid vegetation did not cease for a long period, and the forests grew and were destroyed time after time, the whole after each destruction being sealed up by overlying heaps of sand and clay, till the uppermost deposit lay some thousand feet over the first. The vegetation thus buried was squeezed by the vast pressure of all this overlying mass, and afterward by the load of hundreds of fathoms of water. Other deposits succeeded; other climates prevailed; there were great changes among the inhabitants of the globe; even the trees and shrubs were altered, and the *Zamia* took the place of the tree-fern, to be in its turn succeeded by more common northern vegetation. All this time the buried forests were ripening into coal. Century after century the slow change went on: the woody fiber became lost; the cell-structure of the fiber decayed; the water, unable entirely to escape, was resolved into its elements, and these entered into new combinations —carbureted hydrogen being formed under great pressure, and remaining pent up within the minute interstices of the newly-formed mineral.

Of the millions of square miles of land on the islands of the ancient archipelago, a few thousands only are now known to cover coal. Still, buried beneath hundreds of yards of earth, and for the most part out of sight, this mineral is eagerly sought for, and its value every where recognized. North-America, both the Northern States of the Union and the British possessions, contains large deposits, very easily accessible from the interior. Great Britain has numerous deposits, far smaller, but of excellent quality, and these, as many of them are close to us, are for the most part readily obtained, though at some cost. Belgium, Northern France, and Western Germany have each small slices of the same valuable material. In Southern France and Spain, in Russia and Hungary, and in many other parts of Europe, there is also coal. In various parts of Asia, in South-Africa, in Australia, and in some of the islands adjacent, patches occur so similar in all essential points that they seem due to similar causes. In the tropics, as well as in temperate latitudes and within the Arctic circle—in the south as well as in the north—mineral fuel associated with fossil vegetation has therefore been found, and there is every where a remarkable uniformity in the conditions under which the two are present. The unused forest-trees of old times have been converted into fuel for our benefit. There are large stores of it, but these stores are not inexhaustible, nor are they capable of renovation. The modern forests once cut down will, if properly managed, become replaced within a century; but the coal once gone is gone forever, and we know of no fresh supply in course of formation.

Reactionists in Venice.—"Venice," says the *Siècle*, "appears likely to become the center of reaction this winter. The Count de Chambord, the Duchess de Berry, the ex-Dukes of Tuscany, Modena, and Parma, and the mother of Francis II., have decided on taking up their abode in that city. The ex-King and Queen of Naples, with their little circle of malcontents, are also expected. Venice will become a branch establishment of Rome, but the conspiracies simultaneously hatched in those cities can only turn to the shame and injury of their authors. They plainly prove the necessity of solving the great Italian question, and of fusing in the national unity the towns which are still separated from it."

From the Temple Bar Magazine.

STORY OF THE WINTER-LIGHT.

HEINRICH OTTERBEIN was reputed to be one of the richest men in the federal capital of Frankfort-on-the-Main. To a stranger, however, he appeared poorer than Lazarus, and more miserable than the predestinated Wandering Jew.

It was early in December in the year 185–, that Heinrich Otterbein surprised the good gossips of that famous Teutonic capital by wandering about the frosty streets late one night. The people who hung about the Platz, or trotted past the magnificent Roemer, where the portraits of the German emperors frown down upon the spectator in solemn majesty, wondered to see the gaunt tall figure of the Usurer emerge from the deep shadow of the Dom as the old clocks around were ringing out the midnight chimes.

Before, however, the chimes had ceased burdening the nipping air with their melancholy cadences, he had locked the door of his low dingy mansion behind him, and plunged into the palpable gloom that shrouded the interior, and seemed part and parcel of that old, tumble-down, leaky edifice of cross-beams and plaster.

Stealthily Heinrich Otterbein glided along the narrow corridor; stealthily he clung to the wainscoting of the corridor, creeping suspiciously onward. At length he reached a low portal. Here he felt about for a lamp, and, by dint of much reïterated exertion, struck a light. How like a guilty, conscience-stricken thing he then looked! As the feeble flicker of the wick threw vague shadows around him, he paused to listen. He pressed his ear closely against the door of his counting-house; yet all the sound he could catch was the footfall of a stray passenger approaching his house, then fading away in the distance, or the dull soughing of the wintry wind down the solitary passages of his home.

Having satisfied himself, however, that all was right, Heinrich took from beneath his cloak a bunch of keys. Deliberately selecting the largest and the smallest, he proceeded to unlock the massive iron-plated door. Three times he turned the key; three times the ward flew back; three heavy bolts were then successively unpadlocked, and drawn slowly back.

Heinrich Otterbein's bureau to any other man would have inspired the most dismal and repulsive impressions. Dark and dingy, the dusty cobwebs hung from the ceiling, and every where the mold of decaying time grew upon the oaken panels. In one corner stood two or three iron chests; an iron safe was also fastened into one of the walls. The only furniture, however, the room could boast, was a deal desk, a high stool, and a battered inkstand; unless we admit into the category two or three folio volumes bound in buff leather, on the backs of which were inscribed in German the words "Day-book" and "Ledger."

On the desk lay a small octavo volume.

The hawk-eye of Heinrich Otterbein at once detected the intruder. He flew to it as though it had been an ingot of gold, On taking the book up and opening it, his attention was riveted to a page, the corner of which had been turned down so as to draw his attention to the place. The miser—for Heinrich was reputed to be a veritable miser—read the following passage:

"Turn, however, to the miserable wretch who devotes his days and nights to the damming love of pelf. He hoards his secret treasures in iron chests; he gloats over the sight of his glittering store, as a mother hangs over her infant; he feasts his wretched appetite on the wealth that perishes, and groans like a prisoner on the rack when one thaler or one groschen is withdrawn. And what benefit are his hoards either to himself or the world? He grows thin and emaciated whilst feasting his eyes on his perishable treasures; his palsied hand clutches at the vanishing coin, whilst charity is allowed to languish in the streets, and thousands, nay myriads, of human beings are

famished with cold, and the want of the simplest necessaries of life."

The features of Heinrich Otterbein grew pale and distorted as he read; and, with a feverish impulse, he turned to the title-page. There he saw the name of CARL HEINE. He gnashed his teeth for a moment, and then, relaxing his emotion, exclaimed, with a suppressed breath: "Ingrate."

A hoarse laugh, which resounded through the empty chambers of the house at that moment, startled the miser. He looked around him with a terrified glance, gathered his woolen robe about him, and took up his lamp to peer into the gloom beyond. But silence had been restored; the echoes had died away; and Heinrich Otterbein was left to his own solitary reflection and nervous fears.

. . . . .

Simultaneously a scene, but of a dissimilar character, was enacting in a distant part of the town.

In a well-furnished and well-lighted drawing-room—evidencing the wealth and luxurious taste of the master—a youth and maiden sat side by side absorbed in the tender enjoyment of each other's society. The maiden fastened her blue eyes upon the youth, who reclined rather than sat on an ottoman at her feet; whilst he was pouring forth words of sweetest potency, filling her mind with abstract ideas, and painting a picture of life which none but the young lover can create.

"Oh! what sweet sweetness is it thus to languish
On the soft bosom of such smiling anguish;
To gaze upon those eyes so brightly beaming,
Drink in their poison, and then fall back a dreaming!"

"And do you believe that your book will do good?" asked the soft voice of Lotchen.

"Truth must accomplish all things," replied the interrogated. "It is impossible that men should forever grovel in the low pursuits on which they now are bent. Art, dearest, art will triumph; beauty and love and truth must prevail. The world can not always be at strife with itself. The time must soon arrive when the hearts of men will become enlarged, and charity break down the barrier of classes. The rich shall not then monopolize their wealth, nor the poor be compelled to toil in hopeless bondage. Dearest, I have said all this in my book. You know, you feel, you confess 'tis right, 'tis true, and that before long the world must give way to better and diviner thoughts!"

"Have you no fear, Carl, that all you write will be set down as the views of a mere enthusiast and visionary? My father tells me that, fine as may be your theories, they are impracticable."

"Impossible, my love. I have faith in the world, in its noble aspirations, in its desire to be set free from the sordid love of pelf."

"Alas! my father tells me there are passages that must give offense in your work. Have you not painted your uncle in its pages?"

"No, dearest, no. I never thought of him."

"But you have drawn the portrait of a miser, and may have inadvertently, unconsciously, taken him for the original."

"A calumny, my dearest, which the pure princples I have laid down will dissipate at once."

And thus thep chatted on and dreamed of happy days, until the voice of the watchman going his rounds warned Carl it was time for him to take his departure.

Early the next morning Carl called on his uncle. On drawing near the miserable tenement inhabited by him, however, he could not help recalling to mind the strange resemblance which existed between the description he had given of a miser and his only relative, whose unknown wealth he was to inherit. Type and prototype could not more neatly dove-tail. His heart, however, did not fail him; how should his uncle, who never read a book, hear of the passage? True, the book had created a sensation; but his uncle was not likely to go where its contents, its merits or demerits would be discussed. And light-hearted he knocked at the door. It was opened by Franz, a sinister-looking clerk—in fact, the only one—of the office.

"Not to be seen," was the reply to Carl, who asked for his uncle.

"Is he engaged?"

"No."

"Is he ill?"

"No," returned Franz, with a sly leer.

"What then, can be the matter?"

"Nothing," whispered Franz, who from long intimacy with the nephew of his master sometimes assumed an air of familiarity.

"But has nothing occurred?" repeat-

ed Carl, with alarm emphasized on his countenance.

"Nothing," was the brief remark.

Carl pondered a moment. The book and the obnoxious passage rose before him like an accusing specter; but just as he was about to question Franz as to the possibility of his uncle having seen his work, the latter drew him close to his side, and, as if confiding a valuable and important secret to him, explained that his uncle *had seen* the book and the page.

"How could that be?" thought Carl to himself.

"And I believe," suggested Franz maliciously, to aggravate the anxiety of the nephew, "that you have not dedicated it to him, or at least presented him with a copy."

"But you know," returned Carl, with considerable energy, "he never reads printed books—he detests literature; besides, I never disguised from my uncle that I was engaged on the work."

"He says you've libeled him. But hark! I can not stay any longer. Heinrich Otterbein is calling me; so good morning, Master Carl Heine." Saying this, he shut the door in the face of the young enthusiast.

The unfortunate nephew required no further explanation. With a heavy step and heavier heart he turned to leave. But where should he go? He was himself penniless, a pensioner on his uncle's bounty. He had offended his sole protector, whom he knew too well not to feel that the consequence would be terrible. His inheritance, too, had vanished. Those heaps of gold which were to be his and Lotchen's, and which were to make their days so bright and blissful, and with which he was going to reform mankind and to restore peace and good-will upon earth, and achieve more than the political economist or a chancellor of the exchequer could dream of—all this fine treasure was lost to him. And now what course was he to take? what was he to do? The heart in its distress turns naturally to the object it most confides in. To Lotchen, therefore, he went.

On his arrival, however, at the house of his future father-in-law, instead of smiles he found mysterious whisperings and cloudy looks. The servants seemed disaffected; and on entering the parlor Lotchen was in tears, and her father standing by her side plunged in profoundest thought. What was the matter?

Wilhelm Ritter, a merchant of good repute amongst his fellow-citizens of Frankfort, was looked up to on the Börse as a fortunate speculator. Not but that calculating notaries would sum up casual losses he had incurred of late; and prying gossips would tell of frequent conferences with Heinrich Otterbein. But then was not rumor also busy with reports of a different, though not discrepant character? Was it not every where circulated that the nephew of the rich miser, the heir-expectant of all his treasure, was betrothed to the fair daughter of the fairest gentleman in the free city of Frankfort on-the-Main? and how could scandal hold up its head against such a mighty combination of facts? And so for a while scandal remained silent.

It so happened, however, that on the morning after Heinrich Otterbein was seen plodding his weary way home late at night over the old stone bridge, as we have already mentioned, Franz, the confidential clerk of Heinrich Otterbein, had been sent to the house of Herr Wilhelm Ritter, and, with an audacity uncommon in men of his stamp, began to talk freely with the servants in the merchant's hall. He even insinuated to them that it was not all right with the affairs of their master; that the fine house and fine furniture he possessed would soon fall to the auctioneer's hammer; and that if Mistress Lotchen married Master Carl Heine she would marry a pauper who had not knowledge of the world enough to earn his own salt.

In the mean time a letter had been conveyed to Herr Wilhelm; and it was the contents of this letter which had caused such grief and consternation to the father and daughter.

Without entering into details on the subject of the note, we may state that it appears the merchant Ritter had speculated considerably, but without success; that he had also borrowed largely from Heinrich Otterbein, and that by this means, and, in fact, by being obliged to have his bills renewed, he had placed himself completely in the miser's hands. Indeed the letter, which insisted upon the immediate payments of certain bonds then due, or shortly to become due, but which the miser refused as heretofore to renew, told

him he was a ruined man. There was a postscript in addition, forbidding the merchant to harbor, or even receive into his house, his *vicious and unnatural nephew* Carl Heine, on pain of some disclosures which, through the mist of tears and the confusion of her grief, Lotchen could not understand.

She saw, however, that her father grew deadly pale as he read the postscript, and with a vehemence he had never exhibited before, exclaimed that he was not only a ruined but a doomed man.

Carl Heine stood entranced before Herr Ritter and Lotchen. Neither the father nor the daughter essayed to speak, and his perplexity increased proportionately. For a moment a faint melancholy smile broke through the tears of Lotchen, and that was enough to give heart to the young author. He sprang to the side of his betrothed, and would have seized her hand, but that she hastily withdrew it.

The hand, however, which she refused to him pointed to a letter lying on the table. He took it up, read it, and at a glance saw through it all.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "this is all my fault! The fatal passage, the fatal passage!" then, throwing himself at the feet of Lotchen, in a broken voice he earnestly implored her and her father's forgiveness, vowing that he would appease his uncle by any sacrifice, or at least that they should not suffer on his account. "Besides, who knows but that this may be only a passing passion of my uncle's? A week or a fortnight, or at most a month, will calm his anger, and all will be right again."

"Never," rejoined Herr Wilhelm; "he never relents. I know it all; you have offended your uncle too deeply. He is implacable and vengeful, or he would not have sought to punish us through you. O my daughter, my daughter!" he continued, "you alone are innocent, yet must suffer most."

Lotchen threw her arms around her father's neck, and entreated him to pacify himself.

"Impossible! I am a ruined man. Henceforth I must be a beggar — and something worse."

. . . . .

Christmas-eve had commenced. Biting breezes and icy flakes of snow, that fluttered and fell from a leaden sky, ushered it in. Nevertheless, the world seemed cheerful and merry, and the bells of ol Frankfort rang out a merry peal.

Heinrich Otterbein was uneasy an restless that night. For eight days h had refused to admit into his presenc the stately merchant Herr Wilhelm Rit ter, his beautiful daughter Lotchen, wh had made many earnest appeals for an in terview, or his contrite or broken-heart ed nephew. Their letters and petition had been returned unopened.

Yet Heinrich Otterbein was uneas and restless in his mind. Vainly had h unlocked his money-chests, and toye with the glittering heaps they contair ed; vainly he rummaged his drawer and counted over his wealth in bills an paper; vainly he took down the por derous tomes that swung on a she above the desk. Nothing would appeas his disquieted spirit; and for once h unbarred the shutters of a small quain window that looked upon the street, anc half-opening them, gazed upon the scen outside.

It was, as we have said, Christmas-ev The street was crowded with person hastening in one direction. They wer for the most part muffled up, for th weather was bleak and tempestuous; br there could be no doubt as to their de tination. They were going to hear mic night mass.

Presently three figures, habited in dee mourning, flitted past the house like sha ows. The miser started back for a m ment; then, bending forward, watche these shadows pass until they vanishe into the darkness.

A sudden impulse then seized him- an impulse which, for nearly half a ce tury, had never moved his frame. Takin down from a peg a thick cloak or muffl and his slouched hat, he quietly quitte his office, and followed in the directio of the figures who had attracted his a tention.

He crossed the bridge at the botto of the city. The water was flowin thick, dark, and impetuous; for the blac face of heaven was reflected upon i sullen surface, whilst broken floating ic rendered visible only by patches of snov hurried on the current usually so plac and pellucid. From this old bridge th lights in the cathedral could be distinctl seen, and even the sonorous voices the worshipers heard. Heinrich Otte bein paused for a moment to look dow

on the restless stream beneath him, and at the painted light which streamed through the medieval windows of the great Dom. He listened to the melodious strains of music that pealed forth from time to time from that sacred edifice, and his soul seemed to receive a new inspiration. Stealthily he crept forward, as about to commit a deadly crime; and half trembling, yet drawn on he knew not by what power, he approached the low portal of the Gothic temple. Leaning against a cluster of pillars, as though for breath, a sigh deep and long escaped his heart; an expression of pain passed over his features, and in a hurried manner he pressed his hand against his forehead. A strange faintness seemed to steal through every fiber of his body. At that moment the chorus of that exquisite hymn "Adeste fideles" burst forth, rolling through the vaulted aisles, and swelling with deeper, richer volume as the sound reverberated through the hundred galleries of the structure. Like a thunder-clap it fell upon the ear of the lingering miser. Entering the sacred building, he doffed his cap, and in attitude of penitential worship bent low his head.

What were the thoughts that passed over the mind of Heinrich Otterbein at that instant? What were the feelings that impelled him to linger on the threshold of a church he had not entered for five-and-forty years? It is enough that he was there, and that a spirit of contrition seemed to bend his spirit. Yet, as if conscious of his position, and at the same time fearing lest he should be recognized, he withdrew to a dark corner of the building behind a cluster of pillars, and there prayed or communed with himself, unobserved by those around him. We will not say that during this short interval Heinrich Otterbein wept; but his bosom throbbed visibly, and a world of feeling overwhelmed him.

The service ended, the congregation departed. Not, however, with the crowd did Heinrich Otterbein depart. He kept his eye fixed on the multitude as they passed out by the narrow postern; for, on this occasion, only the small door of the church was opened. Slowly, and even tediously, they moved on. As the building, however, thinned, the miser could observe a group of three persons standing near the high altar, intently engaged in conversation. They were the same who had passed his window, and who had attracted his feverish attention. Presently they moved toward the doorway, and Heinrich slunk still farther back into the gloom. He followed them as they went out, at a short but secure distance. Crossing the bridge, they again passed his house, and continued up the hill beyond. Entering for a moment his office, where he sought out a few moldy papers, and calling Franz to accompany him, the miser proceeded in the same direction as the group he had been watching. Following them for half a mile, he saw them enter an elegant mansion. Not a word had passed between the miser and his clerk; but the latter occasionally chuckled with malignant delight when he discovered their destination. At the gate of the house already mentioned the master and his parasite stopped. The bell was rung, and they gained immediate admission.

Heinrich Otterbein demanded an interview with Herr Wilhelm Ritter, and following the servant to the *salon*, was face to face with the trio — the father, the daughter, and his own nephew—before a word could be uttered.

Embarrassment appeared on both sides. Why on that of the miser? His position was not sudden. He had probably premeditated the step he was about to take. Why, then, did he feel confused? It was but for a moment. Incapable of fathoming the object of this strange visit, Herr Wilhelm waited, after the first emotion had subsided, to allow his bill-broker to commence.

"I am an intruder here, I perceive," sarcastically commenced Heinrich Otterbein. "I am come, let it be known, to present myself as a study to my fair nephew. Perhaps he would like again to take a sketch of 'the miserable wretch who devotes his days and nights to the damning worship of pelf.' Yes, here he is, a full-length original, and Master Carl may draw him in his proper dimensions. See, 'he grows thin and emaciated'—those are the words, are they not?—'while feasting his eyes on his perishable treasures;' is it not so? — 'his palsied hand clasps the miserable coin, whilst charity is suffered to languish in the streets; and thousands, nay myriads, of human beings are famished with cold, and the want of the simplest necessaries of life.' Is it not so? Do I read the text aright?"

"Sir," replied Carl, his impatience no longer suffering him to restrain his indignation—"sir, you are the author of our misery; it is intolerable that you should come here to mock and insult us. God knows not how it is that I have offended you! If against myself your anger rages, least of all can I conceive why it should burn against those who have never injured you, and whose only fault is, that they have extended their friendship to me, and opened their arms to receive me."

"No! you know not, do you?" hypocritically retorted Heinrich Otterbein, hissing through his teeth. "Perhaps Herr Wilhelm will recognize these signatures?"—holding up a batch of papers for the merchant to notice.

"My condemnation!" ejaculated Herr Ritter; "produce those, and I am worse than a bankrupt—my integrity, my honor, my character is gone!"

"I know it," replied the miser. "Let me see," he continued in a musing undertone, as if calculating to himself; "they are worth to me any hour forty thousand dollars, and give me power to consign you ignominiously to the jail. Hand me a light, Franz," addressing his clerk; "let me see that the document is valid."

Franz brought the light; and while apparently reading the contents, the miser set fire to the paper.

"By heavens, the signature is consumed!" exclaimed the miser, in a tone of alarm and surprise; "the document is worthless, and can serve me no longer."

"You have others that will avail you and can ruin me, if such be your wish," replied the merchant, in a subdued voice, indicating a feeling half of pride, half of humiliation.

"True; they are in this pocket-book; but why prolong this comedy? There; take these papers, and use them as you will. Carl," he continued, suddenly turning upon his nephew, "thou hast triumphed at least over one heart. 'Tis true all thou hast written. For five-and-forty years I have crushed every tender, every generous impulse of my nature, and made Mammon and cent-per-cent my god. Ask me not more of the source of my conversion—at least to-night. Believe it, in memory of her whose goodness and excellency I have forgotten for so many years. I have broken the bonds that have bound me hand and foot to the worship of wealth, and benumbed every fine attr bute and quality of the soul."

Every one was startled to hear Heir rich Otterbein moralize in so eloquent strain; Lotchen cast curious glances a Carl, and Herr Wilhelm stood petrifie with astonishment.

"Come, come," continued the quor dam-miser, taking hold of the merchan with both his hands, "a spirit-voice whi pered in my ear this night as I knelt b hind a cluster of pillars in the great Dor I could not see the angel-form; but I fel as it were the presence of wings oversh dow me; a strain of music solemn an sacred—a strain that for half a century had not heard—sank deep into my heart a sensation I can not express overpowere me; two thoughts alone penetrated m soul, but they came like fire upon m brain—they flashed like lightning on m heart. I was then told that *to be happ we must be social, and wealth to be blesse must be distributed.*"

As soon as the startling effects of thi declaration passed off, inexpressible jo beamed on the face of all present, save c Franz, who had been the author of th mischief, having played the part of tra tor, and placed Carl's book on his uncle' desk. The hope he had entertained c reaping the benefit of his malicious cor spiracy had vanished.

We might prolong our narrative c what took place this Christmas eve, bu to what good purpose?—*cui bono?* Th miraculous change which had come ove the miser was duly appreciated by Ca Heine and his betrothed, who, on th strength of some munificent checks pr sented to them by Heinrich Otterbei were able to set up a suitable establis ment of their own; while Herr Wilhel appeared on the Börse — the little inc dents vaguely alluded to having reache no farther than the room in which the had been broached—and became a reall prosperous man.

The old usurer resolutely abandone the vicious habit of charging sixty, eight and a hundred per cent for accommod tions, and appeared never so pleased o proud as when fondling his grandchildre which it was his good fortune to do in th due course of time. He became a youn er and a heartier man, and lives to te his own tale and point its moral, whic he does with genuine unction and glee.

From the British Quarterly.

DISCOVERIES—NEW OR OLD.*

About eight-and-twenty centuries ago, a preacher of some eminence proclaimed the dearth of invention, the world's exhaustion, and the lack of novelty, in forcible phrase: "The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done, is that which shall be done; and there is no new thing under the sun. Is there any thing whereof it may be said, See, this is new? It hath been already of old time, which was before us." And since then, almost every age has had its complainant, or its *laudator temporis acti*, who has reïterated the reproach upon the existing time. Especially was this the case after the invention of printing. Very soon it became the fashion with a certain class to find all alleged novelties in the works of previous writers, actually or by inference — as Chaucer writes:

"For out of th' olde fieldes, as men saith,
Cometh all this new corn from year to year;
And out of olde books, in good faith,
Cometh all this new science, that weve lere."

The nineteenth century has usually had the credit of having invented many new things; but we are told to correct our belief. It has improved upon and utilized many old ideas; but as for invention, it is eminently barren and unprolific. Do we hesitate to assent to this proposition? Perhaps so. Perhaps we think that the Argo was not a "steam screw-propeller;" that Cæsar's notorious tri-verbal dispatch was was not conveyed by "International Magnetic Telegraph," in anticipation of the European Mail, (limited;) that Armstrong guns were not used at the siege of Troy; and that the eighth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, with many "improvements and additions," is something more than an expansion of the inscriptions upon the ancient obelisks. Perhaps we do; but before we commit ourselves to any positive opinion upon these or allied matters, it apparently behoves us to know and examine carefully what may be said for our ancestors' prior claims.

M. Fournier has recently undertaken to show* that the epigrams and melodramatic points of history and literature are, in most instances, untrue; and when true, that they are rarely so, in the first place, if at all, concerning those to whom they are popularly attributed. He has, in the volume before us, undertaken a similar task with regard to inventions, scientific and otherwise. His theory, if reduced to a few words, would sound very like the old saying, that there is nothing true that is new, and nothing new that is true.† But odd and occa-

* *Le Vieux-Neuf:* Histoire ancienne des Inventions et Decouvertes modernes. Par Edouard Fournier. Paris.

* See *L'Esprit des Auteurs, recueilli et raconté;* Paris, 1857: and *L'Esprit dans l'Histoire: Recherches et Curiosités sur les Mots historiques;* Paris, 1860.

† M. Fournier's opinion itself is no exception; in other words, is not a novelty. Witness the following passage, which contains a summary of many modern investigations into the history of inventions:

"Modern writers, by way of accounting for their dullness, explain frankly that the ancients stole all their best ideas from them; and although modern philosophers are slow to admit the same fact as regards themselves, they can not hold out against proof. One by one our new discoveries and original inventions have been shown to be thousands of years old. Telescopes must have been directed to the stars of the antique heavens, or its astronomy could not have existed. The 'Emperor Shan, 2225 B.C., employing the movable tube which is used to observe the stars, put in order what regards the seven planets.' (Ancient Chinese Chronicle, quoted in Thornton's *History of China.*) Alexander's copy of the *Iliad*, inclosed in a nut-shell, could not have been written without the microscope; the gem through which Nero looked at the distant gladiators was nothing else than an opera-glass; steam-railways, mesmerism, hydropathy—all were familiar to the long bygone generations of the earth. Guano was an object of ancient Peruvian trade; and Hobbs borrowed his lock from the tombs of Egypt! And we have much to do still in the way of re-discovery. The malleability of glass, for instance, the indelibility of colors, and fifty other things of importance, dropped by the ancients into the stream of time, we have to fish up anew." —See *Chambers's Journal* for Sept. 2, 1854.

sionally grotesque as it is in some of its details, it is worthy of a more full exposition than this. There is much ingenuity in the theory, and much learning in the detailed support that it receives, combined with a most intensely French (and, need we add, a most savage anti-English?) spirit in the commentary.

The nineteenth century (*auct. loquent.*) has no original ideas—no invention; in fact, it came too late* for that; all had been *thought* before. It is, therefore, only an era of maturation and utilization. Research and application are the chief glories of our age. But further than this, there is *no individual inventor.*

"The first thought of all that man was to do and create, during the existence of this earth, was created at the same time with himself, but under the formal condition that the maturity of the one should not precede the maturity of the other. What could the man of earlier ages, with his unskilled hand, his cramped and limited capacities, have done with those things which were to be the glory of his emancipated thought and educated faculties? What could he have done with steam? what with printing or gunpowder? Nothing. If he knew of these things, it is not as we know of them; they were but playthings; he had them in a rudimentary state."†

The human race is the only true inventor, and that not by chance, but at the proper hour, and according to its needs. Man is little, but humanity is great. "When the modern era draws nigh, when thought requires stronger wings, then printing is invented, and gives it them. When feudality has had its day, and the people, crushed by iron armor, are prepared for freedom, artillery gives them that equality in fight that is necessary for their liberation."‡ And so for all other discoveries; each one arose only for and on its occasion; or if a germ of the idea had been known before, it perished for lack of appreciation, and its promulgator was laughed to scorn or persecuted. As has been often observed, woe to him who is before his generation!§ Thus, "as if to unite all generations, and to show that we can only act efficiently by association with others, it has been ordained that each inventor shall only interpret the first word of the problem which he solves, and that each great idea shall be the *resumé* of the past, and the germ of the future."

But although on this theory no one individual should lay claim to absolute originality, yet, in order to an idea becoming practically important, it must be some time enunciated, and the first enunciator has the proper title to the merit of its discovery. Now, the third part of M. Fournier's theory contains the doctrine that this inventor has generally been a Frenchman, in those particulars which are the most prominent features of our age; and that the ideas have almost invariably been subsequently stolen by an inhabitant of perfidious Albion. Plagiarism, forgery, robbery—all are laid to the charge of our countrymen with a lavish pen. We stole our ideas of macadamized roads, of iron bridges, of gas and steam, of iron ships and nautical almanacs, of a thousand inventions, from the French. They were ever inventing, and neglecting their own inventions; we were always (says the Abbé Prevost) reading the reports of the proceedings of their Academy, and seizing upon all available ideas to claim them, changed or unchanged, as our own.

These allegations may or may not be true, in whole or in part; but it can scarcely be contested, that he who first points out the practical application of an idea, may fairly claim it as his own. It is none the less honor to the discoverer of the art of printing, that some germ of the principle had been known and in use from almost immemorial time. Nor is the merit of the discovery of gunpowder as a means of warfare lessened by the fact that some inflammable or explosive composition had been used by perhaps both Romans and Chinese, to make fireworks of, for many centuries.

Leaving out of M. Fournier's comprehensive volumes the Anglo-Gallican contest, which certainly occupies a consider-

* *Le Vieux-Neuf*, vol. i. p. 400.

† *Le Vieux-Neuf*, vol. i. p. 5.

‡ *Le Vieux-Neuf*, vol. i. p. 38.

§ According to M. Fournier, printing only became what it is, because it came exactly at the time when thought required the expansion that this could furnish. Had it been discovered earlier, it would have doubtless perished. Disraeli believes that the Romans were acquainted with the secret of movable types, but would not let it be known, for fear of the spread of knowledge, and the consequent loss of aristocratic monopoly of enlightened thought. De Quincey holds that printing was long known to the ancients, but that it made no progress, for want of paper! Gunpowder had very long been a pyrotechnic plaything, before it was elevated to its present sad preëminence, in obedience to the increasing *wants* of the world.

able space, and overlooking some other minor points of speculation, we find a very considerable mass of information connected with the early development of ideas which have afterward assumed important positions in the world's history. It is interesting to see how frequently it has occurred that when the fullness of scientific time had come, a discovery would be announced from various quarters without previous communication, as when Newton and Leibnitz both discovered the fluxional calculus about the same time; and as Adams and Leverrier independently came to the conclusion of the existence, and pointed out the position of Oceanus. Had M. Fournier's theory of the human race being the only true inventor been appreciated on these and similar occasions, it might have happened that the heart-burnings and strifes as to priority would have been avoided, to the exceeding credit of science. But this could scarcely be expected, since the author himself can never see its application when the question is between a Frenchman and an Englishman. No, the verdict on any given question as to priority is, that the former invented, and the latter stole the idea, adding to his larceny general abuse of the original proprietor.

Another noteworthy phenomenon connected with the development of ideas, is the great similarity that is thereby suggested between mind in all ages. As the same mechanical and dynamic ideas have pervaded all research in these departments toward a true solution of problems, such as those connected with the power of elastic vapors and the substitution of inorganic forces generally for human or animal power; so in the forms of error that have vitiated the study of mental problems, men's minds have ever run, as it might be said, in the same tramroads. As one illustration of our meaning, we may mention the fact, that one of the great delusions of the present day was a delusion or an imposture in classic times. Tables were turned for the benefit (or otherwise) of the Roman Emperors, as related by Marcellinus; and spirits rapped in China and Thibet long ages probably before this, with perhaps as important communications as now. To this we may return. Meanwhile, the forms of error and truth have ever presented such striking returns and cycles, as to suggest to the psychologist the important inquiry whether, as from physical aberrations the true nature and direction of force may be calculated, so in like manner, from the vagaries of mind, its essential nature and tendency may not some time be inferred; but from this day we are still far removed.

Returning to the consideration of how much modern times are indebted to the ancients, we may pass over the well-known *Battle of the Books*, and quote a passage from Nodier on the contrast between the appreciation of modern books and that of old ones, or *bouquins*. He says:

> "In all advancing civilizations, and particularly in France, where civilization gallops, there is a determined predilection for the new and an invincible repugnance for the old; because we do not consider that it is from the old that the new is made, and that modern society is *incapable of any thing else*. Thence arises the universal proscription of the *bouquin*, which no one reads, and in which are hid, and have been for two or three centuries, all the elements of our modern perfections."

One of the discoveries which the nineteenth century has most unhesitatingly claimed for itself is that of light-drawing, daguerreotype, or photography, with its innumerable varieties. It is somewhat strange, however, to look back an entire century, to 1760, and find the process there described with even greater perfection of detail than any that we are able to attain at present—photography producing color as well as form! Even if this be but a dream of science—an open question—it is but little less remarkable than if the design had really been carried out. Tiphaigne de la Roche in 1760 published his *Giphantie*, in which some curious passages are found. In one place he represents himself as transported to the palace of the elementary genii, the chief of whom addresses him thus:

> "Thou knowest that the rays of light reflected from different bodies make pictures, and paint these bodies on all polished surfaces, as the retina of the eye, on glass, and on water. The elementary spirits have sought to fix these transient images; they have compounded a matter, subtle, viscous, and quick to dry and harden, by means of which a picture is formed in a moment. With this matter they cover a canvas, and present it to the objects they wish to paint. The first effect of the canvas is that of a mirror; all the bodies, both near and distant, of which light can bring the image, are seen in it.
>
> "But this web, by means of its viscous covering, does that which a mirror can not do, and retains the images. . . . This impression

of the images is an affair of the first moment when the web receives them. We take it at once and place it in a dark room, an hour afterward the covering is dry; and you have a picture so much the more precious that no art can imitate its truth, and no time can injure it. We take in their purest source, in light itself, the colors which painters obtain from different materials, which time must alter. The precision of the design, the variety of the expression, the gradation of light and shade, the rules of perspective, all these we abandon to nature, which traces upon our canvas images which impose upon the eyes, and make reason to doubt and hesitate."

The elementary spirit then entered into some physical details as to the nature of the viscous covering that intercepts and retains the rays of light, as to the difficulty of preparing and employing it, and as to the mode of reäction of the light and this body; three problems which Tiphaigne abandons to the sagacity of the inquirers of that day. It appears more than probable that he himself had made some progress toward their solution, but nothing is known with certainty. The passage is exceedingly curious, whether as a detail of actual experiment or a prevision of science. Tiphaigne, however, was not the first who had attempted to fix the images formed by the sun's rays. According to M. Jobard,* there has been recently found in Russia a *bouquin*, translated from the German three hundred years ago, which contains very clearly "photography explained." The ancient alchemists were acquainted, under another name, with chloride of silver, and its property of receiving the impressions, in various shades, of images cast upon it by a glass. This, therefore, has apparently been in the old time before us.

Steam, which has assumed such gigantic proportions in all the operations of our age, was known to the ancients, but in great measure only as a toy. And yet it is remarkable to observe throughout its entire history, how very nearly the greater discoveries were apparently at hand. But the time was not ripe, nor the necessity for so powerful an agent imminent; and so its power was recognized and used as a plaything, and occasionally for less justifiable purposes. Hero of Alexandria, writing twenty centuries ago, described sundry little machines moved by the power of steam; one of them was an engine of direct rotation, which only needed the capacity for increased power to supply that which Watt considered the great desideratum in steam motion. This invention was actually patented by certain parties in 1837. On the strength of this, M. Fournier claims for Hero the credit of having well nigh exhausted the theory of steam-power—*avoir dit le premier et le dernier mot des machines à vapeur.*

This force, like certain other natural agents, was not unknown to the priests, and was by them used to impose upon the minds of the people by the performance of apparent miracles. They had their altar so contrived, that the force of confined steam filled the cup from which their libation was to be poured to overflowing, and the people forthwith cried: "A prodigy!" In order of history, the next mention made of the uses of steam is by Agathias, who describes a complicated apparatus of boilers, tubes, and planks of wood used by an architect in the reign of Justinian to alarm a neighbor of his, Zeno by name, who was thereby deluded into the belief in an earthquake. The device was foolish enough, but the effects produced appear to have been sufficient to suggest the almost boundless power of the agent employed, had it been intelligently handled.

With the exception of being employed in some undefined manner about an organ, by Gerbert, steam was, previous to the sixteenth century, little more than an amusement, or at best a scientific curiosity. It had, however, been used to turn a spit! Of this we may find proof in Cardan, Leonardo da Vinci, and others.

Why were the uses of steam so long overlooked? Partly, we suppose, because man needed them not; partly, because electricity was yet elementary; and (says our author) "electricity and steam are two forces which must arise together and act together. They are body and soul. This one is impatient of distance, but can not annihilate though it may abridge it; thought requires still more rapid wings, and electricity gives them. The one devours space, the other suppresses it.*"

* For references on this subject, see *Le Vieux-Neuf*, vol. i. p. 22, note.

**Le Vieux-Neuf*, vol. i. p. 202.

The application of steam to navigation appears to have been its earliest important use. Paddle-wheels had been known from a very remote period, "having been employed by the ancient Egyptians, the Romans, and other nations of antiquity, for propelling their war-galleys; but it is doubtful whether any advantage was thus obtained in economy of labor, as compared with the use of oars."* In 1543, Blasco de Garay appears to have conceived the idea of applying the force of steam to the paddles, in some manner not described, and thereby

"succeeded in propelling a ship of two hundred tons burden in the harbor of Barcelona, at the rate of three miles an hour. . . . We can only speculate as to the nature of this mysterious engine, but it seems probable that it owed its efficacy to the reaction of a jet of high pressure steam, on the same principle as that famous classical toy, the Æolipile of Hero, invented B.C. 120. Notwithstanding that the scheme was commended by the Emperor (Charles V.) and his ministry, and its author promoted, we do not read of any second attempt being made, or of any further notice being taken of the invention. We may assume therefore, that in this case the propelling power was found to be insufficient and unsatisfactory, and the experiment was worthless in its result." †

But may we not rather assume that this most important discovery was merely undergoing the fate of all such—namely, that they must be discovered again and again, until the time be ripe and men's minds prepared, and a favorable conjunction of circumstances occur? What may be the law presiding over such events it is not possible to say, but it is certain that no invention has ever been made and applied at once on its first enunciation; at least we do not now recall one such.

M. Fournier throws great doubt and discredit upon this experience of Blasco, that he may claim the merit of the origination of steam navigation for one whose name is sufficiently illustrious without this contest—we refer to Papin, whose contributions to science are inestimable. The writer in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* appears to think that Papin's suggestions for the application of steam to navigation must be considered as theory only, never carried out. But his correspondence with Leibnitz, which has only been brought to light recently, fully proves that he actually constructed a steam-boat, which he navigated upon the river Fulda; which said boat may serve as a warning to men not to be too clever for their age. M. Fournier relates that Papin labored at his construction for some years at Hanau; and that at Cassel, in the presence of the landgrave, the boat was launched. The experiment succeeded; but from it he derived nothing but scorn, ridicule, or abuse. He was treated as a charlatan and a fool. M. Fournier

"Is not astonished. In every age we have the conceit to believe ourselves possessed of supreme science; and consequently every pretension to further advances is considered as an effort of folly or vanity. Men must not be in advance any more than clocks. Far from seeing in such a fact any *gain* upon time, it is only considered as an index of derangement and disorder. Regulate your thoughts by your age, as your watch by the sun; otherwise, poor impatient genius, the world will mock at your ideas, and whilst you advance, those whom you leave behind will vent their wrath in reproaches."

Meanwhile Papin, disgusted with the conduct of the Hessians, who saw in him nothing but a visionary or madman, attempted to go to London in his own vessel. He descended the Fulda as far as Münden, and was entering the Weser, formed by the union of the Fulda and the Werra, when the boatmen of Münden, envious or suspicious of what might arise from the invention, laid violent hands upon him and his boat—he escaping with difficulty, but his boat being destroyed. He tried in vain to get redress; and then came to reside in London, where he died three years afterward, without having built a new boat.

It is strange that after these experiments doubt should have so long prevailed on the question whether there could be found any substitute for the action of the wind in moving large vessels. So late as 1753, the Academy decided in the negative, and concluded: "que l'on devait perdre toute espérance de pouvoir substituer sur les grandes vaisseaux avec quelque succés considerable, les forces motrices renfermées dans les choses naturelles aux travaux des hommes." And again in 1804, when Fulton introduced his invention to Napoleon, and it was re-

*Vide *Encyclopædia Britannica*, vol. xx. Steam Navigation.

† Vide *Encyclopædia Britannica*, vol xx. Steam Navigation.

ferred to the Academy, they again decided against it—the Emperor for once distrusting his own judgment; perhaps fortunately, for the moment at least, for England. The Marquis Jouffroy afterward followed in the same track, but only earned for himself the soubriquet of *Jouffroy-la-pompe*. But the time had now arrived when the world was prepared for steam-vessels, and their after-history is well known.

We do not find that our century can strictly claim the invention of railways any more than that of steam navigation, although it has developed and perfected both to a remarkable extent. Railroads or tramways, have been known for an indefinite period; and even the true steam locomotive engine is not an invention of this century. The combination of the two now inseparable elements is certainly our own. Dr. Forbes, speaking of the railway, says:

"Of all the inventions which have powerfully affected the interests of mankind, none have been more slowly perfected, or can be less certainly traced to a single individual as the inventor, than those of the Locomotive Engine and the Railway. These two great and essentially connected portions of the greatest mechanical and commercial efforts of any age or country, had their origin in obscurity. Each appeared several times to be rising into the importance it deserved, but failing the concurrence of the fortunate circumstances which are necessary to give permanence to invention, was once more forgotten, and was left for rediscovery at a happier epoch."

Another illustration only, how necessary something else is besides an invention and an inventor, for any practical innovation. It is curiously uncertain, in a matter of such notoriety, to whom the original idea was due; apparently to no one man. Perhaps one suggested it, another "paid attention to it," and a third carried it out partially and imperfectly, to be improved upon by a fourth. M. Fournier claims the invention for M. Cugnol, about 1769, who, at the instigation of General Gribeauval, discovered this method of moving artillery rapidly on steam carriages. How it was accomplished is not related; but of the result it is said that "his carriage marched onward with such violence that it was impossible to direct it. At one time it overthrew a wall that stood in the way. With such a carriage the cannon became useless—it usurped the place of the bullet itself. A little more rapidity, a little less violence, (*sic*) and the steam locomotive would be found; but whatever Cugnol and Gribeauval could do, these results could not be obtained, and the machine was abandoned!"* It is quite refreshing to find that even though it is still a Frenchman that invents, it is not *always* an Englishman that steals; in this case M. Gribeauval, as the superior officer, assumed the credit of the invention, and it was not for many years that the truth was known. But in all this, M. Fournier says nothing of a design for a steam-carriage published by Dr. John Robison in the *Universal Magazine* for 1757. This is at least twelve years too early for his purpose; but in the same year Dr. Robison directed Watt's attention to the steam-engine, with a view to this very application; and it is said that Watt constructed a model on the suggestion. It was not in allusion to this, however, but to a later plan in 1784, that Darwin wrote those well-known lines in the *Botanic Garden:*

"Soon shall thine arm, unconquered steam, afar
Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car."

As it is only with the early foreshadowings of modern inventions that we are concerned, we pursue the history of the locomotive no further, but turn for a moment to that of the rail*road* itself. On this again, Dr. Forbes remarks, that "if the idea of a locomotive belongs to no one man, still less does that of a railway, which being one of the most elementary of mechanical contrivances, may be traced under some modifications, almost indefinitely backward, as a means of conveying heavy loads with facility. Hence it was chiefly confined to quarries and collieries, especially in underground passages and drifts.† M. Fournier, however, unhesitatingly claims the merit of the first introduction of rails or tramways into England for France, in the person of one Beaumont, who, he asserts, came over from France, and established about 1630, in the neighborhood of Newcastle, "the first of those railroads, the immense network of which will soon girdle the world."‡ We find no such history as this in our own chronicles; and the only authority

* *Le Vieux-Neuf*, vol. i. p. 305. † *Op cit.* p. 384.
‡ *Le Vieux-Neuf*, vol. i. p. 57.

given by our author is that of an obscure duodecimo *Memorial of Chronology*, published by an unknown writer in Paris in 1829.

On still slighter authority are we charged, and in a much grosser form, with having stolen our iron bridges from France. The story, as told here, is worthy a moment's attention. About 1757, a Lyonese painter, whose name M. Fournier does not know, occupied himself one idle day in sketching an iron bridge of one arch, of which the dimensions are given. It was intended to occupy the place of the St. Vincent bridge. Calculations were made, and plans drawn in detail, and approved by the authorities, but *not executed*. "The ordinary destiny of first ideas! This poor industry follows the fatal route spoken of by a Chinese proverb, upon which, if you have ten steps to make, you find that, having made nine, you are not advanced one quarter of the way." So* it happened (following M. Fournier) to this poor painter, who got nothing but vexation for his pains; until an English engineer passing through, heard of this abortive project, got acquainted with the painter, gave him a few guineas for his plans, etc., and returned to London to make fame therefrom. The final result was the bridge of Wearmouth.

"Much was said every where of this structure; and France, be it observed, was not the last to utter cries of admiration. Every where eulogies upon this system hitherto unknown to Europe—upon the precision of the plans and calculations—upon the rare genius of the English engineer; but not a word of the Lyonese painter. It was not until fourteen years afterward that, I know not how, he was remembered even at Lyons."†

Then it appears that, in answer to some remarks of an English journal, a Lyons newspaper claimed the invention for one of its citizens, and told this tale, which the *Moniteur* repeated. Our countryman being thus convicted (!) of theft, (for no other proof is adduced,) M. Fournier proceeds to moralize upon the French and English characters in relation to inventions:

"Is not there here great occasion to repeat one of the thousand invectives launched ages ago against the carelessness of France toward her own works—against this weakness, this horror of perseverance, which leads her to abandon every thing which a brilliant genius has suggested? England is a better manager; with her every invention prospers, even those that are found as well as those that are stolen. It is the genius of England to neglect nothing, but to make capital of all, even the ideas of others. It is the genius of France, on the contrary, to take nothing, but to let every thing be taken. This was as notorious even in the sixth century as now."*

Perhaps the tale may have some slight foundation — we can not tell. Perhaps, and more probably, it is too flimsy to merit consideration. However this may be, we would suggest one idea. If the merit of an invention be due to the *first* promulgator of an idea, it is *not* in this case due to the painter in question; for so early as the sixteenth century, proposals for similar undertakings were made by certain Italian writers. Plans also were drawn in 1719 for bridges of this sort, but not carried out. If, on the other hand, the merit should attach to him who first executes the work, it must be given to Mr. Thomas Farnolls Pritchard, an architect of Shrewsbury, who designed, and to the proprietors of the Coalbrookdale Iron Works, Mr. Darby and Mr. Reynolds, who erected the bridge across the Severn, commenced in 1777, and completed in 1779. It appears more than probable that all these were cases of independent invention, of which we meet so many in science and art.

Thus far the claims of our century to originality appear not to be successful. We may be inclined to suppose that although steamers and railways are not novelties, except in detail, that our telegraphs at least would prove to be modern; but let us see what history says about it. Professor Forbes says, that "the idea of using the transmission of electricity to communicate signals is so obvious as scarcely to deserve the name of an invention, the prodigious velocity of common electricity in wires having been established by Watson before the middle of the last century." The earliest *proposal* for its utilization mentioned by this writer is dated 1753; but M. Fournier adduces tolerably satisfactory proof that more than a century previous to this the electric or magnetic telegraph had been invented, and had been again forgotten, in

* Ibid. p. 69. † Ibid. 70.

* *Le Vieux-Neuf*, vol. i. p. 71.

obedience to the laws so often mentioned as presiding over inventions.

In 1636, Schwenter proposed the question how two individuals could communicate by means of the magnetic needle, and seems to have come near to its solution. To complete his discovery, he only required to know the effect of the galvanic current upon the deflexions of the needle, as observed by Oersted two centuries afterward—"two centuries between theory and practice, between the germ and the fruit." * In 1746, Le Monnier made experiments in the Jardin du Roi upon the transmissibility of electricity by iron, and obtained very decisive results with threads nine hundred and sixty toises in length. In 1782, Lesage constructed a telegraph with as many wires as there are letters of the alphabet; they were each insulated, and communicated at the other end with small pith-balls, suspended by silken threads. When any one of these wires received the charge of electricity, the little ball was repelled, and went to strike upon an opposing surface, the letter to which it corresponded. Five years afterward, and M. Lomond came still nearer to our modern mechanism, having constructed an alphabet of movement much upon the same principle as the swing of our present needles. Notwithstanding all these foreshadowings, it was not until our century was nineteen years old that Oersted invented or observed the variations of the needle under the galvanic current, and so provided a certain and practical foundation for all future operations.

Le Vieux-Neuf, vol. i. p. 190.

From the London Quarterly.

THE STRUGGLE IN AMERICA.*

The lapse of three months has too mournfully confirmed our expectation of a long war. Writing while the shadows of Bull Run were throwing greater obscurity on the path of the North than ordinarily lies before a country at war, we did not hesitate to say: "The war is only begun; and we do not pretend to see its end. Many seem to think that a week or two is a long time in such a struggle. We fear that a year or two may pass before any one is entitled to form decided opinions as to how it may turn."

This was thought bold, at a moment when the popular language of the press was, that the North had "collapsed," had "broken down," "broken up," "failed," "burst," and so forth; when we were morning by morning assured in rotund phrases that the conflict must soon come to an end: to-day, because the people would turn in disgust on the government which had dragged it into the war; to-morrow, because the army could never be recruited; the next day, because loans would not be subscribed; the following, because New-York would break loose from the yoke of the Lincoln Cabinet, and proclaim itself a free city; the day after, because the population would rise against the taxes; and finally, because the great West would separate, and constitute itself an independent republic.

While thus we prophesied of the North, assurance equally plump and downright came thence, that the efforts of the South were but a momentary spasm of desperate energy; that the Union party would soon rise to the surface; that provisions would fail; that funds would come to an end; that disaffection and disunion would set in; that the slaves would revolt; and, one way or another, that Jefferson Davis

* *The Message of* President Lincoln *to Congress, London Daily News*, Tuesday, December seventeenth, 1861.

would be hanged within a moderate time.

We claim no credit for having breasted this tide of anticipations; for any one who undertakes to write in a Quarterly on the affairs of a great nation, ought to have some little knowledge of them; and the least possible amount was sufficient to satisfy us that events would soon tell another tale. No one who had been at the pains to digest a few of the simplest facts as to the numbers, resources, principles, and tempers of the American people, could have thought of deluding the British public by treating the war as a paltry quarrel, to be blown out by the sneers of foreigners. He must rather have prepared them for a gigantic struggle, worthy to be discussed with gravity, and certain not to be ended till it had left momentous traces on the history of man: a struggle which foreigners might view with wishes for the success of one side or the other, but which they could only embitter by making light of it, or by offering gratuitous counsels, which, as the Duke of Argyle wisely said, only showed the combatants that we did not understand their affairs, and might be told to mind our own.

They are great mischief-makers, though not deep observers, who abuse their access to the public ear by representing a nation as populous as Great Britain, and roused by overt rebellion to fight for the integrity of their country, not in its foreign dependencies, as we did in India, but in their own land, where their rivers ran, and their telegraphs flashed—for the safety of the capital which bore the name of the nation's father—for the very existence of the government which they idolized—by representing such a people roused to such a struggle, as hurried to squabble for trifles, by a momentary petulance, which would forthwith expend itself. This was to come to pass, according to our daily teachers. Had it done so, it would have been proof that man had entered on a new phase, and that the history of the past had ceased to be useful in judging of the future. It was equally shallow to expect that a powerful oligarchy, believing both its ascendency and its property to be at stake, and fully committed to the struggle, with plenty of men, officers, and ability, would offer other than a long and mighty resistance.

Of all the magniloquent prophecies, not one has been fulfilled. The people of the North, instead of flying incensed upon the government which had hurried them to war, blamed themselves for having hurried the government to the premature advance which brought on the disaster at Bull Run. They did for a time hesitate as to whether the cabinet had energy enough to administer the war with spirit answerable to that of the nation. They hesitated, yet again, as to whether the President ought not to be forced to depart from legal forms, and to put the war avowedly on the ground which most directly appealed to a deep popular sympathy — the emancipation of the slaves. The people said: "That is the real drift of the war; it was about slavery it began, and it is only for slavery the rebels rose. Let us pass by the Constitution, say what we mean; and as this government refuses to exceed its legal powers, let it make place for one that will have fewer scruples." For a moment it seemed doubtful whether this sentiment would not prevail, and the complication of a revolution in the North be added to those already created. But the leaders of the popular movement soon came to reason thus: "Any Constitution, even a tainted one, is better than none. The government is already obliged to go quite far enough beyond the ordinary provisions of law — indeed, so far, that the beginnings of military despotism may be not distinctly discerned; and now to call upon it to set itself above the very Constitution by which it exists, and assume powers it has sworn to preserve to others, would be to bury the foundations on which the liberties of all rest, in order to hasten — and perhaps not hasten — the deliverance of a class." It is curious to read American orations, delivered when our writers were demonstrating that the people of the North thought no more of slave emancipation than those of the South; in which the speakers apologize for their forbearance in not forcing a revolution upon the government; and console their audience by the consideration, that though this subjects the North to the disadvantage of not waging "a war of passion," and confines it to the ground of law, comparatively tame as a popular appeal, nevertheless they avoid the anarchy among themselves of ruining the Constitution; and secure the ultimate deliverance of the

negroes perhaps even more certainly than if the avowed object of the war was their emancipation. Any murmurs ever expressed against the government, even by the organ of the South, the *Herald*—to gain hearing at all, must be murmurs not for going to war, but for insufficient energy.

Yet, while we write, fresh evidence comes that a conflict, quite as irrepressible as the one foretold by Mr. Seward, is drawing nearer. Dr. Russell showed long ago, that, in spite of the laws, the war, as it proceeded, would become more and more a war against slavery. The Secretary for War has all along shown this tendency; and lately has gone so far as to openly approve the doctrine, that the slaves should be called to arm. This extremest of measures his colleagues have disavowed; but they have not disavowed his published instructions to General Sherman — a document which sets all doubts at rest as to how slaves seeking national protection are to be treated — they are all, whether owned by rebel or loyal masters, to be received, treated as freemen, employed, if they accept employment, even in squads, and with arms, (but not a general arming;) and afterward loyal masters are to be compensated. This official manifesto is proudly quoted by Charles Sumner, and other anti-slavery leaders, as proof that the principle of release, and even of ransom, is now admitted by the government, and that it will be compelled to go forward.

From the expedition of the South, the only English witness whose testimony we have seen is the correspondent of the *Morning Star*, known to be Mr. Edge, author of *Slavery Doomed*, whose lengthened residence in America fits him to judge of the real feelings of the people. He thus describes what is passing around him:

"Living here amongst Americans of the North, I daily trace the precipitous change in their opinions with regard to this exceedingly difficult question. The few days they have been in these latitudes have sufficed to make them emancipationists of the most radical description; and that not so much from political reasons as from humane motives. When five hundred thousand Northern troops move down into the slave districts, it will not be in the power of man to stay the destruction of the system. I am forced to this conclusion by what I see passing around me, and the effects of our victory upon whites and blacks alike. I have conversed with many of the latter on this and neighboring islands, and at Beaufort; and every colored man, whether house-servant or field-hand, expresses the utmost contempt for his late master; whilst the soldiers and sailors feel savage with themselves for having formerly believed the slaves were kindly treated, when they now learn their food consisted of but eight quarts of Indian corn a week, and no animal food, and that the use of the lash was of continual occurrence. The government at Washington will not be long in feeling the influence of this altered public opinion; but proclamations and such like state weapons will not have a tithe of the effect upon the slave system which the presence of Northern soldiers is producing, and will continue to produce."

This was what the real anti-slavery men foretold. "Let the cabinet," they said, "do what it likes; but when once Northern troops come into real slave countries, the campaign against the 'institution' must begin." And if the feeling is setting in already in the army, it is coming forth with new vigor in many forms at the North; and even men of the democratic party, the old allies of the slaveholding interest, are now seeking popular favor by outbidding their rivals on this question.

Mr. Lincoln, who may be the best of Presidents, but is the worst of state-paper writers, gives us little more light on the intentions of the government than that he finds it necessary to protest against pressure for extreme measures; and yet seems to admit that such pressure may become so great that, to save the Union, it must be yielded to. He does take a step fully as offensive to the South; perhaps, as mere matter, not of injury, but pure offense, more so than an attempt to declare their slaves free: namely, advising the opening of diplomatic relations with the two negro states of Hayti and Liberia, as if they were men! His views about colonization may be clear, but his sentences are not; and we have not one particle of faith in "all that."

The tide of public feeling is shown in the Congress, where, not only in the House, but in the Senate, motions on the subject are coming thick and fast. The plan of turning the flank of the Constitution — by treating the seceded country not as States, in which capacity "the executive" can not touch their slavery; but as military districts, now in a state of revolt, in which capacity it can act—seems to be likely to strike a joint in the legal har-

ness by which the government has hitherto turned off the arrows launched against its legality by popular feeling. One thing is certain, Mr. Lincoln has touched the subject, proposed a beginning of measures, however undecidedly and vaguely; and such a beginning being once made, neither he nor any power living can keep reforms of a system so hateful and vile within any fixed bounds. The work of handling the rottenness once begun, its removal necessarily follows; and if the government does not lead, it must follow; and if it do neither, it and the nation will part.

As to the recruiting, history has few tales so remarkable as the facility with which the shattered forces, that seemed to invite extinction after Bull Run, have increased to swarming hosts. Could the government have made soldiers as easily as it filled up regiments, the war had been ended even now; but the spectacle of political power, presented by the array of force, massed at different points of a line from the Atlantic to the Missouri—further than from the west of France to the frontiers of Russia—is scarcely more striking in one way, than in another is that of military impotence, rendering this unformed flock of men with muskets incapable of performing one great military exploit in all this time. It now appears to be placed beyond question, that more than half a million of men are in the field, probably more than six hundred thousand.

The loans were to be refused by the capitalists, and by the people too, as the means of forcing the government to conclude peace. This was not only asserted in political articles where passion may be allowed scope, but over and over again in those money articles where men in business have a right to look not for bile, but for information. So far from this occurring, the popular support of the government was so vehement, that the capitalists were told that if they hesitated, they would be at once set aside, and the loans filled up without them; but they even anticipated the wants of the government by arrangements among themselves. Up to the present time, the tone of Americans, on the financial aspects of the war, so far from being what has been represented, errs by the opposite extreme. They are far too confident in their resources, far too boastful of the cheering aspect of affairs, and the fullness of their coffers; and, with a levity they will one day rue, talk of the ease with which, "by fifty millions at a time," they may "change the form of their investment," or "pass the nation's money from one pocket to another," by sending it down the greedy gulf of war.

To them the suspension of specie payment has not the horrors that it has for us; and as the South has long ago come to that point, and yet does not grow tired, they take the possibility of it more lightly than we could imagine. But let them beware of the weary loads they are laying on the broad back of their country, young yet, and, like many a stately youth, in great danger of overgrowing its strength! Mr. Chase does not, even now, admit the idea of a permanent debt, but means that the whole shall be paid off in thirty years — a good intention, but debts die hard.

They were to rise against the taxes. This was the one prophecy that had strong ground of probability; for patience is the virtue in which America is poorest, and paying to government is an operation by all means disagreeable to the country folks, who compose the great majority of the people. Still, government is one thing, and a popular war another. As to the former, every American thinks that he is the best government in the world himself, and can hardly understand why he should have to pay for another; but when slave-owners in arms are threatening Washington, there is something to be done worth paying for. How long this willingness will continue, we can not say. It is the testing-point of the North, and, perhaps, when a visitor who is more familiar than welcome at our own doors, presents himself the third or fourth time, on behalf of "Uncle Sam," as the government is called, he may find strange and troublesome receptions. Yet the representations of a certain popular politician, on the blissful freedom of America from taxes, are valid in no circle wider than the brim of his own hat. Many a citizen of that exempt nation has served a harder apprenticeship to tax-paying than we poor subjects of down-trodden England. They have three separate circles of taxes—national, provincial, municipal: the first to the government, light; the second to the "State," not heavy, (but *universal*, laying a poll-tax on the humblest working man;) and the third, to the town, incredibly burdensome. In

some years the municipal taxes of the city of New-York alone are eleven dollars, more than two guineas per head—man, woman, and child; and this money is most corruptly spent.

If, in the face of the Northerns at Beaufort, with certain exposure at hand, the negroes "were shot down like dogs, because they would not follow their masters," as Captain Dupont states in a private letter, what must be the deeds done when no stranger could overlook!

"Why did you change your lodging?" we heard a Southern Member of Congress ask of a Northern, in the lobby of the House, at the moment when the South was first confronted with an anti-slavery majority, on the question of Speaker, on the occasion of Banks's election. "Shall I tell you why, Sir?" said the Yankee, with a fiery flash of his black eye. "If you like," replied the Southern. "Then, sir, I changed, because they whipped that slave girl in the house. Yes, siree, whipped her! And do you think a man from Massachusetts is going to stay in a house where a woman is whipped?" The Southern saw that a foreign eye was taking note of the scene, and walked off without uttering a word. God bless the "man from Massachusetts!"

Such were the provocations that made the "Southern gentlemen" curse their connection with the Yankees, and sigh for a free State, in which they might whip, hunt, and brand their "property" without vulgar criticism.

"Do you hold the natural equality of the white and black races?" asked Mr. Barksdale, of Mississippi, of each of the candidates for the speakership, in much such a tone as the Bishop of Exeter, if allowed to catechise candidates for the woolsack, might ask: "Do you believe in the ecclesiastical equality of bishops and female preachers?" Mr. Richardson, the Southern nominee, replied: "I do not believe in the natural equality of the races. I hold that the black race was intended to be subordinate to the white." Mr. Banks, another man from Massachusetts, said, with a bold look and commanding voice: "I believe that God made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on the face of the earth; and as to superiority of race, I have learned that whenever an inferior race meets with a superior one, on the same ground, it melts away before it. The negro race has not yet disappeared before the Southern whites; and it is for future history to show which will prove itself the superior race." From the day that the North carried that man into the speaker's chair, the gentlemen of the Slave States felt that their ascendency was shaken, and their "property" no longer the ruling power of the state.

A few days after, a lady from Alabama exclaimed with vehemence: "Harriet Beecher Stowe ought to be ashamed of herself for such exaggerations." On being told that before entering the country we thought Uncle Tom a fair, but now a too favorable picture, with its three slave establishments; Shelby's humane and generous, St. Clair's foolishly indulgent, and, for a scene of cruelty, an out-of-the-way place, and an exceptional, monstrous man; the lady cried: "It is horrible to paint such a character as Legree. There was a gentleman in the neighborhood of Montgomery, who was said to have caused the death of his negroes; but he was never received into society!" The natural English reply: "He ought to have been hanged! A man who flogged his horses to death ought not to be received into society," confounded and silenced the impassioned pleader, who thought the fact that slave-owners "cut" one known to kill negroes by cruelty, a clear proof that there are no Legrees.

Under the shadow of the Capitol, a warm Southern concluded a repulse of English arguments by a burst of wrath against *Uncle Tom*, and all such "lies." A young man, who had up to that moment seemed rather the apologist than the assailant of slavery, changed color, and, looking his enraged countrymen in the face, "Mr. ——, you know," he said, "that I am a Virginian, born and raised in Loudon county; and I will engage any day to give Harriet Beecher Stowe, out of Loudon county, materials for another Uncle Tom—*and a worse one.*"

This witness is also useful, as showing at every step, without any intention of doing so, that slavery is the ground of the quarrel; his summary of which he concludes by saying that Lincoln's election secured the triumph of a party "pledged to the destruction of the peculiar institutions and material interests of the South." If this witness be "impar-

tial," which we are far from saying, (for he evidently bears Mr. Lincoln and the anti-slavery party, which he calls the triumphant faction, keen dislike,) the *Times* which vouches for it, must cancel some hundreds of columns devoted to proving that anti-slavery feeling had nothing to do with the dispute.

His undesigned testimony to the effectiveness of the blockade is, to us, unexpected: "The blockade has undoubtedly been productive of great individual inconvenience. All communication by letter has been cut off. Friends are unable to correspond. Painful instances are met with every day of the anxiety to hear tidings of relations abroad."

His discernment is shown in the following view of the Northern army: "It is much to be doubted whether many of the American soldiers calculated on or desire the invasion of the Southern States." If not Americans, who does? The Irish? the Germans? Who cried, "On to Richmond?" Who clamored for the speedier sailing of the Armada? He calls the occupation of Maryland, "*quasi*-Venetian;" whereas a popular vote in that State, in which more electors took part than in ordinary times, has given a large majority for the Union. If Venetia be permitted by Austria to vote, and will give a similar decision, we, at least, will not reproach Austria for occupying it. It is poor work to spend one's time in noticing such trifles; but it is a work of charity to give some instances of the way in which the cause of the slavers is artfully commended to the people of this country by men who affect candor.

We tell such men they do not know how to serve the British monarchy; they are its worst, though its unconscious foes. Ours is a monarchy eminently graced with love of order, and discouraging rebellion, except when a people oppressed have failed, after patient efforts to obtain by peaceable means natural rights from unreasonable masters. But these men would commit it to friendship with that rebellion, which, however passion and misrepresentation may now gloss it, *is a crime unknown to history*, and will take its place in its page as the first recorded, wherein the ruling class in a free country, when by a legal act political authority was voted away from them, rose against the nation; dismembered first, and then attacked it, without alleging that one liberty had been curtailed, much less destroyed, or one right endangered, but that of rendering slavery "eternal," and extending it far and wide. The English monarchy is not more the stay of order than the shield of liberty; yet these men would make it the nursing mother of the first conspiracy ever originated, with a view of forming a nation, "the corner-stone" of which, not according to our representation, but according to the words of Alexander Stephens, Vice-President of the Confederate States, and the most eloquent of their orators, "the corner-stone" of which—the "stone rejected by the builders" of the United States—is slavery! They would, moreover, accept for our aristocracy what we take to be the blackest insult ever cast upon it; namely, that the natural allies of the aristocracy of England are the "gentlemen of the South."

Aristocracy of England—gentlemen of the South! It is hard to write the two on the same line. Mr. Bright or Ernest Jones might be indignant, if accused of saying any thing so monstrous; yet men professing not hatred, but respect, for our aristocracy, are found to say it. Two classes more dissimilar, or with traditions and tastes more repugnant, can not be named in the world. The English aristocracy are, above all men, noted in private life for love of law. The "gentlemen" of the South imitate them in mansions, sports, wine, in free expenditure, and easy manners; but will shoot men in the streets, brutally attack them in the Senate, shake their fists in their faces in Congress, as these eyes have seen them do; egg on and head lawless mobs to murder any suspected disseminator of anti-slavery opinions; and run riot over all law that crosses their passion or checks their notions of property. The English aristocracy are a pattern and an admiration to the world for that patriotic sagacity which has led them to sacrifice their cherished prejudices—and, as in the case of the corn-laws, their supposed material interests—rather than break with the nation, or push political differences to violent collision; and they now justly enjoy, and their country, too, enjoys, the fruit of this their loyalty and large-mindedness. The "Southern gentlemen," on the other hand, the moment they find themselves out-voted by their nation, fly to arms, tear down the flag under which

they had fought, destroy the government to which they had sworn allegiance, bombard the first officer they find standing by his oath, march upon the Capitol, rush to the shores of its protecting stream, where the arm of a scarcely-awakened people was thrown up spasmodically only in time to arrest, and be desperately wounded in arresting, the blow. No; the British aristocracy are no fit allies for men whose passions are their law in private life, whose property is their charter to tear their country to pieces; and *they* are no fit allies for the English aristocracy, who have on their library-tables papers advertising bloodhounds to hunt human beings, who sell the daughters of their own nurses, the sons of their own fathers, who divide child and mother on the auction-block, who live in splendor on the gains of trade—not honest industry, but the meanest trade—trade carried on with unpaid labor.

They have poor faith in the monarchy and aristocracy of England who would hope that any greater lustre would be shed upon them by friendship with a slaveholding community, or by the destruction of the great republic. Our faith in them is on this wise: we believe that were the two best and most prosperous republics possible established — one on the east of us, in France; one on the west, in America — that our own throne, standing in the midst, would, by the natural teaching of events, sensibly gain upon them during every period of ten years — gain not only in the convictions and attachment of the British people, but in the envy of the jealous, in the admiration of the wise, in the other two nations. The British monarchy has every thing to gain by the existence of favorable specimens of a republic to compare it with. It received fresh strength from its glorious contrast with the French republic of 1848; as some foretold that it would do, when men who fancy that they have faith in it were trembling for the consequences. It has also gained immensely by comparison with America, and by Mr. Bright's anxiety to make us look thither for an elysium. The true policy of that peerless throne, and the peerless aristocracy which adorns its approaches, is, to stand by every free nation in trouble, and to frown on every slave-owner and oppressor.

Young English gentlemen who find in the large plantations the nearest approach to the country-seats of England, and in the planters' style and manners the best copy of those of our country gentlemen; who are sedulously well treated, and shown, with the easiest air, yet the most artistic combination, all that can please, and kept away from all that can offend, and who leave the Slave States without having witnessed one horror—may easily be forgiven for reversing their boyish ideas, and jumping to the opposite extreme. It is like the impression of a virtuous youth visiting a continental city, and seeing nothing to offend him, and much to satisfy him that things are better than at home. But once let a corner of the vail be lifted, then let the discovery go on; and what realities come to view from under that fair exterior! So in the Slave States: the covering once disturbed, horror after horror comes to light — horrors of the market, the field, the bed, the Church — till the stranger either loathes human nature, or sinks down into callous familiarity with accredited abominations.

Natural allies of the English aristocracy! Modest creatures to set up such a claim! Mr. Jefferson Davis, the man whom the South has delighted to honor, ever since his heroic denunciation of "crocodile tears;" whom, while able, it forced on the North as a great officer of state — when it could do so no longer, electing him to guide its own destinies— this chosen leader of the chivalry of the South, this prophet and high-priest of repudiation, is a natural ally of our Palmerstons, Somersets, Granvilles, and Argyles! And Mr. Vice-President Stephens, the historico-philosophical orator, who boasts that "our new government is the first in the history of the world, based upon this great physical and moral truth, ... that the negro is not equal to the white man; that slavery — subordination to the superior race — is his natural and moral condition;" that this stone, which was rejected by the first builders, is become the "chief stone of the corner of our new edifice," . . . . a natural ally of our Russell, Lewis, and Gladstone! Mr. Secretary of State "Bob Toombs," a rough-mouthed reviler of England—whose ambition has been first to "cover the Atlantic with first-class steamers to pull down Great Britain," the deadly foe of "our institution;" and, secondly, to call over

the muster-roll of his slaves on Bunker Hill, as the knell of freedom in New-England — he is a natural ally! Well, perhaps he may be the ally of a certain namesake of his, who, if not of our aristocracy, is, unhappily, of our government; and, if rumor be right, the best helper Mr. Toombs has had, as writer of the malevolent articles against the Free States in our leading journal.

No, no, no! The natural allies of the British aristocracy are the British people. And should the labor too effectually expended by the *Times* to deceive these as to the character of the present struggle, and the relative motives of South and North, lead to a war, and that to more misery in England and France—and this to the latter country joining in the fray to keep her cities from revolution—then, though the people will soonest feel the pinch of want, the ultimate dangers will fall on those who favored the slaveholders' insurrection, and fathered this offense against freedom on the aristocratic sentiment; as if nobility drew closer to traders who live by cotton-growing, without paying their work-people, than to those who live by cotton-spinning, and pay every man honestly.

As to the resemblance, dear to the pride of the slaveholder, between the mansions of England and those of the planters, we, who are neither owners nor heirs of any of those lordly seats which glisten on the landscapes of our fatherland, like stars on the breast of a king, nevertheless can feel our hearts fire at the insult of such a comparison. Trees and sward, halls and chambers, furniture and appointments, may be made to look somewhat alike; entertainments and manners may be assimilated; but what a difference in all human relations! The one is a home, a free home, of free men, where every servant dwells because it suits him, and seeks a happier abode when his hope, his anger, or his whim inclines him; and the other is a whited sepulcher, fair on the outer side, but inwardly full of corruption and rottenness. In the one, no man goes to labor but on terms to which he has agreed, and which he can revoke; in the other, men and dogs within doors, men and horses without, stand on the same footing: they are bred for the house, farm, or market, as the case may be; they are trained, petted, and kicked; they are worked and driven, fed, housed, covered; if sick, doctored; if idle, whipped; and if it suit the master, sold. In the one, if the master values his servant, he says, "I would not that man should take it into his head to leave me for a hundred pounds;" in the other: "I would not take a thousand dollars for that servant." In the one, if the master is displeased, he says, "I shall give you notice to find another place;" in the other: "I shall sell you down South." In the one, if the servant fears his master, he says, "Sir, I must change;" in the other, he asks himself: "Will he whip me, or put me in irons, or sell me?"

Here, when it is known that the master is in debt, the domestics ask, "Will he mortgage the estate?" there: "Who holds a mortgage on us?" In England, when a daughter of the house is married, the question is, which pony will be her present; in Carolina, which man or woman. When death darkens the English mansion, the people speculate as to how the will disposes of ornaments, horses, and other property; but no man, as it is read, listens at the keyhole, with sick heart, to learn whether he and his children are left to the same owner, whether he falls to the lot of the gentle Miss or the odious son — his torment, though the father of his daughter's children. When the worst comes to the worst, the old men and women, in the English mansion, witness the sale with sorrowful hearts, and see the familiar articles departing in the hand of strangers, as if part of themselves was sold; but they do not watch the falling of the hammer over "My Rose," or "My Dick," and then go up to the purchaser and cry: "Massa, you have bought my child; do buy me. I am old; but I can work yet."

And the maiden sisters that grace the circle in both mansions—both gentle and womanly, (as long as you do not touch the burning question, of the family mode of gaining a livelihood,)—the one finds her pocket-money in some quiet legacy, or in her brother's affection; the other in the purse of "My Moll," hired as a cook, and of "My Pompey," as a coachman or gardener, some twenty miles away, for wages which come regularly to buy the brocades and laces that vie with those of the proudest duchess. But this lady has a far finer contempt for the traders of Lowell than the duchess for those of Manchester; and, perhaps, if you take

kindly to family interests, will incidentally let you know that she hopes for large returns from the numerous children of her own lady's maid—that beautiful woman, not far from white, who resembles her so strongly, having the family nose, with but a touch of negro hair: she is her property, her father's daughter, and her brother's concubine.

Mr. Edge's* first letter from South-Carolina gives us some strange materials. The following extract from a letter found in the town of Beaufort is given, with the name of the writer; and the communication of this natural ally of our noblemen is addressed to "My dear Mother," the natural ally of our own noblewomen:

"How are my new friends of the 'Huntress'? I have heard not a word either from them or of them. I suppose you remember my promising them a Yankee skull for a drinking-cup; well, I tried hard to get one, but I have not succeeded yet, although I do not mean to give up, but will see how things turn out, and the first chance I get I shall not fail to take off the crown of his head. May be you will like one, too, to put on your what-not, would you not?" . . . .

"I suppose you know that after Beauregard's refusal to Cameron's request" [this refers to the United States Secretary of War] "of searching for the dead body of a relative Cameron, [his brother,] he sent two men on the sneak; and the rascals were caught just in the act, and will be regarded as spies. I hope they will be hanged. I think I know where the dead Cameron lies; and I intend, as soon as I can, to go and dig up my man, and see if my suspicions are right or not. Until then, I am your affectionate son, ROBERT CHISHOLM."

When we last wrote, the disaster of Springfield had just been added to that of Bull Run. It was then thought more than probable that a passage of the Potomac, effected at two points, one above and one below Washington, would bring the rebels upon it from both North and South, that Maryland would rise and join them, that Missouri would be entirely lost, that Kentucky would secede, and that thus the government would be expelled from every Slave State but the insignificant Delaware. If we could not share these anticipations, we did not commit ourselves to any opinion that the national cause would make sensible progress in the three months then coming. The position of the government is now very different; it has since then suffered the heavy loss of Lexington, and the sanguinary repulse before Leesburg; but it has gained armies, fleets, forts, votes, and territory.

Its forces by sea and land are now imposing; and while the South, with its victories, has never been able to advance; in Eastern Virginia not able to hold all the ground occupied after Bull Run, and losing two counties and fifteen hundred men at one blow; in Western Virginia, driven by repeated defeats off the ground; in Missouri, losing Lexington; in Kentucky, completely worsted; the North has pushed down the coast, taken Eastern Virginia; and in North-Carolina, the next state in geographical succession, Hatteras; in South-Carolina, the next, Port Royal; in the next, Georgia, Tybee Island, commanding the approach to Savannah; in the next, Florida, it has held Fort Pickens, in spite of all the power of the South; in the next, Mississippi, Ship Island; in Louisiana, a post at the mouth of the Mississippi; thus replanting the national flag on, at least, one point of each maritime State, except Texas.

Each of these posts distracts the enemy, and furnishes a pivot both for political and military action. The one at Tybee Island places the capital of Georgia under complete blockade, and exposes it to easy attack. That at Port Royal throws Charleston and Savannah both into alarm, disturbs the Carolinans and Georgians in the field, and, above all, drives the planters, by a precipitate flight, from the rich district, famed for its Sea Island cotton, leaving it entirely in the possession of negroes and Northerns. In this one district, out of a population of thirty-nine thousand, thirty-two thousand were black. These, of course, believed, or were supposed to believe, in the omnipotence of their masters, and were taught to consider Yankees, English, and all such monsters, as devouring enemies of the happy slave. A few weeks' observation of planters flying, wrecking their own houses, burning their crops, and Yankees gaining victories, and protecting blacks, will open their eyes to a new world of facts and hopes.

If it be, as reported, that the planters are burning their crops all along the coast, it shows how completely the design of terrifying them, by these numerous descents, is answering its end. Yet we do not suppose that the government means, for the present, to advance into the interior from any of these points—a

* See *Morning Star* for Dec. 14.

measure which would lead the enemy to concentrate his forces, and oblige a concentration of its own. It is probably, rather, its plan, for the present, to distract, not only the army, but its supporters, at a hundred points at once, with apprehensions of descents, every now and then intensified by a reality.

The great gains of territory, however, are not on the coast, but on the frontier line. The two counties of Eastern Virginia, recently conquered, give all the eastern bank of the Chesapeake to the government. In Western Virginia, the gain is clear and great. In Kentucky, it is still more marked; for the State avowed neutrality, and Breckinridge, its powerful Senator, and other leaders, were frank secessionists; but, strangely enough, after Bull Run, a State vote declared for the Union, and now the greatest part of its surface, since Gen. Nelson's important victory, is strongly occupied by the government. In Missouri, we hardly know how to judge of the position of the two parties; for confusion worse confounded is once more exemplified in the accounts from that State. Gen. Fremont did nothing, and spent much; and Gen. Price gained one notable victory. The Confederates ought to have cleared the State, according to appearances, yet they seem to have only the power of disturbing it; and President Lincoln, whose statements on other points are sober, says: "It is comparatively quiet, and, I believe, can not again be overrun by the insurrectionists." The three border slave States—Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri—which at first refused any troops, now give forty thousand, and the amount of slave territory securely in the possession of the Union is at least twice the area of England and Wales. We challenge examination of this statement. The South has won battles, but never advanced; the North has lost battles, but made notable progress. Military superiority was on one side, political power on the other.

Now the government stands prepared for the development of its real plan of campaign. It may be remembered that, after its great defeat, a statement was put out, under the sanction of Mr. Thurlow Weed's name, and, therefore, received as from the Cabinet, though not officially, to the effect that the advance had been against Gen. Scott's judgment, forced on by the clamor of the press. His plan was to use the Army of the Potomac only to defend Washington, and detain the enemy's forces on his northern frontier, while a great expedition should be prepared in the West, to descend the Mississippi in autumn, carry the war into the South, and open up the river, while others descending by the coast should join it on the gulf.

The overthrow of the first army before it was formed, and the utter inefficiency of Gen. Fremont, in the West, have compelled changes in this plan; but its substance will be kept in view. Already stepping-stones and halting-places, all the way between the North and Florida, are secured. The next object is to take Fernandina, in that State, which would then be resolved back into its chrysalis condition as a "territory;" then to cross the Gulf, descend at Galveston on the coast of Texas, resolve that State also back into a "territory;" then, the army of the South, crossing the Gulf again, and that of the West descending the Father of Waters, together to assail Mississippi, the State of Jefferson Davis; that secured, those on its West must fall, the river would be open, and the highway of Western produce be once more free. If all this were done, the Carolinas, Georgia, and Alabama would not long resist.

This is a grand conception, one which the government has steadily followed, and which is daily brought more into view—one, too, which the North feels no doubt of its power to carry out, if European war does not come in to hinder. How much of it may miscarry, even without the last dread alternative, none of us can foretell; but Gen. McClellan has been draining more life-blood from the South every day that he has kept its main army inactive at the extreme edge of its territory, than he could have done by any military operation, short of a total overthrow. The immense distance from one another, of the points now threatened by the expeditions prepared during his inaction, and the fact that every one of them appeals to the desire of some regiment to return to its own State, are elements of distraction to the Southern army, which the hopes of the North naturally anticipate may grow to dissolution. But, on the other hand, that army has the untold advantage of practiced professional officers; and those who are not so, are appointed by authority,

not by election. The latter folly in the Northern army continues still, and probably will do so till weary experience works it out.

When the news of the capture of Port Royal was cheering the prospects of the North—when even here American securities were rising, and some hope in the power of the nation to right itself was beginning to spring up—suddenly came tidings that thrilled England from end to end. The Trent, mail-steamer, bearing our neutral flag, sailing from a neutral port to a neutral port, was stopped by the Jacinto man-of-war, whose captain had seen her before she sailed, and perfectly knew whither she was bound. He did not fire, as if in amity, a blank cartridge, but a shotted gun, and soon after a live shell. He ran out his guns, as if to sink the poor packet. He sent armed men, and followed them up by men with bare cutlasses; and, against the protest of the captain of the steamer, and a queen's officer, carried away four passengers by force. As to these persons, England had no love for them, any more than for Ledru Rollin, Charles the Tenth, or Mazzini. They were all utterly unknown, and the fact that one of them, Mr. Mason, was the author of the Fugitive Slave Law, would have sufficed to preëngage all our national sympathies against him. But never had England stooped before any human power, to allow the man who claimed the protection of her flag to be torn from under it by violence. If proved by law to be not entitled to it, then the refugee might suffer, and the refuge be still sacred; but he that dared to dispense with such proof, and take upon himself to violate the refuge, roused indignation by insult, and provoked force by force.

We did not reclaim against the right of search, nor against the right of Captain Wilkes to take the Trent before a tribunal, if he alleged that she carried contraband of war, any more than we object to a policeman carrying before a magistrate persons charged with misdemeanor. But we should dismiss any police officer, however high, who took law into his own hands, and executed punishment without a hearing; and we started with horror at the idea of an armed vessel dragging men from under our flag, without any process of law, or show of any thing but fire and sword.

The cabinet at once consulted its law officers, who unanimously, and without hesitation, fixed upon the illegal point in Captain Wilkes's procedure. Then followed an instant demand for reparation, by the restoration of the men to the refuge which had been violated. That has, ere now, reached America, and perhaps, while we write, the dreadful die is cast; and we, who had chidden Americans for fighting for the existence of their nation, may soon be fighting simply for the honor of our flag, and protesting that we deserve no abuse for doing so, but rather pity that the necessity is forced upon us.

It is in vain to speculate on probabilities which a short time will resolve. We can only utter our humble hope that Providence will avert from us the disaster of a war which would be to our loss, both when we destroyed the property of the enemy and suffered the destruction of our own; from the carnage of a war in which kinsman would fight kinsman, and brother kill brother; from the shame of a war in which the flag of England would fly side by side with the flag of the slaver, in hostile march on the homes of the free.

This must chiefly, so far as human power is concerned, depend on America. At first it was universally assumed that Captain Wilkes acted upon specific instructions, and therefore the insulting details of his attack were taken to be proof that his government had planned an outrage which must bring on a war. It is now admitted that he acted on his own responsibility; and, therefore, so far as men of thought are concerned, all the conclusions which were based on the opposite supposition are dismissed. It was further to be feared that the President, in his message, would make declarations binding him to resist our demand. This he has not done, but, alluding to one British ship unlawfully detained, he does say, "Justice requires that we should commit no belligerent act not founded in strict right as sanctioned by public law"—a caution which may be intended to bear only on the obscure case of the Perthshire, but which may possibly have been penned with a glance at a far more conspicuous one. The fact, that not the Congress, but the Lower House, has voted its thanks to Captain Wilkes, is unfavorable so far as it goes; but that, in America, says but a little. Had the Senate

passed such a vote, it would be a different thing.

The feeling on hearing that Mason and Slidell were caught was much the same as it would have been here if we had heard, in the hight of the Indian mutiny, that Nana Sahib was secured; the means and consequences of the capture were things for afterthought. The popular demonstrations, the speeches, the newspaper and platform legal arguments, are all adverse to hopes of peace, but, we must admit, perfectly natural; and, we will yet trust, not final. The weightiest of them is thus disposed of by what Dr. Russell calls "a respectable paper," the New-York *Times*. We may remark that the term "Congress" is often used in America as "Parliament" is here, when only the Lower House is intended. So in this extract:

"Congress has signalized its first sitting by passing a vote of thanks to Captain Wilkes for the seizure of Messrs. Mason and Slidell. Nothing is more natural than that what is uppermost in the public mind should leap to expression through the voice of the people's representatives. In thus putting on record a formal approval of an act which has called forth universal public satisfaction, there is, of course, no intention to prejudge a case on which neither our own nor the British government has as yet pronounced an opinion, and which is now properly a matter of diplomacy alone. We all liked the bold deed, and we liked it all the better because it seemed to be perfectly justified by the principles and precedents of international law. Should it not be so justified, there can be no hesitation as to the course to be pursued. However gratifying the seizure of the rebel ambassadors may have been, it is not worth the sacrifice of a single principle of the public morality of nations. Meanwhile, we can, of course, but await further developments. The resolution of thanks which Congress has voted to Captain Wilkes, therefore, embodies a perfectly just sentiment, without at all binding the policy of the government, or embarrassing the Secretary of State in the pursuit of such a course as, on a full examination of the question in all bearings, may seem to be dictated by right and the law of nations."

We lean to the opinion that the reticence of Mr. Lincoln is stronger on the side of hope, than all the talk of papers, secretaries of the navy, and votes of the House against it. But in this we only speak of the posture of things before the arrival of our demand. If it be possible for the President to conform to international law, and deliver up the prisoners, we incline to expect that he will do so; but if, as is believed, our demand shuts him up to the alternative of absolutely doing so or refusing within seven days, it places the American cabinet in a position, with its fiery and quarrelsome people, that may make the surrender of the ill-omened commissioners, on its part, an impossibility. Had it proved true, as was once whispered, that our admirals had instructions to begin reprisals as soon as Lord Lyons should leave Washington, all the blame of rushing to war would not, even at first, have been laid on America; and, when the pinch of deeper distress came upon our people, would have been transferred to the authors of such medieval proceedings.

Strongly as we should support the demand for reparation, just as strongly should we condemn this abrupt way of throwing down the gauntlet. When Austria acted thus with Piedmont, she had the excuse that negotiations had been tried and failed. We should not have given one chance of rendering a reason, proposing an alternative, calming public excitement, or gradually reconciling a proud people to what at first will seem humbling terms.

Our statesmen acted under great provocation. They had loyally held by our neutrality, and by acts, not words, proved their superiority to inducements to deviate from it; though we were often told, in public and private, by the organs of the North, that we meant do the opposite. Mr. Seward had openly advised the seizure of our territories; had in society let both private persons and public men know that he thought that insulting England was "necessary to his position;" had, without a shadow of provocation, issued a warlike circular, and altogether had made the impression, on high and low in this country, that he was mad enough to wish for a collision. Large orders for saltpeter, and other signs of preparation for a long war, had alarmed those many sages among us who had settled it that America could not, for any time, sustain a war against the South, and were again quite ready to settle it, that she was going to enter upon one with England and the South at the same time. And in the midst of these whisperings came the terrible tidings of round-shot, live shell, bare cutlasses, all displayed against an unarmed ship, to add gratuitous insult to a daring capture.

This, put together with all Mr. Seward's words and deeds, left scarcely a doubt that he was the author of the outrage. One set of men gave as a motive that he wished to retire from the war with the South, under cover of one with England; which simply showed their ignorance of the man, his country, and his cause. Others supposed that he did not desire a war, knowing, as he must, that in the actual position of America it would be suicidal; that instead of conquering the South, as he had hoped to do, he would bring about its independence, and the utter destruction of the Federal navy; but that, blinded by the habitual forbearance of England, he thought he might add insult to outrage, reap the popular applause consequent on his defiance, and escape unhurt. To Englishmen this latter supposition is more irritating than the other; for, while able to respect a man who thinks he can beat England, and resolves to try, they can only scorn one who would trade upon her honor.

But whatever Mr. Seward's faults, and whatever Captain Wilkes's provocation, England could not afford to be harsh, any more than weak. The former would touch her honor, the latter only her influence; and we believe that the whisper about instant reprisals was unfounded. Even if redress be refused, and Lord Lyons at the end of seven days should leave Washington, we are sure that still the door of reconciliation has not been hopelessly closed. We believe, farther, that three things will be established—first, that Captain Wilkes acted on his own responsibility; secondly, that in not carrying the Trent before a tribunal, he was prompted by the desire to do a less injury, (not seeing that he was doing a lawless injustice;) and thirdly, that he felt that he was foregoing such a chance of prize-money for himself and his men, as he had never had in his life.* These facts will make it easier for the American government to meet our demands, and for us to listen to what they may have to say. As certainly as the people of this country are prepared to fight, if they can not have peace without dishonor; so certainly would their feelings soon revolt against any war begun before all honorable means of averting it have been exhausted.

At such a moment as this, when England is strong beyond precedent, when America is torn by a woful civil war, and just beginning to make headway against its difficulties, to strike her in haste would leave a stain on our magnanimity, and a sting in her recollections. In these pages three months ago we reproached America for forcing us to war in 1812; but now that the case is altered, we must confess that, bad as Captain Wilkes's provocation is, ours at that time was threefold. All research has failed to find a precedent that would cover his capture of non-military persons from a neutral ship, out of a neutral port, bound for a neutral port; but if our cruisers did not do the same thing, they did worse, and that not once, but often; and yet this did not prevent our own pen, sixty years after, from stigmatizing the conduct of America as "ungenerous."

If England, without taking care that every atom of blame must fall on America alone, hastens a war, probably the American navy will soon be extinct; and possibly peace may be enforced before very long. But the wound will rankle in twenty millions of breasts; and a war well prepared for on the part of America will follow in time. The bitterness of the last war has not yet worn away, though we, not they, were taken at a disadvantage; and a war begun in the moment of their national agony would be the death-blow to the amity of the Anglo-Saxon race, and the beginning of a *series* of struggles, which probably a century would not see closed; and neither the British Empire nor the United States in their integrity would survive.

If the Americans show that their object is war with us, we have no alternative. If they meet us in an amicable spirit, and we yet force on a war, it will be a sad day for them, with a sadder morrow for ourselves.

We can not believe that their law-officers will take a substantially different view from ours; we can see that their statesmen might draw great advantage from taking us fully on our own terms; but we do not believe that they will stop short of some respectful proposition worthy of consideration. If such is submitted is it, or is it not, to be considered? Ar we to follow the whoop of men, wl

* This was in type, founded on private information, before Captain Wilkes's official report placed these three points beyond conjecture. (See *Times*, Dec. 24th.)

would rather see the miseries of a war added to the straits of the people and the sorrows of the palace, than temper their spite for a single hour, when they mix the daily draft of venom? Are we to shut our ears, draw our swords, and rush on men who are saying—"Let us reason together"? This is what we are told: no parley, no reason, no negotiation, no mediation; surrender or war; instant submission, or instant hostilities. Men who want to fight first and reason afterward, are likely to prove weak enemies, as they are dangerous citizens. They who will strike only when they must, are made of stronger as well as safer stuff. If our cousins do not give us redress, let diplomatic relations cease by all means; but if they at the same time make any offer fit to be entertained, must we at once fly to war? If ever a case can come into existence, for the friendly offices of another power, for that mode of intervention which England had the glory of commending to the diplomatists of Europe, at the Congress at Paris; surely this is the case. An act of an individual officer, under excitement, wounding more deeply, in the point where he meant to avoid wounding, than in those where he consciously struck, or wantonly chafed—an act which does not less embarrass his own government, owing to the peculiarities of persons and times, than it offends a foreign one—an act which, if handled by jurists, may be the means of settling an important point of international law, but, if referred to the arbitrament of war, can only torment two nations; if, in such a case, the offended country, strong, free-handed, and full of confidence, can not listen to a proposal to invoke mediation on the part of a government, whose right hand is wounded, and its left tied, surely all hope of turning to account such a provision of mercy must be abandoned for our time.

The Count Agenor de Gasparin looks on England with no ordinary foreigner's eye. He says, in a pamphlet just issued: *

"I have the right to speak thus to them; for I am of the number of those who love England, and have proved it. In my first speech in the Assembly, and with reference to this very question of the right of search, I exposed myself to much animosity to defend her. Later, in the Pritchard affair, I did not draw back. Even from the depths of my retreat, I rarely take my pen without rendering homage to a country and a government which are not popular among us."

And what does the tried advocate of England abroad say to this loud clamor for war without mediation?

"England has been full of condescension and forbearance for America when she was strong. If they should have the misfortune to have no more condescension and forbearance now she is weakened, they would authorize suppositions much more fatal to their honor than is the grave error, (yet easily reparable with good-will on both sides) just committed by Captain Wilkes."

In the moment of our wrath has come the moment of our sorrow. While all hearts were boiling with indignation, the unseen Hand was taking away all but our greatest national treasure. In these dark days of doubt and preparation—preparation which that doubt fully justifies—our palace, which the loves and virtues of a matchless pair, the scenes of a pattern family, and the lapse of tranquil years, had taught us rather to love as a warm English home, than to contemplate in the isolated elevation of royalty, was suddenly darkened; and from us who sorrowed and were stupefied, from her who sorrowed more, and for whose grief we felt more than for our own, was carried away by death a Prince who had united more manly beauty and personal accomplishments, more natural wisdom and acquired science, more private worth and kingly capacity, more domestic virtue and public usefulness, than have been combined by any royal person for many a reign. God grant that to this sorrow may not be added that of a war wherein all would lose, and none gain—wherein the English blockade of America would starve many of the best missions of the Christian Church in heathen lands—wherein our victory would introduce into the family of nations the first state ever founded, as its chosen orator declares, on the "chief corner-stone" of human bondage, and make England the foster-mother of this hideous novelty! Should that woe come, these hands can be raised in prayer for the quenching of flames, which they, at least, have not assisted in kindling.

If peace with England continue, and the North triumphs, in any tract that falls again under the Flag of the Union—whether by instant emancipation or some

* *Words of Peace.* Low & Son.

slower process—slavery will be put on the pathway of extinction. If the whole South become independent, with the navy of the North unbroken, and her frontiers armed, slave-property on the border must soon cease, and perpetual feuds must make its tenure every where uncertain and increasingly hazardous. If with the present Border States united to the Free, the Planting States should become independent, hemmed in by free land on all sides, their slavery would be a question of time. And if we should give our hand to the South, the North will probably hesitate no more about a servile insurrection. Then, England allied with the slavers, and the United States with the slaves, the former fighting for the rights of neutrals, the latter for those of belligerents, the world may see the negro race lifting up its head over seas of blood wherein the Anglo-Saxon race is drowning its ascendency. We could not protest that did Providence work out at the same time the rescue of the African race and the decline of our own, we have merited a better lot; but mercy rejoices over judgment, and we will firmly hope that theirs may be raised, and ours yet reserved for ages of peace, growth, and Christian usefulness.

CORONATION AT KONIGSBERG.

Königsberg is an ancient and renowned city. Its historical associations, stretching back upward of six centuries, are richly colored with striking incidents; and almost every street and public building quaintly tells a tale thoroughly characteristic of some bygone age. An intelligent tourist can scarcely thread its narrow streets, or look round its squares, or gaze upon its palace, or float down the river which bisects the city, without descrying many an object interesting either for its own sake or for the sake of some romantic event of which it remains a picturesque memorial. It is a place in which the archæologist may revel, and in which all the instincts of the historian may find ample and varied matter of gratification.

This city has been selected as the scene of the most imposing of regal solemnities, the coronation of King William of Prussia, on the spot where six hundred years ago the Teuton Knights founded their stronghold as an advanced post from which to wage war against the surrounding heathen—the pomp and magnificence with which the act was performed—the festivities by which the ceremonial was accompanied—and the immense concourse of strangers gathered from all parts of the world to witness the gorgeous spectacle—have raised this little city, for the time being, into European importance, and have even eclipsed the jubilee celebrated there in 1855.

Königsberg, though most of its streets are narrow, is a far larger place than its population would argue, comprising, as it does, a considerable water surface, a great many gardens, and no less than thirty public squares and market-places, some of them very spacious. The site of the town is uneven, and in parts the ascents are inconveniently steep, a fact to which the particular meager condition of the hack droschki horses seems mournfully to testify. Like Rome, it is built on seven hills; it has also seven bridges and seven gates. The city itself, however, is by no means uninteresting or unpicturesque. It has been so often besieged and maltreated, partly demolished and again rebuilt, that it presents a curious variety of house architecture, comprising specimens of the taste prevalent and of builders' caprices at almost every period of the last five centuries. To the archæologist it is decidedly interesting; common-place ramblers, especially if pedestrian, might desire the streets rather wider and the pavement less painfully uneven. Through the heart of the town runs the river Pregel, some-

thing more than eighty yards across during the greater part of the urban course, and which, when nearly half-way through, divides, like the Spree at Berlin, and the Seine at Paris, to form an island in the center of the city; but, after uniting, it again separates and pursues its way out of the town in two distinct streams. The island thus formed, and which communicates with the main-land by five bridges, has upon it the cathedral, the university, the exchange, and the busiest commercial portions of the town. The bridges open to permit the passage to and fro of the schooners, galliots, and other small sailing craft in which, as well as by screw steamers of larger tonnage, the extensive trade of the place is chiefly carried on. Rows and groups of tall warehouses—frame works of heavy beams, which, as well as the doors and windows, are painted red, yellow, green, and other bright colors, the interstices being filled up with whitewashed brick—rise in gaudy elevation along the banks of the stream and its branches, increasing the general motley effect of the whole city. A very peculiar and ornamental feature of Königsberg—although it probably does not greatly contribute to its salubrity—is the Schloss-Teich, the Palace Pond, a piece of water of great length and of nearly forty feet higher level than the river, which extends from the Palace completely up the northern ramparts of the city. It is surrounded by gardens and shrubberies down to the water's edge, the banks are well wooded, little more than the summits of a few of the loftier buildings of the town are seen above the foliage, and viewed from the bridge which spans the serpentine lake at a short distance from its southern extremity, the scene is rural and even romantic.

ENTRY OF THEIR MAJESTIES INTO KÖNIGSBERG.

A special train arrived on Sunday night at twelve with the King and Queen,* the Princes and Princesses of the royal family, and most of the personages officially invited to the coronation. At all the principal stations from Berlin to Königsberg the populations assembled *en masse* to greet the King and at several others, where, according to the programme, no stoppage was to be made, the King ordered the train to go more slowly, and the populations followed it as far as they could.

On Monday morning at an early hour all the population of Königsberg was on foot to receive the King and Queen, who passed the night in the mansion of Count Dohnna, a few miles from the town. At seven o'clock all the bells of the churches rang merry peals. At eight the trades' corporations, in number about three thousand, assembled in one of the principal squares, and proceeded, headed by a band of music, to the Brandenburg gate to await the arrival of the royal *cortége*. Within the gate, which forms part of the fortified *enceinte* of the town, was erected a triumphal arch, surmounted with gigantic royal-crowns, and ornamented with the arms of Prussia and Saxe-Weimar, (the Queen is a Princess of that Grand Duchy,) and with the inscription: "Salutation and happiness to the King!" At ten o'clock two stands erected near the gates were occupied, one by ladies and the other by members of the municipality, and close to them were waiting fifty young ladies clad in white, with scarfs of the national colors and crowns of flowers on their heads. At about eleven the official deputations went to the Summer Palace, a short distance from the town, from which their Majesties and the members of the royal family were to come. The representatives of the town having been presented to the King and Queen, M. Sperling, the first burgomaster, in its name, offered congratulations, and the King replied. His Majesty afterward got on horseback, and the *cortége* set out.

After a detachment of the third regiment of cuirassiers, with the band, came two aids-de-camp; and then appeared the King on horseback, in the uniform of a General of the Guard, with a helmet bearing a white plume. Close behind him came the Crown Prince, followed by the other Princes. When the King reached the stands, one of the young ladies, Mdlle. Bigork, daughter of the second burgomaster, addressed to his Majesty a compliment in verse, very neatly turned, and then presented on a cushion a copy of it, which was printed on satin and elegantly bound in black velvet with silver ornaments. The King, after thanking the young lady, took the copy, and handed it to his aid-de-camp, and the *cortége* resumed its march. Next came the Queen, in a carriage drawn by eight horses, two

* The beautiful portrait of the Queen will appear in the next number of the ECLECTIC.

equerries preceeding it, and General de Willisen, Grand Equerry, riding by the side. The carriage was surmounted by silver eagles, and the horses had crimson harness picked with silver. The Queen, who was in mourning costume, was accompanied by the Grand Mistress of the Palace. When her Majesty reached the stands another young lady, Mdlle. Rosenkranz, daughter of a celebrated professor of the University, delivered an address in verse, and then presented a copy of it, which was bound in the Saxe-Weimar colors of green and gold. The Queen, who appeared delighted with the enthusiastic reception given to her, affectionately pressed the hands of Mdlles. Rosenkranz and Bigork, and said that she would see them again before her departure The rest of the *cortége* consisted of several court carriages, of a number of generals on horseback, and of the carriages of the members of the municipality. During the entrance a salute of one hundred and one guns was fired from the cannon of the ramparts.

The castle church, where the coronation ceremonies were gone through, was resplendent with gilded decorations and velvet drapery; and at ten o'clock the royal procession, being duly marshaled, proceeded from the castle to the church, heralded by the Coronation March, composed by Meyerbeer expressly in honor of the event. Included in the procession were the chief officers of the court and royal household, the representatives of the various districts of the kingdom, the bearers of the royal insignia, and all the recognized "trappings of monarchy." Next came his Prussian Majesty King William I., gorgeously appareled in the robes of the Order of the Black Eagle, followed by the Crown Prince and the other members of the royal family, together with the Queen, the Crown Princess, and their attendant suites. The graver features of the ceremonial comprised a sermon and prayer by Dr. Smethlage, courtly, yet earnest in tone. Then came that portion of the coronation drama in which his Prussian Majesty was the chief actor. The crown, scepter, orb, and sword being duly arranged on the altar, the King, having offered up a silent prayer, placed the crown on his head. More prayers succeeded, after which his Majesty put the crown on the head of his royal spouse. A series of congratulations and salutes among the members of the royal family then took place.

After the coronation ceremony the processions proceeded to the throne-room, where Cardinal Geissel (in the name of the Catholic clergy) and Prince Solms Lych (in the name of the nobility) addressed the King.

His Majesty then proceeded down the grand staircase to the courtyard, and, surrounded by the whole court, his ministers, and the invited witnesses of the coronation, received the addresses of the Presidents of the Prussian Chambers, and of Count Dohna-Lauck, representative of the Estates.

The King, when the ceremonies had been concluded, lowered his scepter three times, and reëntered the castle amid the hearty and enthusiastic cheers of the people.

Population of the Globe.—A professor of the Berlin University has been making curious researches respecting the population of the globe. The following is the result: Population of Europe, 372,000,000; of Asia, 720,000,000; of America, 200,000,000; of Africa, 89,000,000; of Australia, 2,000,000—total population of the globe, 1,283,000,000. The average number of deaths per annum in certain places where records are kept, is about one to every forty inhabitants. At the present time the number of deaths in a year would be about 32,000,000, which is more than the entire present population of the United States. At this rate the average number of deaths per day is about 87,861; the average per hour, 3653; the average per minute, 61. Thus, at least, every second a human life is ended. As the births considerably exceed the deaths, there are probably seventy or eighty human beings born per minute.

MARTYRS TO ADVENTURE

THE last mail from Melbourne brings us the painful intelligence that a few more names have been added to the long list of martyrs in the cause of scientific inquiry. Geographical discovery in Australia has been marked of late years by a series of tragedies, and the fate of Mr. Burke and his companions is but a repetition of the melancholy histories of Kennedy and of Leichardt. There appears, however, in this case to have been more than the ordinary amount of mismanagement in the conduct of the expedition, and one at least of the subordinates by his own account stands convicted either of gross incapacity or of culpable negligence. We are forced to believe that there is something radically wrong in the system on which exploring parties are fitted out and organized at the Antipodes, when we reflect that the North-American continent, though peopled by hordes of fierce and wily savages, and presenting formidable obstacles to travel, in the shape of wide tracts of waterless desert, has been surveyed from the Atlantic to the Pacific without the recurrence of any such wholesale disaster as the one now reported. The difficulties encountered by Colonel Fremont in his journeys to the Rocky Mountains, were more appalling than any which are to be met with between Melbourne and the Gulf of Carpentaria, the extent of unsettled country to be traversed was greater, his men endured the horrors of thirst on the plains and were nearly overwhelmed by snow on the highlands; but even his most disastrous expedition was far from being a mere history of suffering and of blunders. Since 1846 the government of the United States has sent out numberless explorers to the territories of the far west, and although in addition to all the usual perils of the wilderness, they have been harassed during their operations by a race of warriors provided with horses, and in many cases with fire-arms, whose attacks are infinitely more formidable than the feeble hostilities of the aborigines of Australia, we find no instance of a surveying party being murdered *en masse* or lying down to die in utter misery and despair.

Mr. O'Hara Burke left Melbourne in August, 1860, in command of a corps of eighteen men, of whom four were officers, and three natives of British India, selected on account of their presumed knowledge of the habits of the camel. Twenty-seven of those animals, besides a number of horses and baggage-wagons, composed the caravan, so that it is evident that supplies for upward of a year could easily be carried along with the party, in addition to the necessary implements of the traveler and the apparatus for scientific observation. Before the explorers reached the frontier of the known and settled districts of the colony, discontent and mutiny had broken out, not, as it appears, among the teamsters and camel-drivers, but among the officers and *savans* of the expedition, who might have been expected to show an example of discipline and cordial coöperation with their chief. Believing himself to be absolutely indispensable to the success of the enterprise, from the fact of his being an authority on the subject of camels, Mr. Landells, the second in command, refused to render that implicit obedience to the captain which is as much a condition of safety in the desert as it is on board a vessel at sea. Accompanied by a geologist, who was also a malcontent, he therefore left the party, taking with him several beasts of burden, which perhaps eventually proved a greater loss.

Upon arriving at Cooper's Creek, in the northern part of the colony of South-Australia, Mr. Burke divided his men, he himself pushing onward with three companions in the direction of the Gulf of Carpentaria, leaving the main body in camp in charge of a depôt of provisions. To this ill-advised measure are to be ascribed most of the calamities which subsequently befell the explorers. A judicious and experienced traveler in the wilderness dislikes above all things the idea of separating himself from his stores, and should a deficiency of means of transport render

such a course unavoidable, he is extremely averse to leaving them in custody of men who may die or prove careless and untrustworthy; and it is generally considered preferable to bury provisions in the ground, "taking bearings" to the artfully concealed spot. Had Mr. Burke done so, and sent the useless members of the party back to Melbourne, he and his companions might have found at Cooper's Creek on their return from the painful, but on the whole successful journey to Albert river, the means of restoring to vigor their half-exhausted frame. Instead of this, they were horror-struck to find that Brahe, the man left in charge, had grown tired of waiting and watching at a place which he probably found rather dull, and had consequently marched off with his little detachment to Menindie, another station on the frontier, where a few of the supernumeraries of the expedition had been posted—for what reason it is difficult to conceive. Unable to follow the "trail" of the faithless subordinate who had exercised his private judgment with such unfortunate results, Mr. Burke attempted to make his way to the inhabited regions of South-Australia, he and his men being now entirely destitute of provisions, and obliged to seek scanty nourishment in the herbage of the plain. After wandering about for some time in a vain effort to reach the abode of human beings, they returned to the Creek, where they had previously met with such a bitter disappointment, and at which a note had been left by Mr. Burke, to indicate his movements to any one who might be in search of him. It is impossible to read without the deepest indignation that the man Brahe had in the mean time paid a flying visit to the spot which he ought never to have quitted, but not observing that the *cache* had been disturbed, did not think it worth while to make any examination, and consequently did not see the letter on which the lives of three men depended. We do not expect that every man should possess the marvelous faculty of the Indian or the white trapper of the far west in discovering

> "The faintest track that wandering deer
> Hath left on blade or dew,"

but it is utterly incomprehensible to us how any one could fail to detect some indication of the recent presence of three men at a place where they had spent several days. An American backwoodsman, or one of Fremont's old guides, would have been able, at once, to relate the whole history of the party from the "sign" visible, and the merest tyro in the accomplishments of the desert might have seen enough to induce him to open the hole in the earth which had been set apart as a post-office. Unless Brahe and his companions can prove themselves idiots, they certainly deserve the severest reprehension, and it is to be regretted that such heartless and negligent conduct as theirs should go unpunished.

The people of Australia do not appear to excel in the management of exploring expeditions, and we advise them not to undertake another until they have sent for assistance to California, where many old "mountain men" are to be found, who would be willing to finish the work of discovery on reasonable terms. The paucity of animals of the chase in the great island-continent of the southern hemisphere, has prevented the formation amongst the English immigrants of a class of wandering hunters, like those who have been the guides and pioneers of the scientific men of America. It seemed to have been imagined that every thing necessary to insure success had been done when camels from Asia had been imported. In spite of this animal's well-known powers of endurance, it is by no means the most suitable for every description of travel, as it is apt to break down in a hilly country, and is perfectly useless on stony or muddy ground. The Anglo-Australian appears to ignore the good qualities of the mule, which is much more easily managed, and is equally entitled to be regarded as the "ship of the desert."

We can not help remarking, also, that there must have been some strange oversight in the provisioning of Mr. Burke's party, as we find that he and his companions were afflicted with scurvy, a disease which modern discoveries in medicine and dietetics have rendered so easily preventible, that its occurrence among men supposed to be furnished with every thing that money could supply, is a disgrace to the intelligence of those who fitted them out. We trust that the people of Australia will learn wisdom from the blunders of the past, and that we shall not again hear of lives uselessly sacrificed in the explorations which must yet be made in

order to complete the survey of the continent.—*Examiner, Jan. 18th.*

There is a touching parallel between this last exploring expedition across Australia and the last Polar expedition. Franklin and his comrades died one by one, all but in sight of the long-sought sea. Burke and his comrades of the Australian exploration sunk one by one under hardships and privations, succumbed after their great object was attained. They had crossed a parched and stony desert into a "well-grassed and well-watered country" beyond, and had penetrated from sea to sea. It was on their return to the point of their departure, and when almost within hail of the settled districts, that they succumbed; their scanty supplies exhausted, their camels and horses broken down, killed and eaten; themselves reduced to skin and bone, mere shadows of the men who had started full of hope and courage. First one sank and died, the others struggled on, but too weak to trace distinctly their returning track, and while searching parties were making ready at Melbourne, the leader of the explorers and another of his comrades were slowly dying. Of the three who parted for a while to seek for provisions from the natives, one returned companionless, and was finally discovered almost at the point of death by Mr. Howitt.

It is impossible to read without emotion the last simple records of these enduring men. "We reached the shores of Carpentaria," writes Mr. Burke, "on February eleventh, 1861. Terribly disappointed at finding the party here gone." These are the last words of a man dying of hunger. "The party here gone" were the depôt party whom the explorers had expected to find at Cooper's Creek, on their return. When these last words were written, the depôt party were within fourteen miles, having only left the station that very day! The one survivor was living among the natives, and well treated. It is, indeed, a deeply tragic but inspiring story, and it speaks well for the "democracy" of Victoria that they received the news of the fate of these explorers with as profound a sorrow as if the men had fallen amidst heaps of slain to the sound of drums and trumpets. In the Legislative Assembly at Melbourne, the Ministers immediately announced their intention to ask for a vote for the erection of a monument to their memory. The leader of the Opposition moved, and the Secretary of State seconded the motion that the remains of the martyrs should be brought to the capital and honored with a national funeral. We hope we shall be pardoned by our classical readers if we augur well of a democracy that can pay such honors to such heroes.—*Daily News.*

POSSIBLE FUTURE OF RUSSIA AND POLAND.

Happy will it be for Russia if she is made wise by others' dangers. She has seen within the last few years the storms of a new French Revolution followed by the establishment of a new empire; she has seen Austria humbled and dismembered, and the American Republic a prey to civil war. She has seen Turkey helped in vain by allies, and the Spanish Republics of the New World sinking into decrepitude in their earliest youth. A large-minded Russian statesman may study the fate of these different people, and compare it with the history of countries like England and Italy, where there has been either a steady improvement or a wonderful revival; and the moral which he deduces he may apply to his own immense empire. He will, we think, recognize that there are political laws which, if examined and obeyed, insure national greatness in all lands and under every degree of civilization; that the Russian empire has become powerful by conforming to them, even though blindly and under the leadership of a despotic ruler;

and that it is quite possible for the stately fabric to sink into ruins in far less time than it was reared. Youth, energy, a boundless territory, a gifted and docile people, and the most commanding position for making or averting war, are no safeguards against decay and disruption, when a nation, through the folly of its rulers or its own ambition, neglects the conditions which are necessary to its advancement.

From the remarkable letters which appear in our columns it is easy to see that the present time is most important for Russia. The situation of the empire may be described in a few words. That European influence which formerly molded the Court and a few of the nobles has now reached a great stratum of the people, which may be called the Russian middle-class. The days of Catherine and Alexander I. were days which no one ought to despise. Although all the really educated men in Russia might then have stood at once in a single saloon of the palace, yet among these there were ubtle intellects, active and philanthropic natures, and an amount of political skill which was a match for any country in Europe. The work of these men is the Russia of the present day. They copied every thing that Europe had as a pattern; they rivaled the spirit and politeness of French society; they brought in Germans in multitudes to advance learning and science; they built ships and docks and factories almost equaling those of England, and, with the Emperor at their head, they did really advance the condition of the people. At the death of Alexander, the Russian serf was being treated very differently from his grandfather fifty years before. But still the knowledge of political affairs, and even the desire to acquire such knowledge, had not arisen in Russia at that time. Then came the Emperor Nicholas, the most able, ambitious, and obstinate prince of his age. What his principles were we all of us know; but it is difficult to estimate the real effect of his actions. It is enough to say that his calculations proved false, and that Russia, six years after his death, is something very different from what he expected to make her and leave her. Every way leads to Rome, and every kind of government turns to the advantage of liberty among a people who are acute, receptive, and energetic.

Nicholas fancied that education and civilization were not only consistent with military rule, but that the combination of the two elements would make Russia irresistible. He was a kind of military Jesuit, and, while encouraging to the utmost the study of mathematics or geology, or developing the student's astonishing aptitude for learning languages, or while even permitting them to tread the more dangerous paths of history and moral science, he always proposed one thing, and one only—to advance that imperial creed which is founded on the will of Peter the Great. But, as men in past times took the Jesuit's scholarship and turned it against the Jesuit, so the Russians of the present day are using their acquirements in a spirit which the late Czar would have thought it necessary to repress with firmness. The blow which fell upon the imperial system six years since has shaken every part of it, and the consequence is that though there is respect for authority, and much fear of it, the blind confidence of past times has vanished. The mystical vision of the late reign—a holy Russia, under the leadership of a Czar terrible to his foes, going forth to conquer the world in the name of the Orthodox Church—has given way to dissertations on the rights of the individual, on the true ambition of nations, and on the position which Russia must hold in the face of Western Europe, which is advancing so rapidly in prosperity and strength, and is plainly too powerful for Russia to venture on her old plans of conquest.

In fact, the Russians, taught by a stern lesson the strength of free nations, and shut up in their own territory, are now inquiring and criticising in all directions. All the problems which we have solved now present themselves to the subtle mind of the Muscovite, who enters into them with the freshness of a debating society. We are not surprised to hear that philosophical histories and political writing of all sorts are eagerly sought for by the society of St. Petersburg. It seems that our own country has the honor to contribute most to the reading of these enlightened Russians, and the late Czar who encouraged the study of our language, with the idea that his subjects would never seek any knowledge from us beyond the breeding of cattle or the construction of steam-engines, would be hor-

ror-struck to find that St. Petersburg regularly takes in the English newspapers, and, what is worse, receive them unmutilated.

One result of this new spirit of inquiry is the changed tone in which the affairs of Poland are spoken of. This country, or rather its capital, Warsaw, has been treated cruelly within the past year. Hot-tempered governors and brutal colonels have behaved as ill as any of the satellites of Constantine thirty years ago. But, in spite of the dragooning and the imprisoning which have been going on, it is plain that the Poles feel that the government will not drive them to extremity. In fact, as our correspondent intimates, the Czar is rather worried than enraged, and desires nothing more than that the Poles would be quiet and leave him to attend to the great work which he has undertaken in the emancipation of the serfs. Poland is to Russia now just what Lombardy was to Austria during the two years which preceded 1859. The dominant power would make every concession for a quiet life. As Francis Joseph sent an archduke to be as amiable as possible, so the Emperor would be glad if by appointing a popular viceroy he could keep these Polish malcontents quiet for at least a few months.

But now a fifth viceroy has gone to Warsaw, and the Poles are no more likely to be quiet than they were before. Active resistance, if possible — at any rate passive resistance, is the steady purpose of the people until their nationality has been recognized. But the strangest part of the history is that the Russian is said by credible witnesses to sympathize with his old enemy. He is no longer the ruffian of our old engravings, brandishing a knout over a bare-backed young woman in a square cap; he is a liberal and philosophical politician, discussing the right of one nation to hold another in unwilling subjection, and asking himself whether a reconstituted Poland, which should attract to itself all the Catholic Slaves of Central Europe, and perhaps deal the last blow to Austria, would not be a gain and a glory to Russia rather than a calamity. It is possible that these descriptions of liberal Russian feeling may be true only of a society too small and too refined to have much influence on the empire, but in such a country this enlightened class is naturally brought into contact with the sovereign and his ministers, and, though there may be no chance for the present that Alexander will be willing to undo all that his father has done, yet it may be that some convulsion of Europe will, before long, dispose the Czar to think of it seriously. Then the seed which is now sown will spring up, and Russia, prepared by reflection and discussion for this great act of justice, will yield without spilling the blood of a kindred race.— *Times, Dec. 26th*, 1861.

KING FREDERICK WILLIAM LOUIS.

In this number of the Eclectic we present to our readers a finely-engraved portrait of this personage, who was crowned King of Prussia a few months since. A brief biographical sketch will add interest to the portrait. Frederick William Louis is the second son of Frederick William III. and that Queen of Prussia whose name the harshness of Napoleon has caused to be encircled with a wreath of romance. He succeeded his elder brother, Frederick William IV., in the present year, after having, as is well known, exercised the functions of the government of the kingdom as Regent for some time previously — that is, from October 9, 1858. Having been born on March 22, 1797, he is now in his sixty-fourth year. Before he was called on to take the conduct of the affairs of his brother's kingdom, he filled the posts o Military Governor of Rhenish Prus and the King's Lieutenant in Po ra Until the time when he became r

he observed a scrupulous abstinence from all uninvited interference with the affairs of the general government, but manifested very decided sentiments whenever his opinions were invited by the King. In many, if not in most respects, he exhibited tastes and tendencies the very opposite of those for which the late King was especially noted. He displayed no ambition to be esteemed a patron of learning, a pietist, or a philosopher; and if he developed any thing, it was an inclination to be a Prince of Prussia of the school of Frederick the Great. He was placed nominally—though whether by his own consent or not is by no means clear—at the head of a section of politicians called the "Prince of Prussia's party," which supported the Constitution which has been so often promised, once given and withdrawn; but it was never considered certain that he would adhere to it on his accession to the throne. Alternately designated an extreme Liberal and a stern Absolutist, he has shown himself, since he has come forward into public life, to be a cautious and reserved Prince, who is not anxious to connect himself with any particular abstract doctrines, but who has within him many of the qualities which enable a sovereign in his position to maintain a strong government, while he exhibits a due regard for the interests of his own country in her relations with the rest of Europe. The recent visit of the King of Prussia to the Emperor of the French, it is said, has been dictated by a policy which has for its object the placing of the King at the head of the German Powers; but, if the reports which are prevalent have any germ of truth in them, the caution, astuteness, and politic temperament of the King have not forsaken him on this important occasion. It is rumored that the Emperor frankly admitted that the coöperation of Prussia toward the settlement of the Italian question, by the recognition of the kingdom of Italy, would be of great value, to which it is stated that the King replied that, until Rome and Venice were annexed to the kingdom of Italy, it would hardly be said to have an existence, and that the uncertainty of the present state of things in that country obliged Prussia to remain a passive spectator until things are more decided. Nevertheless, it is asserted that a special envoy from Victor Emmanuel, as King of Italy, will be received by the King of Prussia at his coronation. The subjects of the State of Denmark and that of a treaty of commerce between France and the Zollverein are assumed or believed to have been the subject of conversation between the two sovereigns, and on both these questions we hear that the King returned guarded and evasive answers. Whatever may be the result of this visit, by means of it, as well as by the circumstance of his solemn coronation, the King of Prussia contrives to have the eyes of Europe fixed, at this moment, more decidedly on him than on any other potentate in Europe. His Majesty was married on the 11th of June, 1829, to the Princess Marie Louise Auguste Catherine, daughter of Charles Frederick, late Grand Duke of Saxe Weimar Eisenach, and sister of the reigning Grand Duke. By her, who was born the 30th of September, 1811, he has had issue Prince Frederick William Nicholas Charles, Prince of Prussia, married in January, 1858, to the Princess Royal of England; and the Princess Louise Marie Elizabeth, married to the reigning Grand Duke of Baden.

A Result of Practical Joking.—A Charleroi journal relates a mortifying incident which occurred to some sportsmen in the woods of Geddine, near that town. A large party of gentlemen went out to sport, and divided themselves into two bands. After a while one of the gentlemen proposed to his companions to fire off their guns in rapid succession, in order to make the others believe that they had fallen in with a considerable quantity of game. The proposition was accepted; but no sooner had all the guns been fired than six magnificent wild boars, alarmed by the noise, rushed from a thicket and passed close to the sportsmen, not one of whom could fire a shot.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

PASSAGES IN THE LAST WAR.

FROM 1799 TO 1810.

THE great achievements of Wellington in the Peninsula, with the unparalleled termination of Waterloo, stand so boldly forward on the canvas of history, that they cast unduly into the background many important events which preceded and accompanied that period. Yet a clear understanding of these is necessary to connect the chain of which they formed subordinate links. Much valuable information on several points is supplied in a volume recently put forth by Sir Henry Bunbury,* an officer of high rank and considerable experience, both in the military and diplomatic branches of public service. His name and well-known abilities are a sufficient guarantee for the soundness of his opinions, which he delivers fearlessly both as regards the men and the measures which fall within the scope of his narrative. A perusal of these pages will again force upon us the lamentable conviction that the mighty energies of England have often been frittered away by the folly of ministers and the incompetence of ill-selected commanders. It was not until we had paid dearly for experience that we got into the right track, and discovered the proper materials for smoothing the road. The author, in a preface, expresses his regret that truth compels him to subtract something from the reputation of several brave but overrated men; and adds, with justice, that he could not show the real causes of failure without unvailing the weaknesses of these individuals. This is one of the most painful duties of the historian; but there is no reason why he should shrink from it, if he is convinced that his views are correct, and he can show sound evidence in their support. False delicacy, undue partiality, or one-sided information, has so biased the opinions of many early biographers and chroniclers, that half the business of a modern writer consists in correcting their misstatements, and in winnowing out grains of fact from bushels of surrounding exaggeration. The stern necessity of telling the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, was a leading reason avowed by the Duke of Wellington for not writing his own memoirs. He felt disinclined to unsettle opinions which had long been formed respecting particular events, and the leading actors in them. We have lately had an authentic account of the first campaigns of the British troops in the Low Countries, in 1794-'95, from the late Sir H. Calvert. The second expedition for the recovery of Holland in 1799, is now faithfully recorded by Sir H. Bunbury. It was even more disastrous than the first, and ended in a convention, instead of a long circuitous march to the coast, which, although harassing and difficult of accomplishment, was, at least, not inglorious. In the last abortive attempt, the means provided were fully adequate to the end. Why, then, did the enterprise so signally fail? Simply, because we were ill-informed as to the state of feeling in the country, our plans were badly combined, our troops were inexperienced, and the commanding generals of the enemy, although not of first-rate pretension, were superior to ours. The Russian contingent, too, acted as a clog rather than a help, and distinguished itself more by drunkenness and plundering than by hard and effective fighting. The English and their new allies fraternized unwillingly, and soon conceived a mutual dislike and mistrust. The Duke of York was merely a nominal leader, for he could undertake nothing without the consent of a council of war—an ordination of Messrs. Pitt and Dundas, which showed that they placed little reliance on the abilities of their own elected commander, and were

* *Narratives of some Passages in the Great War with France, from* 1799 *to* 1810. By Lieut.-Gen. Sir HENRY BUNBURY, K.C.B. London.

determined to reduce him to a cipher, while they nullified the chances of success. It is an old and true saying among soldiers, that a council of war never fights. Great generals in difficulties usually extricate themselves by their own sagacity or hardihood, and seldom seek safety in the multitude of counselors. When Sir John Moore, at Corunna, without his ships, and in presence of a superior enemy, determined to accept battle, he called his subordinate generals together, not to listen to their opinions, but to impart his own; and when some ventured to propose negotiation, he rejected the alternative with disdain. The Duke of York proved himself an admirable home commander-in-chief. He brought the army to a high state of efficiency, was kind and amiable in temper, beloved of his personal friends, zealous in his duties, and brave to excess; but candor must admit that he lacked the quick executive qualities which turn the tide of battle, the varied resources and prompt decision which influence the fate of a campaign. Sir H. Bunbury draws his character, and those of his associated council, with clearness and impartiality. His portrait of Sir Ralph Abercromby is graphically sketched, and presents the good and gallant veteran to the life:

"The general was a little too old for hard service, and he was extremely near-sighted. Allowing for these defects of nature, Abercrombie was a noble chieftain. Mild in manner, resolute in mind, frank, unassuming, just, inflexible in what he deemed to be right, valiant as the Cid, liberal and loyal as the prowest of Black Edward's knights. An honest, fearless, straightforward man; and withal sagacious and well-skilled in his business as a soldier. As he looked out from under his thick, shaggy eyebrows, he gave one the idea of a very good-natured lion; and he was respected and beloved by all who served under his command."

With equal fidelity he gives us Sir David Dundas, remembered by the present generation as the author of the old military text-book, much of which is now exploded; a manual perpetually quoted and commented on at mess-tables during the last war, not often applied to practice, and very sparingly understood. Each of the eighteen maneuvers was a *pons asinorum*, which painstaking colonels and majors stumbled at, and seldom surmounted. Our service requires something more clear and concise, instead of the ponderous volume still in use, which would be well exchanged for such an abridgment as that of Prussia, scarcely equaling the bulk of a monthly army list. Simplicity and celerity are the great desiderata of all military movements. Dundas was a stiff, pedantic soldier, who had risen from an inferior position. During the temporary retirement of the Duke of York in 1809, arising from the inquiry demanded by Colonel Wardle, Dundas filled the office of commander-in-chief as a sort of *locum tenens*, and gave great disgust to the junior regimental officers of the army by condemning them to wear fringe epaulettes, and long cloth gaiters, with some hundred and twenty buttons to each, after the fashion of the unpicturesque-looking gentlemen in West's "Death of General Wolfe." Had he reigned long enough, he would inevitably have restored the powder and pigtails.

The military character of England, which had sunk to a low ebb, by the failure of our continental enterprises in 1794 and 1799, rose again with the better planned expedition to Egypt, and the battle of Alexandria in 1801. In the short space of two years a rapid advance had been made in the organization of the army, and its capability of undertaking great operations. Our soldiers conquered tried veterans in a fair field, and proved what they were capable of doing when well commanded. The landing at Aboukir on the eighth of March, and the general action of the twenty-first, were evidences of bravery and skill combined, which surprised continental Europe, and inaugurated with a good omen the prospective glories of the next twelve years. The Egyptian campaign was entered on with smaller means than the service required, and on a very diminished estimate of the French forces, but the result realized all expectations, although the English commander-in-chief was killed, and his successor, General Hutchinson, was so unpopular, that many of the officers next in rank cabaled against him, and opposed his measures almost to the point of direct mutiny. Sir H. Bunbury was not engaged personally in this service, but he has gathered some new and interesting particulars, from conversations with officers of high character who were there, and which are not to be found in the quarto volumes of Sir Robert Wilson and Major Walsh. Unhappily, the glorious memories associated with Egypt in 1801, were tarnished

by the subsequent disasters of 1807. These are related in this volume without prejudice or concealment, and the blame is laid on the shoulders justly entitled to bear the unenviable load. The battle of Maida, fought in Lower Calabria on the fourth of July, 1806, was one of the most brilliant affairs of the war, and although unimportant in political results, proved of great permanent value in establishing the character of the British troops. Sir H. Bunbury shows how this impromptu victory might have been turned to better account, and thinks little of Sir John Stuart's generalship, either in the action itself or in the subsequent operations. But if the English commander was not exactly Hannibal or Wellington, neither was his opponent Regnier, Turenne or Napoleon. With a superior force, he suffered himself to be soundly beaten; and, as if by a retributive fatality, the victors were led by the very officer whom, in his account of the Egyptian campaign, Regnier had spoken slightingly of, as a very common-place individual, without mark or ability. Stuart at Alexandria commanded the Foreign Brigade, which bore a distinguished part in that hard fight, and was brought into action with skill and valor, at a very critical moment. Stuart contributed much to the victory of the English, while the inactivity of Regnier, with the strongest division of the enemy, materially coöperated in the defeat of the French army. We never could make out why Regnier was so long accounted a man of talent, and how he obtained so many opportunities of proving the contrary. At Sabugal, in Portugal, on the retreat of Massena in 1811, he committed greater errors than at Maida, and handled his masses so unskillfully that he lost fifteen hundred men in an action, against incalculably inferior numbers, which Lord Wellington justly designated as one of the most glorious that British troops had ever been engaged in. But Regnier was a scholar, a man of science, and an able penman. The writer of this notice being once in conversation with a French officer on the events here alluded to, the latter remarked, "Ma foi, Monsieur, quant au Général Regnier, c'est absolument une encyclopédie ambulante!" which proves that a walking polyglot dictionary may be a very poor executive general.

From 1806 to 1810 Sir H. Bunbury filled the important post of Quartermaster-General in the Mediterranean, which brought him in immediate contact with the leading authorities, and enabled him to acquire the most correct information on all their plans and proceedings. This portion of his narrative is thus invested with double interest, and even where his opinions may not be implicitly received and acknowledged, the facts to which they allude are faithfully represented. Sir Sidney Smith bore an important part in some of these transaction. His successful defense of Acre, in which he, for the first time, showed that Napoleon might be checked, established his reputation, and many thought him a second Nelson—an opinion in which the gallant officer himself warmly participated. But, though infinitely intrepid and fond of fighting, either by land or sea, he lacked the profound sagacity and comprehensive genius of England's greatest admiral; he could carry a ship any where, and bring her back again, but it would have been dangerous to intrust him with a fleet. He was overloaded with courage, but he wanted ballast. His life and adventures have been expanded into volumes, yet the pith of his character is well condensed by Sir H. Bunbury in a few vigorous sentences: "Sir Sidney," says he, "was an enthusiast, always panting for distinction; restlessly active, but desultory in his views; extravagantly vain; daring, quick-sighted, and fertile in those resources which befit a partisan leader; but he possessed no great depth of judgment, nor any fixity of purpose, save that of persuading mankind, as he was fully persuaded himself, that Sidney Smith was the most brilliant of chevaliers. Let me not, in exposing this brave man's foibles, omit to add that he was kind-tempered, generous, and as agreeable as a man can be supposed to be who is always talking of himself." Sir John Moore and the victor of Maida are contrasted as follows. Those who remember and were personally acquainted with both, will recognize the peculiar points of distinction between two leaders who had little in common: "Every quality in Moore was real, solid, and unbending; in Stuart all was flighty and superficial, though there was a good deal of original cleverness. The former was pen-

etrating, reflecting, and though his manner was singularly agreeable to those whom he liked, to those whom he did not hold in esteem his bearing was severe; while Stuart was vain, frivolous, and sarcastic."

Of all the mistakes perpetrated by the British cabinet, in their ill-judged liberality at the close of the war, perhaps the greatest was the evacuation of Sicily, and the surrender of that fine island to the effete monarchy of Naples. A country which might by this time have been one of England's noblest outposts, rich and happy in itself, full of resources, and capable of supporting a quadrupled population, has been condemned to remain an enslaved appanage of the most ignorant and bigoted tyranny in Europe. Assuredly we have no cause to love or respect the Bourbons of Naples. Queen Caroline, of that house, hated the English, and planned a second Sicilian Vespers for their especial benefit. It was no fault of hers that the benevolent plot exploded without mischief. That we cared little for their pretensions was evidenced by the recognition of King Joachim in 1814. That brilliant soldier might have continued to reign in fair Parthenope, but for his own madness, which ended in the fusilade at Pizzo. The Sicilians have more innate courage than the Neapolitans, and would beat them now single-handed, if they were disciplined and commanded by English officers. Murat commenced his reign in Naples well, by the taking of Capri; a dashing exploit which reflected small credit on the naval superiority of England. Although the Maltese regiment ran away, it was impossible to suppose that none of our cruising men-of-war would arrive in time to cut off and capture Lamarque and his three thousand brave grenadiers. The place was of trifling value in itself, but the moral effect of losing a maritime post told disadvantageously for England, while it materially enhanced the reputation of the new monarch. The expedition to the Bay of Naples in 1809, which produced no effect beyond the temporary occupation of Ischia and Procida, ought certainly to have restored Capri to us, as a permanent trophy. The little island was an [illegible] which looked directly into Naples, and laid open all that was going on there, while it perpet[illegible] minded the Neapolitans of their naval impotence at sea. A wing of a British regiment would have made it secure; seven hundred Maltese produced its loss. Colonel (afterward Sir Hudson) Lowe has been unjustly blamed for giving up a post, which he defended ably under the circumstances, and which ought to have been relieved. But he has no right to be held responsible for the errors of his superiors. As if in retort for the demonstration against his capital, Murat, in 1810, assembled a large force for the invasion of Sicily, urged by the repeated remonstrances of Napoleon, who said to his brother-in-law: "I send you troops, go and drive out the English, and win the other half of your kingdom for yourself." The preparations on both sides made the summer a very lively one in the Straits of Messina. Daily combats between the gun-boats became as common as ordinary field-days, and the opposite batteries exchanged long shots, by which some brave men were killed. The English bivouacked on the sand every night for two or three months, and marched back to their cantonments soon after sunrise. At length, on the seventeenth of September, an abortive attempt was made, to the southward of Messina, which ended in the capture of a Corsican battalion, and so evaporated King Joachim's dream of the conquest of Sicily. Had he landed his whole force, instead of a weak detachment, he and they would inevitably have been captured; for we had at least fifteen thousand good British troops to confront him, well posted, full of courage and confidence, and the people of the country declared enthusiastically in our favor. The ships of war would have cut off his retreat, and by refraining from the hazard, he spared the arms of France a disaster which would have equaled the capitulation of Baylen. Such was the poor conclusion of much boasting and preparation, and thenceforward Murat, until summoned to join the grand imperial army, on the invasion of Russia, confined himself to the suppression of the brigands and swarming insurgents in the two Calabrias. Throughout this domestic war of extermination, superintended by Gen. Manhès, a man of unrelenting cruelty, acts of barbarity were committed on all sides, to which the history of the civilized world affords no parallel, except in the proceedings of the Spanish invaders dur-

ing their subjugation of Mexico and Peru. The evidence rests on the very unexceptionable authority of Colletta, in his blended character of historian and minister of war. The name and popularity of Murat were thus indelibly injured in the opinion and regard of his new subjects; for though by nature he was personally averse to cruelty, he suffered this course to be pursued under his authority, while the atrocious particulars were in all probability concealed from his knowledge. Many of these Calabrian banditti escaped into Sicily, and enlisted in the "Free Corps," under British pay and uniform. They became tolerably good soldiers according to their natural gifts, and acquired something like discipline; but they were ever prone to handle the stiletto on slight provocation, and gave incessant employment to the provost-martial and judge-advocate-general. As skirmishers they were useful, but in line they counted for nothing. When Murat abandoned all idea of an attack on Sicily, and drew off his armament, a large portion of the English garrison of the island became available for action in Catalonia, and on the south coast of Spain, where they did something as a diversion, and would have done much more, had they not been clogged by inefficient commanders. In studying the past with reference to the future, it is ever desirable to remember that more profit may be extracted from failure than success, if we look below the surface and search deeply for true causes.

THE ABBOT FEMALE COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE.

We switch off a little from our usual foreign literary railway track to make brief record of a subject of great practical importance. Some little time since, a meeting of the friends of female culture was invited under the kind auspices of Mr. Abbot, by a goodly number of lady mothers in New-York, of great personal, moral, and intellectual worth, whose daughters are in educational training for the sublime and solemn duties of probationary life. The language of this lady-invitation, concerning the educational culture of their daughters, was expressed as "comprising whatever relates to their physical, mental, and moral well-being, health, avocations, and social amusements."

The meeting convened at the hour appointed in the beautiful art-gallery of the Institute on Fifth Avenue and Murray Hill. William E. Dodge, Esq., was invited to preside, and the discussion was prefaced by prayer offered by Rev. Prof. Squire. Mr. Dodge presented the objects of the meeting in a few pertinent remarks of great force and practical value. He adduced the example of an energetic mother now living, who for the purpose intended, first fitted herself for the duty by acquiring a knowledge of the learned languages and science, and then educated her own sons, some three or four in number, who now occupy high positions in the Church and the world.

Dr. Peaslee was invited to express his views, matured by long observation, on the physical aspects of female education, which he did to a considerable extent, illustrating by his statements, the indispensable importance of physical health, in order to a full intellectual development. Without such corresponding physical training and health, mental culture of a high order must prove a failure. The health of the body would break down under the strong action of the mental powers.

Mr. Abbot, the Principal of the Institute, was requested to present his views. He had spent a large portion of his life in promoting the interests of female education. He had visited different countries in Europe, in vain, to discover some model institution where the facilities for female education were at all adequate to

the high standard of attainment afforded to young men in colleges and universities. No such fitting institution had been established or endowed with ample means, provided with instructors, with scientific apparatus, lectures, and libraries, such as are found in colleges for young men.

The same was true in this country. He was desirous that collegiate female institutions should be established in this country, modeled in the most approved form, with ample means and facilities for the full development of the female intellect, such as are provided and enjoyed by the young men of our own country in its most favored colleges.

Professor Henry B. Smith, D.D., of the Union Theological Seminary, was also invited to express his views of female mental culture, which he did with great beauty and force of language and statement. He dwelt upon the importance of a careful and earnest culture of all the mental powers, giving them all a well-balanced development; particularly the imagination should be trained, cultivated, controlled, and subjected to a careful and wise discipline of all its powers. He dwelt upon the educational duties of the present generation, and claimed that it was bound, rightfully, truly, and faithfully, to educate the coming generation now rising, to appear on the great stage of human activities, to guide this world's great affairs in its onward progress toward the coming ages.

Professor Roswell D. Hitchcock, also of the Union Seminary, gave expression to his views of female culture in strong and graceful language and sentiment. He struck with a master-hand, the educational chords of patriotism, love of country, of liberty, an open Bible and free institutions, civil and religious, which had been planted and defended by our pilgrim fathers of the revolution. His allusions to the present mighty struggle now being waged under Providence by a stern and imperative necessity in defense and support of this best of all human governments, was received with warm applause. The rising generation should be educated in these great and vital principles, and their minds and hearts be imbued with high and noble sentiments on this subject.

Other gentlemen briefly expressed their views. One gentleman, long connected with State educational affairs, inquired, why it was that so few, if any young ladies, continued to pursue their education in the languages and sciences as resident graduates in our best seminaries, as young men often do? The answer which the gentleman gave to his own question was, that the physical health of most young ladies, impaired by their previous studies, would not admit of it. It was viewed as desirable, if health would allow of the mental labor.

This brief and imperfect sketch, thus far and more, is alike due to the occasion, to the lady personages at whose invitation the meeting was held, to the gentlemen who expressed their views, to the Principal of the Institute, and to the important cause of female culture, physical, moral, and intellectual.

The provisions and facilities for the development of the female mind have been vastly multiplied within the last half-century, and even within the last quarter of a century. But there are none too many, none of too high an order, and none beyond the wants, the capacities, and the achievements of the female mind. The world is on the move, and the human intellect is on the march; but it is no longer "the march of mind," but the rush of mind, and on the great race course of human progress in knowledge and expansive learning, the female intellect has a just claim to a fair field and no hindrance on the part of their countrymen. But mental culture is far in advance of physical education. The body is the workshop of the mind, and needs to be a strong and well-built edifice to endure the activities of its laborious inhabitant. The human "harp of a thousand strings" will get out of tune unless well cared for. Many such, once exquisitely tuned, for want of care, now lie all unstrung and in shattered ruins.

The observant eye may often see many human forms, beautiful in structure, in aspect, and grace of movement, and much admired, but quite too fragile to bear up under the changes and vicissitudes incident to human life. There is poetry and romance, and bright skies and sunny days, but there is also prose and blank verse, and cloudy skies and stormy days, and dark passages in life's journey, and it is the part of true wisdom to be ready for life's allotments whether prosperous or adverse. A fragile form, a delicate physical frame, and poor health, are quite

inadequate to the grave, practical duties of human life. This is often sadly true in the female world. Not a few in that class of humanity, although fitted by birth, education, high culture in all the graces and accomplishments which adorn life, and attract admiration, yet often droop, and wither, and perish, like the morning rose plucked from its stem, and all for want of a careful physical training. It is not the fault of Providence, but the culpable neglect of parents, or of the persons themselves. It is a want of exercise, and enough of it in the open air, a full inflation of the lungs, and an active movement of all the muscles of the body, to impart health, and strength, and vigor of body, and a full flow of life's vitalities. Added to this, there is only needed well-endowed collegiate institutes with all the requisite facilities for mental development, so that our fair countrywomen might climb the steeps of learning and science to any hight their ambition might aspire. We might then ere long, be able to count up among them, not a few Mrs. Sigourneys, Elizabeth Barrett Brownings, Felicia Hemans, and others, whose talents and writings adorn our common nature and bless the world.

Such an institute, with such facilities and results, it is proposed to model and rear upon Murray Hill, where the corner-stone is already laid, and a magnificent edifice erected, and where the process of educational development has been in successful progress for a number of years under the wise auspices and direction of Rev. Gorham D. Abbot. As very suggestive allusions were made at the meeting to a somewhat matured plan of this character, we present a brief outline sketch of its general portraiture from memoranda which we obtained.

1. "The Abbot Collegiate Institute for Young Ladies" was commenced in this city in the fall of 1843, eighteen years ago. It was continued by successive removals, until the edifice known as the "Spingler Institute," on Union Square, was erected for it in 1848.

Since its removal to *Fifth Avenue*, it has resumed its original name, until, as has long been the hope and design, such interest may be awakened in the education of daughters, that an organization worthy of the object should take the great subject in charge, and place it, or something better, on a basis worthy of the name of

"THE UNIVERSITY FOR YOUNG LADIES,
In the City of New-York."

2. The present faculty of instruction and government embraces twenty-two. Occasional lecturers and instructors increase the number to at least twenty-five.

3. The Departments of Instruction are:

(1.) The elementary branches.

(2.) Mathematical courses: algebra, geometry, trigonometry.

(3.) Language: English, French, Latin, German, Italian, Spanish, and there have been pupils in Hebrew and Greek.

(4.) Natural science, including natural history, natural philosophy, chemistry, geology, botany, and astronomy, with some instruction in mineralogy and conchology.

(5.) Mental science. A thorough course of training in a knowledge of mental powers and exercises, and a systematic training and discipline of the leading powers.

(6.) Moral science: the evidences of Christianity, the Bible as a classic, history, literature, æsthetics, and domestic economics.

4. It is deemed desirable to have the entire property and interest of the institution vested in a board of trustees, under an act of incorporation. So that future donations to its treasury, library, cabinets, or gallery of art, from fathers or mothers, or any source, may inure solely to the benefit of the institution and its pupils, and not to an individual.

5. The course of education in the Collegiate Department contemplates a four years' course, as indicated by the accompanying schedule; with, however, such modifications as the advancing interest in education, and a longer course for young ladies, may admit.

6. There are, and have been for years, regular courses of lectures in *natural science*, namely, natural history, natural philosophy, chemistry, botany, geology, and astronomy.

7. The philosophical apparatus should be as extensive and valuable as that in any college or university in our land.

At present, in the departments of pneumatics, electricity, and microscopy, it is believed there is no institution on either side of the Atlantic better supplied. The chemical laboratory is very respectable in its appointments. But the means of illustration in various branches of science, and the aid of cabinets, should be greatly enlarged.

The ladies of New-York, and all the educational institutions for daughters, should have access to as good a telescope as there is in the world.

8. The course of instruction should be somewhat different from that in any of our colleges for young men. The development and discipline of the leading powers of the mind in both cases are the same. Mathematical discipline is as important for the mind of woman as for that of man. A knowledge of language requires the same training and discipline. Instruction in the great facts, phenomena, and laws of nature is the same.

But there is a wide range of instruction and discipline which is a specialty for woman, and

she deserves, and her mission in life demands, privileges not a whit inferior, in costliness and extent, to those which man enjoys.

9. It is believed that the expense of the education of a son in any of our highest colleges, is greater than that for a daughter in our best institutions. A comparative statement of the expense bestowed upon the young gentlemen in the Free Academy of our city, and that for the education of their sisters, will forcibly exhibit this.

10. Mr. Abbot, the principal, has been for the last *eighteen years* almost exclusively engaged in this enterprise in our city. About twenty years of his life have been devoted mainly to the education of daughters.

11. In this city there have been, it is believed, more than two thousand young ladies under Mr. Abbot's instruction. During his educational life, he has had, perhaps, double that number under his care.

During the last eighteen years, there have been connected with this institution more than two thousand pupils. There have graduated, after completing the prescribed course of this institution, with varying degrees of proficiency such as exists in all colleges, more than two hundred. These young ladies have come from almost every State and territory in the Union.

There have been trained as teachers, who are now filling responsible and important stations in private tuition, or in the higher seminaries of our land, a large number of teachers.

Almost every State in the Union, South and West, has had delegations visiting the institution, with a view to introduce elsewhere some of its principles and modes of education.

This brief sketch and programme of a female collegiate institute is placed on our pages as suggestive of combined interest and effort on the part of the friends of female culture, not merely in New-York, the great commercial city of this western world, but in other cities over this continent in years to come, as an honored example to other countries.

From Chambers's Journal.

THE LAST OF THE CONDES.

Louis Henry Joseph de Bourbon, Duke of Bourbon and Prince de Condé, was born April 13th, 1756, only son of Louis Joseph, Prince de Condé, and descendant, in the direct line, of the illustrious Condé, the greatest military genius of the seventeenth century. He was educated for the army; but not relishing the restricted life of an academy, he ran away from his teachers, and for some time played the knight-truant. At the early age of fifteen, he fell in love with the Princess Louise of Orleans, whose hand, however, was refused to him by her father. The Princess was sent, for greater security, to a monastery; but her young lover, nothing daunted, scaled the walls of the sacred retreat, and leading away his bride, married her secretly. The union was not happy. The Princess, soon after her marriage, entered into various intrigues, one of which led the young husband into a duel with the Count d'Artois, afterward King Charles X. The provocation occurred at a *bal masqué* in the palace of the Tuileries. The Count, having a lady on his arm, was followed by the Princess, who, from motives of jealousy, seized his hand, attempting to speak to him. Not knowing his interlocutor, the Count in his turn grasped the mask of his fair follower, who, suddenly turning round, broke the strings, and thus was exposed to the gaze of the whole assembly. A challenge from the Prince de Condé to the Count d'Artois was the immediate result. The duel took place at the Bois de Boulogne; and both parties having been slightly wounded, it had no further consequences but a separation of the Prince and Princess.

On the breaking out of the first civil disturbances in Paris, the Prince quitted France, in July, 1789, and retired to Brussels. Declaring it his firm opinion that the revolutionary fever could be easily cured by a few "whiffs of grape-

shot," he forthwith set to organize a small army of emigrants, the command of which was taken by his father. He himself prepared to lead the cavalry; while his son, the Duke d'Enghien, only offspring of the ill-fated union with Louise of Orleans, took a subordinate command. Beaten in all directions, father, son, and grandfather had to leave the field of battle, and to seek safety in flight. The Prince de Condé went to England, his father to Russia, and the young Duke d'Enghien to Ettenheim, in the duchy of Baden, to make love to the fair Princess of Rohan-Rochefort, and to meet a miserable end in the ditch of the fortress of Vincennes.

The news of the assassination of his only son was a fearful stroke to the Prince de Condé, who had only just begun to find calm in the quiet rural retreat of Wanstead, Essex. With that impetuosity for which his race was distinguished, he now again rushed into excitement, seeking solace for his troubles in the pleasures and dissipations of town. At the greenroom of Covent Garden he met Sophia Dawes, the daughter of a fisherman of the Isle of Wight, a woman of great natural tact and of masculine strength of mind, who to the charms of beauty united those of singular conversational powers. A wealthy foreigner, who had for a time contemplated making her his wife, had placed her for several years at one of the first academies of the metropolis, where she succeeded in mastering many accomplishments. These advantages, assisted by an exquisite natural grace, soon made her the center of a host of admirers. She lived in sumptuous style at Turnham Green, following the profession of the stage more for her own amusement than for the sake of the salary. The Prince de Condé had no sooner made the acquaintance of Sophia Dawes than he became violently enamoured of her. Laying his whole wealth at her feet, he entreated her to put herself under his protection. She consented, but under the condition, that her position should not be made public.

In the suite of the Prince de Condé was a brave young soldier, the Baron de Feuchères, of good family, but in greatly reduced circumstances, who had to thank the Prince from being saved from misery and almost starvation in a foreign country. On this young nobleman Sophia Dawes set her eyes, and having made his acquaintance, told him a romantic tale, to the effect that she was the illegitimate daughter of the Prince by an English lady, and that her father having lately acknowledged her, intended to take her back to France, should circumstances permit it. The romance had its effect on the head and heart of the impressive Frenchman; he offered his hand to the fair lady, and at the end of a few weeks Sophia Dawes became the Baroness de Feuchères. Immediately after occurred the overthrow of Napoleon, and the restoration of the Bourbons, followed by the reïnstallment of the Condés into all their former possessions and dignities, with many additional honors and pensions. The Baroness de Feuchères, not chosing to continue the comedy any longer, now threw off the mask toward her husband, informing him frankly that she was the "friend" of the Prince de Condé. He left her in disgust; but was too much attached to his old benefactor to take any steps for separation or public exposure. The Prince, after his return to France, led a sort of roving life, but at his father's death, in 1818, settled down on his magnificent domain of Chantilly, where the Baroness also soon installed herself.

The noble mansions and grounds of Chantilly, once the residence of the family of Montmorency, were given by Louis XIV. to the Great Condé; the illustrious General here spent his latter years, in the society of Racine, Boileau, Bossuet, and other literary men of his age. He was also honored by frequent visits from the King himself, one of which was rendered memorable by the suicide of Vatel, the most enthusiastic of cooks, who ran himself through with a sword, because his master's dinner was left imperfect by the non-arrival of a basket of fish. Condé's descendants continued here till the revolution of 1789, when the sans-culottes got possession, and the domain was sold as public property. The Restoration brought it again to the family, the head of which improved and embellished the mansion to a high degree. When it came to be the residence of the Prince and Madame de Feuchères, it was considered to be one of the finest estates in France. The château, stand-

ing in the midst of a beautiful lake, was surrounded by vast grounds, laid out in gardens, lawns, parterres, islands, grottos, and picturesque walks; and beyond extended the old forest of Chantilly, with its noble oaks, rivers, canals, and hunting-fields, covering nearly eight thousand acres of ground.

The Prince having had no other children by his divorced wife than the unfortunate Duke of Enghien, and owning no nearer blood-relations than some cousins of the House of Rohan-Rochefort, the Baroness, after a while, persuaded him to make a will in her favor, leaving her the whole of his landed and personal property. The infatuated old man consented to all that was asked of him; but the news of the affair coming to the ears of one of the Rohans, the Baroness had a broad hint conveyed to her that she would not be allowed to enter into quiet possession of the immense heritage. The threat was imprudent on the part of the eager heir of the Prince, for the Baroness had no sooner received the message than she thought of means to frustrate the design of her enemies, and soon hit upon an extraordinary expedient to gain her desired end. By counseling the Prince to bequeath a share of the property to a powerful relative of his own, she secured an influence of a most important character for the eventual safety of the share appropriated to herself. The scheme succeeded to her wish. A will was made out, by which the domain of Chantilly and other estates were destined to a younger son of Louis Philippe, Duke of Orleans, who, in ordinary circumstances, might well have looked for some share of the Prince's fortune, but whose acquisition of it in this particular way is to be regretted. During these proceedings, the Prince de Condé became restless. He stated publicly that he had known no peace of mind since this fatal demand to make his will had been pressed upon him. He passed whole nights without sleep; and the quiet retreat of Chantilly was often disturbed by the sound of angry words between him and Madame de Feuchères. Incautious expressions often escaped him in presence of the servants, who once heard him exclaim: "My death is the only thing they look for." Another day he forgot himself so far as to say to M. de Surval, his steward: "Once they shall have obtained from me what they desire, my life may be in jeopardy." On the 29th of August, 1829, M. de Surval was witness to a terrible scene between the Prince de Condé and the Baroness de Feuchères. "Madame," cried the old man, "it is horrible, atrocious, thus to put a knife to my throat to make me do a thing you know I abhor;" and, seizing her hand, he added, with a significant gesture: "Well, then, plunge the knife in at once—plunge it!" The passion of the Prince de Condé was too extreme to be of long duration. After he had signed the will, he fell into a sort of stupor, from which he was scarcely aroused by the thunder of the cannon of July, 1830, which drove his friend and relative, Charles X., from the throne of France.

The revolution had been but just completed, when dark rumors began to circulate about the château of St. Leu, near Chantilly, where the Prince de Condé had taken up his residence. It was reported that, on the morning of the 11th of August, his Highness had been found bleeding over the eye, and had ordered his valet to sleep, for the future, at the door of his bedroom. Some days after, the Prince was visited by the new Queen, who brought him the star of the legion of honor; but he was silent and embarrassed. On the evening of the same day, a horseman was seen riding toward the château, and at night was secretly introduced into the Prince's bedchamber. The rider was M. de Choulot, a secret agent of his Highness; and, from some words he dropped, it was surmised that the Prince intended escaping from France, to get out of reach of Madame de Feuchères. The next morning, the 26th of August, a violent scene took place between the Prince and Madame, which was, however, hushed up, to some extent, by the latter. Nothing extraordinary transpired during the rest of the day. The dinner was apparently cheerful, and was followed, as usual, by a game of cards; the Prince played whist with the Baroness and two visitors, criticised some movements, lost money, and did not pay, saying: "Tomorrow." The morrow was never to come!

His Highness was attended to his bedroom by Lecomte, his valet; and the latter inquiring, "At what hour does monseigneur wish that I should enter the

room to-morrow?" replied, "At eight o'clock," with his usual tranquillity. So the valet went away, locking the door of the outer dressing-room, as was his custom. The Prince de Condé's bed-chamber had two doors—the one opening upon this dressing-room, which led to the great corridor of the château, and the other passing on to a private staircase, leading to a lobby where the apartments of Madame de Feuchères were situated. The former door was locked by the valet on the night of the 26th August, but the latter remained unfastened. The watchmen and game-keepers, during the night, made their usual rounds in the park, and through the château, but nothing unusual happened. On the morning of the 27th, the valet knocked at his master's door, at eight o'clock, according to orders. He found the lock fastened inside, and received no reply from the Prince. After waiting a few minutes, Lecomte went away to call M. Bonnie, his Highness's physician. The two knocked again, as loud as possible, but still no answer. Surprised and very uneasy, they both went down to Madame de Feuchères. "I will run up directly," she said; "when he hears my voice, he will reply;" and she ran out from her room half-undressed. On coming to the Prince's door, with M. Bonnie and Lecomte, "Open the door, monseigneur," she cried; "open the door; *c'est moi!*" She repeated the summons, but all remained silent within. The alarm now began to spread through the château. Many servants came running up; an iron bar was brought, and the door of the bedroom was broken open. Then an extraordinary spectacle presented itself to the eyes of all the bystanders.

The room was dark, the window-shutters being completely closed, and only a faint glimmer of light was proceeding from a small candle in the fireplace, hidden by a metal screen. When the eyes had been accustomed to this dim light, it was seen that the Prince was standing against the window, as if listening intently to something outside. But still he spoke not. Then the valet opened one of the shutters, and a frightful sight burst upon all. The Prince de Condé was hanging from the window-clasp, his feet just above the ground. Madame de Feuchères sank groaning into an arm-chair. "Monseigneur is dead," cried the bewildered domestics; and all the denizens of the château stood wailing in sight of the corpse of the last of the Condés.

The body of the Prince was fastened to the clasp of the northern window with two handkerchiefs, passed one within the other. One of these hung loosely over the window-clasp; the other surrounded the head, supporting the base of the lower jaw. There was no running-knot on the handkerchief around the head; it did not press on the windpipe, and left the back of the head and neck completely uncovered. It was also so loose that, when the attempt was made to take the body down, the valet put his fingers between. All this was very extraordinary, and greatly surprised the bystanders. So, also, did the whole aspect of the Prince; his face was deadly pale; the tongue did not protrude from the mouth, but only pressed against the lips; the hands were firmly closed, the knees bent, and, what was most surprising of all, the points of the toes touched the carpet. Great was the marvel among the domestics; but, though many a whisper was heard, nobody dared to speak his suspicions. The magistrates and police arrived soon, and copious reports were drawn up regarding the state in which the body of the Prince de Condé had been found, the evidence of the servants, and the situation of the bed-chamber of the deceased.

No sooner had the cold body of the Prince been taken down from the window-clasp, than the household of St. Leu began to feel the hand of a new master. "Every thing here belongs to Madame de Feuchères," was the order given in all directions; and each servant in the place received careful instructions to protect the property of the Baroness. The docile household, long under the partial sway of the Baroness, forthwith began to comprehend the new duties; and the magisterial inquiries concerning the Prince's death were almost unanimously replied to in the sense that he must have died by his own hand. The evidence to the contrary purport was nevertheless strong. Romanzo, the prince's footman, who had taken down the corpse, deposed that he had had the greatest difficulty in untying the knot from the window-clasp, so skillfully had it been fastened, and so strongly drawn through the bolt. Now, it was notorious to every one of the Prince's servants, that his highness's awkwardness

in tying strings was so great that he was unable even to fasten his own shoe-laces, and that the bow of his cravat had to be brought round to him at the two ends by his valet to adjust it in front. This was owing to a physical defect impossible to be overcome, the Prince having received in one of his campaigns a sword-cut over the right hand, besides having his left collar-bone broken. The body had been found in a state of very incomplete suspension, and it seemed all but impossible that an old man, who was scarcely able to walk, should have had the courage and energy to throw himself on his knees to effect his death. His bed, too, was found moved from the bottom of the alcove where it always stood; and his slippers were carried to a part of the room where they had never been. Two candles were found extinguished, but not burned out, on the chimney-piece. Was it the Prince who extinguished them, before commencing his complicated and difficult preparations for self-destruction?

Public opinion would soon have left off occupying itself with the Prince de Condé's death, had not its memory been revived before the courts of justice by M. Louis de Rohan, the Prince's next of kin. This nobleman went so far as to accuse Madame de Feuchères of fraud, and boldly demanded the nullity of the testament. He caused a preliminary investigation to be made before the court of Pontoise, and then removed the case to the superior court at Paris, where, after endless delays and postponements, it came on finally in the spring of 1832, at the end of eighteen months. In spite of the long time which had elapsed since the death of the Prince, the trial created the most intense interest. The advocate of the Rohan family, M. Hennequin, in a brilliant speech, unfolded the last years of the life of the Prince de Condé, and from a contrast between the well-known legitimate sentiments of the deceased, and the tenor of the will, he deduced the proof of the disposition of the property having been obtained by fraudulent means; in the impossibility of suicide, he saw the proof of assassination. Louis Philippe and the members of the royal family were more than alluded to in the speech; and the words murder and conspiracy were all but openly pronounced. However, M. Hennequin's eloquent oration was replied to by a still more forcible speaker, M. Dupin. He represented the suit of the Rohans as a mere plot got up by the reactionary legitimist party against the liberal Orleans family and their friends; as an effort of vengeance which all the partisans of the revolution ought to view with indignation and contempt. The decision of the judges was finally against the plaintiff.

This trial completed the triumph of Madame de Feuchères. Petted by the court, the possessor of numerous châteaux and splendid domains, the bestower of patronage, the successful speculator at the Exchange, she soon became the idol of a society that seemed to have completely forgotten the grave accusations heaped upon her a short time previous. Nevertheless, the Baroness did not seem at ease, and gradually retired from the brilliant throng around her into the company of grave-looking priests. Then the news came that she had become a Roman Catholic; had been baptized at Notre Dame de Lorette, and had received, after full confession, forgiveness of her sins from the reverend *Père* Briant. The next which was heard of her was, that she was gradually selling all her splendid domains. The Palace Bourbon was bought by the government, to be used for the enlargement of the House of Deputies; St. Leu was purchased by a minister of the crown; the château and park of Morfontaine fell into the hands of a stockbroker, and Montmorency became the property of a Hebrew poet. Numerous chapels and convents, all more or less richly endowed by the pious Baroness, sprang up in the neighborhood of Paris; and the belief gained ground that she intended giving the whole of her immense fortune to the holy Church of Rome. The priests in her immediate neighborhood shared this belief, and her confessor especially was earnestly and daily exhorting her to make a will to this effect; this, however, she seemed unwilling to do; and being more and more pressed on the subject, she suddenly, in the summer of 1840, took her secret departure from Paris. Having traveled through part of England, and paid a visit to the peaceful home of her youth, the Isle of Wight, the Baroness at last settled down in London. Here she was suddenly taken ill, and lingering only a few days, died toward the end of January, 1841. Her remains were interred without pomp in the

cemetery on the Harrow Road, where the curious visitor may yet inspect the grave. By a last will and testament, made previous to her departure from France, the Baroness left nearly the whole of her remaining property, not given to the Church, and which amounted still to above eight hundred thousand pounds sterling, to a child of ten years old, the daughter of one of her sisters, who had married a French gentleman. Though she died a fervent Catholic, she left some landed property, which she had purchased in England, to a Protestant clergyman whom she had known in early life. To her husband, the Baron de Fouchères, who had not held any communication with her since the death of the Prince de Condé, she bequeathed a legacy of ten thousand pounds, which he, however, declined to accept. The same refusal took place on the part of M. Odillon Barrot, the eminent orator and politician, whom the baroness made one of the executors of her will, with a gift of four thousand pounds. He accepted the duty, but declined the legacy, making it over to an institution for the education of orphans at Paris. After an interval of more than ten years, Frenchmen felt still haunted by the shade of the last of the Condés. Of all the immense property left by the testament of the Prince de Condé to Madame de Feuchères and the son of Louis Philippe, not a fragment belongs at the present time to them or their heirs. The Baroness sold every part of her share before she quitted France; and the Prince was compelled to sell his portion by a decree of the present imperial government, ordering the confiscation of the Orleans property in France. Being put up to public auction, the estate of Chantilly was bought by two English gentlemen, partners in the banking concern of Coutts & Co. The heart of the last of the Condés lies still enshrined in its silver urn in the chapel of the château; but the church itself knows no more the sound of vespers and mass. The memory of the Great Condé, and the greater Louis-Quatorze, and the greatest Vatel, is already forgotten in the busy whirl of Stock Exchange news, which has little sympathy with famous generals, or with tyrant kings, or with cooks who kill themselves for glory. It is typical of modern history that the family of Condé should have given way to the family of Coutts.

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

Hagenbach's History of Christian Doctrine.

We have received from the publishers of this learned and valuable work, the two volumes which embrace it. We give the title: *A Text-Book of the History of Doctrines.* By Dr. K. R. Hagenbach, Professor of Theology in the University of Basle. The Edinburgh Translation of C. W. Birch. Revised, with large additions, from the Fourth German Edition, and other sources, by Henry B. Smith, D.D., Professor in the Union Theological Seminary in the City of New-York. Pages 478. Vol. I. New-York: Sheldon & Co., 115 Nassau street. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

Volume II. of the same work is ready to issue from the press of the same publishers, pages 558; with a copious Index of great value to the student and scholar, of 36 pages.

The talents and acquirements of Prof. Smith, and his varied erudition in ecclesiastical history, in which he is surpassed by few if any in this country or elsewhere, amply fit him for the work which he has so well performed, in the careful revision of this history of Christian Doctrine.

Besides the revision of the Edinburgh translation, with large additions from the fourth German edition, this volume also contains new matter from Neander, Baur, Gieseler, and other writers on the history of doctrines; full supplements to the Bibliography of Hagenbach, including the English and American literature; and also new sections by the American editor, amounting to more than sixty pages, on portions of the history, not fully treated, or wholly neglected in the original, namely, on the German Reformed Theology, the French School of Saumur, English Deism, the history of Theology and Philosophy in England, Scotland, and the United States of America. The literature of English and American theology, including all the denominations, is very fully given, supplying a long-felt desideratum of ministers and students. The work, in this form, is more complete than any other History of Doctrines. While evangelical in its general tone, it is likewise candid and impartial. Professor Schaff, of Mercers-

said of the first volume, to which the additions much less full: "We do not hesitate to give evised translation the preference over even the nal."

holars and students will welcome this rich ad- n to the stores of ecclesiastical and Biblical ning. The Index, filling thirty-six pages, is of value for its abundant references to sources of owledge, and rendering them acceptable and atly useful. The price is $2 per volume.

EMORIAL VOLUME OF THE FIRST FIFTY YEARS OF THE AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS. "Large designs, systematic and vigorous exertions, humble dependence on God, and entire consecration to the work, should characterize all our enterprises for the salvation of this revolted world."—*Resolve of the Board*, 1835. Fourth Edition. Boston: Published by the Board. Missionary House, 33 Pemberton Square. 1861.

THIS Memorial Volume is one of rare value and interest to all the friends of Missions. It grasps a half a century of years. The missionary history and the events which it records scarcely find a parallel in the annals of the world. The Board was organized in our native town, and in the parlor of our venerated pastor in our boyhood. It seems but a while ago; but a vast railway train of events have rushed into human history since. But the American Board has come up from its organization and grown to a colossal tree, whose roots penetrate the moral soil in every land, and whose branches wave over many countries redolent of celestial fruit, which are for the healing of the nations. The Memorial has been admirably prepared by the pen of the veteran and venerable senior Secretary of the Board, Rev. Rufus Anderson, D.D., who has stood at his post of duty for thirty-eight years with untiring energy and incessant labor, which no human pen will ever record. A copy of this Memorial should be in every pastor's library, and in the hands of every Christian family, to tell to the present and rising generations what wonders God hath wrought by the sacred instrumentality of this Board of Missions.

MAY'S CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND, since the Accession of George III. 1760–1860. By THOMAS ERSKINE MAY, C.B. Pages 484. In two Vols. Boston: Crosby & Nichols, 117 Washington street. 1862.

THE interesting period which is comprised within the grasp of this History of England, will give the work an additional value to the general reader. All that concerns the history of our fatherland, the home of our ancestors, the laws by which they were governed, and the monarch who presided over England in the olden time, can hardly fail to interest the descendants of those who lived during those eventful years.

JOHN BRENT. By THEODORE WINTHROP, Author of "Cecil Dreeme." Pages 359. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1862.

THIS neat and attractive volume is among the popular issues of this enterprising house. The good taste and judgment which seem to preside over the published works issued by them, are almost *prima facie* evidence to the reading public of their literary worth. Mr. Winthrop's works are favorites with the reading public, as the demand for them would seem to indicate. The style is lucid, graphic— easy, graceful, with few redundant words, and the story well told.

PROF. AGASSIZ'S LECTURES.—This gentleman, who is doubtless the greatest naturalist of the age, has been invited by the Athenæum Association and a number of our distinguished citizens to deliver a course of lectures in this city. We have often listened with delight to his wonderful delineations of the animal world, denizens of the sea and the land, with as much familiarity of acquaintance with their lives and habits as if he had been brought up among them. He has accepted the call, and has chosen for his subject "Evidences of Divine Thought in Nature, as illustrated in the order of successions of animal life in past geological periods." To those who have listened to the learned professor, it is unnecessary to say that these discourses are of the simplest character. While they are instructive to the student, they are made clear to the understanding of all classes. Tickets to the discourse of six lectures may be obtained at the principal bookstores. The first lecture will be given at Irving Hall Monday evening, Feb. 17th.

GOTTSCHALK'S CONCERTS.—Mr. Gottschalk has opened a series of brilliant concerts at Niblo's Saloon. He is winning golden opinions from a numerous auditory, who can not fail to admire his rising genius, promising a long career of success in the musical world. He has few or no equals, it is said, as musical artist. In his youth it is said he rivaled Liszt in the rapidity and finish of his execution and the wonderful purity and originality of his trills. These traits mark the man a genius, and years will only develop in him new and suprising features. In two points at least he is superior to Thalberg, and the chances are that he will soon distance him in many others.

A GREAT METEOR IN EUROPE.—A magnificent meteor was seen in the heavens above a great extent of Northern Germany, in the evening of Jan. 3d. It has been described by Prof. Heis, in his "Weekly Papers on Astronomy." It was simultaneously visible at Berlin, Dresden, Munster, Dessau and other widely distant places. At Dessau, its appearance was preceded by a sound resembling thunder. It was of a fiery red color, and equal to the full moon in apparent size, with a radiance so extreme as to resemble the dawn of day. Its computed hight from the earth's surface during its protracted flight, was 29 miles. It must have been witnessed by millions in the north of Europe, and every where awakened feeling of wonder and awe.

YOUR CHILDREN.—Crates, the philosopher, used to stand in the highest places of the city, and cry out to the inhabitants: "Why do you toil to get estates for your children, when you take no care of their education?" This is, as Diogenes said, to take care of the shoe, but none of the foot that is to wear it—to take great pains for an estate for your children, but none at all to teach them how to use it; that is, to take great care to undo them; but none to make them happy. The principles of religion and virtue must be instilled and dropped into them by such degrees, and in such a measure, as they are capable of receiving them; for children are narrow-mouthed vessels, and a great deal can not be poured into them at once.

THE HUNGRY MASK.—The late Empress of Russia, it is well known, was so passionately fond of dancing that the excessive indulgence in that pastime wrought seriously on her constitution, and afflicted her with a pulmonary complaint from which she never recovered. During the winter season, balls, routs, and *bals masqués* followed each other in such rapid succession that the vicinity of the *Zimnoy Dvorecz* (Winter Palace) looked as gay and lively as do the public places during the Carnival time in Italy. Frequently the number of guests invited, especially at the *bals masqués*, exceeded a couple of thousand, and on such occasions dancing usually commenced at nine in the evening, and lasted almost without interruption to a late hour (four o'clock) in the morning. During the whole of the night nearly all the carriages of the guests used to remain stationed before the gate of the palace, waiting the convenient departure of the respective owners or families.

On one occasion the cold was so intense as nearly to freeze to death the poor grooms and coachmen attending on the vehicles outside the palace-gate. Necessity is the mother of invention, and one of the fraternity at last hit upon a trick to relieve their common calamity. He repaired to a neighboring shop where all the paraphernalia of masquerade were to be had, and borrowing a mask, domino, etc., with which he decked himself, he walked boldly up the stairs, (the sentinel naturally taking him as one of the imperial guests;) he entered the large illuminated hall, where from the rooms to the right, gay music and dancing greeted his ear, while from those on the left, the delicious odor of savory viands and beverages charmed his olfactory organ. As may be easily imagined, he followed his nose—as the saying is—and entering the refreshment-rooms, he made a dash at the solid dishes spread out upon the *buffet* before him, washing them down with tumblers of wine and spirits of the choicest quality, not neglecting the boiling coffee and chocolate that were hissing a welcome to him. Having thus satisfied and warmed his inner man, he rushed out to his stand, and handed the same talisman to a brother coachman, who took a similar view of the entertainments, and having done ample justice to the culinary liberality of the palace, revealed the secret to the whole fraternity, who one by one availed themselves of the contrivance for the epicurean festivity.

The Crown Prince (present Emperor) happening to step into the refreshment-rooms, asked the steward how the company were enjoying themselves in his department. "Not very particular, your highness," was the reply, "with the exception of one mask, who having emptied dozens of wine and spirits, and devoured upward of thirty turkeys and other fowl, had washed them down in conclusion with hundreds of cups of coffee and chocolate—and, by Jove, here he is again, your highness!" The Prince stepped aside, and allowed the new-comer to approach the sideboard, at which he did not fail to partake plentifully. Astonished at the all-devouring apparition before him, the Prince followed him out of the room, and his suspicions being strengthened by seeing the glutton about descending the door-steps instead of wending his way to the ball-room, he stopped him, saying: "Friend, who are you?" The poor fellow, thus taken in *corpus delicti*, fell upon his knees, confessed his own sins and those of his fraternity, and begged for pardon, alleging in extenuation the strong temptation they were under in the severe frost. The Prince laughed outright at the capital joke, which formed an excellent topic for conversation in the imperial circle, but ended in an imperial ukase—"To hand food and drink on all such occasions to the coachmen outside."

THE RAILWAYS OF THE WORLD.—A laborious and interesting statistical article on this subject appears in the *Engineer* of the 3d ult., from which we select a few results. The actual extent of railway now open throughout the whole world is probably about 70,000 miles; and the capital expenditure nearly one billion one hundred and seventy millions sterling. This vast sum has almost wholly been raised and expended within twenty-five years. The share of this immense capital which this country and its colonies have expended, appears to be upward of four hundred and seventeen millions sterling; and the miles of open railway on which it has been expended amount to 14,277. On the continental railways, four hundred and seventy-six millions and a half sterling have been expended on 22,692 miles of open railway. On the North and South-American continents, exclusive of British possessions, about two hundred and fifty-seven millions and a quarter sterling have been laid out on 32,102 miles of open railway. India is included, of course, with the British possessions. Thirty-four millions and nearly a half sterling have been expended in India on 1408 miles of open railway; and upward of twenty millions and a half in Canada, on 1826 miles of open railway. Nearly ten millions have been already expended in Victoria, on 183 miles of open railway; but in such cases as those of Victoria and India, works in progress are included in the expenditure named.

France has expended upward of one hundred and eighty-four millions and a half on 6147 miles of open railway; Prussia, forty-four millions and upward on 3162 miles of open railway; Austria, forty-five millions and a quarter on 3165 miles; Spain, twenty-six millions on 1450 miles; Italy, twenty-five millions on 1350 miles; Russia, forty-three millions and upward on 1289 miles; Belgium, eighteen millions on 955 miles; Switzerland ten millions on 600 miles; Egypt, four millions on 204 miles; the United States, one hundred and ninety-three millions and a half on 22,384 miles; the Confederate States, nearly forty-nine millions on 8784 miles; Brazil, five millions on 111 miles, and others in progress; and so on.—*English paper.*

NEW ASSYRIAN MARBLES.—The lover of ancient art will be also gratified by a visit to the Cyrene marbles, now open for public inspection at the British Museum. Although not equal to the Halicarnassian marbles, these afford some admirable specimens of a somewhat later period of art. A statue of Bacchus, a small statue of Jupiter Ammon, and some very fine fragments of figures may be noticed, but especially a noble statue of Apollo, about seven feet high, lyre in hand, and which is remarkable, not only for its beauty, but its wonderful state of preservation. An even more interesting morning's employment may, however, be found here, in examining the series of sculptured slabs lately placed, and which represent the lion-huntings of Sardanapalus III., from the north palace at Kouyunjik. It is marvelous to see the force and spirit with which the Ninevite Snyders, or Landseer, between two or three thousand years ago, has preserved to us these memorials of the mighty huntings of the Assyrian monarchs. "Each man, each animal," as an acute

art-critic has lately observed, "is marked with an individuality of characterization which evinces a deep and knowing observation of nature, and that of a rare kind; for it has been employed by a person who not only saw with the zest of a keen intelligence the various incidents passing before him, but brought to that study an already attained knowledge of the peculiarities, and even of the anatomical structure, of the creatures he would have to delineate." The reader will verify the truth of these remarks, as he observes the huge lion springing at the royal chariot, and the lioness, who follows as though to aid him in the assault; and the other lioness, who, wounded in the spine, drags her paralyzed hind limbs so feebly along. As studies of brute life, these bass-reliefs of the unknown Assyrian sculptor are unmatched in ancient art. Greece can show nothing so truthful.

Genealogy of our Royal Family.—Queen Victoria is the niece of William the Fourth, who was the brother of George the Fourth, who was the son of George the Third, who was the grandson of George the Second, who was the son of George the First, who was the cousin of Anne, who was the sister-in-law of William the Third, who was the son-in-law of James the Second, who was the brother of Charles the Second, who was the son of Charles the First, who was the son of James the First, who was the cousin of Elizabeth, who was the sister of Mary, who was the sister of Edward the Sixth, who was the son of Henry the Eighth, who was the son of Henry the Seventh, who was the cousin of Richard the Third, who was the uncle of Edward the Fifth, who was the son of Edward the Fourth, who was the cousin of Henry the Sixth, who was the son of Henry the Fifth, who was the son of Henry the Fourth, who was the cousin of Richard the Second, who was the grandson of Edward the Third, who was the son of Edward the Second, who was the son of Edward the First, who was the son of Henry the Third, who was the son of John, who was the brother of Richard the First, who was the son of Henry the Second, who was the cousin of Stephen, who was the cousin of Henry the First, who was the brother of William Rufus, who was the son of William the Conqueror. —*Correspondent of the Record.*

Cardinal Beaton's Castle at St. Andrews.—The point of the beach on which the ruins of this ancient and nationally interesting building stands having for a number of years been gradually giving way under the encroaching power of the sea, and that to an extent that has threatened latterly to bring down a large portion of the standing walls, without a chance of their being restored, the Literary and Philosophical Society has been the first body to make a movement for the purpose of endeavoring to get her Majesty's Board of Works to take steps for protecting the buildings from further inroads, and that institution is to be followed in the same direction by the Town Council and other public bodies; and it is earnestly to be hoped that the board, considering the historic associations connected with the castle, will be induced to accede to the request.—*Caledonian Mercury.*

Some of the Italian journals state that a project is in contemplation for uniting Sicily to the mainland by throwing across the Strait of Messina a bridge of four arches, each with a span of one thousand metres, (thirty-two hundred and eighty-one feet.)

NATURE'S CHANGES.

What time the Giant of the North,
Orion, from the sea comes forth
And strides the moonlight wold;
Lo! with a belt of darkness bound,
O'er all the starry hunting-ground,
And shouting through the cold;
Up frozen steeps that front the moon,
The lusty winter climbs aboon,
To reach his wondrous throne;
And sit, with limbs all white and weird,
And hoar breath clinging to his beard,
While earth seems turned to stone.

But under all the biting frost,
And dreary snowdrifts, tempest-tossed
Into wild glens below,
New springs shall burst their weary thrall,
And bud, and swell, and bloom—and all
The after-summer's blow.
The holly with rich berries rife,
The ivy with its dark green life
Waving its seeds above.
Shall tell of that sweet world, unlost,
Beneath the snow-wreaths crisp with frost,
Throbbing with light and love.

Winter shall die away at last,
E'en as the wailing autumn passed,
And fitful April showers
Shall waken beauty as they roll,
And loose the spirit from bough and bole,
And flush the fields with flowers;
The rich wood-sorrel in the moss,
The silver leaf that trails across
The ever-trodden ways,
The white-rose climbing up above,
And violets sweet as eyes we love
When turning to our gaze.

The tropic summer shall throb and burn,
When swallows to the land return,
In all their gushing song;
The woodlark poised in moonlit skies—
Shall pause to see the bright day rise
O'er sylvan hills ere long;
Light gusts and whirls of balmy air,
That from the pines soft odors bear,
Succeed the wailing wind;
And stars like love's fond eyes awake,
And splendors of the moonlight break
On midnights grim and blind.

—Westby Gibson.

Keep up the Fires.—Did you ever notice the frost on the window-panes? It is the congealed vapor of your once warm room; and if you warm the room, the frost will disappear, and you can see out into the world again. Let your heart grow cold, and the frost of distrust and bitterness will gather around it, blinding the soul and shutting out the light; but kindle up the fires of love, and the windows of the soul will become as clear as crystal, transmitting the light of Heaven and giving you glimpses of Paradise.

Our humiliations work out our most elevated joys. The way that a drop of rain comes to sing in the leaf that rustles in the top of the tree all the summer long, is by going down to the roots first, and from thence ascending to the bough.

New Soil for Quinine.—The great importance of introducing the cinchona plants, yielding quinine, into our Indian empire, has become more and more apparent of late years, owing to the increasing demand for that invaluable drug, the high price caused by the monopoly which is jealously maintained by the South-American government, and the imminent danger of a stoppage in the supply arising from the reckless felling of the trees in the South-American forests. The cinchona tree, which yields quinine, is only found on the eastern slopes of the cordilleras of the Andes, within the tropics. In the year 1859 Lord Stanley, then Secretary of State for India, appointed Mr. Clements Markham, of the India Office, to superintend an attempt to introduce the more valuable species of cinchona-trees in India. Active measures were adopted in the following year. Mr. Markham himself penetrated into the forests of Caravaya, in Southern Peru; and he employed agents to collect plants and seeds in Northern Peru and the neighboring Republic of Ecuador, which were transmitted to India during the autumn of 1860. Sir William Hooker presented six valuable plants to the Indian government; and Mr. Howard, the eminent quinine-manufacturer, has also placed the plants in his possession at Mr. Markham's disposal for the furtherance of this important experiment. After his return from South-America, Mr. Markham proceeded to India with his large collection of plants, in order to select suitable sites for cinchona plantations, which should resemble their native forests as closely as possible in elevation, soil, and climate; and to make preparations for the seeds and plants which were to follow him, and which arrived in due time. The Neilgherry hills, in the Madras Presidency, were selected as the best locality for commencing the experiment, which will afterward be extended to Coorg, the Pulney hills, and other parts of India. Mr. M'Ivor, the superintendent of the government gardens at Potacamund, in the Neilgherry hills, has been appointed to conduct the experiment in India. This gentleman is zealous and energetic, and an excellent practical gardener, so that the conduct of the experiment may be considered to be perfectly safe in his hands; and there is every reason to hope that the cultivation of these quinine-yielding trees will be taken up by private individuals as soon as the government plantations are seen to be thriving; and that the cinchona will become as important a product of the hills of Southern India as coffee already is.

Great Economy in Steamships' Fuel. — The Mooltan, the largest screw-steamer in the Peninsular and Oriental Company's fleet, has just made the voyage to and from Alexandria, a distance of six thousand miles. She has been twenty-three days under steam, has run at the rate of nearly twelve miles an hour, and has only consumed daily twenty-seven tons of coals. This has been the most economic voyage ever performed, as far as the consumption of fuel is concerned, and considering the size and speed of the steamer. A short time since such a steamer would consume at least fifty tons of coals daily.—*English paper.*

Our new Minister to Japan takes with him a sufficient fund to procure grape-vine cuttings of the best varieties of that country to be forwarded to the Agricultural Department of the government. They will arrive in April next.

A Storm bursting on the Vatican.—A letter from Rome, in the *Monde*, says: "During the terrible storm which burst over this city, two evenings back, a waterspout in the form of a cone, wide and luminous at the upper part, traversed the garden and the vineyards near the San Spirito gate, and fell on the Vatican. The eighty lightning conductors which protect that residence first received the discharge; after which the point of the cone was seen to whirl round in the great court of St. Damaso, on which the fresco paintings of Raffaelle open. Immediately the large glazed doors and the immense windows of the gallery were blown in and smashed to pieces. From the detonations and frightful noise, which made the palace tremble to its foundations, some persons felt persuaded that a mine must have exploded beneath the Pope's apartment. The large Genoese slates, more than a third of an inch in thickness, which cover the Belvedere, flew about like so many feathers. Fortunately none of Raffaelle's pictures were injured. The arsenal suffered but slightly."

The Armstrong Gun. — The *Times* contains a letter, filling four columns, from Sir William Armstrong in reply to Captain Hatshed's statements depreciating the Armstrong guns. He gives an elaborate account of their trials, cost, and general performances. Altogether, sixteen hundred and twenty-two have been proved, about half of which are issued for use and half retained in store. Altogether, seven hundred and ninety-six guns, of various calibers, have been actually issued for service. And Sir William now tells us that of this number not one single piece has burst, and that twenty only are returned for repair. As to the vent-pieces, double ones were issued, and only five have been blown away, and thirty-two rendered unserviceable, owing principally to ignorance or inexperience of the men working the gun. The *Times*, in a leader, says that on the general merits of the gun, its inventor now speaks with a justifiable complacency, and with a boldness which will rather astonish his opponents. Nobody could expect that such an invention should have been brought to perfection at once, but unless the statements made by Sir William in his letter can be effectually refuted, the public, we think, will be of opinion that no specimen of rifled ordnance yet produced is superior to the Armstrong gun.—*Edinburgh Scotsman, Nov.* 29, 1861.

The *Newburyport Herald* states that one United States gun boat, two ships, six barks, and four schooners, having an aggregate tonnage of fifty-nine hundred tons, have been built on the Merrimac during the year 1861; and there are now on the stocks three ships and a bark, measuring altogether thirty-five hundred tons.

Good Temper measures how a man is acted upon by others; good nature measures how he acts for others. There are many men of inviolable temper, who never exert themselves to do a good-natured thing from one end of the year to the other; and many in the highest degree irritable, who are perpetually employed in little acts of good nature.

It is reported that the deficiency in the ways and means of the French government amounts to no less than about £54,000,000, instead of £40,000,000 as sttaed recently by M. Fould.

THE DISCOVERIES IN WORCESTER CATHEDRAL.—We recently noticed the discovery of two very ancient coffins in the sanctuary of Worcester Cathedral, in the course of the extensive repairs now going on there. On Friday and Saturday last, by permission of the Dean and Chapter, the remains were inspected by a portion of the public, a formal examination having been previously made by the Very Rev. the Dean of Worcester, several Roman Catholics, lay and clerical, and Mr. Bloxam, of Rugby, a well-known authority on ecclesiastical antiquities. It will be remembered that the first discovery made in the sanctuary in digging out at the base of the north wall was a stone coffin containing the body of a dignitary of the Church, robed in canonicals, with the pastoral staff by its side, and the paten on its breast. The chalice and ring no doubt were buried with the body; but these, it is supposed, must have been appropriated by some of the workmen, as they can not be found. The vestments must have been exceedingly rich and costly, but they are now a mass of shreds. They are of gold tissue and embroidered work, with scrolls and other accessories. Mr. Bloxam fixes the date of the burial about the middle of the thirteenth century, and thinks the remains are those either of William de Blois, Bishop of Worcester, who died A. D. 1236, or of Walter de Cantilupe, who died 1266, but he is inclined to prefer the latter. He promises, however, to make further investigations and to read a paper on the subject at the next annual meeting of the British Archæological Institute, which will be held at Worcester in the summer. The paten, which is of silver gilt, is in the hands of the Dean of Worcester. It is very similar to one or more discovered in the graves of prelates in York Cathedral, and Mr. Bloxam says it is clearly of the thirteenth century. The second coffin was a lead one, or rather it was an embalmed corpse inclosed in lead, which conformed to the shape of the body, and even showed the features of the face and the joints of the lower limbs. Through an opening made between the legs the cerecloth is visible. It is very strong, and still retains a powerful aromatic odor Mr. Bloxam says that this may be of the fifteenth, sixteenth, or seventeenth centuries. It has been suggested that the remains are those of the Duke of Hamilton, who was mortally wounded in the Civil Wars at the battle of Worcester, and buried in the cathedral about the spot where the body was discovered. The leaden covering was originally inclosed in an outer coffin of wood, of which, however, nothing was left but the iron handles. A small javelin head was found in or near the outer coffin, which is now in the hands of the Dean of Worcester. This body lies some two or three feet below the floor of the sanctuary; but the stone coffin of the ecclesiastic is close against the pavement, which, in fact, forms the lid of the coffin. Both are on the left or north side of the sanctuary. —*Wolverhampton Chronicle.*

LIFE-BOAT EXPENSES.—The Royal National Life-boat Institution makes a powerful appeal with the opening of the new year to the sympathies of a generous public in aid of the funds indispensably necessary to continue its important operations in the cause of suffering humanity, as the following shows: During the past two years (1860–61,) the National Life-boat Institution has incurred expenses amounting to £22,650 on various life-boat establishments on the coasts of England, Scotland, and Ireland. In the same period the life-boats of the Institution have been instrumental in rescuing 500 persons from different shipwrecks on the coasts of the United Kingdom. For these and other life-boat services the Institution has voted £1893 as rewards to the crews of the life-boats. It has also granted rewards amounting to £515 10s. for saving 373 shipwrecked persons by shore-boats and other means, making a total of 871 persons saved from a watery grave during the last two years. The number of lives saved by the life-boats of the society and other means since its formation is 12,293; for which services 82 gold medals, 704 silver medals, and £15,250 in cash have been paid in rewards. The Institution has also expended £57,200 on life boats, life-boat transporting carriages, and boat-houses. The public can not but sympathize with the vigorous efforts now being made by this Institution to save the lives of shipwrecked crews. Their help was never more needed than at the present time, when, through the extraordinary exertions the society has made within the past few years, it has now 121 life-boats under its management, for the maintenance of which in a state of thorough efficiency a large permanent annual income is absolutely needed if its humane mission is to be perpetuated. We may add that contributions are received for this important and truly National Life-boat Institution by all the bankers in the United Kingdom, and by the Secretary, Richard Lewis, Esq., at the Institution, 14 John street, Adelphi, London.

PROJECTED RAILWAY TUNNEL BETWEEN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.—The construction of a tunnel for a railway beneath the bed of the Straits of Dover, with a view to unite the shores of England with those of France, and then with the entire European and Asiatic continents, is occupying much public attention, from the several projected plans which have recently been promulgated. Mr. William Austin, many years in Messrs. Peto, Betts, and Brassey's establishment, has, since 1853, matured a plan which has been highly approved of by first-rate engineering talent. The plan proposed by him has for its object the accomplishment of a really permanent railway and enduring structure, extending from shore to shore, a distance of 22 miles, and connected at each end with the already constructed and future lines of railroad. It is intended to have a triple way of three arches, oval in form, and securely locked together by inseparable and indestructible masonry, constructed of approved imperishable material, impervious to moisture; and for such unavoidable leakage or collection of water as will occasionally occur, three efficient culverts will be provided to carry it to each shore, from whence powerful life-pumps would convey it into the sea. The fall is to be from the center toward each shore, and it is calculated that the crown of the tunnel will have a thickness of chalk of 60 ft. between it and the ocean bed, at the deepest point, which does not exceed 140 ft. below the tidal level, as proved by soundings. There will be three double lines of railway, (three each way,) which will be ample for ordinary, goods traffic, and express trains. Ample space is afforded for all necessary pathways, and telegraph wires will be laid in the center, on a new principle of economy and ready access. The tunnel, by its length, will thoroughly ventilate itself, but should it prove necessary, three or four, or more, air-shafts can be readily constructed, the upper portions forming light-houses, or refuge in case of shipwreck, and for signaling ships in the channel. The cost is estimated at £16,000,000, and the time for the construction seven years. The whole of these works are proposed to be carried out in connection

ıatent for converting into an indestructible ; material river or sea sand, shingle, chalk, ıer soft and comparatively worthless sub-

As it is to be geologically assumed that tum to be cut through is chalk, Mr. Austin s to construct his three roadway arches of ocks of masonry, bound together in a pecu- ıner; such blocks to be formed from the ex- material, carried to the indurating works, (to tructed at each end,) and re conveyed to the under completion, ready to be placed *in situ*.

HASE BY THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON AT ROME.— *niteur* announces, in the following terms, an ion made by the Emperor of the French, al- ıade known from other sources: "The Em- as just purchased out of his privy purse the of the Mont Palatine which is comprised un- name of the Farnese Gardens, and which be- to the King of Naples. This portion of the ed hills is by far the most considerable. ınly remains, in addition to the part bought Emperor, the ancient villa on the south, where ions have been so extensively made, and in here is now a convent of French nuns, and on ; a convent of Franciscans. The ground pur- by his Majesty is not less than eighteen acres ıt. It includes the famous ruins of the palace Cæsars, two entire stories of which have been l with rubbish since the time of the invasion barbarians, and must contain statues, paint- ıd inscriptions of the highest interest. It is is soil, which has been scarcely touched up present time, that several masterpieces of an- t have been procured. It was also on this that were recently found the original walls ancient inclosure of Rome, that which sur- l the Palatine when it alone supported the city at the very time of its founder. M. Rosa, author of the large archæological and ıphical map of Latium, has been appointed rator of the Palace of the Cæsars, and is at ıe time to be the director of the excavation."

ING FISH.—M. de Thoron has addressed a cu- ommunication to the Paris Academy of Sci- n the subject of certain singing fish that in- ıe seas as well as the rivers of South-America. cially mentions the Bay of Pallon, situated f the province of Emeraldas, in the Republic ıdor, where being in a boat, he was suddenly by a deep humming noise, which he at first ed to some large insect, but which upon in- ırned out to be a kind of fish called musicos people of the country. On proceeding fur- sounds became so strong as to remind him strains of a church-organ. These fish live salt and in fresh water, since they are also h in the river Mataje. They are not more n inches long; their color is white sprinkled ue spots, and they will continue their music rs without minding any interruption.

-SETTING MACHINE.—Mr. Felt, of Boston, ıusetts, has invented a type-setting machine, according to the descriptions that have come us, will be for compositors what the sew- hine has been for seamstresses. It has ca- if required, for a thousand different charac- d for any quantity of each character: it will wo copies at the same time, and in different roperly "spaced," "leaded," and "justified," at the rate of 15,000 letters an hour. It will also distribute the type after the work is printed; and what is more, it keeps a register, by punching holes in strips of paper, during the composition; and if at any time a reprint of the work should be asked for, the compositor has only to introduce the register into the machine, when by an ingenious contrivance, the setting of the type goes on precisely the same as for the first edition. If the machine will do all this, it is certainly a remarkable invention; on this point, however, English printers will have opportunity to judge for themselves, for the inventor, who is at present in this country, intends to exhibit one at work in the Great Exhibition of 1862.—*Chambers's Journal.*

DREAMY LIFE.—Wouldn't you call a man a fool who should spend all his time in fishing up oysters, with the expectation of finding a pearl? But is he really more unwise than hundreds, who, with their hands in their pockets, and cigars in their mouths, are waiting for something to turn up, or turn over, that will throw them at once into business and fortune? They may wait till doomsday—and longer, if possible—before their fond expectation will be realized. If there is a kind of life we abominate, it is that lingering, waiting, lazy, dreamy sort of existence, over which angels and true men weep with unfeigned sorrow.

"HEARTS OF GOLD."

HERE'S to the hearts that love us,
The forms our own have clasped,
The faces we have gazed upon,
The hands that we have grasped;
For though within our circle
Old Time a gap hath cleft,
There are still some pleasures spared to us,
And still some dear ones left.

Here's to the hearts that love us;
May they faithful still remain,
Till the summer sun of happiness
Shall shine on us again.
The hearts that ne'er forsake us,
Nor at fortune's frown grow cold,
Are richer far than "pearls of price,"
For they are Hearts of Gold.

Plant, plant within our bosoms
One spray of ivy-green,
To climb around the ruined home
Of pleasures that have been;
But let us not repining,
Ungratefully forget,
That though some storms have come on us,
Sunbeams are left us yet.

HOW TO MAKE YOUR WAY THROUGH THE WORLD.—One evening, when Sydney Smith was drinking tea with Mrs. Austin, the servant entered the crowded room, with a boiling tea-kettle in his hand. It seemed doubtful, nay, impossible that he should make his way among the numerous groups, but on the first approach of the steaming kettle, the crowd receded on all sides, Mr. Smith among the rest, though watching the progress of the lad to the table. "I declare," said he addressing Mrs. Austin, "a man who wishes to make his way in life could do nothing better than go through the world with a boiling tea-kettle in his hand."

A World of Peace.—There is a world where no storms intrude—a haven of safety against the tempests of life—a little world of joy and love, of innocence and tranquillity. Suspicions are not there, nor jealousies, nor falsehood with her double tongue, nor the venom of slander. Peace embraceth it with outspread wings. Plenty broodeth there. When a man entereth it, he forgets his sorrows, cares, and disappointments; he openeth his heart to confidence, and to pleasure not mingled with remorse. This world is the home of a virtuous and amiable woman.

From the latest returns it appears that the kingdom of Poland contains 5,850,000 inhabitants. Of that number, 600,000 are Jews, of whom 511,000 live in towns, and 89,000 in the country districts. Warsaw has 165,000 inhabitants, 45,000 of whom are Jews. At the census of 1846, Poland contained only 213,000 Jews, of whom 144,000 were in large towns and 69,000 in villages.

Popping the Question.—A young lawyer who had long paid his addresses to a lady without much advancing his suit, accused her one day of being "insensible to the power of love." "It does not follow," she archly replied, "that I am so because I am not to be won by the power of attorney." "Forgive me," replied the suitor, "but you should remember that all the votaries of Cupid are solicitors."

ELLINORE.

I shall see thee no more, my beautiful one!
For my life-dream is o'er now thy sweet life is gone.
The morning may rise—it shall smile not on thee;
For the light of thine eyes is as darkness to me:
In the old trysting-place the bright blossoms may shine,
But thy fond loving face shall no more beam on mine;
The leaves shall be stirred by the soft twilight air,
But again no glad word shall welcome me there!
Oh! I weep for thy sake, my beautiful one;
And would sleep ne'er to wake again under the sun—
For under the sun I shall see thee no more,
My beautiful one—my sweet Ellinore!

Ever cherished apart, at fancy's fond will—
In the depths of my heart thine image lies still;
I treasure each sigh, and I think of each word,
That in moments flown by have my fond bosom stirred.
Oh! if joys were so rife as in memory seen,
How happy our life in the future had been!
But ah! over all hath swept the dark night,
And in vain may I call for the new dawn of light.
Oh! I weep for thy sake, my beautiful one,
And would sleep ne'er to wake again under the sun—
For under the sun I shall see thee no more,
My beautiful one—my sweet Ellinore!

—Westby Gibson.

Greatness lies not in being strong, but in the right use of strength; and strength is not used rightly when it only serves to carry a man above his fellows for his own solitary glory. He is greatest whose strength carries up the most hearts by the attraction of his own.

New Definition of Ice.—A native of Africa who had visited England a few years ago, when asked what ice was, said: "Him be water fast asleep."

The "Ministerial crisis" is said to be over for the present, and the ministers exhibit, as they should always do, the gratifying spectacle of fraternal harmony. It is doubted whether this fraternal harmony will last long. The difficulties in the path of M. Fould were considerable, and there is reason to believe that they are not yet quite removed. His return to office was not viewed with a favorable eye by those who still command influence in the serene regions where vulgar prejudice or opinion hardly reaches. His memorandum, dated as far back as September, must have been previously studied by the Emperor; and this absolute ruler of 40,000,000 of subjects was frank enough and bold enough to confess that the Minister from whom he had parted but a year before had proved to his satisfaction that the public fortune had been sadly mismanaged, that he was sorry for it, and that he had resolved to do better in future. And, as a proof of the sincerity of his professions, he at once called back the dismissed Minister to his councils, with the applause of the tax-paying public.

A New Tooth-Powder.—Roasted rye is recommended as a tooth-powder, from the fact that, in all those countries where bread made of rye is the food of the generality of the inhabitants, the latter are remarkable for the whiteness, strength, and durability of their teeth. Savoy and the Landes are instances of this truth. Schrader has found 500 grammes of ashes of rye to contain 7 grammes of carbonate of lime, 9·8 ditto of carbonate of magnesia, 7·2 of oxides of iron and manganese, and 1·9 of silica, all which substances have a favorable effect on the teeth. Rye finely pulverized and used daily as a tooth-powder is said to stop caries, and promptly cure the small abscesses which are often formed on the gums.

Cost of the French Occupation of Rome—The *Constitutionnel* gives the cost of the French army of occupation at Rome, from 1849 to 1861, as 128,225,000 fr. The statement is much commented upon, not that the figures are new, but from the fact of a government journal parading them before the public at a moment when the nation's budget is under revision by M. Fould. The Minister of Finance would doubtless like to economize in future the 9,480,000 fr. which the condition of Italy demanded for the French forces in 1861. Politically the occupation is a scandal to the French nation, and a continued source of humiliation. The people who have paid their millions to maintain, with bayonets, a corrupt and corrupting government, get from the Church nothing but insult, and ingratitude from the crew of Cardinals.

A Man's house should be on the hill-top of cheerfulness and serenity, so high that no shadows rest upon it, and where the morning comes so early, and the evening tarries so late, that the day has twice as many hours as those of other men.

A celebrated physician said to Lord Eldon's brother, Lord Stowel, rather more flippantly than became the gravity of his profession: "You know, after forty, a man is always either a fool or a physician." His lordship archly replied, in an insinuating voice: "Perhaps he may be both."

Miss Jibbs says she wonders if any body ever picked up a tear that was dropped.

Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

APRIL, 1862.

From the London Review.

PHYSICAL PHILOSOPHY OF THE ANCIENTS.*

It is pleasant to be recalled by Mr. Grote to the consideration of the long-defunct cosmical systems of the ancients. His instructive pamphlet shows us, perhaps more strikingly than a more elaborate work, the point of departure in modern philosophy from the ancient line of march, and reminds us of the vast accessions made to physical science since its emancipation from an *à priori* way of treatment that was questionable even in metaphysics. We learn from him that several very eminent continental writers are employing their pens upon the cosmical mechanics of the ancients. It may not, perhaps, be unwelcome to some of our own countrymen to renew their recollection of some of those old-world hypotheses, which, though long since overthrown, have satisfied the inquisitive credulity of mankind, have given color to some of the noblest flights of human imagination, and are to be regarded as a part, though not an integral part, of the mighty edifice of ancient philosophy. Plato and Aristotle thought that the sun moved round the earth. Dante constructed the whole scenery and mechanism of his sublime poem upon the geocentric theory. What has given color to the speculation of such lofty genius retains an interest independent of its physical truth.

The cosmical theory of the ancients, as exhibited in Plato, is very grand. The earth is rotund, not flat, as the earlier poets thought; and is placed in the center of the Cosmos: the heavenly bo-

**Plato's Doctrine respecting the Rotation of the Earth; and Aristotle's Comment upon the Doctrine,* By George Grote, Esq. London: Murray. 1860.
The Platonic Dialogues for English Readers. By William Whewell, D.D. London. 1860.

dies revolve about in various concentric spheres. The outermost sphere is that of the fixed stars; and this sidereal sphere whirls round all the interior spheres, which have their own motions in addition to this revolution. The sidereal sphere was what became known to later philosophers as *primum mobile*, which was supposed to give the diurnal motion to the heavens. It forms the eighth heaven in the *Paradise* of Dante, and has its place in the more imperfect system of the universe, shadowed out by Milton in the fourth book of the *Paradise Lost*. The whole conception of a number of spheres inclosing one another, of ethereal substance, holding the various orders of stars embedded in them, was found to offer a fair explanation of celestial phenomena. Certain stars were observed to hold an unvarying position to one another: such were supposed to be revolving in the same sphere. Other stars, which shifted their positions with regard to one another, were explained to belong to different spheres, and to move under different laws. Some were observed to revolve at greater speed than others, in consequence, of course, of the various velocity of the several spheres. The heavenly bodies, so far as observation could go, always presented the same side to the earth; it was, therefore, concluded that they had no revolution round their own axis, but were fixed immovably in the sphere which carried them round. Aristotle, who adopted the theory, defends it by an amusing argument. The stars, he says, being globes, are of the form worst adapted for motion; they must, therefore, be carried round by some other power; and it is for this reason that they are fixed in the spheres.

This venerable cosmical theory was adorned, after the fashion of the Greeks, with most beautiful poetical embellishments. Every one has heard of the music of the spheres; few may recall that, in its origin, this music referred not to the spheroid bodies which we watch in their nightly courses through the sky, but to the harmonious motion of the hollow cylinders of ethereal mold, revolving one within another, and bearing round the wandering fires of heaven. These were from of old peopled by the souls of the good; and the loftiest of them and the most happy habitations are in the *Phædo* assigned to those who on earth had purified their minds by philosophy. After the introduction of Christianity, the spheres were identified with the several heavens in which the faithful were to enjoy the various degrees of eternal felicity. It deserves mention, as an illustration of the spiritual element of Christianity, even in the midst of superstitions, that two new ones were added by the Christian poets to complete the number of the ten heavens; and that the nature of these two was different from the material, though sublimed, substance of the eight mundane spheres. They belonged to the intelligential, not the material world. The lower of them is sometimes apparently confounded with the *primum mobile*, or sidereal sphere; in Dante, it is the angelic sphere, or *Globas Cœlestium Ordinum*, divided into nine circles according to dignity, each circle exercising a mysterious influence upon one of the lower mundane spheres. The highest of all was the Empyrean, the abode of purest light or fire, tenanted only by the highest and most sacred intelligences, and next to the throne of Deity. It must not, however, be supposed, that philosophers always contented themselves with the eight spheres assigned by Plato, (in the *Republic*, lib. x. p. 616.) The astronomer Callipus assumed not less than thirty-three. Aristotle adopted his views, with a further addition of twenty-two.

Such was the cosmical theory of the Greeks, which has prevailed, with various modifications, during the greater part of the history of civilized man.

> "In orbs
> Of circuit inexpressible they stood,
> Orb within orb."

The devout reader of the sublime myths and flights of speculation in which the system is enshrined, can not fail to be reminded of the inspired vision of the wheels within the wheels, with the spirit of the living creatures in them, which came from the north, as one stood by the river of Chebar. But the Greek conception was pantheistic: in the words of Mr. Grote,

> "Plato conceives the Kosmos as one animated and intelligent being or god, composed of body and soul. Its body is moved and governed by its soul, which is fixed or rooted in the center, but stretches to the circumference on all sides, as well as all round the exterior. It has a perpetual movement of circular rotation in the same unchanged place, which is the sort of

movement most worthy of a rational and intelligent being."

Bearing this fact in mind, we can not longer be surprised that physics and metaphysics were inextricably mingled in ancient philosophy. In modern conceptions the world of matter stands apart from the world of mind. We have difficulty in realizing the views of a Greek of the Platonic age and temper. Several almost contradictory elements were to be reconciled in his estimate of the sum of things. The popular worship of the gods gave him the idea of personal force exerted upon material things. And yet skepticism inclined him to think lightly of the popular religion. He was driven elsewhere to seek for an account of force, or motion, that necessary premise to an intelligent theory as to how existing things came into being. Where could he find this? If not in the personal agency of the gods, it must be in the things themselves; the universe was its own creator and guardian. No other conclusion was possible. Motion must either reside in personal agents, or be a property of the impersonal things that were moved. But if motion were inherent in things themselves, then these must be full of divine life. Such was the Pantheism into which an intelligent Greek must necessarily have fallen. It was of the completest kind. Divinity not only belonged to, but was inseparable from, the Cosmos: and the present constitution of things was, as divine, so eternal.

This Pantheism Plato attempted to refine and exalt by his great system of the Ideas. The Ideas may perhaps be best understood as a suggestion to explain the divine nature of the Cosmos. The attempt was in a natural direction. Plato included man in the universe not merely as a spectator, but as a participator in the divine life that filled and moved it. In other words, he interrogated the human consciousness for an account of the great causes of the origin and constitution of the world. He investigated what was divine in man's nature; and, having found it, argued that what was divine in the world, must be identical with this. Now the divine in man he discovered to be the ideas of goodness, beauty, truth, which exist within him independently of individual character. He concluded the same ideas to be the divine part or element in the world, by participating in which all its phenomena are determined. Hence, although it is commonly said that the psychology of Plato was realistic, it would be nearer the mark to explain that the realism of Plato became psychological. He argued from man to the universe, but not until the universe had driven him to man. Philosophy in his hands fully assumed the dialectical or logical character, to which from of old she had been gradually tending. So to say, she became more and more *humanized*. Plato is usually described as a realist. He is so only in comparison with Aristotle. He is far less realistic than any of his predecessors. The distance between him and the earliest speculators is in this respect very great. The Ionic or physical school propounded some element of nature as the cause of things. Plato propounds the ideas of the human mind. The links between the two are Anaxagoras, who, with a foresight which excited the astonishment of Aristotle, laid down *mind* as the author of being; and Pythagoras, who held that numbers are the essences of things. The Socratic doctrine of definition, that the inmutable and divine nature of a thing is its definition, may be added as immediately precursive of Plato. How much more comprehensive, as a theory, is the ideal system of Plato, we need scarcely remark; but it is so only inasmuch as the subjective or human complexion is more fully brought out; as the logical character is more fully imparted, and physical conjecture banished; as the truths of the human mind, for investigation of which the same facilities have existed in every age, were more boldly substituted for inquiries into nature, the means for conducting which did not then exist. The mind of Anaxagoras was vague, the numbers of Pythagoras jejune, the definition of Socrates incomprehensible, in comparison of the system of the Ideas, elaborated by the invention, and adorned by the eloquence of Plato. He gave to psychology a transcendental character, by employing it in solution of the mysteries of being; while, in fact, he was employed in subjecting the universe to the laws of human consciousness. This was a mistake, but it could not appear to be any thing but the truth in the age of Plato, investigation having no other open path. We might fairly describe the philosophy of Plato as a transcendental logic. His Dialectic was the method or science which discovers the Ideas; the Ideas themselves

were the divine, external, immutable element in the nature both of men and of things.

It is remarkable that Aristotle uses his most contemptuous expression toward the Ideas of Plato when he regards them as an explanation of the physical universe. He appears to have discovered the weak point in the system to have been that it was no explanation of nature. And yet even in departing from his master, he was only continuing his master's work, as we shall presently observe; and was himself in turn unable to go beyond the limits imposed by the unripeness of his times, or to alter the direction given to thought by previous inquirers. So true it is that the greatest minds are never able to escape from the atmosphere of thought in which they live. If they advance upon some position lying beyond the actual reach of men, it is only because they have been accompanied part of the way by their fellows; they are but, as it were, a stone's throw or a bow-shot beyond the rest; the forlorn hope could not go forth alone, without the camp, to the assault, had not the whole army sat down before the hostile towers. Or, to borrow a figure from the sublime conception under which these very sages explained the visible universe, the brightest stars of human intellect can but rotate in the impalpable ethereal sphere of general human attainment and thought where they have been placed; they have no motion nor brightness apart from this; they can not rise beyond its hight, nor escape from its circumambient grasp; music of other spheres they shall not hear; nor, if they would rebel against this law of the intelligential universe, shall they have other fate than that of the Son of the Morning, bright meteoric catastrophe and quick extinction.

Plato, then, as well as Aristotle, to whom we have not yet come, was the servant of all, because greatest among them. He embraced, whilst he amplified, the conjectures of his eminent predecessors, Anaxagoras and Pythagoras, and probably did more justice than he could make appear to the calmly abstract conception of the latter. But there was another element of common thought which had to be represented in his philosophy. The intelligent Greeks of his day, however skeptical as to the popular culture of the gods, could never eliminate the notion of personal causation derived therefrom. Plato never thoroughly cleared his philosophy from the same conception. Although, therefore, his basis is logically Pantheistic, and he regarded the different parts of the universe as gifted with divine motion, and the whole as a mighty, living, and self-subsisting mass, yet he assigns a place to the agency of the gods, and we find in his severest speculations a continual slipping back into the forms of popular belief. Hence the great importance to be attached to his mythes, which occur usually as a kind of summing-up of his arguments—at the end of a discussion, for example — and held the important office of reconciling his own opinions, so far as may be, with those of the general public. Whether the mythes of Plato were of his own invention, or, as is more likely, adopted with alterations from some great cycle of imaginative tradition which may have marked the passing of poetry into philosophy, they are of immense value as expositions of the convictions of the day. They are also remarkable as monuments of a thing that has struck ourselves — the way in which the faith of mankind has been dependent on imagination. Imagination shaped the creeds of primeval date; and when philosophy arose, it was the legitimate function of that awful faculty to explore the secrets of the human spirit, and lay the foundation of psychology. But in the share occupied in the physical theories of the ancients, imagination exceeded her just limits, and took the place of rigid observation.

Perhaps the finest and most highly-wrought of the Platonic mythes is that which relates the experience of Er, the Armenian, in the other world, from which he had been permitted to return among men. It refers in the main to the rewards and punishments of souls after death; but contains besides an account of the appearance presented by the physical Cosmos from a superior position. As we shall have occasion to refer to this part of the mythe again, we will quote in this place the most important sentences in it:

"After four more days, they reached a place where they saw stretched out from above, across the whole heaven and earth, a line of light like a column, very much resembling a rainbow, only more bright and pure. They reached this object itself next day; and there,

in the midst of the light, they saw the ends of the extended bands of heaven, appearing from out of it; for this light is the band of heaven, and holds together its whole circumference, like the undergirth in ships. And out of these ends proceeded, in a lengthily produced line, the Spindle of Necessity, by means of which all the revolving bodies perform their circuits. The shaft and winch of the Spindle are of adamant, while the spool is composed of this and other substances. The shape of the spool resembles what we employ; but, according to Er, we are to conceive of it as though one large spool was scooped out so as to form a hollow cylinder, and within this another such like one, but smaller, were adjusted, like barrels that fit into one another; within this again a third, and so a fourth; and after them four more: so that there are eight spools in all, inclosed one within another, presenting circular edges from above, but an unbroken surface, as of a single spool, around the Spindle, which goes right through the center of the eighth.

"As the cylinder turns, a revolving motion is communicated to the whole. But while the whole is revolving, the seven interior circles slowly rotate in the opposite direction. Of these, the eighth is the swiftest in motion, next to this the seventh, sixth, and fifth, all with the same velocity; thus, as it seemed, the fourth, the third, and, lastly, the second. The Spindle turns in the lap of Necessity. And carried round with the circles, one resting upon the upper surface of each, and uttering one single note, were Sirens, whose eight voices together compose a harmony. Moreover, at equal intervals around, sat, each upon a throne, in white robes, and with chaplets on their heads, Necessity's three daughters, the Fates, Lachesis and Clotho and Atropos; and to the harmony of the Sirens, Lachesis sang of the Past, Clotho of the Present, Atropos of the Future. And at times Clotho turned the uttermost circle round the spindle by a touch of her right hand; and Atropos, in like manner, with her left hand turned those within; while Lachesis, with either hand, touched both in her turn."—*Republic*, x. pp. 616, 617.

In this passage we have the geocentric theory set forth with the utmost splendor of imagination; and it is remarkable to what an extent Plato permits his representation of a philosophical system to be adorned by the popular creations of imagination. The system is complete in itself, without investing allegorical personages with motive powers. But the system is in itself an allegory, a mystical representation of a theory; and there is, therefore, no defense against its becoming allegorical in form. The spindle had been termed in the outset, "The spindle of Necessity:" from this phrase presently arises an impersonation of Necessity, and the spindle revolves in her lap. Then come the three daughters of Necessity; and to them, rather incongruously, the Sirens are added. The provisions for moving the cosmical spheres and axis are thus made more complicated than the scheme itself of the Cosmos. All is quite characteristic of the mode of thought in vogue in Plato's time.

A question of some moment is discussed in the pamphlet of Mr. Grote. Did Plato admit the revolution of the earth around its own axis? If so, how did he reconcile this with the general revolution of the spheres around the earth as their center? We had better allow Mr. Grote to give his own statement and elucidation of the question. He says in the next words of the passage already quoted:

"The revolutions of the exterior or sidereal sphere (circle of the same) depend on, and are determined by, the revolutions of the solid cylinder or axis, which traverses the Kosmos in its whole diameter. Besides these, there are various interior spheres or circles, (circles of the different,) which rotate by distinct and variable impulses in a direction opposite to the sidereal sphere. This latter is so much more powerful than they, that it carries them all round with it: yet they make good, to a certain extent, their own special opposite movement, which causes their positions to be ever changing, and the whole system to be complicated. But the grand, capital, uniform, overpowering, movement of the Kosmos consists in the revolution of the solid axis, which determines that of the exterior sidereal sphere. The impulse or stimulus to this movement comes from the cosmical soul, which has its root in the center. Just at this point is situated the earth, 'the oldest and most venerable of intra-kosmic deities,' packed round the center of the axis, and having for its function to guard and regulate those revolutions of the axis, and through them those of the outer sphere, on which the succession of day and night depends —as well as to nurse mankind.

"In all this we see that the ruling principle and force of the Kosmos is made to dwell in and emanate from *its center*."—P. 34.

If the earth be "closely packed" round a revolving axis, it must partake in the revolution; if the word be taken in its other sense, the question is at once answered in the affirmative. Plato took the conception of the revolution of the earth around a central point from the old Pythagorean doctrine of a central fire, round which the earth and sidereal spheres alike revolved.

Not to weary the reader with the conflicting authorities collected by Mr. Grote for and against himself, we may sum up by saying that this is a contest of probabilities. Is it more probable that Plato believed in the immobility of the earth, or that he maintained its rotation in the face of an inconsistency patent to a modern tyro, but of which he appears unconscious? We believe that the latter is the true opinion. To us the authority of Aristotle is in itself conclusive; and not only did Aristotle fail to perceive the obvious flaw, but every commentator down to the present day has omitted to notice it. A living philologer, the great Boekh, has been the first to point it out. But it would be well, before dismissing this part of our subject, to refer to one or two passages in Plato himself.

The passage in *Phædo*, (p. 108,) which some commentators have supposed contradictory of the one quoted from the *Timæus*, can not be fairly regarded as such. Plato is there discussing the causes of the earth's stability in absolute space, as the center of the universe, and does not say enough to decide the question of axillary revolution. Others, however, have alleged it as going against the mythe in the tenth book of the *Republic*, because it contains no mention of the solid cosmical axis, which plays so conspicuous a part in the latter passage. But Plato never conceived of the axis as a means of support, but as a center of revolution; and therefore naturally made no allusion to it in a discussion of the centric stability of the earth.

The mythe in the *Phædo* shows conclusively that revolution, carried out in every part of the universe, was the fundamental physical idea with Plato. Revolution is not confined to the ethereal verticilli, but is conceived to be continued, so far as the nature of things will allow, beneath the crust of the solid sphere of the earth. His conception of the interior of the earth seems to have been, that it is divided into a series of regions, contained one within another, just as the cosmical spheres are, and communicating with one another by pits or chasms; and these regions are for the most part filled with flowing rivers of water or of fire. We may quote one or two of the more characteristic sentences:

"But all these (regions) are in many places perforated one into another under the earth, some with narrower and some with wider channels, and have passages through, by which a great quantity of water flows from one into another, as into basins, and there are immense bulks of ever-flowing river under the earth, both of hot and cold water, and a great quantity of fire, and mighty rivers of fire, and many of liquid mire, some purer, some more miry. But all these move up and down, as it were by a certain oscillation existing in the earth."

This oscillation proceeds from the bottomless chasm, commonly known as Tartarus, which is described as a perforation through the entire earth, containing a mass of fluid material, which rises and sinks by the action of violent winds, and alternately floods and leaves the river channels of the several regions that open into the sides of the chasm.

"When, therefore, the water rushing down descends to the lower regions, it flows through the earth into the streams there, and fills them, just as we pump up water. But when again it leaves those regions and rushes hither, to the region inhabited by man, it fills our rivers, and forms seas, lakes, and fountains. Then the rivers, sinking again beneath the earth, some of them having gone round longer and more numerous localities, others round fewer and shorter, again discharge themselves into Tartarus, some much lower than they were drawn up, others only a little so; but all of them flow in again below the point at which they flowed out. And some issued out directly opposite the place by which they flow in, others on the same side; there are also some, which, having gone round altogether in a circle, folding themselves once or several times round the earth, like serpents, when they had descended as low as possible, discharge themselves again; and it is possible for them to descend on either side as far as the middle, but not beyond, for in each direction there is an acclivity in the streams both ways"—P. 112, etc.

Plato theorized respecting the constitution of the earth by applying the same conception as had already been admitted in explanation of the celestial regions. We think that this passage from the *Phædo* has considerable weight as an indirect proof of Mr. Grote's sagacity in hitting upon the opinions of the Greeks; and are surprised that he omits a reference to it in his pamphlet.

Aristotle adopted the prevailing geocentric theory, with some remarkable variations. We can not do better than allow Mr. Grote to state the outline of his cosmical system. With the earlier philosophers, as we have seen, the ruling principle and motion of the Cosmos was

made to dwell in and emanate from the *center:*

"When we come to Aristotle, we find that the ruling principle, or force of the Kosmos, is placed not in its center, but in its circumference. He recognizes no solid revolving axis traversing the whole diameter of the Kosmos. The interior of the Kosmos is occupied by the four elements, earth, water, air, fire; neither of which can revolve except by violence, or under the pressure of extraneous force. To each of them rectilinear motion is *natural: earth* moves naturally toward the center; fire moves naturally toward the circumference, away from the center. But the peripheral substance of the Kosmos is radically distinct from the four elements: rotatory motion in a circle is *natural* to it, and is the only variety of motion natural to it. That it is moved at all, it owes to a *primum movens immobile* impelling it; but the two are coëternal, and the motion has neither beginning nor end. That, when moved, its motion is rotatory, and not rectilinear, it owes to its own nature. It rotates perpetually, through its own nature and inherent virtue, not by constraining pressure communicated from a center, or from a soul. If constraint were required — if there were any contrary tendency to be overcome—the revolving periphery would become fatigued, and would require per·ods of repose; but since in revolving it only obeys its own peculiar nature, it persists forever, without knowing fatigue. This peripheral, or fifth essence, perpetually revolving, is the divine, venerable, and commanding portion of the Kosmos, more grand and honorable than the interior parts or the center. Aristotle lays this down (*De Cœlo*, ii. 13, p. 293, b. 10) in express antithesis to the Pythagoreans, who, like Plato, considered the center as the point of grandeur and command, placing fire in the center for that reason. The earth has no positive cosmical function in Aristotle. It occupies the center, because all its parts have a natural movement toward the center; and it is unmoved because there *must be* something in the center which is always stationary, as a contrary or antithesis to the fifth essence or peripheral substance of the Kosmos, which is in perpetual rotation by its own immutable nature."—P. 35.

We have said that Plato was less realistic than his predecessors, that is, less apt to confuse the notions of the mind respecting things with the essential nature itself of things. In the same way Aristotle was less realistic than Plato. He saw clearly the difference between the unprofitable pursuit of universal conception, and the study of the actual facts of nature. He was the first to attempt any general division of the map of philosophy, to separate the sciences, and determine the method in which they were to be pursued. That he sometimes made mistakes renders his greatness, his general correctness, only the more exalted in the eyes of all good men; he succeeded to Plato in conducting one stage further that illustrious march of philosophy which is subjecting to man's dominion the realms of the spiritual and material universe. He has been contrasted with Plato; but, in fact, he perceived and carried forward Plato's work. Bacon has been contrasted with him; but, in reality, Bacon has received his mantle, and built upon the foundation laid by him.

The earlier philosophy had been limited in use to contemplation. It furnished the mind with an instrument or art—called by Plato Dialectic—by which it might contemplate the universe. Aristotle conceived of philosophy under two additional points of view, as embracing the principles of art and of human action. In accordance with this view, he made his great threefold division of philosophy into Theoretic, or Contemplative, Efficient, and Practical. It is a division which may be safely adhered to, and has never, in fact, been superseded. But the progress of philosophy has altered many of the subdivisions included by him under each of these great leading divisions. Under the Theoretic Philosophy he includes Physics, Mathematics, and Metaphysics; under the Efficient Philosophy, Logic, Rhetoric, and Poetry; under the Practical Philosophy, Ethics and Politics.

It will strike a modern philosophical student with surprise to find Physics and Metaphysics included by Aristotle under the same division; but he will not condemn the Greek for want of penetration, even if he exult over his lack of knowledge. To gain an accurate view of the nature of physical science was the one thing impossible to Greek philosophy. There was no certain knowledge of a spiritual world, or of a personal Deity as the Creator of matter; the inconsistent notion of personal agency in the work of creation and succession, borrowed from popular worship, was daily more and more discredited as a philosophical expedient. Force, or motion, was conseqently regarded as inherent in objects themselves; and while the philosophy of Aristotle was far less implicated in popular religion, or views derived from it, than that of Plato, it had only attained to a more pronounced Pantheism from the change. There is a uniformity and magnificent un-

interruptedness in the successions of nature which does not belong to the cycle of human action; and this character induced Aristotle to regard nature, or the universe, to use the ancient expression, as divine and eternal. Bacon, a Christian in all his thinking, could regard the physical universe as arising from a creative fiat, and preserved in its succession by laws imposed by Omnipotence. He could, therefore, disjoin the one from the other study; and, while in his *Advancement of Learning* he assigned a separate place to theology, could prosecute physics on an entirely independent basis. But how was it possible for Aristotle to avoid Pantheism? The maxim, "Nothing can come of nothing," may, perhaps, be regarded as the foundation of all ancient philosophy. In the absence, then, of a revelation respecting the preëxistent Diety, what was there to prevent the conclusion that matter was eternal, and, if eternal, divine; that nature, or the universe, was itself the originator of succession? Hence we find Aristotle, the most exact of all philosophers, including physics in his theoretic philosophy; subjecting it to the same treatment as metaphysics, and even regarding it as a branch of the latter.

It is through his erroneous views upon physical philosophy that Aristotle has been frequently called to question in modern times. As he is often compared with Bacon, the glory of England, it will not be without use to point out a few of the particulars in which the two differ each from other. But we must premise that to consider Bacon as diametrically opposed to Aristotle is as great an error as to consider Aristotle diametrically opposed to Plato. The teaching of each of these great men was legitimately developed from that of his predecessor. And we suspect that the mental similarity between the three was much closer than is usually supposed. All three had the same encyclopedic grasp of all that was known in their own times, combined with the power of recognizing and identifying themselves with the onward movement of human thought. They all attempted the same great task, that of giving to their age an arrangement of science, and a method for pursuing investigation. They all possessed immense constructiveness; they all applied this power to the reörganization of society, shadowing out the duties of the human race, extending the rule of man over the realm of nature, and, at the same time, giving him "counsels of perfection" in regard to both his moral and social character. Besides these three, we know of none who have attempted the same work with the same combination of originality with reverence for the past. But it may excite surprise to find the first of them included with the other two as an exact writer on scientific subjects. It is often said that before the *Organon*, *Ethics*, and *Rhetoric* of Aristotle there were no exact treatises on the laws of thought, morals, and art. This is in one sense correct; but it should not be forgotten how readily the Dialogues of Plato might be named after the leading subject of each among them. For example, the *Philebus* and *Theætetus* might be called the Logic or Dialectic of Plato; the *Gorgias* his Rhetoric; the *Republic* and the *Crito* his treatise on Political Science; the *Phædo* and the *Phædrus* his *De Animâ*. Before him we know of no attempt to eliminate special subjects from the mass of speculation, except in the case of mathematics; and his exactitude was as much greater than that of earlier thinkers as it was less than that of Aristotle.

Unfortunately, it was the weakness of Aristotle to exaggerate the differences between himself and Plato: and the eulogists of Bacon have endeavored to depreciate the *Stagyrite*. The points of resemblance between the three we conceive to have been essential; those of difference to have depended in a great degree upon accidental circumstance: and with this proviso we shall briefly endeavor to exhibit several important discrepancies between the two latter of these great men, confining ourselves to cases in which their nomenclature was similar, but their conception different.

The original discrepancy lay, as has been pointed out, in the Pantheism of the one as contrasted with the Theistic foundation on which the other was enabled to build. In close connection with this arises another most important point, the different idea entertained by each of the use of induction. The nature of the inductive process was nearly as well understood by Aristotle as by Bacon himself. But Aristotle applied it to the clearing up of human notions; Bacon

applied it to the ascertaining of natural laws. The major premise of the philosophic syllogism always is with Aristotle that the human conception on any subject is right. With Bacon the fundamental maxim was that a preconception, on physical philosophy, at least, is probably wrong; that laws are only to be established from careful examination of facts. Whenever his conceptions have been founded upon facts, of which the state of knowledge in his age permitted a thorough investigation, Aristotle has attained a truthfulness which has never been gainsaid His definitions of abstract notions in ethics, for example, have continued in force up to the present. Human nature could be brought sufficiently within his cognizance to enable him to form a conception adequate to the truth. Thus his definitions of justice, courage, prudence, can hardly be impeached. But when he comes to attempt to define general laws of nature, such as, for example, *light*, or *heat*, then it is discovered that he is employing a general conception to interpret facts, instead of investigating facts to form his definition. He endeavors to define the nature of heat exactly, as it differs from all other natures, giving an accurate analysis of what is thought about it, and rejecting every notion common to other things. The definition remaining after such rejection he considered to be expressive of that principle on which the whole nature of heat depends. Bacon (*Novum Organum*, ii.) examines facts concerning heat, distinguishes those which really belong to it from those which do not, and from the remainder forms a general affirmation respecting it. There can be no question which of the two is the sounder method of proceeding: but it should be always borne in mind that in regard to the amount of positive discovery, Bacon could no more, by his improved method, forestall the gradual progress of science than if he had been working with the defective instruments of Aristotle. His own definition of heat is quite erroneous, though he attempted to reach it in the most elaborate manner: modern science has overthrown it, and it is even regarded as a curious instance of hasty generalization. It was, in fact, a definition subject to correction; science was not then (and is not yet) in a state to yield the ultimate principle of heat.

Another important term used, both by Aristotle and Bacon, is the word "form." Aristotle employs it to designate the definitions of things obtained by his own process of definition. Bacon disliked the word, (*Novum Organum*, i. 51–65; ii. 1,) but adopted it, on account of its wide acceptance, to designate the general laws gained by his inductions. It is much more descriptive of the former than of the latter. "Form" is the Latin version of the Greek word *appearance*, or *that which is seen*, (*species* is another Latin version of the same word,) and is more applicable to the definitions which arise from considering *what appears* to be the exact notion to be entertained of the thing that is to be defined, than to the general law gained by examining a number of instances in which that law occurs. It plays as important a part in the Physics of Aristotle as in his Logic; and its introduction into both is due to the celebrated Aristotelian doctrine of Cause. We must, therefore, glance at this, though only in connection with the physical philosophy of Aristotle, and so far as it affords an instructive contrast with that of Bacon.

It is well known that Aristotle describes philosophy as a search after the causes of things: and that he divides causes into four kinds—the material, the formal, the efficient, and the final.* An object of investigation might, according to this scheme, be viewed, either (*a*) with respect to that from which it has originated; or (*b*) with respect to its own characteristic essence; or (*c*) with respect to the power by which it has been produced; or (*d*) with respect to its tendency, or the end fulfilled by it. A completely philosophical account of any subject would include all these. For instance, a completely philosophical analysis of justice would tell us from what it originated, (suppose we say, from the constitution of the human mind,) which would be its material cause; it would also tell us its essence, or definition, or formal cause; and the power which produced it, or its efficient cause, (say, the freedom of the human will;) and, lastly, the results to which it tends, namely, the performing of just actions, which is its final cause.

* *Meta.* i. 3.

We said that a completely philosophical account of any object would be one which described it under each of its causes. But there are very few objects of science which, in the imperfect state of human knowledge, can be fully treated in accordance with every principle of investigation. Some, therefore, are treated more in accordance with one principle, some more in accordance with another: and a division of the various parts of philosophy may be made, founded upon the principles of which each is susceptible. Thus, metaphysics, considered as the science which endeavors to penetrate the mysteries of existence, takes cognizance of the formal cause. Logic and rhetoric direct how certain effects are to be produced, and therefore proceed upon the efficient cause. Moral philosophy, which embraces the ends of human action, is treated by the method of final cause; and, according to modern views, physical philosophy, having for its subject-matter the phenomena of nature, and their invariable sequences, would as certainly be conversant with the material cause.

We return to our point when we say that Aristotle, however, regarded physical science as inquiring into the formal cause, or essence, of things; not as having fulfilled its work when it has simply pointed out the invariable antecedents of the phenomena which may be under discussion. This was consistent with his belief: first, that every natural object had one particular essence or definition, and no more; secondly, that this was discoverable. Bacon, more correct in his conception of the sphere of physical philosophy, was by no means so consistent in his nomenclature. His discussion of the Aristotelian doctrine of the Four Causes, at the opening of the second book of the *Novum Organum*, is confused and unsatisfactory. He says very truly, that the discovery of form, or essence, may be considered desperate; yet, in deference to ancient usage, he adopts the word "form" to designate the function and method of physical philosophy. His value as a philosopher consists in having clearly perceived that physical philosophy takes no account of the essence or complete nature of things in themselves; but that, having traced an invariable sequence in certain classes of phenomena, it has accomplished its utmost, and can only register its observation as a law of nature. Nothing, he observes, exists in nature except individual bodies, exhibiting clear individual effects, according to particular laws; and in each branch of science this law is to be ascertained, in order that it may become the foundation of future theory and practice. It is to be regretted that he chose the inappropriate word "form" for the law of nature. But Bacon was by no means free from the metaphysical tendency of Aristotle; and (in Aph. 4. lib. ii.) almost immediately after identifying the term "form" with "law of nature," in the modern signification, he describes its meaning in words only suitable to its Aristotelian sense. Yet the inconsistency may be pardoned even to the mighty intellect of Bacon; for the limit that separated physics from metaphysics continues to advance and recede to this day; and the question is still agitated, What is that common nature by virtue of possessing which individual objects are grouped together in classes? In other words, What is species?

The discovery of "form" was, then, the object of physical science, according to both Aristotle and Bacon. "Form" was, with the latter, identical with law of nature; with the former, it was identical with the conceptions of the mind as to what really exists in nature. Nature, therefore, was with each of these great thinkers, so to speak, the material on which physical science was to be exercised, the antecedent to the existence of physical science, and the foundation of the mighty edifice. It remains, therefore, to inquire into the conception which each of them had of nature. That of Aristotle was the wider of the two. One of the applied significations of the word "nature," in his works, makes it identical with the term "being." The investigation of "being" is, according to him, the object of metaphysics.* The investigation of "being" is equally the subject of physics — the difference between the two sciences consisting in their manner of regarding the subject matter. But elsewhere he says that "things that have their being *by nature*" are the object of physical philosophy.† Did he then regard "being" as coëxtensive with "nature," or not? It seems easy to answer, that he regarded "being" as the wider term; nature as "being" under modification, as

* *Metaphysics*, iii. 1. † *Physics*, ii 1.

conjoined, for example, with matter.* He did so logically, no doubt, but not actually; and his reader finds in him the extraordinary incongruity that, whilst he declares the object of metaphysics to be "being" in its highest abstraction, eternal, immutable, necessary, intelligent, separate from matter, and consisting in "pure action;" whilst he terms it "Deity," and the science itself "Theology," he does not conceive it to have any existence beyond and outside of the universe. Here the pantheism, from which he could not escape, came in the way, and prevented him from perceiving that personal existence, beyond the limits of time and space, is indispensable to any coherent account of the origin of things, that is not grounded on the assumption of the eternity of matter. Without revelation, Aristotle had no alternative; and assuming the eternity of matter, of course, he consistently denied the supra-mundane existence of the "great First Cause." He endeavors to reduce "being," as the object of metaphysics, to a very high state of abstraction, but can not entirely separate it from a material existence. Consequently his account of the respective objects of metaphysical and physical philosophy is liable to inevitable confusion.

It was different with Bacon. The Christian religion enabled him to stand on higher ground; and it is not too much to say that the whole Baconian philosophy is rooted upon the revelation of the Deity as the Infinite Person. Nature became limited to the creation of God, and the province of physical philosophy determined.

Let us now rapidly go over the ground traversed in this comparison of Aristotle and Bacon. Philosophy, with each of them, was an inquiry into the causes of things. They both termed the cause which accounts philosophically for an object being what it is, the "form" of that object, although they did not attach the same meaning to that expression. They both regarded nature as the province of physical philosophy; but the Greek conception of nature was wider and vaguer than the modern conception.

One further point of comparison remains; but our article has already reached so considerable a length that we can scarcely do more than institute and leave it. We have seen that Aristotle and Bacon agreed closely in their views of science; but there lay one remarkable difference between them. The one began where the other ended. The one started from the highest abstractions, the other from the lowest facts, both dealing with the same object matter. Now, what was the method of each? They were both seeking for the forms of things—how did they seek? They were both dealing with nature—in what way?

Aristotle lays down the three most abstract principles under which we can conceive of an object; and two of these three are his instruments in the discovery of "form." Since "form" was, in his eyes, the complete mental and abstract conception of an object under inspection, it was consistent to investigate it by mental and abstract methods. His three principles are, matter, form, privation. These are the ultimate conceptions under which the mind can contemplate the objects of the sensible universe. Matter, which is expressed by various phrases in his works, is simply that antecedent without which there could be no form. It means simply—given subject of investigation. Now every subject in the universe is under the influence of the other two principles, form and privation. Form is its actual essence; privation is the essence or essences of the possibility of assuming which it has been deprived by taking the form that it has. This doctrine originated with the Pythagoreans.* How futile it was as an instrument in discovery Aristotle himself seems to have perceived.

But let us interrupt ourselves to compare these famous principles with those of Bacon. Matter, or subject, would seem to correspond with tolerable accuracy to the "*instantiæ*" of the great Englishman; which, as all the world knows, were specimens of the individual objects in which the form or law under investigation was supposed to occur, enumerated and arranged according to particular directions. Privation, again, is analogous to the "*abscissio infiniti*" of modern inductive philosophy. The latter term expresses a process of continued rejection of characteristics which do not contain the proper nature of a subject; and the attaining of an ultimate fact.

* *Metaphysics*, iii. 1.

* *Arist. Met.* A. 5; *Eth. Nic.* i. 4; *Phys.* iii. 2.

To return, however, to Aristotle. He perceived, we say, the futility of the ancient doctrine of form and privation in giving an account of the essence of things. He, therefore, refined upon it. To interpret nature he again appealed to man and human affairs. He knew that what was the essence of the character of man, as an individual, at one time ceased to be so at another. Disinterested heroism was at first an essential characteristic of Dion the Syracusan; afterward he lost (privation) that characteristic, and in becoming an usurping tyrant acquired another. So of societies. Barbarism may at one time be characteristic of a state; but the same state may advance to civilization. Aristotle applied this theory to nature; and argued that forms in nature are not attained at once; nor do necessarily remain always the same. Philosophy, therefore, should be able to enumerate the various steps of progress made by nature in attaining forms; to catalogue the various conceivable kinds of change. Hence his endless disquisitions on "motion" and "change;" and their subdivisions into generation, dissolution, alteration, mixture, and other varieties; which it would be alike tedious and profitless to recapitulate. Hence his definition of nature itself as "a principle of motion."

Such an explanation agreed with Aristotle's pantheistic conception of nature. He regarded nature as self-moving and self-supporting; and tending by continuous instinct to obtain by degrees the best forms of life in each case. But its abstractedness rendered abortive this last attempt of the Stagyrite to erect a physical philosophy. He had only given the world a dictionary in which the different words denoting change or motion were accurately distinguished from one another. He had not given the means for detecting a single form in nature. An observer, finding, for example, that a piece of copper wire had suddenly become possessed of magnetic properties, and applying to the Aristotelian for explanation, would not have been aided. He would have been told under what species of change such a phenomenon was most accurately to be included; but, on turning to the records of that species of change, would have found no positive assertions about its properties, but merely the marks by which it was distinguished from other species of change as a conception of the mind. There is something analogous to "change" in the Baconian philosophy; but this has been fruitful of discovery. Bacon knew nothing of an universal instinct in nature to perfect herself; but he knew that trees grew, that stones and rocks changed their contours, that the stomach assimilates food, that one substance is sometimes transformed into another. He, therefore, affirmed a general law of nature, applicable to all such cases, which he terms the "*latens processus ad formam*," or, "the gradation of movements in the molicula of bodies when they either keep or change their form." This kind of inquiry, he truly says, is of greater promise than the ancient one: "For all their investigations take into consideration certain particular and special habits of nature, and not those fundamental and general laws which constitute form."

We have been led into these remarks from a contemplation of the most celebrated cosmical theories of the ancients. That they should have created and earnestly believed in a cosmical theory with such small means of observation as they possessed, is an illustration of the impatience of the human understanding under imperfect knowledge. The swift conception fills the gap of the uninvestigated or unascertainable fact; and a splendid temple of science is raised, where men worship the work of their own hands. And better so than no worship at all.

Aristotle approaches nearer to Plato in his *Physics* than in any other part of his philosophy. He felt the vortex of dialectic drawing him into it. As Plato diverted attention from nature itself to the ideas of his intellectual world, so Aristotle, looking into the human mind for the primary principles of the sciences, rather than into the phenomena of each, overlooked their real difference in his mode of treating them. It is curious to find how widely these great thinkers departed in physics from ascertained facts.

On the other hand, Bacon raised no theory. He sharpened instruments, and threw out hints. He did not build a house upon sand; he only laid a foundation, but it was upon the rock. The edifice is still building, will always be building; and there are more laborers peacefully engaged in raising it than ever wrangled over the ashes of the ancient masters.

From Chambers's Journal.

BEES AND WILD HONEY.

From time immemorial, the honey-bee has been the symbol of industry, of thrift, of multitudinous and hived-up sweets, of pleasant labors; and her name is associated in poetry, in prose, in the vocabulary of the husbandman and the savage, with the bloom of flowers, with the dews of the morning, with the sunshine and odor of summer fields. Few things in nature terrify her. Through shadowy and devious ways, she plunges into the depths of forests alive with serpents and wild beasts, sucks the flowers on the edge of the tiger's lair, unscared by his roaring, and wholly regardless of his fangs. In the dead of night, she goes forth in search of her winter's sustenance, and when at a loss for a suitable place wherein to deposit her treasures, she will sometimes select localities to our imagination revolting, such as the carcass of a wild beast, or the coffined skeleton of a child. Possibly these strange selections of a dwelling may be considered, even by the bee-race themselves, as marks of eccentricity, since, as a rule, the little buzzing honey-makers love to locate themselves in pleasant places, such as the hollows found in lofty and picturesque trees, or the dry cavities of rocks, on sheltered eminences, whence the oldest poet in the world speaks of them as issuing forth impetuously to disperse themselves over the meadows in spring.

Some creatures, as the robin-redbreast and the sparrow, invariably prefer residing in the neighborhood of man; but the bee, when left to follow her own instincts, flies away to the waste places of the earth, where, in silence and solitude, she constructs her dwelling. Still, she does not by these means escape the invasion of the all-devourer. No place is inaccessible to human audacity. Wherever, therefore, the bees may build their nests—in rocks, in caverns—in the summits of lofty trees—in the faces of cliffs apparently inaccessible—thither, attracted by their wax and honey, man pursues them, to convert their labor to his own use, and rob them of their hoarded treasures. History, restricting too frequently its attention to the pomp and pageantry of kings—to the deliberations of senates, or the marches and conflicts of armies—omits to notice the relations subsisting between man and the inferior animals, though we occasionally obtain glimpses of the way in which the bee, for example, influences the condition of civil society. The barbarian in search of intoxication, has, in all parts of the world, obtained, through the honeycomb, the enjoyment of a brief but delicious delirium. Mead, Metheglin, Hydromel, were of old to the Celt, the Gael, the Scandinavian, and the Greek, what Burgundy, Montepulciano, and Tokay are to the opulent wine-bibbers of the present day. We can accordingly feel little surprise that man has generally found himself solaced in a double sense by the hum of bees—first, as it is associated with woods and fields; and second, with the cask, the cellar, and the festive board.

Wherever serpent-worship prevailed in the ancient world, the bee was an indispensable member of the social system, the primary offerings to the Agathodæmon nearly always consisting of honey-cakes. Thus, the old Egyptians peopled the banks of their beautiful river with those minute denizens of their body-politic, whom Swift used jocularly to call the Hivites; and still as we follow interiorly the course of the Nile, honey in great abundance meets us—sometimes light and transparent, though elsewhere it is of a blackish hue, and strongly narcotic in its properties. The reason, we are told, is that the flowers of the sant—a delicate species of mimosa—are strongly impregnated with bitter and lethargic qualities. Of the sant, the Arabs have many unflattering things to say, denominating it, for example, the type of a false friend. "When you behold it," say they, "its fair white blossoms and green leaves

smiling on you from a distance in the desert, you are deluded into the expectation of pleasant shade; but when you reach the foot of the tree, there is none;" alluding to the scantiness of its foliage. But the little winged salamanders, whose achievements we are commemorating, by no means agree with the Arabs. To them, the sight of a sant in blossom — and it blossoms nine months in the year—is preeminently welcome. They alight upon it in clusters, and hum and buzz through its foliage like epicures at a feast; so that to sit beneath it in a morning, when they are busy at their work, gazing at the great river which rolls northward at your feet through a fringe of variegated flowers, is one of the most genuine pleasures of a desert-life.

In India, the bee-hunters form a distinct caste, and pay a considerable tax to government for the privilege of carrying on their operations in the forests and mountains. To escape the persecution of these people, the bees in one part of the Deccan have selected for their habitations a series of small caves, fashioned no one knows how, or when, about half-way up the face of a perpendicular cliff, from five to six hundred feet in hight. As far, however, as the safety of their hives is concerned, they might as well have formed their nests on the ground. The bee hunters divide themselves into two parties, one of which takes up its station at the foot, the other at the summit of the cliffs. They who are below then kindle numerous fires along the rocks, and when the flames begin to burn fiercely, throw upon them the leaves of certain trees, which emit a smoke so pungent and acrid that nothing which has life can endure it. As the destructive and noisome vapor ascends in dense clouds, which spread over the face of the precipice, the bees take to flight, upon which one of the adventurous hunters from above, armed with thick pads of leather on back and chest, places a rope under his arms, and with a pole in his hand, is let down by his companions. Ere the smoke has entirely dispersed, he knocks off the nests, which fall into the valley below, and he is then immediately drawn up, for should the bees return before he has effected his escape, they would sting him to death.

There are, in Southern India, four kinds of bees, which locate themselves in very different places. Some fabricate their combs about the branches of trees, which, being easily accessible, are constantly robbed; but there is a very small bee which, for the protection of its property, penetrates into the deep cavities of rocks, where its haunts are generally beyond the reach of man. When, however, by any lucky chance, the bee-hunter finds it practicable to reach the nest, he is rewarded for his perseverance by twelve or fifteen pounds of the purest and sweetest honey, with a proportionate quantity of wax. In the same part of the country is found a peculiar species of this insect, obviously less intelligent than its neighbors, since it chooses for its residence one of the deserted nests of the white ants. These extraordinary structures, five or six feet in hight, and resembling so many trunks of decayed trees, are often beheld rising in great numbers on plains of reddish earth or clay. When their builders forsake them, they are commonly taken possession of by snakes; but occasionally the bees, finding near at hand no other convenient quarters, settle in these diminutive hillocks, where they are easily robbed of their treasures. Among several Hindu castes, as in ancient Greece and Egypt, honey is still used in sacrifices to their rude divinities. Occasionally, in India, as well as in some parts of Russia, a species of bees-wax is found as black almost as ebony, which, being thought to be of much use in medicine, is eagerly sought after by the natives.

In the islands of the Indian Archipelago, a tenth part of whose productions can hardly be said to be yet known, wild bees abound in great numbers in the woods, where they fabricate their airy citadels with the same skill and intrepidity as in other parts of the world. The natives who undertake to search out their haunts leave home toward the end of summer, when the combs are generally complete, and overflowing with honey. As they advance from station to station, they build themselves huts of boughs, in which they store up the spoils of the bee till their return, when they collect the wax and honey, and bear them for exportation to the coast. Throughout China, the bee is likewise found, and there, as in India, the wax is employed in medicine, while the honey enters into the food of the inhabitants.

No where, however, do we observe

more curious and interesting circumstances connected with the history of wild-honey than in the countries bordering upon the Cape, in which, from time immemorial, the bee appears to have established her favorite quarters. The reason, of course, is to be discovered in the multitude of odoriferous flowers, to be found every where along the streams and brooks, dotting the hillsides, and even spangling with their glowing tints the sands of the desert. An old traveler relates with enthusiasm his meeting by chance with an entirely new flower in the recesses of the wilderness, whither he had proceeded in search of game. Being weary, he sat down on the banks of a river, when his attention was immediately excited by a most fragrant odor, proceeding he knew not whence. At length, environed by tall bushes, he found the true source of the perfume—a large flower, with white chalice, like a lily, invested on all sides with deep-green leaves, and resting on a stem nearly four feet high. As its bell bent to and fro in the wind, it threw forth at every motion floods of sweets which might almost be said to lie heavy on the atmosphere, through which they were diffused to a considerable distance. In the neighborhood of clumps of such flowers, the wild-bees love to build their nests, selecting, in preference to all other situations, the summits of lofty rocks, where they at once enjoy a pure air and a commanding prospect over the whole ccountry round. It was formerly deemed uncertain whether, in her choice of pasture, the bee is directed by the sight or the smell; but since she carries on her labors equally by night and by day, the question may, by that circumstance alone, be admitted to be set entirely at rest. Nothing in the natural history of the honey-maker is more replete with interest than her nocturnal operations as watched with a lantern in a glass hive. As a rule, the squadrons move about very silently in the dark, merely uttering a low murmur as they ascend from the perfumed chalices, and by way of giving notice as they draw near the hive. When they alight on the polished esplanade in front of the portal, they pause a moment, and then advancing rapidly, enter the gate, and proceed up the gangway till they reach the space left open for them to mount to the upper cells, which they always fill first. When one of these little compartments is found capable of receiving no more honey, the bee takes a little wax, and closes the aperture, which she then smooths with her proboscis like a trowel. All the inmates of the hive know their own department of work, and advance and retire in files like soldiers during a review, never in the least obstructing each other. Nothing, in fact, can be more striking than to notice the entering and retreating columns performing their evolutions with an order and regularity which resemble more the movements of machinery than the action of living and thinking beings. Persons gifted with a keen sense of smell become conscious of the approach of the bees, while they are yet a little way off in the dark air, from the delicate sweets they shed around them in their passage.

Connected with the Cape bees, we notice one of those extraordinary relations which exist between different tribes of animals. As all creation lives by mutual destruction, the bees of Southern Africa have among the birds a determined enemy which studies their motions, searches out their retreats, and then, by betraying them to the universal enemy, man, obtains its share of their spoils, which are the eggs deposited by the queen for the production of future swarms. Of course, the sympathies of the Hottentots are not with the honey-makers, but with their foe, by whose craft and treachery they profit. This bird, which is called the Honey-Guide, having discovered a nest, flies toward a kraal, and perches on some tree, till, by his peculiar cry, well known to the Hottentots, he is able to attract the notice of some inhabitant of the village. The man, who understands his business as well as the intimations of the bird, gets together the necessary apparatus, and immediately follows his conductor, which flits before him from tree to tree, screaming all the while, his cries becoming more loud and piercing as he draws near the nest. As soon as he perceives that the Hottentot has discovered what he is in search of, the guide ceases from his clamors, and sits tranquilly on a neighboring bough, till the bees have been driven away, and the combs withdrawn, from which the portion most coveted by the bird is carefully set aside, and left upon a stone or fallen tree for his entertainment. If this equitable di-

vision of the spoil were neglected, the guide, it is believed by the Hottentots, would cease to report his discoveries; so that their labors in the search after honey would be greatly augmented.

All along the western coast of Africa, from the Cape upward to the confines of Morocco, we discover numerous colonies of the wild-bee, generally in forests, where she finds abundant materials for her subsistence and the construction of her combs. Across the whole continent, indeed, from the Atlantic to the Red Sea, wild-honey is gathered by the inhabitants, especially toward the eastern extremity of the Mountains of the Moon, which extend their spurs toward Abyssinia, where the bees build their nests, and fabricate their delicate white wax in the roofs of the houses.

In America, where all nature displays peculiar characteristics, there are stingless bees, though it is a mistake to imagine, as some have done, that all the kinds found in that continent are thus innoxious. In many parts — as, for example, in Brazil and Paraguay—they sting fiercely, and are so untamable, that no art or contrivance can reconcile them to live in hives, and be under the dominion of man. Elsewhere, there is a species of bee, which, instead of depositing its honey in cells, fabricates a little oblong globe of wax, about the size of a pigeon's egg, in which the honey is preserved clear and pure. One of the bees' enemies in this quarter of the world is the monkey, which, when it succeeds in breaking into a nest, soaks up the honey with its long tail, and then retires to a tree to suck it. The sugar-planters of Cuba discovered, after the introduction of the European bee into the island, that when it was located near the plantations, it despised the labor of collecting honey from flowers, and attached itself to the sugar-factories, the produce of which was sensibly diminished by its thefts. In the western States of the Union, the farmers dwelling along the edge of the wilderness used formerly to be much perplexed as well as annoyed by the tendency of their bees to swarm away into the forests, where, free from troublesome neighbors, and exposed to fewer thefts, they built their nests in the tops or on the boughs of lofty trees.

In Eastern Europe and the neighboring parts of Asia, bees have always commanded considerable attention from husbandmen. The Ten Thousand, in their retreat from Mesopotamia, in traversing the mountains of Armenia, imagined themselves to have been poisoned by the honey they found in the villages; for when they had eaten of it, they experienced an insupportable nausea, and losing all their strength, as during the worst accesses of sea-sickness, threw themselves in despair on the ground to die. The sickness thus induced continued during twenty-four hours, after which it passed away, and they recovered their former strength. A modern botanist, while traveling in that part of Asia, made diligent inquiry respecting the honey now produced there, and was assured by the inhabitants, that in nearly all the branches of the Caucasus a honey is still found which, if eaten in any considerable quantity, makes men mad, though only for a short time. Nothing in the character of the flowers presented itself to account for this strange phenomenon, though it has been inferred, from the great prevalence of the rhododendron, that the honey derived its noxious quality from the juice of its blossoms. In Circassia and the Crimea, large quantities of wild-honey are found generally in caves of the rocks. Throughout Russia and Siberia, where the bees were formerly supposed not to exist, they nevertheless flourish in great multitudes, especially in the forests near the Volga, on the hills of the Ural chain, and among the slopes of the Altai Mountains, where a rich and variegated flora supplies them with inexhaustible nourishment.

Though it can not be said that modern naturalists have neglected the history of the bee, it is certain that we have applied ourselves less assiduously to the study of its manners and peculiarities than the philosophers of ancient Greece. One of those quaint originals, who obtained from his habits the name of the wild man, forsook human society altogether, to bury himself on a large and wild estate which he possessed, among the hives and haunts of the creatures whose ways he delighted to study. Here, amid their soothing murmurs, and in the midst of the most brilliant and fragrant flowers, he spent fifty years of his life, collecting materials for his great work on the bee; the loss of which is not one of the least to be regretted of the

disasters which have befallen Grecian literature. No honey, perhaps, ever produced has equaled in all respects that which was fabricated by the bees on Mount Hymettus, from the blossoms of the wild thyme and other delicate flowers of Attica, for even the produce of Hyblæan hives, though greatly celebrated by the poets, could hardly have exhaled that fragrance which characterized all the vegetable productions of the Attic soil. It is still thought among the best judges, that the honey of Attica can be distinguished from all other honey by the smell; nor is this at all paradoxical. In the swamps of Africa, for example, and in nearly all parts of Asia, flowers, though magnificent in their development, are coarser and more rank than in Greece. Even in the various districts of Syria, we observe a great difference in the quality of the honey; that produced on the steep acclivities of Lebanon and Carmel being much more transparent and odoriferous than what is found in the valleys of the Jordan and Orontes, and on the fat plains about Antioch. Nearest, perhaps, in delicacy to that of Attica is the honey of the Cyclades, which, being extracted from flowers growing on a dry and rocky soil, has much of the lightness and fragrance remarked in the productions of Hymettus. About the Copaic Lake, in Bœotia, where the soil is rich, and the meadows studded thickly with flowers, the bees make an abundance of honey; but its inferiority to that which is manufactured on the other side of Mount Cithæron is immediately perceptible ,both by taste and smell.

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SPAIN IN ITS PRESENT ASPECTS.*

THERE has suddenly arisen almost throughout Europe, a deep interest concerning Spain. All men—for Mr. Buckle and his theories may be left out of account—regard her as a rising, or rather as a reviving state. They see her developing herself more stealthily and slowly, but not less surely, than Italy. Many, more sanguine than the rest, or whose watches, as Talleyrand would say, go faster than those of others, declare that she is about to become a Great Power. This may be an exaggerated expectation; but it has a substantial basis of truth. Forty years ago, Byron's saying, "There is no hope for nations," was deemed trite enough to be a truism. Now, on the contrary in 1861, the revival of nations has become too common a fact to allow the theory of their new birth to remain a paradox. National resurrection has thus become a leading article of the faith political.

Spain, then, is a clear instance of the operation of this principle. "This great, and now at last free people," says Mr. Mill in his *Representative Government*, "are entering into the general movement of European progress with a vigor which bids fair to make up rapidly the ground they have lost. No one can doubt what Spanish intellect and energy are capable of; and their faults, as a people, are chiefly those for which freedom and industrial ardor are a real specific."

The civil government of Spain, till lately long tyrannical, has become comparatively free. Her ecclesiastical tyranny, the last bondage to be relaxed, is growing less and less severe. Her disorganized bandits, who never lost the name of an army, are regaining some show of discipline and military science. Ships of war of considerable magnitude are being built both in Spanish dockyards, and in English dockyards for the Spanish flag. The foreign trade of the country is fast increasing. The domestic production and

* *Annuaire des Deux Mondes.* 1860.
Miscellaneous Papers published by the Spanish Government.

the domestic consumption of the country are also increasing, and at much the same pace. The want of money for improvements has been supplied in part by the sale of church and crown lands. Roads are thus being bestowed on a country which, until lately, possessed few, and railways * on a country which had none. Productive mines are being worked meanwhile chiefly by English capital, as railways are being constructed in great measure with French capital. In addition to this, Spain has, for the first time, a strong administration under a representative polity.

The "rise of Spain," of which we now hear so much, is but a deduction from these facts. Much as the result has startled Europe, it would have been more surprising if such a result had not taken place. Yet Spain used to be called a doomed country, as the unfortunate wits of Vienna were wont to call Italy a geographical expression. But why? Apparently for no other reason than that Spain experienced during this century, first an era of foreign rapine, next an era of domestic tyranny by both State and Church, and finally an era of civil war. But as revolution was the natural result of tyranny, and civil war of revolution, so the cause for which the civil war began tended to wear out the civil war itself, and to institute in place of it a system reflecting its own principles. Hesiod's Erebus and Night, which sprang from Chaos, produced Air and Day in their turn.

The truth is, that Spain has never required any thing but good government to render her one of the first nations of the earth. A national legend shows that this has long been a general notion in the country itself. When Santiago presented Ferdinand III. to the Virgin after his death, the spirit of the sainted king pleaded various requests on behalf of his country. These were freely conceded, until the soul of Ferdinand at length prayed that Spain might enjoy a good administration. But the Virgin peremptorily refused this demand, alleging that, if it were granted, "not one angel would remain a day longer in heaven." This tradition, so consolatory to the egotism of the national mind, has its mixture of truth. In Spain, while there exists every thing to constitute at any rate a Mohammedan's paradise, there is every thing to develop material prosperity. The elements of wealth lie every where profusely around the steps of a traveler. But he sees either the elements only, as in some parts of Spain, or the elements half applied, as in others. The country is, however, though differing greatly in different provinces, on the whole the most productive by nature—that is to say, the most susceptible of production—in Europe. The soil is commonly as fertile as in the Christian principalities of European Turkey, which have fed Europe in nearly all ages of her history. It is more amply intersected by navigable rivers, running into different seas, than any other country of the same area and configuration. Its shores command the Bay of Biscay, the immediate Atlantic, the channel which divides it from Morocco, and the Tyrrhene Sea which divides it from Italy. Here are all the elements for great power of production, for great recklessness of consumption, for extensive foreign commerce by sea, both in its yieldings and in its wants, for a great commercial navy, and for a great military navy. But these results, nevertheless, have not been attained for want of industry and due administrative direction. God made seas and rivers, but man makes roads and railways.

This is more or less true of every age of Spanish history. Spain, as every one knows, once had a considerable navy of both sorts; and both during this century, pretty nearly disappeared. But she never possessed a great trade in her own productions and consumptions. On the contrary, the interchange between Spanish and foreign shores was comparatively insignificant. The chief wealth of Spain was obtained by her as a maritime carrier for other nations. Thus, when such nations began to compete for the carriage which Spain was for a while monopolizing, and she had no intrinsic wealth of her own to support her commerce on the sea, it was quite as likely that they would rob her of it as not. This may be taken as some indication of the truth, that the commerce of Spain in former periods, which a superficial glance seems to detect as magnificent, rested all the while on a precarious basis, and was almost altogether extrinsic.

* In 1853 we traversed Spain extensively, and found but one railway, twenty-eight miles long, from Madrid to Aranguez.—Editor of the Eclectic.

No reader can require that we should trace historically the fact, that the normal condition of Spain has been a warlike condition. That country has been so continually harassed by hostilities, that any great development of industry had become impossible. Wars between the Christian princes and the Moors—wars between the different kingdoms of which Spain long consisted — wars with foreign powers, waged in the name of the Spanish succession on the Spanish soil—domestic wars waged on the same principle, or for the same pretext—have followed each other much too quickly for either confidence to be restored, capital applied, or reforms worked out. This is the simple explanation of the fact, that while the cities and open country of France and England have advanced so rapidly, the condition of the interior of Spain has been more or less stationary. Meantime prosperity was confined to the sea-board; and as there was little sent from the interior to be exported, the enterprising inhabitants of maritime cities sought to be carriers of the wealth which their own country neither produced nor required.

If, then, the government of Spain long continue as firm and as peaceful as it now is, it is likely that the country will become intrinsically more wealthy and prosperous than it ever has yet been. Spain may never regain that maritime monopoly which she once wrested from the backwardness of other states; but she may accumulate far greater domestic wealth than she possessed in the greatest periods of her seafaring history. All this now depends on her possession of a government at once intelligent and strong—one which will adopt the most expansive policy, and is able to carry out its own will. The O'Donnell Administration bears some promise of fulfilling this double condition. Its campaign in Morocco has given it a prestige, which places it in a position altogether distinct from every previous administration of Isabella. The Prime Minister of Spain was the victor in the field of battle, and the captor of Tetuan. O'Donnell is now apparently beyond the reach of hostile majorities in the Chambers, and of hostile camarillas at the Palace. The country has imbibed enthusiasm from the result of the campaign, and entertains every disposition to confide the future of the State to the Marshal Duke of Tetuan. An important reäcquisition of the Spanish Crown has since been made; one half of St. Domingo has fallen again to the House of Castile. And what does it propose now to do in Mexico?

But it will be very long before Spain can return to the position of one of the Great Powers of Europe. In order to stand upon even a conventional equality with Great Britain, France, Prussia, Austria, or Russia, she must be a great maritime state. Her fleets must be at least equal to those which she possessed before the battle of Trafalgar. The reason is obvious, for it is simply a geographical one. Her configuration cuts her off from all territorial communication with the rest of Europe excepting through France. And the French military power is so great, and the frontier afforded by the Pyrenees so strong, as nearly to destroy the political influence of any military force that it would be possible for Spain to acquire, except, indeed, in the improbable event of a European coalition against France. Spain is nearly as much isolated by the Pyrenees as England is by the German ocean. Spain could be no more influential in Europe from her military organization, without a navy, than England. With a powerful fleet, on the other hand, she might not only threaten every coast by sea, but land her armies wherever she had an injury to avenge. But without such a navy, those armies, let them be what they may, would be liable to be cooped up in her own dominions during any war that she might wage. The time must be distant before Spain can rebuild the fleets which she has lost. But the sea is the theater of her contingent strength; and no military armaments will ever afford her even one half of the European position that is now held by the cabinet of Turin.

There is another and more solid cause, at present unnoticed, of the long want of prosperity in Spain. Wars and revolutions have been rather effects than causes. The want of union, the want of nationality, or, more correctly, of a nationality coëxtensive with Spain, have produced the disorders, which in turn have borne adversity as their fruit. The truth is, that in order to form a due conception of what Spain has always been in her internal relations, we must look upon her as a cluster of petty nations. Regard Spain from what point of view you will, and the same conclusion substantially presents itself. In a national sense, a

Spain has never — or never hitherto at least—existed. A presumptive instance of this may be taken in the fact, that nowhere is there any national capital of Spain. Russia has her Moscow, France her Paris, Italy her Rome, Poland has her Warsaw. But Madrid is a modern city, without traditions, without veneration, without being popularly recognized as a capital even in Castile. Nor is there any city to supply, as it were, the wants of Madrid, as Moscow supplies the wants of St. Petersburgh. The national capitals of Spain are the chief cities of so many provinces. They are centers of nationality, but the nationality not of Spaniards, but of Catalonians, of Valencians, of Andalucians, and of Gallicians.

Indeed, political union has long existed amid the most marked social and national disunion. The polity of the state has been too comprehensive for the public feeling. Spain has been no more a homogeneous state than Austria herself. The provinces have resented their bondage under a common monarchy. They have continually endeavored to break in upon the centralization of the Spanish government, and to be ruled by a king in Navarre, a king in Aragon, and a republic in Catalonia. This state of feeling in the different provinces of Spain simply represents the fact, that intercommunication has not advanced far enough to lay the basis of an effective centralization. In France, very much the same state of things once obtained that we have in our own day witnessed in Spain. But in the former country, intercourse has worn out these distinctions; and France has long been essentially the one and indivisible nation, which even she was not during the Middle Ages. But the provinces of Spain have meanwhile been separated from one another by mountains, by a want of roads, by an inverse prevalence of robbers, which have together nursed all their social idiosyncrasies and their historical antipathies. Hence the disunion, the domestic wars, and the incapacity to resist their common opponents, which have transformed modern Spanish history into a calendar of revolutions.

But there are already signs that these rigid social and national demarkations between the different provinces are slowly passing away. The civil war itself, without effacing them, certainly did much to reduce their importance. There was one party to acknowledge the Carlists, and another to acknowledge the Queenites, in almost every province. The partisans of each cause found allies beyond the limits of their particular province. Besides this active sympathy while the war continued, the governments of Queen Isabella afterward established throughout the country a uniform system of polity, which violated historical traditions, and assimilated political idiosyncrasies. Even in Spain, too, education has done something. It has tended to lessen national intolerance as well as religious intolerance. The centralization of the government is now contributing to the same result; and the increase of roads and railways, which present the labor of the last few years, is working out the same aggregating influence which its presents elsewhere.

The picture, therefore, of government and of nationalities which we have drawn, must now be regarded as having undergone considerable modification. Spain certainly is not yet a homogeneous nation; but the component nationalities of that kingdom no longer present the sharp contradistinction which existed between them twenty years ago. The progress of the country has since been conspicuous enough to warrant a belief that, in the lifetime of some of the present generation, the inhabitants will find themselves one people. It would at this day be a fair comparison to describe Spain as a country that has advanced, in point of national unity, midway between the Austrian empire, on the one hand, and the Italian kingdom, on the other. The Spaniards are no longer marked by the violent international antipathies that exist in the former state, while they have not yet arrived at that spirit of common patriotism and desire for fusion into one nation, as well as into one government, that already marks the other. If Andalucia deemed the court of Madrid slighted by a foreign power, jointly with Castile, she would make common cause with Castile; but a large proportion of her inhabitants would still desire a Parliament of their own.

Our object hitherto has been to trace the course by which Spain has risen from her revolutionary degradation to the comparatively dignified position which she now holds. The political system established by the termination of the civil war was widely

different in practice from what it was in theory. What we commonly understand by the very inaccurate term, constitutional government, was nominally recognized; and the different constitutions already experienced during the reign of Isabella have not been wanting, like the mock representations of the Bonapartes, the Hapsburghs, and the Hohenzollerns, either in the scope of the constituency or the freedom of their choice. It was scarcely, therefore, the direct agency of the crown which so often debarred the Spanish representatives of the free exercise of their rights. The chief source of political insecurity was to be found in the army and in its leaders. The victorious generals who had subdued the Carlists aimed next to conquer the revolution itself. Each military leader who could rely upon a considerable body of troops — and the whole Spanish army, until lately, did not exceed eighty thousand men, this being considerably less than the army of Belgium is now — aspired to effect a loyal usurpation, to dissolve the existing administration by a dash at the capital, to become President of the Council, and to rule in the name of the Queen. No sooner had these generals achieved in turn this sort of subordinate revolution, than they bribed a majority of the Chambers— some with offices, and some in cash. Or, if the Assemblies were either more truculent or less venal than the usurper of the hour had anticipated, he cut the Gordian knot by the rough expedient of a dissolution. There could be no national progress while the government was in the hands of an army who were perhaps neither fillibusters, banditti, nor pirates, but something between the three.

The recital of a very few figures will suffice to afford a pretty clear view of the revolutionary state of the country, even where the throne of Isabella was not in dispute. Since the establishment of the present dynasty in 1834, there have been four constitutions and twenty-eight Parliaments. There have been in the same period forty-seven Prime Ministers, five hundred and twenty-nine Departmental Ministers, and seventy-eight Ministers of the Interior alone. These changes serve as an earnest of the truth, that the history of Spain during our own day has been a history of intrigue, military revolt, factious opposition, factious triumph, political insecurity, and moral degradation.

Thus far we have described the changes that have taken place at the capital, and the relations of the provinces toward the ruling power, if the phrase be not altogether a misnomer. But, at the same time, an equally important change was slowly and silently taking place in the social character of the people themselves. The soil was being subdivided into infinitesimal estates, much as the French soil had been subdivided a generation or two before. The same mania for what continental nations term proprietorship, that was prevailing in France and Prussia, began to prevail in Spain also. It would, however, be impossible to attempt to state the number of landowners with accuracy, although Spanish statistics are not wanting for the purpose. These statistics fix the number at five millions; but as the population of Spain, according to the census of 1857, amounts to barely fifteen millions and a half, the ratio of landowners would be greater than the ratio of the adult male population to the total population. Such figures are obviously absurd; but it is just possible that the returns of proprietorships may have been furnished by the alcalde of each village, and that the careless statisticians of Madrid may have published the total of these returns of separate proprietorships as equivalent to the total number of proprietors. But, be this as it may, it is certain that the number of the peasantry in possession of the fee-simple of the Spanish soil is already immense, and is still increasing.

While, however, Spain has thus followed the example of France, she still possesses a considerable landed aristocracy, almost unknown to France. Toward this body, her successive governments, inconsistent with each other in almost every thing else, have acted with consistent impolicy. They have studiously withheld from them nearly all the great offices of state. No doubt, a considerable portion of the landed and entitled aristocracy were compromised by participation in the Carlist cause. But many, again, were on the side of the Queen. Yet the offices which our own government reserves for the leading members of our aristocracy, the Spanish government almost invariably conferred on

the most noisy delegates in Chambers of Deputies. Territorial influence in the provinces ceased to be a qualification for what we term the lord-lieutenancies of counties; but political influence in the Chambers was a certain one. The office of Gefe Politico, or political chief of a province, fell to the lot of the most clamorous Republican—perhaps without an acre of land in his possession — that such cities as Cadiz or Barcelona could send to represent them in the Chambers. To suppose Mr. Bright Lord-Lieutenant of Lancashire, or Mr. William Williams Lord-Lieutenant of Surrey, would be to institute an imaginary comparison that would fall far short of the mark. British parliamentary democrats (if we except the gentlemen of the Brass Band) are commonly men of capital — let them agitate as much as they may. But the Gefe Politico was commonly, not only an agitating democrat, but a man of straw into the bargain.

This cardinal error of Spanish administration is closely connected with the absence of the large landowners, of which we have heard much. The successive ministries of Spain have defended their choice of Gefes on this fact; and if the plea could be sustained, their defense would, no doubt, be satisfactory and complete. But, except as regards the exiles of the revolution, they simply put the cart before the horse. That portion of the Spanish landed aristocracy that were not affected to the Carlist cause, never ceased to have their choice whether they would live upon their estates or not. There can be no doubt that, if they had been treated with the consideration which they regarded as due to their position, they would have had every reason to remain in the country, and to divide their year between Madrid and the province in which their lands lay. But they were too proud to witness poor and corrupt demagogues placed in the viceregal positions that their order had before filled. They accordingly expatriated themselves, and a great proportion of them lived in foreign capitals. They surrendered their country to what they deemed the orgies of a revolution that they could not stay, but, at the same time, they took care to draw their revenues from their land. Thus they became known in the provinces only by the exactions committed by their agents in their names. An absent landlord, too, rarely thinks of expending any portion of his income on the improvement of his property; and thus, while the tenants were ground down, the land deteriorated. As the landlord, through his agent, grew more rapacious, the tenant grew poorer. In this way, of course, the very principle of aristocracy became hateful to the people,

But a few years ago we returned from a visit to Spain with the deliberate conviction, that that country had yet to become the scene of the great French Revolution. Nothing then struck us as more probable. The peasantry seemed about to rise against the common pressure of a present government and an absent aristocracy. The towns, meanwhile, were growing apparently more and more democratic. Taxation rose, and wealth declined. Honest men detested the government for crimes that were as true of one administration as of another. Men who cared only for their mercantile gains were equally opposed to a system which destroyed confidence in commercial transactions. We believe that, if it had been possible for Spain to have possessed the communications that France possesses now, or even her roads without her railways, and yet to have remained otherwise in the same social and political condition, the event referred to must have happened before the recent reforming policy of the government had begun. The sympathy between the provinces and the great cities wanted only the development of rapid unity of action — and that unity of action was defeated only by a want of rapid communications. In this way the provinces and the great cities continued to be isolated, and the government contrived to defeat a hostility that had no national organization.

We have already glanced at the change of public life that has defeated this expectation. The moment of reform was a critical one for the existence of monarchical institutions; but we believe that the danger of revolution has principally passed away; and it is now a more apposite, as well as a more grateful task, to trace the capabilities than the dangers of the country.

We must clear the way by a word touching territory and population, which rank among the main conditions of all national development. The area of Spain is little inferior to that of France; and the

soil, as we have already indicated, is commonly more fertile, almost beyond comparison, although there is in the former country an extent of mountain and other waste land unknown to the latter. But with all this approach to equality of Spain in point of area, and this general superiority in point of fertility, the Spanish population continues to be less than one half of the French. Indeed, Spain is remarkable for having been one of the most stationary of countries in the number of her inhabitants. It appears, from tolerably authoritative figures, that the Spanish population in 1768—now ninety-three years ago—was 9,151,999; and some twenty years afterward, in 1786, it had risen to 10,268,150. Yet, during the sixty years that followed, 1786–1846, the numerical increase was less than twenty per cent. In the latter year it had reached only 12,162,000; and, indeed, this census is less by one hundred thousand than that which was returned before the civil war began. The losses in battle, and the pauperizing influence of civil commotion, may, in some degree, account for this result. But in 1857, the census, as we have said, was returned at 15,464,000; and, though strict accuracy can not be insisted upon in these documents, they may be taken to indicate pretty nearly the gradual increase of the population.

But the Spanish soil, if well cultivated, would probably find itself able to support four times these numbers. Were Spain as populous as Belgium in proportion to her area, her inhabitants would number 70,000,000. Nor can any one doubt that the Spanish soil is commonly quite as fertile as the Belgian; while both the indigenous and imported products are quite as conducive to agricultural and manufacturing industry. We may, therefore, assume that the only intrinsic limit to the growth of the Spanish population within those figures is to be found in the conduct of the people and the government; and that, so far, the national activity must be the measure of the increase. We must not forget, however, that the French population presents at this moment a remarkable exception to the commonly accurate doctrine, that the population of a country tends to be regulated by its means of support for them.

Spain and Portugal are at this day the two most imperfectly peopled countries in the west of Europe. They together contain fully the area of France, yet they possess together barely half her population. The area of Spain alone is far larger than that of Italy and Sicily, yet it contains but three fifths of their population. The Low Countries, without one sixth of the area of Spain, possess two thirds of her population. It is quite conceivable that Spain may yet become a formidable nation in point of numbers, as well as of production, commerce, and armaments.

We shall here offer some analysis of these fifteen millions and a half, so far as figures are reliable. The clergy, in the first place, have been greatly reduced by successive enactments—some of them long previous to the Carlist Revolution. It appears that, a century ago, the regulars and seculars together amounted to not less than 209,000. This almost incredible number was reduced at the period of the French Revolution to 180,000; yet, whatever were the further reductions during the French invasion of Spain, the numbers were soon restored under the superstitious reign of Ferdinand VII. But the anti-Carlist Revolution gradually uncloistered the regulars and diminished the seculars, until the Spanish Concordat of 1858 with the Papal See more or less precisely fixed their future number. Since that time there are computed to be about 42,000 ecclesiastics of all classes.

It is laid down in the statistics which we have already challenged, that there are two million and a half owners of land in country districts, and two million owners of house-property in the towns. But, for reasons already stated, we believe these numbers to be fully double of the truth; and the total number of proprietors to fall short of two millions. Probably among them the computation of 800,000 owners of flocks is not exaggerated; and the number of peasantry who are not possessed of the fee-simple of the land, which has been reckoned at no more than 600,000, amounts more nearly to 1,000,000. The merchants of all classes amount, we believe, to as many as 120,000; but in this generic description we must include that undignified class who are little above the rank of peddlers. The skilled artisans may be some 60,000; and the factory men, engaged either in Barcelona or other cities of Catalonia, may number 150,000.

The nobility have undergone much the

same modification as the clergy. Formerly they numbered one twelfth of the whole population. They were exempt from taxation, and held other privileges. Imagine a country in which one man in twelve was a noble—he being probably the only rich man among the twelve—and he alone exempt from the public burdens! It appears that at the period at which the clergy exceeded 200,000 the privileged laity amounted to 844,000. Of these, some 90,000 were free of taxation on account of their offices in the state, and a few more as the servants of the Inquisition; but there were not less than 750,000 free from taxation on the ground of nobility. At this day, however, the number of entitled nobles is in no great disproportion with those of the United Kingdom. This number, erroneously computed by the number of titles extant, has been stated to be 1456; and to consist of 81 dukes, 675 marquesses, 539 counts, 73 viscounts, and 61 barons. But, as many of these peers hold several titles each, it is probable that the Spanish entitled aristocracy does not exceed 500, or at the utmost 600. Privilege in respect of taxation is now extinct.

This rapid view of the social constitution of Spain at the present day gives us the picture of a half-aristocratic, half-republican society, which has realized one great condition of freedom by destroying the unjust exemptions of particular classes, and has advanced even toward democracy by parting out the bulk of the fee-simple among the peasantry. But although the territorial subdivision, which has formed a large part of the change of which we now speak, has been carried to a degree injurious to the interests of agriculture, there can be no doubt that there results from these reforms an immense balance of advantage; and now that government at once firm and free has been in great measure established, the question of the immediate future of Spain is more than ever a financial one. Money is the great want of the hour. Whatever is done, must be done more or less by the state. The poverty of the landowners compels the state to assume a large part in the agricultural improvement of the day, as though it were joint-tenant as well as lord paramount. The primarily unremunerative character of railway enterprise requires the state to give either guarantees of interest or capital for construction. Even the roads—which are such that Queen Isabella, who left Madrid last year for Burgos to see the eclipse, was compelled to turn back and relinquish her intention—are only to be adequately repaired by public aid.

Spain has, for a long period, been constructing additional roads. It is calculated that, during the last half-century, the government has expended, on an average, £160,000 a year upon them. Yet Spain is even at this day a country but half intersected with means of communication, and those that exist are, as we have already said, with but few exceptions, of the worst description. The roads radiating from the capital amount to forty-five hundred miles, the transverse roads to another one thousand, and what Spanish statisticians distinguish as "local roads," to about eight hundred more. In addition to this, there are roads to the extent of four thousand miles either in course of construction or in design. But the distinctions drawn in respect of these additional four thousand miles of road are ludicrous enough. We are told that there are so many miles "in construction," so many "in project," so many "in course of design," and, finally, so many "not yet in course of design"! It may be assumed, therefore, that a long period will expire before the whole of this addition to Spanish communications will be complete. The estimated expenditure for the four thousand miles is six hundred and fifty millions of reals, or about £6,000,000 sterling; but a great proportion of the charge is to be defrayed by local charges, the executive apparently not being at present responsible to the extent of more than one third of the whole.

Meanwhile, however, the railway movement has altogether surpassed the progress of the new roads. But a few years ago, there was scarcely a single railway throughout the Spanish dominions. We now find, however, that at the beginning of this year there were fully fifteen hundred miles of railway in actual working, and nearly eight hundred more in course of construction. Over and above these twenty-three hundred miles concessions had been made by the government to the extent of sixteen hundred miles. The estimated expense of this total of some four thousand miles of railway, in working, in construction, and in design,

is nearly five milliards of reals, or five times the amount which the Spanish government have set apart under the sale of the lands in mortmain. Judging, moreover, from the history of nearly all railway enterprises, there is reason to apprehend that the actual expenditure will largely exceed the estimate. Railway construction is, for obvious reasons, unusually expensive in Spain. That country is probably more intersected by mountains than any other in Europe. If the original system of railway construction, which required a uniform level, had not been now exploded, long and uninterrupted lines, in that country, would have been impracticable. It is now, however, found possible to work railways at inclines equal to those common in many mail-coach roads; and the line between Vienna and Trieste is a remarkable instance of the degree of incline of which railway communication is susceptible. But the majority of the great continental railways with which our countrymen are familiar pass through flat countries. France and Germany, generally speaking, possess a nearly level surface. From Ostend or from Calais, for instance, you may travel to Berlin, or even into Poland, almost without encountering an appreciable undulation in the soil. We anticipate, therefore, that the railway network now in course of weaving in the Spanish peninsula will involve a cost far more than proportionate to the ordinary cost of continental railways, although labor is cheap and timber abundant.

Spain is greatly restricted in commercial enterprise by two leading circumstances—the still exorbitant tariff which it imposes, and the indisposition of the better classes in most provinces to engage in trade. The Catalonians, the Valencians, and the Gallicians are the only really enterprising nations of the country. The former, it is well known, are the cotton manufacturers of Spain; and the high duties still imposed on Lancashire produce are dictated by the same protective illusion with that which we have just seen dissipated in France. But the higher the duty, the more remunerative the smuggling; and Spain is, of all countries, the least adapted to restrain illicit trading. It is commonly believed that, independently of professed importations from Liverpool, Spaniards annually buy, as Barcelonese cotton goods, three times the manufacture of all Catalonia. A similar impolicy of the state restrains the cloth and silk manufacture, though Spanish wool is the finest in Europe, and the indigenous silk crops are very large. The long cloth cloak which almost every Spaniard wears more often comes from Yorkshire than from his own manufactories, and much silk is imported from Italy and elsewhere. It must be remembered, however, that these Spanish manufactories are yearly sharing the general improvement; but they are too much restricted by bad laws to advance *pari passu* with other objects of industry.

Public attention has lately been called to the colonial empire of Spain by two circumstances, neither of which do credit to her government. We allude to her reäcquisition of one half of St. Domingo, and to the increasing encouragement she has given in Cuba to the slave-trade, which she had contracted with ourselves and with other countries to abolish. No one now believes for a moment that the Spanish Dominicans recalled the Spanish authority by their own deliberate act. There was, no doubt, a party in Domingo for the restoration of the Spanish Bourbons, as there is at this moment even a party in Calabria for the restoration of the Angévine branch of the same House. But whether that party even acted spontaneously in the movement which they made for this object, or whether they were the paid emissaries of the viceregal government at Havana, is by no means clear. What, however, is now morally certain is, that they represented the views of an insignificant minority. And it is equally clear that the Cuban government were convinced of it; for they at once dispatched a considerable military force, the commander of which, on effecting a landing, immediately established a military despotism. It is hardly less certain that the authorities at Havana would not have ventured on a course which might have brought the Court of Madrid into collision with other governments, without instructions from their superiors; and there can be no doubt that such instructions, if sent to Havana at all, must have anticipated the alleged popular revolution in St. Domingo itself; for the interval between the revolution and the landing of the troops did not admit of a reference to Madrid. We look, therefore, upon the acquisition of Spanish Domingo as sheer filli-

bustering, such as the Spaniards themselves have long been deprecating at the hands of the Americans. It is needless to multiply arguments where the presumption is already strong; but it would seem that the issue of the Moroccan war gave the Spaniards the requisite courage, and that the American civil war gave them the opportunity. The three other Powers chiefly interested in this question are Great Britain, France, and the States of North-America. But the latter are otherwise engaged; France is disinclined to resent an acquisition that offers to her a pretext for the seizure of the other half of the island, which she before possessed and colonized, as Spain colonized the half which she has now reäcquired; and the British government is probably unwilling to interfere alone between the Spaniards and the Dominicans, whom, on a fair ground of non-intervention, to which international law is growing more and more attached, she leaves to settle their own disputes, however convinced that the weaker party must go the wall.

The sufferance of this country, however, yet depends on the fulfillment by the Spanish government of the pledge which they have given, that they will not introduce slavery into St. Domingo. In support of this pledge, they have advanced the plausible but callous argument, that the extent of free labor at the command of planters renders such a course unnecessary. Otherwise, the pledge would be worth no more than the treaty which they are openly violating in Cuba. But it is not in Cuba alone that the Spanish government maintains slavery. There, indeed, they have a population of three hundred and seventy-three thousand black slaves, or one third of the whole population of that island, which does not exceed one million one hundred thousand in all, white and black, slave and free. But in Porto Rico also there are not less than fifty thousand slaves; and we know of no reason for their inutility in St. Domingo that is not equally applicable to Porto Rico.

It is as remarkable as it is deplorable, that a country which certainly cherishes the principle of political liberty at home, should exhibit the bigotry and intolerance, in matters of religion, that have provoked so strong and so just a condemnation in our own Parliament. It is a striking example, on a broad view, of the remaining influence of the Papacy, that the country in which all Church property is being fast alienated, is the country in which the most intolerant principles still prevail, and in which alone, of all the states of Europe, they who do not conform to the established faith are liable to be denied the right of Christian burial. Between the increasing numbers of foreigners whom the increasing trade of the country is attracting to its shores, and the zealous exertions of Protestant societies, (which, however, the priesthood, through the government, is doing its utmost to repress,) the number either of Spanish converts or of foreign residents, professing another form of Christianity, is gradually but surely augmenting. But it appears to be almost as hard to extort from the Spanish government the slightest concessions in favor of Protestant worship or Protestant interment, as it would be to prevail upon them to relinquish slavery in Cuba or Porto Rico. We trust that the exertions of the British government will be directed to this object until they shall have attained it. The illiberality of Spain toward the country which relieved her from French military rule, is, after the system of slavery which she has reëstablished, the greatest blot upon her civilization.

But the foreign policy which is at this day identified with the name of Marshal O'Donnell is certainly entitled to distinction—that it aims to render Spain at once independent in its external relations and prosperous at home. This independence in foreign policy has been nearly unknown to Spain since the age of Philip II.; and even that latest period of Spanish authority abroad was an age of poverty and tyranny at home. The present policy of the rulers of Spain carries with it, therefore, the originality of possessing no antecedent in the history even of the last two centuries and a half. In what degree the name of the Duke of Tetuan ought to be associated with the great changes that are now going on, it seems impossible to determine; but he is certainly the mastermind of the country as well as the real chief of the government; and such a combination of official and intellectual authority seems to justify the identi-

fication of his name with much that has happened during his administration. But be the real authors of these various movements who they may, a fixed resolution has been arrived at, and steadily pursued, to place the country in such a position as to render it no more amenable to the undue influence of France than of England. An impression has certainly been current, that the O'Donnell Ministry has acted under French dictation in its present vigorous exertions to rebuild a navy. But when we look to the interior of the country itself, and perceive the direction of a corresponding energy to its military defense, more especially in the development of the modern system of fortification, we can but conclude that, if the Spanish government aim to resume their old authority at sea, they are equally resolved that the French shall not recross the Pyrenees.

The reäppearance of Spain as a military power is, as we have said, of much less significance to Europe than her reappearance as a naval one. No military organization of which she is susceptible can ever (without a navy) render her arms important otherwise than as defensive weapons, or as allies in some general crusade that Germany and Italy might enter upon with the view of repressing encroachments which we will not anticipate. But, open as she is to several seas, her naval position in Europe is by nature fully equal to that of Great Britain. A state in possession of a steam-fleet at Cadiz and at Ferrol, at Carthagena and at Barcelona, must possess an extensive command at once over the Atlantic and the Mediterranean; and, distant as the day may be, we can not shut our eyes to the contingency of its occurrence.

The Spanish alliance ought henceforth to be quite as much within our reach as within the reach of the French government. France has done Spain much more injury than England has done her; and England has scarcely greater interests than France in opposition to those of Spain. It is true we destroyed her navy, and we acknowledged the independence of the colonies that she was endeavoring to subjugate anew. But the loss of her fleet was the result of her own declarations of war against ourselves; and her colonies in South-America had freed themselves by their own act. It was France which led her into her maritime disasters, and France which afterward trampled out that domestic independence that it was our military credit to reëstablish. Nor is it apposite to argue from past experience to future probabilities, if we correctly assume that the Spanish government is resolved by fortifications, as well as mountains, to keep out the arms, and therefore, by implication, the undue influence of France.

The French Directory defeated Pitt in policy, though Pitt afterward defeated at once the French Directory, its successors, and its allies in arms. He lost and France acquired the alliance of all other maritime powers. It must henceforward be our care that we are not compelled to atone for such diplomatic disasters again, by the success of our military and naval administration, and by the glory of our military and naval arms. The maritime Powers of continental Europe bid fair to be relatively as powerful, some five or ten years hence, as they were when the French revolutionary war began. It is now one of the most important problems of our foreign policy, in anticipation (possibly it may be in prevention) of that rupture between Great Britain and France which yearly increasing numbers hold to be some day inevitable, to detach from the Continent the elements of a maritime confederacy for ourselves. Russia, anti-Turkish and generally aggressive, is more likely, in several respects, to fall into a French than into a British alliance; but Spain has obviously to choose between an ally that would again degrade her into an auxiliary, and an ally that wishes to see her independent. The ratio of our jealousy of Spain is proportioned, not to her armaments, but to her dependence upon a third Power.

While we have been writing, the condition of another Spain has become a European question. The Cabinets of London, Paris, and Madrid have resolved upon an expedition to the coast of Mexico, in order to redress the grievances of which the three governments have had cause to complain. There will be few to question the justice of such an expedition, so far, at least, as France and Great Britain are concerned. But Spain stands in the invidious predicament of having been more or

less an accomplice in the policy for which she is quite as eager to chastise the Mexicans, as either the British or the French government. Our own grievances against Mexico may be ranged into two cardinal divisions. We claim the payment of interest, which has been in arrear during the last seven years, on a three per cent loan of more than £10,000,000 sterling; and we demand indemnities for the past maltreatment of our countrymen, and provision for their future safety. The government of the country robbed our bondholders of the money they had intrusted to the British Legation; and alienated from their benefit the share of the custom revenue which they had hypothecated to them as a mortgage for the payment of their dividends. Here arose a clear case of dishonesty and spoliation. The Mexican government, moreover, afforded no protection to British subjects, who have been plundered and murdered by the inhabitants of the country, possibly with the tacit acquiescence of the Mexican government itself; and we are at liberty to contend, that every foreign government shall be responsible for the misconduct of its citizens toward subjects of the British crown.

The Spanish government, so far as the personal insecurity of its own subjects trading in Mexico is concerned, has no doubt a similar grievance; although Spain may reciprocally be a country not very safe for Mexicans. But when we pass to financial transactions between Spain and Mexico, we find the former state quite as ready to repudiate her obligations as the latter. The Spanish debt to our own country, for example, may be divided into three classes. There is first, the debt on which a diminished rate of interest has been paid; secondly, there is that which has been thrown into what has been termed a "deferred," or "passive" stock, and pays (like our own Mexican loan) no interest whatever; and, thirdly, there is the stock which Spain has openly repudiated. The latter class is represented by a fictitious description of property known as "Spanish Certificates." These are certificates issued, not by the Spanish government, but by the committee of Spanish bondholders in London, in nominal representation of a debt ignored by the borrowing government, which has made as much default as Mexico herself.

When we view these circumstances in relation to the eagerness exhibited by the Count of Madrid to dispatch an independent expedition from Cuba against Vera Cruz and Tampico, and to its recent seizure of San Domingo, we may fairly anticipate that a fresh territorial annexation will be attempted under cover of an indignation which it ill becomes the Spanish government, to assume. Whether the Mexicans would again recognize in name the sovereignty of the House of Bourbon, we have no means of forming an opinion, beyond the practical revolt against authority which marks the conduct of the whole people. To overrun Mexico would be very different from overrunning San Domingo, and would, we believe, be impossible. So rich and extensive a country could not be transferred from independence into subordination to another power, without involving a European question. We may be at ease, therefore, in regard to a surreptitious resumption of Spanish sovereignty in Mexico; but the conduct of the Spanish government, in this question, as well as in reference to Morocco and San Domingo, serves to imply, that in addition to its desire for domestic prosperity, it is haunted again by the phantasmagoria of its ancient conquests, and aspires, at some day, to restore the dominion that was once known as Spain and the Indies.

"Artist and Man."—At the theater of Nice, recently, in the performance of "La Cenerentola," one of the actresses, Mademoiselle Mistrali Vetant, having gone too near the footlights, set fire to her dress; but Ronconi, who was singing by her side as Don Magnifico, extinguished the flame by pressing the dress between his hands. In so doing, strange to say, he did not interrupt for a moment the *morceau* he was singing, and the actress, on her part deriving confidence from his remarkable calmness, went on with the performance as if nothing had happened.

From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

THE LADY OF LA GARAYE.*

[A WORD may add interest to the reader. The Hon. Mrs. Norton is granddaughter of the celebrated Sheridan, and of the Earl of Antrim on her mother's side. She was born in 1808. Married to the Hon. Mr. Norton in 1827, brother of Lord Grantly. The union was unhappy, and our readers may remember the occurrences with Lord Melbourne in 1836, then Prime Minister, which caused a good deal of talk; and, in her lines to the Duchess of Sutherland, Mrs. Norton feelingly alludes to the slanders which she suffered on that occasion. These incidents may explain in some degree the touching tones of sorrow which seem to breathe out in this poem. In Volume Twenty of THE ECLECTIC we published a fine portrait of Mrs. Norton.—EDITOR OF ECLECTIC.

IT is nowadays not merely pleasant, but a positive relief to meet with a writer of poetry, who imitates no one, and would have been precisely what she is had Tennyson never written a line. The individuality of this poem is perfect. There is no obtrusion of self, and yet you can not forget who the relater of the story is. The fusion of the writer in the heroine is quite unconscious, and yet it imparts a singular sense of truth and depth unattainable without it. Where, in this true story of La Garaye, Mrs. Norton deals with feelings, she is declaratory rather than descriptive, and opens out a picture of womanly sorrow, and of the transition or rather sublimation of character and affections, singular in its tender grace and coloring, and quite marvelous in the pre-Raphaelite penciling of its details.

There is no where a more delicate and touching analysis of female sorrow and of that feminine jealousy, not vulgar doubt and passion, no reproachful suspicion of the beloved one's faith and love, but the untold forebodings of a mind darkened by the melancholy distrust of the old charm in which that allegiance was made lighter than liberty itself, and needed not the sad auxiliary of pity.

The dedication to the Marquis of Lansdowne betrays the saddened and retrospective feeling that pervades the poem, and, rightly read, supplies a key to much of its beauty and melancholy.

"The joy that budded on my own youth's bloom,
When life wore still a glory and a gloss,
Is hidden from me in the silent tomb;
Smiting with premature unnatural loss,

So that my very soul is wrung with pain,
Meeting old friends whom most I love to see.
Where are the younger lives, since these remain?
I weep the eyes that should have wept for me!

But all the more I cling to those who speak,
Like thee, in tones unaltered by my change;
Greeting my saddened glance and faded cheek
With the same welcome that seemed sweet and strange

In early days: when, I of gifts made proud,
That could the notice of such men beguile,
Stood listening to thee in some brilliant crowd,
With the warm triumph of a youthful smile.

Oh! little now remains of all that was!
Even for this gift of linking measured words,
My heart oft questions, with discouraged pause,
Does music linger in the slackening chords?

Yet, friend, I feel not that all power is fled,
While offering to thee, for the kindly years,
The intangible gift of thought, whose silver thread
Heaven keeps untarnished by our bitterest tears.

So, in the brooding calm that follows woe,
This tale of La Garaye I fain would tell,
As, when some earthly storm hath ceased to blow;
And the huge mounting sea hath ceased to swell;

After the maddening wrecking and the roar,
The wild high dash, the moaning sad retreat,
Some cold slow wave creeps faintly to the shore,
And leaves a white shell at the gazer's feet."

* *The Lady of La Garaye.* By the Hon. Mrs. NORTON. Macmillan & Co., London.

The "prologue" is in the same spirit. Ruins and their associations, a picture and a moral. The picture so breezy and fragrant and rich withal, with its insect hum and ivy rustle, and its dim and holy isolation, the moral suggested rather than spoken — "Vanity of vanities" — heard clear and plaintive (no scoff or cynicism here!) "like music on the waters."

"Ruins! a charm is in the word,
It makes us smile, it makes us sigh,
'Tis like the note of some spring bird
Recalling other springs gone by,
And other woodnotes which we heard
With some sweet face in some green lane,
And never can so hear again!
Ruins! they were not desolate
To us, the ruins we remember:
Early we came and lingered late,
Through bright July, or rich September;
With young companions wild with glee,
We feasted 'neath some spreading tree—
And looked into their laughing eyes,
And mocked the echo for replies.
Oh! eyes—and smiles—and days of yore,
Can nothing your delight restore?
Return!
Return? in vain we listen;
Those voices have been lost to earth!
Our hearts may throb, our eyes may glisten,
They'll call no more in love or mirth.
For, like a child sent out to play,
Our youth hath had its holiday,
And silence deepens where we stand
Lone as in some foreign land,
Where our language is not spoken,
And none know our hearts are broken.
Ruins! how we loved them then!
How we loved the haunted glen
Which gray towers overlook,
Mirrored in the glassy brook.
How we dreamed, and how we guessed,
Looking up with earnest glances,
Where the black crow built its nest,
And we built our wild romances;
Tracing in the crumbled dwelling,
Bygone tales of no one's telling!"

. . . . . .

"Now a song, high up and clear,
Like a lark's, enchants the ear;
Or some happy face looks down,
Looking, oh! so fresh and fair,
Wearing youth's most glorious crown,
One rich braid of golden hair.
Or two hearts that wildly beat,
And two pair of eager feet,
Linger in the turret's bend,
As they side by side ascend,
For the momentary bliss
Of a lover's stolen kiss;
And emerge into the shining
Of that summer day's declining,
Disengaging clasping hands
As they meet their comrade bands,
With the smile that lately hovered,
(Making lips and eyes so bright,)
And the blush which darkness covered
Mantling still in rosy light!"

The story is literally true. Its incidents are few, but most affecting; and Mrs. Norton has, with a reverence for its sad reality, in which taste and feeling will equally sympathize, refused to tamper with its delicate and simple outline. She has interpolated and omitted nothing; but the mellow and tender lights in which it is exhibited are all her own. Not only the material but the mental world of its chief actors returns at her musical summons to life, motion, and color. The roofless chateau, the tangled brake, and desolated gardens, the void and silent courts, and dismantled gate-piers, forget the ruin and neglect of a hundred years, and rise and expand in the music and glories of a by-gone spring. With a power much rarer, and, to an intelligent reader, far more striking, she revives, perhaps creates, the feelings whose exquisite coloring and gradations constitute the chief and peculiar charm of the poem.

The same spirit of reality, which is one striking characteristic of this graceful volume, is discernible in the sketches from Mrs. Norton's own hand, which accompany its pages. The two views—one of the ruins of the chateau, the other of the tall ivy-mantled piers of its gateway—strike the sense at once, as a literal and simple transcript of actual things, neither idealized, nor improved upon, but with a religious literality set down just as they are.

Something of this reality, as well as of the sentiment of the tale, is, no doubt, due to the tone of the writer's mind—a profound sympathy with the grief, and a special one with the consolation of her story.

The Count de La Garaye is a fine portrait of the noblesse who spent their lives upon their estates, among the honorable traditions of old French chivalry, untainted by court profligacy and hardness of heart—refined, honorable, brave, and charitable—a type rarer and still rarer as the Revolution approached.

"And merry is it in his spacious halls;
Cheerful the host whatever sport befalls,
Cheerful and courteous, full of manly grace,
His heart's frank welcome written in his face;
So eager, that his pleasure never cloys,
But glad to share whatever he enjoys:
Rich, liberal, gayly dressed, of noble mien,

Clear eyes—full curving mouth—and brow serene;
Master of speech in many a foreign tongue,
And famed for feats of arms, although so young.
Dexterous in fencing, skilled in horsemanship—
His voice and hand preferred to spur or whip;
Quick at a jest and smiling repartee,
With a sweet laugh that sounded frank and free;
But holding satire an accursèd thing,
A poisoned javelin or a serpent's sting;
Pitiful to the poor; of courage high;
A soul that could all turns of fate defy:
Gentle to women; reverent to old age;
What more, young Claud, could men's esteem engage?
What more be given to bless thine earthly state,
Save Love—which still must crown the happiest fate?
Love, therefore, came—that sunbeam lit his life,
And where he wooed, he won, a gentle wife
Born, like himself, of lineage brave and good;
And like himself, of warm and eager mood;
Glad to share gladness, pleasure to impart,
With dancing spirits and a tender heart."

The few lines describing the lady's share in his field sports—"She was not bold from boldness, but from love"—are exquisite.

"Pleased too to share the manlier sports which made
The joy of his young hours. No more afraid
Of danger, than the seabird, used to soar
From the high rocks above the ocean's roar,
Which dips its slant wing in the wave's white crest,
And deems the foamy undulations, rest."

The court of the chateau is all astir with animated preparation for the chase, amid which we first behold the lady thus:

"Like a sweet picture doth the lady stand,
Still blushing as she bows; one tiny hand
Hid by a pearl-embroidered gauntlet, holds
Her whip, and her long robe's exuberant folds.
The other hand is bare, and from her eyes
Shades now and then the sun, or softly lies,
With a caressing touch, upon the neck
Of the dear glossy steed she loves to deck
With saddle-housings worked in golden thread,
And golden bands upon his noble head.
White is the little hand whose taper fingers
Smooth his fine coat—and still the lady lingers,
Leaning against his side; nor lifts her head,
But gently turns as gathering footsteps tread;
Reminding you of doves with shifting throats,
Brooding in sunshine by their sheltering cotes.
Under her plumèd hat her wealth of curls
Falls down in golden links among her pearls,
And the rich purple of her velvet vest
Slims the young waist, and rounds the graceful breast."

The course of life at La Garaye, "careless but not impure," among rural sports and festive gayeties, is sketched with the touch of Wouvermans or Watteau. But there is something higher and finer in this:

"They woke to gladness as the morning broke;
Their very voices kept, whene'er they spoke,
A ring of joy, a harmony of life,
That made you bless the husband and the wife.
And every day the careless festal throng,
And every night the dance and feast and song,
Shared with young boon companions, marked the time
As with a carillon's exulting chime;
Where those two entered, gloom passed out of sight,
Chased by the glow of their intense delight."

This chase, for which we saw the lady about to mount, is doomed to be her last. A torrent intercepts their course—the Count clears it—vainly, with voice and gesture, warning her back.

"In vain: the pleasant voice she loved so well
Feebly reëchoed through that dreadful dell,
The voice that was the music of her home
Shouted in vain across that torrent's foam.
He saw her, pausing on the bank above;
Saw—like a dreadful vision of his love—
That dazzling dream stand on the edge of death:
Saw it—and stared—and prayed—and held his breath.
Bright shone the autumn sun on wood and plain;
On the steed's glossy flanks and flowing mane;
On the wild silver of the rushing brook;
On his wife's smiling and triumphant look;
Bright waved against the sky her wind-tost plume,
Bright on her freshened cheek the healthy bloom—
Oh! all bright things, how could ye end in doom?"

The Countess and her palfrey fall headlong from the overhanging bank into the stream. Every line in the description of the Count's frantic struggle to reach her, quivers and tugs with an agony of energy. He does reach her—

"He's with her! Is he dying too? His blood
Beats no more to and fro. His abstract mood
Weighs like a nightmare. Something well he knows
Is horrible, and still the horror grows;
But what it is, or how it came to pass,
Or why he lies half fainting on the grass,
Or what he strove to clutch at in his fall,
Or why he had no power for help to call—
This is confused and lost."

So the lady, all but lifeless, is conveyed to the chateau. There, after long suffering, she so far recovers that her life is no longer in danger. But her reprieve is a sad one. Henceforward that which from some one fated hour and misadventure befalls many another mortal, has befallen the Lady of La Garaye; and though life goes on—in a certain sense, the same life—its spirit and character are changed, like one of our melodies on a sudden transposed, thenceforward to move slowly and wildly, and in a minor key.

"Long as the vacant life trained idly by,
She pressed her pillow with a restless sigh—
'To-morrow, surely, I shall stronger feel!'
To-morrow! But the slow days onward steal,
And find her still with feverish aching head—
Still cramped with pain — still lingering in her bed—
Still sighing out the tedium of the time—
Still listening to the clock's recurring chime,
As though the very hours that struck were foes,
And might, but would not, grant complete repose,
Until the skilled physician—sadly bold
From frequent questioning — her sentence told!
That no good end could come to her faint yearning—
That no bright hour should see her health returning;
That changeful seasons — not for one dark year,
But on through life—must teach her how to bear;
For through all springs, with rainbow-tinted showers,
And through all summers, with their wealth of flowers,
And every autumn, with its harvest-home,
And all white winters of the time to come,
Crooked and sick forever she must be;
Her life of wild activity and glee
Was with the past—the future was a life
Dismal and feeble, full of suffering, rife
With chill denials of accustomed joy,
Continual torment and obscure annoy.
Blighted in all bloom, her withered frame
Must now inherit age—young but in name.
Never could she, at close of some long day
Of pain, that strove with hope, exulting lay
A tiny, new-born infant on her breast,
And in the soft lamp's glimmer sink to rest;
The strange corporeal weakness sweetly blent
With a delicious dream of full content—
With pride of motherhood and thankful prayers,
And a confused glad sense of novel cares,
And peeps into the future, brightly given,
As though her babe's blue eyes turned earth to heaven!
Never again could she, when Claud returned
After brief absence, and her fond heart yearned
To see his earnest eyes with upward glancing,
Greet her known windows, even while yet advancing—
Fly with light footsteps down the great hall-stair,
And give him welcome in the open air
As though she were too glad to see him come,
To wait till he should enter happy home,
And there, quick-breathing, glowing, sparkling, stand;
His arm round her slim waist—hand locked in hand—
The mutual kiss exchanged of happy greeting,
That needs no secresy of lovers' meeting;
While giving welcome, also, in their way,
Her dogs barked rustling round him, wild with play,
And voices called, and hasty steps replied,
And the sleek fiery steed was led aside,
And the gray seneschal came forth and smiled,
Who held him in his arms while yet a child;
And cheery jinglings from unfastened doors,
And vaulted echoes through long corridors,
And distant bells that thrill along the wires,
And stir of logs that heap up autumn fires,
Crowned the glad eager bustle that makes known
The master's step is on his threshold-stone!"

. . . . . .

"This is the life whose dreadful dawn must rise
When the night lifts, within whose gloom she lies:
Hope, on whose lingering help she leaned so late,
Struck from her clinging by the sword of fate:
That wild word NEVER, to her shrinking gaze,
Seems written on the wall in fiery rays.
Never! Our helpless changeful natures shrink
Before that word, as from the grave's cold brink!
Set us a term, whereto we must endure,
And you shall find our crown of patience sure;
But the irrevocable smites us down—
Helpless we lie before the eternal frown;

Waters of Marah whelm the blinded soul,
Stifle the heart and drown our self-control.
So when she heard the grave physician speak,
Horror crept through her veins, who, faint and weak,
And tortured by all motion, yet had lain
With a meek cheerfulness that conquered pain,
Hoping, till that dark hour. Give back the hope,
Though years rise sad with intervening scope!
Scarce can those radiant eyes with sickly stare
Yet comprehend that sentence of despair;
Crooked and sick forever! crooked and sick!
She, in whose veins the passionate blood ran quick
As leaps the rivulet from the mountain hight,
That dances rippling into summer light;
She, on whose cheek the rich bloom always staid,
And only deepened to a lovelier shade;
She, whose fleet limbs no exercise could tire,
When wild hill-climbing wooed her spirit higher!
Knell not above her bed this funeral chime;
Bid her be prisoner for a certain time,
Tell her blank years must waste in that changed home,
But not forever—not for life to come;
Let infinite torture be her daily guest,
But set a term, beyond which shall be rest.
In vain! she sees that trembling fountain rise,
Tears of compassion in an old man's eyes;
And in low pitying tones again he tells
The doom that sounds to her like funeral bells.
Long on his face her wistful gaze she kept,
Then dropped her head, and wildly moaned and wept,
Shivering through every limb, as lightning thought
Smote her with all the endless ruin wrought.
Never to be a mother! never give
Another life beyond her own to live—
Never to see her husband bless their child,
Thinking (dear blessed thought!) like him it smiled;
Never again with Claude to walk or ride,
Partake his pleasures with a playful pride;
But cease from all companionship so shared,
And only have the hours his pity spared.
His pity—ah! his pity, would it prove
As warm and lasting as admiring love?
Or would her petty joys' late spoken doom
Carry the great joy with them to joy's tomb?
Would all the hopes of life at once take wing?
The thought went through her with a secret sting,
And she repeated, with a moaning cry—
'Better to die, O God! 'twere best to die!'"

How this shadow is reflected upon Claud, the lines which follow very beautifully describe—

"And Claud also saw
That beauty which was once without a flaw,
And flushed—but strove to hide the sense of shock,
The feelings that some witchcraft seemed to mock.
Are those her eyes—those eyes so full of pain?
Her restless looks, that hunt for ease in vain?
Is that her step, that halt, uneven tread?
Is that her blooming cheek, so pale and dead!
Is that the querulous anxious mind that tells
Its little ills, and on each ailment dwells—
The spirit alert, which early morning stirred,
Even as it rouses every gladsome bird,
Whose chorus of irregular music goes
Up with the dew that leaves the sun-touched rose?
Oh! altered, altered — even the smile is gone,
Which, like a sunbeam, once exulting shone!
Smiles have returned, but not the smiles of yore—
The joy, the youth, the triumph, are no more.
An anxious smile remains, that disconnects
Smiling from gladness—one that more dejects
Than floods of passionate weeping, for it tries
To contradict the question of our eyes;
We say—'Thou'rt pained, poor heart, and full of woe!'
It drops that shining vail, and answers—'No.'"

And now comes that sad jealousy of which we spoke:

"But something sadder even than her pain
Torments her now, and thrills each languid vein:
Love's tender instinct feels through every nerve
When love's desires, or love itself doth swerve.
All the world's praise reëchoed to the sky,
Cancels not blame that shades a lover's eye;
All the world's blame, which scorn for scorn repays,
Fails to disturb the joy of lover's praise.
Ah! think not vanity alone doth deck
With rounded pearls the young girl's innocent neck,
Who in her duller days contented tries
The homely robe, that with no rival vies,
But on the happy night she hopes to meet

The one to whom she comes with trembling feet,
With crimson roses decks her bosom fair,
Warm as the thoughts of love all glowing there,
Because she must his favorite colors wear;
And all the bloom and beauty of her youth
Can scarce repay, she thinks, her lover's truth."

. . . . . .

" Gertrude of La Garaye thy heart is sore—
A worm is gnawing at the rose's core;
A doubt corrodeth all thy tender trust—
The freshness of thy day is choked in dust.
Not for the pain, although the pain be great—
Not for the change, though changed be all thy state;
But for a sorrow, dumb and unrevealed,
Most from its cause with mournful care concealed—
From Claud, who goes and who returns with sighs,
And gazes on his wife with wistful eyes,
And muses in his brief and cheerless rides
If her dull mood will mend; and inly chides
His own sad spirit, that sinks down so low,
Instead of lifting her from all her woe;
And thinks if he but loved her less, that he
Could cheer her drooping soul with gayety;
But wonders evermore that beauty's loss
To such a soul should seem so sore a cross.
Until one evening in that quiet hush
That lulls the falling day, when all the gush
Of various sounds seems buried with the sun,
He told his thought.
As winter streamlets run,
Freed by some sudden thaw, and swift make way,
Into the natural channels where they play,
So leaped her young heart to his tender tone,
So answering to his warmth, resumed her own;
And all her doubt and all her grief confest,
Leaning her faint head on his faithful breast.
'Not always, Claud, did I my beauty prize—
Thy words first made it precious in my eyes,
And till thy fond voice made the gift seem rare—
Nor tongue nor mirror taught me I was fair.
I recked no more of beauty in that day
Of happy girlishness and childlike play,
Than some poor woodland bird who stays his flight
On some low bough when summer days are bright,
And in that pleasant sunshine sits and sings,
And beaks the plumage of his glistening wings,
Recks of the passer-by, who stands to praise
His feathered smoothness and his thrilling lays.
But now I make my moan—I make my moan—
I weep the brightness lost, the beauty gone;
Because now fading is to fall from thee,
As the dead fruit falls blighted from the tree;
For thee—not vanished loveliness—I weep,
My beauty was a spell thy love to keep;
For I have heard and read how men forsake
When time and tears that gift of beauty take,
Nor care although the heart they leave may break!'
A husband's love was there—a husband's love,
Strong, comforting, all other loves above;
On her bowed neck he laid his tender hand,
And his voice steadied to his soul's command;
'O thou mistaken and unhappy child!
Still thy complainings, for thy words are wild;
Thy beauty, though so perfect, was but one
Of the bright ripples dancing to the sun,
Which from the hour I hoped to call thee wife,
Glanced down the silver stream of happy life.
Whatever change Time's heavy clouds may make,
Those are the waters which my thirst shall slake.
River of all my hopes thou wert and art,
The current of thy being bears my heart—
Whether it sweep along in shine or shade,
By barren rocks, or banks in flowers arrayed,
Foam with the storm, or glide in soft repose—
In that deep channel love unswerving flows!'

. . . . . .

But she again—'Alas! not from distrust,
I mourn, dear Claud, nor yet to thee unjust.
I love thee—I believe thee; yea, I know
Thy very soul is wrung to see my woe;
The earthquake of compassion trembles still
Within its depths, and conquers natural will.
But after, after, when the shock is past—
When cruel Time, who flies to change so fast,
Hath made my suffering an accustomed thing,
And only left me slowly withering;
Then will the empty days rise chill and lorn,
The lonely evening, the unwelcome morn,
Until thy path at length be brightly crost
By some one holding all that I have lost;
Some one with youthful eyes, enchanting bright,
Full as the morning of a liquid light;
And while my pale lip stiff and sad remains,
Her smiles shall thrill like sunbeams through thy veins:
I shall fade down, and she with simple art,
All bloom and beauty, dance into thy heart!
Then, then, my Claud, shall I—at length alone—

Recede from thee with an unnoticed moan,
Sink where none heed me, and be seen no more.'

. . . . . .

Claud's gentle and tender answer follows, ending which he says:

"'Let those who can in transient loves rejoice,
Still to new hopes breathe forth successive sighs—
Give me the music of the accustomed voice,
And the sweet light of long familiar eyes!'
He ceased. But she, for all his fervent speech,
Sighed as she listened. 'Claud, I can not reach
The summit of the hope where thou wouldst set me,
And all I crave is never to forget me!
Wedded I am to pain, and not to thee,
Thy life's companion I no more can be;
For thou remainest all thou wert—but I
Am a fit bride for death, and long to die:
Yea, long for death, for thou wouldst miss me then
More even than now, in mountain and in glen;
And musing by the white tomb where I lay,
Think of the happier time and earlier day,
And wonder if the love another gave
Equaled the passion buried in that grave.'"

Again he replies, and his last words we quote, and with them, the sweet lines which close the scene:

"'Oh! loved even to the brim of love's fall fount,
Wilt thou set nothing to firm faith's account?
Choke back thy tears which are my bitter smart,
Lean thy dear head upon my aching heart;
It may be, God, who saw our careless life,
Not sinful, yet not blameless, my sweet wife,
(Since all we thought of, in our youth's bright May,
Was but the coming joy, from day to day;)
Hath blotted out all joy to bid us learn
That this is not our home; and make us turn
From the enchanted earth, where much was given,
To higher aims, and a forgotten heaven.'
So spoke her love—and wept in spite of words;
While her heart echoed all his heart's accords;
And leaning down, she said, with whispering sigh,
'I sinned, my Claud, in wishing so to die.'
Then they, who oft in love's delicious bowers
Had fondly wasted glad and passionate hours,
Kissed with a mutual moan: but o'er their lips
Love's light passed clear, from under life's eclipse."

The relief, however, is but momentary; the old yearnings return; and the melodious lines that follow describe her sad estate.

"It may not be! Blighted are summer hours!
The bee goes booming through the plats of flowers,
The butterfly its tiny mate pursues
With rapid fluttering of its painted hues,
The thin-winged gnats their transient time employ
Reeling through sunbeams in a dance of joy,
The small field-mouse with wide transparent ears
Comes softly forth, and softly disappears
The dragon-fly hangs glittering on the reed,
The spider swings across his filmy thread,
And gleaming fishes, darting to and fro,
Make restless silver in the pools below.
All these poor lives—these lives of small account,
Feel the ethereal thrill within them mount,
But the great human life—the life divine—
Rests in dull torture, heavy and supine,
And the bird's song, by Garaye's walls of stone,
Crosses within the irrepressible moan!"

As we draw near the close of the tale, its beautiful moral begins to open:

"Was then DESPAIR the end of all this woe?
Far off the angel voices answer, No!
Devils despair, for they believe and tremble;
But man believes and hopes. Our griefs resemble
Each other but in this. Grief comes from Heaven;
Each thinks his own the bitterest trial given;
Each wonders at the sorrows of his lot;
His neighbor's sufferings presently forgot,
Though wide the difference which our eyes can see
Not only in grief's kind, but its degree.
God grants to some all joys for their possession,
Nor loss, nor cross, the favored mortal mourns;
While some toil on, outside those bounds of blessing,
Whose weary feet forever tread on thorns.
But over all our tears God's rainbow bends;
To all our cries a pitying ear he lends;
Yea, to the feeble sound of man's lament
How often have his messengers been sent!"

There comes to the chateau a Benedictine prior, a breathing, Titian-like portrait of the finest type of the Roman ecclesiastic.

"He sits by Gertrude's couch and patient listens
To her wild grieving voice; his dark eye glistens
With tearful sympathy for that young wife,
Telling the torture of her broken life;
And when he answers her she seems to know
The peace of resting by a river's flow.
Tender his words, and eloquently wise;
Mild the pure fervor of his watchful eyes;
Meek with serenity of constant prayer
The luminous forehead, high and broad and bare;
The thin mouth, though not passionless, yet still;
With a sweet calm that speaks an angel's will,
Resolving service to his God's behest,
And ever musing how to serve him best.
Not old, nor young; with manhood's gentlest grace;
Pale to transparency, the pensive face,
Pale not with sickness, but with studious thought,
The body tasked, the fine mind overwrought;
With something faint and fragile in the whole,
As though 'twere but a lamp to hold a soul.
Such was the friend who came to La Garaye
And Claud and Gertrude lived to bless the day!"

He reasons simply and gently with the poor lady of La Garaye. He shows her the vanity of the world, the common misery of man, and gently and firmly, but without upbraiding, points out to her all the alleviations with which fortune and circumstance surround her. He contrasts with her favored lot in sickness and helplessness the terrible aggravations that beset and overpower the poor, and he paints sorrows more dismal and appalling than her own, in melancholy variety. In this sad and solemn homily, picture succeeds picture in powerful and striking contrast:

"What hath the slandered done, who vainly strives
To set his life among untarnished lives?
Whose bitter cry for justice only fills
The myriad echoes lost among life's hills;
Who hears for evermore the self same lie
Clank clog-like at his heel when he would try
To climb above the loathly creeping things,
Whose venom poisons, and whose fury stings,
And so slides back; forever doomed to hear
This old witch, Malice, hiss with serpent leer
The old hard falsehood to the old bad end,
Helped, it may be, by some traducing friend,
Or one rocked with him on one mother's breast,
Learned in the art of where to smite him best."

. . . . . .

"The death of the FORSAKEN! lone he lies,
His sultry noon, fretted by slow black flies,
That settle on pale cheek and quivering brow
With a soft torment. The increasing glow
Brings the full shock of day; the hot air grows
Impure alike from action and repose;
Bruised fruit, and faded flowers, and dung and dust,
The rich man's stew-pan, and the beggar's crust,
Poison the faint lips opening hot and dry,
Loathing the plague they breathe with gasping sigh,
The thick oppression of its stifling heat,
The busy murmur of the swarming street,
The roll of chariots and the rush of feet;
With the tormenting music's nasal twang
Distorting melodies his loved ones sang!

. . . . . .

"Last cometh on the night—the hot, bad night,
With less of all—of heat, of dust, of light;
And leaves him watching, with a helpless stare,
The theme of no one's hope and no one's care!
The cresset lamp, that stands so grim and tall,
Widens and wavers on the upper wall;
And calming down from day's perpetual storm
His thoughts' dark chaos takes some certain form,
And he begins to pine for joys long lost,
Or hopes unrealized; till bruised and tossed,
He sends his soul vain journeys through the gloom,
For radiant eyes that should have wept his doom.
Then clasps his hands in prayer, and for a time,
Gives aspirations unto things sublime:
But sinking to some speck of sorrow, found
Some point which, like a little festering wound,
Holds all his share of pain—he gazes round,
Seeking some vanished form, some hand whose touch
Would almost cure him; and he yearns so much,
That passionate painful sobs his breathing choke,
And the thin bubble of his dream hath broke!"

So the lady of La Garaye finds a new interest and a noble consolation, toned by religion and brightened with a serene

and eternal hope, in a life of active and self-devoted charity, in which her noble husband joins heart and hand. Thus, after the glory of their early joy is set, and an interval of troubled darkness, there rises over the silence of the scene a tranquil, silvery, and beautiful light, amid which we leave them, serenely awaiting the great day-spring that will flood the world with imperishable glory, a jubilee of adoration, gratitude, and all beautiful affections—eternal youth—the body redeemed, and the spirit made perfect.

The institutions founded by their charity have survived all other monuments of their early splendor and ancient name.

"Still thrives the noble hospital that gave
Shelter to those whom none from pain could save;
Still to the schools the ancient chiming clock
Calls the poor yeanlings of a simple flock:
Still the calm refuge for the fallen and lost,
(Whom love a blight and not a blessing crossed.)"

The poem reminds us of an image of Chateaubriand's. It is like a modern writing traced over an ancient manuscript. Beneath the homely and harmonious tale of the personal loves and sorrows of Gertrude and Claud, in bold though subdued characters, are written the grand lessons and principles which enter into the moral history of the entire human race. We are no where quite unconscious of the presence of the sad and higher moral of the tale. In the breaks and pauses of mortal sorrow, it is heard like far-off church-music, solemn and plaintive, toning gradually the wild notes and sobs of human lamentation, until swelling higher and nearer, it absorbs and overpowers them all.

We have long looked in vain for a poem like this, so entirely unaffected, so perfectly original, so true and yet so fanciful, so strong and yet so womanly, with painting so exquisite, with a moral anatomization so sure and subtle, so pure a portraiture of the highest affections and the deepest sorrows, and instilling a lesson so true, simple, and sublime.

From the London Review.

HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION IN ENGLAND.*

It is a pleasant thing to meet with a book which gives us plenty of new facts and new ideas in clear, well-written English. It is pleasant to meet with old facts and ideas strung together in generalizations and theories which invest them with new importance. And it is pleasant to a combative reader to knock down theories too slightly based, and shake in pieces premature generalizations. But it is still more pleasant to find an author who gives us full opportunity to sift his opinions by the frankness and fearlessness with which he proclaims them; and who, equally by the breadth of his facts and the narrowness of his theory, by the force and honesty of his convictions and the arrogance and audaciousness of his errors, rouses us up to examine, to compare, and to reflect, leaving us, whatever be his own wisdom or folly, most certainly the wiser for his words.

These remarks are especially applicable to Mr. Buckle. His second volume now lies before us, bearing the name of *Civilization in England*, but containing two introductory historical sketches, the one of Spain, the other of Scotland, illustrative of his theory of civilization. In his first volume he gave us a long dissertation to prove that man is not a free and responsible agent, but as much the subject of overruling law as the stars and tides: in this volume he endeavors to

* *History of Civilization in England.* By Henry Thomas Buckle. Vol. II. London: Parker, Son & Bourn.

show us that communities of men are also under the influences of general causes, which "force" them — that is his very word—to advance or decline. Thus, he says, Spain was from very early times addicted to "loyalty and superstition." The Arian war with France associated the ideas of leadership and religion; for the Spanish chieftains fought for their faith, and thus the first germ was planted of the Spaniards' reverence for king and priest. This was fostered by unparalleled circumstances during eight centuries of struggle between them and their Moorish invaders. That long strife between two races and two faiths could not fail to bind their religion around every condition of their life. In

"three ways the Mohammedan invasion strengthened the devotional feelings of the Spanish people. The first way was by promoting a long and obstinate religious war; the second was by the presence of constant and imminent dangers; and the third way was by the poverty, and therefore the ignorance, which it produced among the Christians."—P. 18.

Just at the end of these eight centuries, when the final conquest of Grenada gave the national energies room to expand, three rulers of great abilities, Ferdinand, Charles V., and Philip II., working with this strong bent of the nation, and using to the utmost its loyal, religious, and military spirit, not only pressed the Spaniards forward on a course of great power and prosperity, but gave a final stamp to the national character, which has never since been erased.

"So late as 1478, Spain was still broken up into independent and often hostile states: before the year 1590, not only were these fragments firmly consolidated into one kingdom, but acquisitions were made abroad so rapidly as to endanger the independence of Europe. That country, recently torn by civil wars, and distracted by hostile creeds, was able in three generations to annex to her territory the whole of Portugal, Navarre, and Rousillon. By diplomacy, or by force of arms, she acquired Artois and Franche Comté, and the Netherlands; also the Milanese, Naples, Sicily, Sardinia, the Balearic Islands, and the Canaries. One of her kings was the Emperor of Germany; while his son influenced the councils of England whose queen he married. The Turkish power, then one of the most formidable in the world, was broken and beaten back on every side. The French monarchy was humbled. . . . Out of Europe, the deeds of Spain was equally wonderful. In America, besides Mexico, Central America, Venezuela, New-Grenada, Peru, and Chili, the Spaniards conquered Cuba, San Domingo, Jamaica, and other islands. In Africa, they obtained Ceuta, Melilla, Oran, Bougiah, and Tunis, and overawed the whole coast of Barbary. In Asia, they had settlements on each side of the Deccan; they held part of Malacca; and they established themselves in the Spice Islands. Finally, by the conquest of the noble archipelago of the Philippines, they connected their most distant acquisitions, and secured a communication between every part of that enormous empire which girdled the world." . . . . Here "we have a great people glowing with military, patriotic, and religious ardor, whose fiery zeal was hightened, rather than softened, by a respectful obedience to their clergy, and by a chivalrous devotion to their kings. The energy of Spain, being thus both animated and controlled, became wary as well as eager; and to this rare union of conflicting qualities we must ascribe the great deeds which have just been related."—Pp. 35, 36.

But what follows?

"The unsound part of a progress of this sort is, that it depends too much on individuals, and therefore can not be permanent. Such a movement can only last as long as it is headed by able men. When, however, competent leaders are succeeded by incompetent ones, the system immediately falls to the ground, simply because the people have been accustomed to supply to every undertaking the necessary zeal, but have not been accustomed to supply the skill by which the zeal is guided."

Hence when "the government slackened its hold, the nation fell to pieces." Three kings, as in efficient as their predecessors were able, occupied the throne from 1598 to 1700; and

"so rapid was the fall of Spain, that in only three reigns after the death of Philip II., the most powerful monarchy existing in the world was depressed to the lowest point of debasement, was insulted with impunity by foreign nations, was reduced more than once to bankruptcy, was stripped of her fairest possessions, was held up to public opprobrium, was made a theme on which school-boys and moralists loved to declaim respecting the uncertainty of human affairs, and, at length, was exposed to the bitter humiliation of seeing her territories mapped out and divided by a treaty in which she took no share."—P. 41.

The deep-rooted loyalty and superstition of the Spaniards bore their natural fruit; the Church rose and triumphed under the weak yoke of its kings; the banishment of the Moriscoes impoverished the realm, and the people groveled in ignorance and abject submission. Of the latter half of the seventeenth century it is said: "The poverty and wretchedness of the people surpassed all description."

"The once rich and prosperous country was covered with a rabble of monks and clergy." "In every department all power and life disappeared." "Another account describes this once mighty kingdom as utterly unprotected; the frontier towns ungarrisoned; the fortifications dilapidated and crumbling away; the magazines without ammunition; the arsenals empty; the workshops unemployed; and even the art of building ships entirely lost."—Pp. 72–5.

In 1700 the Bourbon dynasty introduced somewhat better kings and ministers; but no Spaniard was deemed competent to hold the helm of state. But though ministers and kings, especially Charles III., (1759–88,) strove hard to raise the nation by reforms and improvements, the nation would not rise. "The spirit of the country was broken, and nothing could retrieve it."

"Foreign influence, and the complications of foreign politics, bestowed enlightened rulers upon an unenlightened country. The consequence was, that, for a time, great things were done. Evils were removed, grievances were redressed, many important improvements were introduced; . . . . . but the mind of Spain was untouched. While the surface and, as it were, the symptoms of affairs were ameliorated, affairs themselves remained unchanged; . . . . . and at length the reäction came. In 1788 Charles III. died; . . . . . and was succeeded by Charles IV., a king of the true Spanish breed, devout, orthodox, and ignorant. . . . . In less than five years every thing was changed. The power of the Church was restored; the slightest approach toward free discussion was forbidden; the priests reässumed their former importance, literary men were intimidated, and literature was discouraged; while the Inquisition, starting up afresh, displayed an energy which caused its enemies to tremble. . . . . Once more was Spain covered with darkness; once more did the shadows of night overtake that wretched land."—Pp. 130–2.

And what was the cause of this lamentable arrest of the progress of civilization? Mr. Buckle will tell us that also.

"All these things were natural and in order. They were the result of a long train of causes, the operation of which I have endeavored to trace, during thirteen centuries, since the outbreak of the Arian war. Those causes forced the Spaniards to be superstitious, and it was idle mockery to seek to change their nature by legislation. The only remedy for superstition is knowledge. Nothing else can wipe out that plague-spot of the human mind. Without it, the leper remains unwashed, and the slave unfreed. It is to a knowledge of the laws and relations of things, that European civilization is owing; but it is precisely this in which Spain has always been deficient. . . . . The Spaniards have had every thing except knowledge. They have had immense wealth, and fertile and well-peopled territories, in all parts of the globe. . . . . They had, at a very early period, ample municipal privileges; they had independent Parliaments; they had the right of choosing their own magistrates, and managing their own cities. They have had rich and flourishing towns, abundant manufactures, and skillful artisans. They have cultivated the fine arts with eminent success; they speak a beautiful and flexible language, and their literature is not unworthy of their language. Their soil yields treasures of every kind. It overflows with wine and oil, produces the choicest fruits in almost tropical exuberance, and contains the most valuable minerals. . . . . Nor have the people who possess these gifts ever been deficient in natural endowments. They have had their full share of great statesmen, great kings, great magistrates, and great legislators; and their history is ennobled by the frequent appearance of courageous and disinterested patriots. . . . . The bravery of the people has never been disputed; . . . . . and the honor of a Spanish gentleman has passed into a by-word. Of the nation generally, the best observers pronounce them to be high-minded, generous, truthful, full of integrity, warm and zealous friends, affectionate in all the private relations of life, frank, charitable, and humane; they are, moreover, eminently temperate and frugal. Yet all these great qualities have availed them nothing, and will avail them nothing, so long as they remain ignorant."–Pp. 142–6.

Let us look a little closer at this theory of Spanish grandeur and decay. We are referred to the course of events, as if nothing could have helped that happening which did happen. Without her three able rulers Spain must needs have risen, though not so quickly. Without their three imbecile successors she must needs have fallen, though not so soon. It was the action of general causes which forced her to rise and fall. But if this be so, why do not nations rise and fall again and again? There is a peculiarity in human affairs which marks the difference between social and physical laws. If we press down one steel spring by a stronger, it will rise immediately when the pressure is removed; and, if we do it repeatedly, we shall have the same result. So, too if a rising nation is pressed down by invasion or oppression, we shall see it rise again up to a certain point of prosperity; but if after reaching that point it is pressed down, it seems to lose that elastic power of rising which belonged to it in an earlier stage. It can not be said that in the eighth century the Spaniards were

less ignorant and superstitious than they were in the eighteenth. They had many weak rulers, lawless nobles, and a powerful Church; yet out of that earlier darkness they emerged, and grew into a great people, despite their excessive loyalty and superstition. How was it that the malign influences which insured the fall, did not prevent the rise? We would suggest that there must have been some element in the Spaniard's character or circumstances which for a time did keep, and which might always have kept, his evil genius in check; but this suggestion touches the key-note of the whole difference between us and Mr. Buckle. It is in the fact of opposing qualities and opposing circumstances that we see room for the exercise of choice in individuals and nations. Not one, but many a motive sways us; not one, but many a circumstance, surrounds us; and in the balance of these, nay, in our power to obey the weaker and resist the stronger, consists the highest birthright of man. Times are given to us all, when, by turning this way or that at our pleasure, we can govern future consequences, which in their turn will govern us; especially the time of youth is given, which, by its use or abuse, so much overrules the destiny of the man. This is also true of nations, though not equally true; for a nation is more bound and less free than the individual man. There is scarcely any depth from which a man may not rise: the drunkard, the gambler, even the liar have been reformed; but if a nation become vicious and truthless, how irremediable is its fall! A nation's destiny is regulated by the influence of both material and spiritual laws. Inasmuch as it belongs to this world, and has its rewards and punishments here, it is subject to the laws of cause and effect; and inasmuch as it is composed of individuals whose spirits are free to do good or evil, and whose ultimate tribunal is not here, it is subject to moral and retributive laws. But just so far as men individually use their freedom aright, just so far will they collectively escape from the yoke of antecedent circumstances. We are not speaking of civil, but of human freedom — the power to choose between truth and error, knowledge and ignorance, right and wrong; and we contend that it is the aggregate of individual unfaithfulness to this divine privilege which constitutes a people's doom. Every nation's fall is a repetition of the tragedy in Paradise. Nations, like their great forefather, are given a period of probation; rich gifts are put into their hand, and a high career is set before them. If they choose right, well; but if not, the divine power of choice is forfeited; they are thrust from the high elevation of free spiritual beings, become miserable victims of surrounding circumstance, and sink helplessly beneath the sway of vice and ignorance, which they had once power to resist, but from which they have apparently no power to escape. Let us apply this interpretation to the history of Spain. Was there ever a nation so richly endowed? Did any other people so rapidly rise, so rapidly fall? Surely there is an *à priori* probability that the Spaniards came into the full play of their national energies at a critical time, and were not true to the crisis. For eight centuries they were struggling up; but in one century they were flung headlong down, like Satan out of heaven. This is not like the slow action of general laws; it looks far more like a retributive sentence. Mr. Buckle gives us but one side of the Spaniards' character—their loyal obedience to priests and kings; and he argues that this quality governed their whole career, and bound them to be submissive, credulous, ignorant, and bigoted. Prescott gives a little more light on this subject; for he says that the Castilians were not only loyally religious, but patriotic, and arrogantly independent; and in strict accordance with this view, we find that up to the end of the fifteenth century Spain had not only a strong body of ecclesiastics, but more powerful nobles, more flourishing cities, and, above all, more free institutions than any other country in Europe, Italy, perhaps, excepted. Mr. Buckle disputes the prevalence of free institutions, and says they were little more than forms of freedom, yielded by weak monarchs, but not engrafted in the spirit of the people. But it is not the custom of monarchs to yield popular rights to those who do not prize them, and the fact of their being possessed is in itself a proof that they are prized. Arragon was especially noted for its independent spirit. Prescott tells us that in that kingdom the Church had much less, and the Commons much more, influence than in Castile; and that there was scarcely a sovereign in Europe pos-

sessed of such limited authority as the earlier princes of Arragon. And Robertson observes that Ferdinand was less powerful at home than any of his great European cotemporaries; for "the spirit of liberty was vigorous among the people of Spain, the spirit of independence was high among the nobility." Added to these advantages, a great trust and a great opportunity were given to Spain in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries: she was made the mistress of the New World, and was offered the light of the Reformation. Not ten, but a hundred talents were given to Spain. How did she use her splendid gifts? How did she meet the crisis of her probation during the reigns of Ferdinand, Charles V., and Philip II.? She entered it with independent nobles, free cities, a new world at her feet, and dawning light above her; she passed out of it with the Cortes silenced, the Inquisition established, the colonies fearfully outraged and oppressed, and the light of the Reformation extinguished. Who did all this? Actively, her three able rulers; but passively, every man in Spain who might have said one word or done one deed to prevent it—the proud, brave, strong Spaniards, who so grievously failed in this their day of trial.

We are sometimes able to detect in history the secret springs which have regulated critical movements; and it is curious to see how often they are personal and private, not specially connected with the prevailing prejudices of the age. Individual freedom steps in to form or re-form the chain of circumstances. A striking instance of this is recorded in Ranke's account of the Council of Trent. We see there that this great instrument of Romish thraldom was not shaped simply by the ignorance and fanaticism of the age; but that pique and malice, and party feelings, and base love of money or intrigue—in short, the follies and faults of individual men, were largely mingled in the work. So it has happened in the course of Spanish history; some evil has been strengthened, some resistance weakened, by agents acting under personal motives, unconnected with the tendencies of the age. Take, for instance, that singular case in 1506, when the cities which were represented in the Cortes actually opposed the petition of their sister cities who were struggling for the same privilege, in order to preserve the exclusive honor of their own position—a bit of municipal pride and jealousy, emanating, perhaps, (as municipal acts often do emanate,) from a few influential busy-bodies; and yet what mischief was the result!* The banishment of the Jews by Ferdinand is another instance. Buckle gives it as one of many proofs of the irresistible bigotry of the age; but Llorente does not scruple to say it was chiefly due to the fact that the confiscation of their goods poured large supplies into the royal treasury. So, also, he tells us that it was a common opinion in Arragon that the Inquisition could never have held its ground but for the decree which confiscated the property of the suspected;† in other words, the nation might have struggled successfully with fanaticism, if it had not been upheld by wealth; in other words, the tendency of the age was borne onward by the avarice, that is, by the sin, of individuals.

We believe that this rule always holds good, though mortal eye can not always detect its operation. We fully believe that human freedom must be accessory in forging chains for the human spirit. Men are free to step down into the slavery of vice and ignorance; yet once under its dominion they are no longer free to rise, but must remain groveling—God knows how long, unhappy Spain!—until his mercy arrest the law of cause and effect, and give to the palsied nation power to rise again.

Mr. Buckle's theory of civilization is a perplexing study. In his sketch of the rise and fall of Spain, he tells us that the progress of nations undeviatingly follows general laws, and that individuals have no power to aid, except by moving with the stream—no power to hinder, except by damming up the water for a time, and thereby adding force to the subsequent rush of the torrent. But in his history of Scotland he warns rulers to let their people alone, because their endeavors to set things right may only set them wrong, and be "extremely hazardous;" while a great nation "does undoubtedly possess within itself a capacity of repairing its injuries," which "merely requires time and freedom to bring it into play." Finally, he shows us that the Scotch nation, with full time and freedom, average knowledge, and more than average power of thought,

* Prescott's *Ferdinand and Isabella*, i. 115.
† Llorente's *History of the Inquisition*.

has not displayed any capacity for repairing one great injury, but is to this day besotted in bigotry and superstition! Here, then, we find, 1. That general causes marshal a nation onward to success or ruin, and that individuals can not materially help or hinder. 2. That rulers may hinder, though it does not appear that they can help, but that a nation left to itself will come right in the end. 3. That nations left to themselves show no sign of yet coming right. This is perplexing. Which and what is Mr. Buckle's theory? Under a system of ordinary creative benevolence we should have supposed it impossible that any nation could be doomed by general causes to ignorance and evil; and that, therefore, both Scotch and Spaniards must be responsible instruments in working out their own destiny: also, that any power which can hinder can undoubtedly help, and that therefore rulers must be responsible instruments in working out their people's destiny. But these inconsistencies are inseparable from Mr. Buckle's position as a historian. A writer who follows one train of thought, or investigates one class of facts, may keep error consistent by keeping it isolated; but it is impossible to invest a broad subject in a narrow theory without exposing the misfit of the theory by a thousand inconsistencies. How can we hope to explain the course of human actions if we ignore half the influences that sway human conduct? That man is governed by general laws, and that he is free to resist those laws, are the two grand correlative principles of history. Mr. Buckle ignores the spontaneity, and then naturally fails in attempting to reconcile half of the principles with the whole of the facts. Too honest to willfully distort his facts, he unconsciously acts Procrustes to his own theory, stretching it here, lopping it there, and making it confused and contradictory. We do not entirely acquit him of giving wrong impressions of history in support of his own opinions: for example, we think, he has given a very erroneous view of the power and freedom of the Spanish people up to the time of Ferdinand V.; but we fully believe he has done it honestly, convinced by his own one-sided theory that their free institutions were external forms, not rooted in the spirit of the people. It is a good guarantee of an author's honesty if his theory sways hither and thither with the force of his own facts; but it implies that he has not properly worked out his conclusions, and is premature in giving them to the public in their crude form.

Mr. Buckle openly confesses himself perplexed by the history of Scotland. With regard to Spain, he had laid down the rule that a real and practical connection between loyalty and superstition is a general law of the mind, and that an excess of these qualities insures abject ignorance and submission. Here, however, is another country, not loyal, but most superstitious, yet intelligent, civilized, and free.

"Herein lies the apparent paradox and the real difficulty of Scotch history. That knowledge should not have produced the effects which have elsewhere followed it; that a bold and inquisitive literature should be found in a grossly superstitious country, without diminishing its superstition; that the people should constantly withstand their kings, and as constantly succumb to their clergy; that while they are liberal in politics, they should be illiberal in religion; and that, as a natural consequence of all this, men who, in the visible and external department of facts and of practical life, display a shrewdness and a boldness rarely equaled, should, nevertheless, in speculative life, and in matters of theory, tremble like sheep before their pastors, and yield assent to every absurdity they hear, provided their Church has sanctioned it; that these discrepancies should coexist, seems at first sight a strange contradiction, and is surely a phenomena worthy of our careful study."—P. 160.

To solve this problem is the object of two thirds of Mr. Buckle's volume; and this is the course of his argument: That the physical geography of Scotland, which exposed her rich southern lands to the Romans, and afterward to the English, her western borders to the Irish, and her northern coasts to the Northman, doomed her to continual ravages and long wars, and consequent barbarism, poverty, and ignorance. Hence, cities did not flourish, and warlike chiefs and nobles did flourish—the one less, the other more, than in any country in Europe. Hence, too, the Church rose into great power; but on this point, from which Mr. Buckle labors to deduce the early superstition of Scotland, we are furnished with *à priori* reasoning, instead of actual testimony. The Scotch, it seems, must needs have been a superstitious people; theirs was a gloomy, savage country, apt to impress the imagination with terror; theirs was a suffering, perilous life, apt to make men

call for supernatural help; they were poor, and the Church was wealthy; they were exposed to danger, and the Church was comparatively safe; they had no free cities, nor learned institutions, to counteract the growth of ecclesiastical power.

"By this combination of events, and by this union of ignorance with danger, the clergy had, in the fifteenth century, obtained more influence in Scotland than in any other European country, Spain alone excepted."—P. 194.

Even in the first half of the sixteenth century—

"the whole lay wealth of the kingdom put together was barely equal to the wealth of the Church."—P. 191.

Then, throughout the able reign of James V., the hierarchy was greatly strengthened by close alliance with the Crown; and when, after his death, the nobles succeeded in pulling down that hierarchy, they did not overturn the foundation on which it was based:

"When men are ignorant, they must be superstitious; and wherever superstition exists, it is sure to organize itself into some kind of system, which it makes its home. If you drive it from that home, it will find another. . . . . The nobles had overturned the Church, but the principles on which Church authority is based remained intact. All that was done, was to change the name and the form. A new hierarchy was quickly organized, which succeeded the old one in the affections of the people. Indeed, it did more. For, the Protestant clergy, neglected by the nobles, and unendowed by the state, had only a miserable pittance whereupon to live; and they necessarily threw themselves into the arms of the people, where alone they could find support and sympathy. Hence, a closer and more intimate union than would otherwise have been possible. Hence, too, the Presbyterian clergy, smarting under the injustice with which they were treated, displayed that hatred of the upper classes, and that peculiar detestation of monarchical government, which they showed whenever they dared. In their pulpits, in their presbyteries, and in their general assemblies, they encouraged a democratic and insubordinate tone, which eventually produced the happiest results, by keeping alive, at a critical moment, the spirit of liberty,"—Pp. 232–4.

Having given a brief, spirited sketch of the nobles' struggles with the Romanist and Protestant hierarchies in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; of the troubles and persecutions of the seventeenth century; and of the rapid rise of commerce and literature at the beginning of the eighteenth, our author spares a whole chapter to enlarge upon the social tyranny, interference, and espionage, the arrogant cant and blasphemy, the wrathful denunciations and curses, the asceticism and fanaticism of the Scotch clergy in the seventeenth century! He sums up his charges thus:

"When the Scotch Kirk was at the hight of its power, we may search history in vain for any institution which can compare with it, except the Spanish Inquisition. Between these two, there is a close and intimate analogy; both were intolerant, both were cruel, both made war upon the finest parts of human nature, and both destroyed every vestige of religious freedom. One difference, however, there was, of vast importance. In political matters, the Church, which was servile in Spain, was rebellious in Scotland. Hence, the Scotch always had one direction in which they could speak and act with unrestrained liberty. In politics, they found their vent. There, the mind was free. And this was their salvation. This saved them from the fate of Spain, by securing to them the exercise of those faculties which otherwise would have lain dormant, if, indeed, they had not been entirely destroyed by that long and enfeebling servitude in which their clergy retained them, and from which, but for this favorable circumstance, no escape would have been open."—P. 409.

Lastly, Mr. Buckle gives us, in the sixth chapter, a sketch of the brilliant intellectual achievements of the Scotch in the eighteenth century, and of the method which governed their investigations. Their philosophers were theorists, he tells us, original and often correct theorists; but they reasoned from principles to facts, instead of from facts to principles. Neglecting the evidence of experiment, and the rules of sound induction, they assumed first principles just as much like Scotch divines, and took them on trust just as much like Scotch people. Hence their free speculation did not break those long-formed bonds of submission and superstition which, to this day, are riveted on the nation. To this day—witness that remarkable instance in 1853, when the Scotch Presbytery suggested to Lord Palmerston the propriety of appointing a day of public humiliation for the cholera; and he told them to cleanse their cesspools instead. "This correspondence between the Scotch clergy and the English statesman is not to be regarded as a mere passing episode of light or temporary interest." (P. 595.) We must clearly understand that the testimony of science and theology are at issue. "Science ascribes

to natural causes what theology ascribes to supernatural ones." . . . "Every thing which happens in the material world is the necessary result of something which had previously happened," and "there is no interposition of God." So, too, the fate of nations is the result of preceding and surrounding events, and there is no moral government of God. How can there be, asks this headlong writer, when Omniscience planned creation, and Omnipotence upholds it? To suppose that man can so upset the order of the universe as to make interference necessary, is to suppose "that Omniscience has been deceived, or Omnipotence defeated." (Pp. 596–601.)

Such is the course of Mr. Buckle's argument. We think he has misunderstood Scotch history from the very beginning, and entirely failed to prove the early superstition of the people. He seems to have confounded the power given by church property with the influence derived from church principles; and because abbots and bishops were great ecclesiastical lords, he has assumed that they were also dominant spiritual guides. The contrary seems to have been the case in Scotland to an unusual degree. The people were semi-barbarous, not living, nor acting, nor thinking for themselves. The nobles and clergy alike led their own vassals; but the result of the strife between them shows us the difference between mere wealth and territorial power in a semi-civilized country. If the clergy had half the *money* of the kingdom, they plainly had not half the *men* of the kingdom; and so great was the power of the nobles over Scotchmen, that not even the influence of the crown, thrown more and more on the side of the Church, could keep up the influence of the hierarchy. Though James V. and Beaton triumphed for a time; though, from 1528 to James's death in 1542, the nobles were impoverished, imprisoned, and banished; the temporary victory, as Buckle observes, only provoked a more violent reäction, which ended in the downfall of the Romish Church. He says: "The success or failure of the Reformation in Scotland was simply a question of the success or failure of the nobles; . . . . for the people counted for nothing, but followed wherever they were led." That is true only in a civic or political sense; but Mr. Buckle takes no account of the new convictions which gave a new aspect to the leadership of the nobles. Yet say that it were wholly true, what becomes of the alleged influence of the clergy, which he has told us was greater in Scotland than in any other European country, Spain alone excepted? How comes it that the people were not led by their fears, and perils, and ignorance to call for supernatural assistance, and to succumb to those who alone could obtain it? Simply because they were better clansmen than Catholics, little independent, but less superstitious.

Paradoxical as the assertion may seem, we attribute the attachment of the Scotch to their Protestant clergy less to their ancient superstition than to their ancient loyalty. Mr. Buckle contends that they never were a loyal people, because they never cared for their national rulers; but that is simply due to the fact that their chiefs and nobles *were* their kings. Kept back in the race of civilization by incessant wars, they carried family relations into feudal times, and looked up to their local rulers with a strong mixture of family affection and feudal homage, which kept the claims of king, and Church, and law, and justice in abeyance. This was the loyalty of rude and ignorant times; but it was the free tribute of a high-spirited people, which gave good promise for times to come. We might reasonably hope that those who struggled bravely for clan or country against Scotch kings' decrees, or English kings' armies, would still struggle bravely, when they received wider knowledge of kingly power and national rights. But it befell them in the sixteenth century, when knowledge was dawning on the nations, and when barbarous loyalty should have yielded to law, and Romanist ignorance to light—it befell them that they were swept into a whirlpool of conflicting currents, which broke all their moorings adrift. First of all, the people opened their eyes to a new and deeper sense of right and wrong. Right was no longer limited to prayers and masses, wrong was no longer expressed by excommunication; but certain new objects of reverence appeared, called justice, purity, and truth. At such a time it behoved those who had hitherto been blindly loved and followed to enlist some of these new convictions in favor of their own dominion; but it was the nobles themselves who brought about a collision

between old loyalty and new light. Was there ever such a power-loving, party-loving, plunder-loving set as the so-called *Reformed* nobles of Scotland in the sixteenth century? The English Protestant leaders were bad enough; but their badness did not touch the whole nation to the quick; for there was a large free commonalty in England who had risen above personal loyalty into national obedience. But in Scotland the nobles stood up before their retainers and clansmen, as though they said: "See, these evil, lawless, godless men are those you have so blindly loved and followed." And what was the nation's reply? "We will follow *you* no more." But the instinct of personal love and obedience was still strong within them: the light had come to them, as it were, prematurely, and found them socially unprepared to walk in the path it revealed; they needed guides and rulers; and the only men who, in that evil day, were fighting for something higher than power or gain, the only class that in any measure deserved to be trusted, were the Protestant clergy: and to them the awakened country transferred its heart-allegiance, less from superstition than from loyalty outraged by wrong.

And undoubtedly the office of the Protestant ministers greatly strengthened their new position. They not only valiantly upheld truth and right, struggling and suffering with a spirit and constancy that commended them as leaders to a brave though barbarous people; but they were also teachers to guide men into the possession of high privileges. Hence they received the loyalty due to rulers, and the deference due to instructors; and doubtless these emotions borrowed force equally from the unreasoning obedience of the past and the new light and trust of the present. Mr. Buckle admits the action of some of these causes, though he never condescends to weigh the force of conscience and conviction—all *that* belongs to superstition! He simply says:

"For a hundred and twenty years after the establishment of Protestantism, the rulers of Scotland either neglected the Church or persecuted it, thereby driving the clergy into the arms of the people, from whom alone they could obtain sympathy and support. Hence an alliance between the two parties, more intimate than would otherwise have been possible; and hence, too, the rise of that democratic spirit which was the necessary consequence of such a union, and which the clergy encouraged because they were opposed and thwarted by the upper classes. . . . But these very circumstances, which guarded the people against political despotism, exposed them all the more to ecclesiastical despotism. For, having no one to trust except their preachers, they trusted them entirely, and upon all subjects. . . . But in fairness to the clergy, we ought to acknowledge, that the religious servitude into which the Scotch fell during the seventeenth century, was, on the whole, a willing one; and that, mischievous as it was, it had at least a noble origin, inasmuch as the influence of the Protestant clergy is mainly to be ascribed to the fearlessness with which they came forward as leaders of the people, at a period when that post was full of danger, and when the upper classes were ready to unite with the crown in destroying the last vestiges of national liberty." —P. 330.

We have said that light dawned on Scotland prematurely; this involves an intricate problem in history. Mr. Buckle bases his generalizations on few and partial phenomena, and finds the solution easy; for instance, he accounts loyalty and superstition two analogous impulses, which work in the same direction. Yet the complexity of their operation may be inferred from the fact that the objects on which they are exercised, the objects of our civic and religious reverence, have never met upon equal terms. Either young Christianity has dawned upon old civilization, or rising civilization has met corrupted Christianity. The advancing and declining forces have sometimes aided, sometimes hindered, but always modified each other—have borrowed each other's flaws and stains, each other's strength and weakness. Sometimes a worn-out evil has been adopted, like a graft into a new stock, and has lived for centuries afresh, (heathen household gods as Christian patron saints;) sometimes new knowledge has been poured into dark or perverted communities, and, too weak wholly to erase the evils, has, like a mordant, fixed them deeper in. Something of this sort seems to take place when new impressions are caught from surrounding communities by a nation not sufficiently advanced to grasp their full import. The spirit of the Reformation that swept over Europe found the Scotch a free and fierce people, whose rude and narrow social condition was more in harmony with the stringent laws and simple administration of Moses than with the gentler, more cosmopolitan pre-

cepts of the Gospel; and probably this was one reason why, from the very first, the Protestantism of Scotland borrowed so largely from the Old Testament. When the conduct of the nobles had taught the people to seek new leaders in their clergy, that ancient book lent its sanction to the spiritual leadership; for Jewish prophets had guided and governed their people, had checked warriors and reproved kings. Then came in the Jewish notion of a theocracy, with God working visibly for a special people; and this was strengthened by the rigid Calvinism in which Scotch Protestantism was cast, and which also owed much of its prevalence to the narrow social condition of the nation.

The light of the Reformation came to this strong but narrow people in the free, fierce narrowness of their tribe life, and put new spirit into the old evils that should have passed away—that, perhaps, would have passed away, had not the course of events, in the reigns of James and Charles I., and again in the reigns of Charles II. and James II., served to rivet them into the national character. What guides or leaders had they then but the clergy? Their kings were tyrants, and their nobles slaves. What law or justice had they but that to which they appealed at the throne of God? Their law was martial force, their justice was murder and outrage, fire and sword. Under the pressure of such dreadful oppression, is it a wonder that the free, fierce spirit of the people should rise up in the League and Covenant—that their clanship should rise up in rampant Calvinism — that their strength and narrowness should unite in a distasteful mixture of truth and bigotry, and that their ancient loyalty should make them willing servants of their brave, devoted, intolerant, and intolerable clergy? That all these influences joined to produce the Scotchman's ingrained reverence for his Church and its ministers, is best proved by the fact which so perplexes Mr. Buckle — that neither commerce nor literature has undermined it; still more, that it did not permanently interfere with commerce or literature. Only eighteen years after the pressure was removed from the nation, by the accession of William III., the Union was carried, and the Scotch started off at once, with rapid strides, on their industrial and intellectual career. This is not like a people cowed and subjugated by priestly domination, as Mr. Buckle has pictured them. Had superstition been the source of their clergy-worship, it would long ago have yielded to modern enlightenment; but it was the result of almost all the causes which have made the Scotchman what he is, and therefore it clings to him still.

It is not consistent in this calm interpreter of general causes to vilify a class of men who, on his own theory, were only obeying fixed laws; and we would submit the following considerations to Mr. Buckle's candor, with reference to that odious chapter in which, carefully winnowing out the chaff, and rejecting the wheat, he has placed the Kirk and its ministers before us under such a repulsive aspect: First. That it is not fair to impute to the Scotch clergy, in the seventeenth century, evils which are common to every troubled, semi-barbarous age. If we feel dislike and disgust

"at finding ourselves in presence of so much of superstition, of chicanery, of low sordid arts, and yet, withal, of arrogant and unbridled insolence," we must remember, "that in Scotland the age was evil, and the evil rose to the surface. The times were out of joint, and it was hard to set them right. The long prevalence of anarchy, of ignorance, of poverty, of force, of fraud, of domestic tumult, and of foreign invasion, had reduced Scotland to a state which it is scarcely possible for us to realize. . . . . We should, in fairness to the Scotch clergy, admit that the condition of their country affords the best explanation of their conduct. Every thing around them was low and coarse; the habits of men, in their daily life, were violent, brutal, and utterly regardless of common decency; and, as a natural consequence, the standard of human actions was so depressed that upright and well-meaning persons did not shrink from doing what to us, in our advanced stage of society, seems incredible."—Pp. 257–8.

These are Mr. Buckle's own words, and his use of them in one chapter should have qualified the bitterness with which he speaks of the Scotch clergy in another. It is not enough to say, "I have already made this excuse for them;" the historian should keep the excuse before his own eyes, that his general statements may be fair and just in themselves, not requiring the reader to look back on excuses previously made to strike the balance of fairness in his own mind. Secondly. It is not fair to impute specially to the Scotch clergy certain tendencies

which prevailed over a wide sphere. The Puritanism of the seventeenth century was a remarkable phenomenon, but its peculiarities were shared by England. We do not speak of the permanent truth and righteousness connected with it—*that* is not peculiar to any age; but of the special characteristics which made it Puritanism rather than Christianity. It is a strange thing that two nations should, for a whole generation, take a certain stamp in conversation, dress, and manners, become ascetic in doctrine, grave in deportment, and learn to bear, nay, to like, an amount of sermonizing, and long religious exercises, perfectly astounding to the restless, impatient children of the nineteenth century. But the Scotch clergy certainly did not create this state of things, whatever they might have done to increase it. Thirdly. It is not fair to impute specially to them extravagances which are common to every time of religious excitement. Visions and predictions — especially predictions of punishment to mockers and persecutors—signs and portents, and alleged divine interpositions, have marked the origin of almost every new sect. Quakerism can supply parallels to many of Mr. Buckle's anecdotes, and so, also, can Methodism. We may add that, in every time of religious excitement, men of coarse and fierce tempers have betrayed a tendency to fall into those materialistic details of eternal terrors which he so abominates in the Scotch clergy. Fourthly. It is not fair to impute blame to Puritanism for that which belongs to Christianity itself. All who receive the Bible must admit that famine, war, and pestilence have sometimes been sent by the Almighty as punishment for human transgression; and, though we are now more cautious than the Scotch divines in pronouncing for what sins they are so sent, we can not in honor hear them blamed for this "superstition" without pleading guilty to the same charge. Lastly. It is a blunder, founded on an extremely slight acquaintance with religious phraseology, to suppose that the terms, "angels, watchmen, stars, ambassadors," etc., appropriated by the clergy, implied any arrogance or assumption, or that it was an impious denouncing of judgment to proclaim, "Woe to the preacher, if he preached not — to the hearer, if he heard not!" or that "hell had enlarged itself" was the expression of a literal belief, rather than a figure borrowed from an Eastern prophet, or that it was in the clergy a blasphemous pretension to divine omniscience or divine power to assert that they "declared to men the whole counsel of God," and were "workers together with Christ." These are Scriptural phrases constantly used in the present day, and well understood by those who use them; but apparently Mr. Buckle is unfamiliar with Scriptural phraseology.

Nevertheless, when all these allowances are made, we must admit that there is enough left in that unpleasant fifth chapter to make Scotchmen blush with shame and astonishment at the religious extravagances of their country in the seventeenth century.

Multum in Parvo—The "Minima" Organ.—This new instrument has been invented and patented by Messrs. G. F. & J. Stidolph, of Ipswich. The recommendation claimed for it consists in its retaining, within the size of the ordinary piccolo piano-forte, every requisite for the performance of organ music, and adapting itself to the sphere of the drawing-room. Besides the means of varied expression, even beyond the old organs, it combines the desiderata of elegance of appearance, durability, and portability. In economizing space no sacrifice has been made of effect: we have the same or more favorable results produced with the mechanical means on a smaller scale. "This is, in fact, a pedal organ, with sixteen feet *open* diapason and a commensurate swell, within a space of seven feet, and with, in some instances, double feeders for the feet, so that it may be blown by the performer."—*London paper.*

From the Westminster Review.

ADMIRAL SIR CHARLES NAPIER.*

THE close of the year 1860 deprived England, almost at one stroke, of two of the last of her great sea-warriors. On the thirtieth of October the hero-heart of Thomas Cochrane, the gallant Dundonald, ceased to beat; and on the sixth of November Sir Charles Napier breathed his last. No one can have forgotten the peculiar thrill which passed through England when the news was made public that Lord Dundonald lay dead. Old men remembered how, nearly half a century before, the extraordinary feats of successful daring, rendered successful by such marvelous resources of judgment, promptitude, and energy which had made Thomas Cochrane the popular hero of the age, suddenly ceased to be recorded, and the career of the great seaman, so far as England was concerned, paused in its midst, never to be resumed. Between the last service which Cochrane rendered to his country and the day of his quiet death at Kensington, more than the duration of an ordinary working lifetime intervened. The existing generation had nearly forgotten the favorite hero of their fathers; or if they were familiar with his deeds and his wrongs, perhaps many were scarcely aware that up to the thirtieth of October, 1860, the old sea-warrior was living quietly, and occupying himself industriously, in the vicinity of Hyde Park. Old animosities, national as well as personal, had quite died out in the mean time; new political alliances had been formed, and old bonds dissevered; new battles had been fought which dimmed the memory of past victories; an entirely new system of operation and of warfare had sprung up in that branch of the service which once employed the genius and the daring of Lord Cochrane. There was something of a penitent feeling throughout England when the news went abroad that one who had served her so well, and reaped such slender reward, was at rest after such a stirring career. "In England," wrote the incomparable French satirist, "it is thought a good thing every now and then to shoot an Admiral, to encourage the others." Perhaps there was a kind of impression abroad, among those who knew his story, that something of this peculiar species of encouragement had been offered to future naval heroes in the person of Lord Dundonald. The nation hurried to heap what honors it might upon the coffin of the dead hero; and the scene which took place on the day when the ashes of Dundonald were laid in Westminster Abbey was one not easily to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Energetic efforts were at once made to prepare a national monument, and before long, we trust, some memorial worthy of the country will arise to mark the spot where now only a stone slab, and the simple name of Thomas Cochrane, informs the stranger that beneath his feet the gallant heart of Dundonald has moldered into the dust.

It was, as we have said, immediately after the death of Lord Dundonald, and while his body was still above the earth —many days, indeed, before the ceremony of his interment—that the newspapers announced the end of Charles Napier. It was no slight tribute to the character and the public estimation of the latter that his death created so great a sensation, although coming as it did so close upon that of Dundonald. The death of Sir Charles Napier was an event for which no one was prepared. The close of the session of parliament—only two months before—had left him apparently in full vigor and activity. Only that very summer it had become known that, wearying of inactivity, and warming up for any great cause, the stout old Admiral had tendered his services to Garibaldi and the cause of Italy, before the final expulsion of the King from Naples. Although an old man, there was not much of the peculiar debility of age about Charles Na-

* *The Life and Correspondence of Admiral Sir Charles Napier.* By Major-General ELERS NAPIER. London: Hurst & Blackett.

pier. He was lame, but the lameness dated from far younger days and from daring exploits. His exuberant mental energy seemed as great as it could ever have been. He seemed indeed to have attained that point, reached apparently by one or two of our great public men, when time ceases to mar any more the frame which has stood out so stoutly against him, and interferes no further to help the hand of death. Therefore, while many people wondered that Dundonald had lived so long, most persons were surprised to find that sturdy old Charles Napier was gone so soon.

Dundonald had for long years been to Englishmen but a memory or shadow; Napier was an active living presence, his face, figure, and manner thoroughly familiar to most of us. Few Londoners who took any interest whatever in public men were unacquainted with the external characteristics and bodily presence of the old Admiral. Certainly no one who was in the habit of frequenting the House of Commons, its lobby, its corridors, or its smoking-room, could have failed to obtain a familiarity with the appearance and the personal peculiarities of Charles Napier. Few men more regularly attended the House than he did. He was rarely absent for a whole night from his place. He was generally to be seen about the hour when real business set in, hobbling up the floor of the House, leaning on his stick, holding his great broad-brimmed hat (which he invariably took off on entering) in his hand, and wearing the brass-buttoned coat and white-duck trowsers which we seem to identify with his presence. He sat upon the front bench of the independent Liberals just below the gangway, and next to the seat occupied by another brave old Paladin, Sir De Lacy Evans. Down to the very close of his last session he continued to make his appearance as usual; and only three or four days before the adjournment delivered an energetic speech upon the subject of national fortifications which was then occupying parliamentary attention. He was respected and admired in the House for his personal character, although his faults, which lay upon the surface, were no where more perceptible than there. He was always listened to with attention, although he frequently tried the patience of his hearers, and although it was sometimes not without a shudder that members saw him rise in his place, put on his spectacles, pull out some great bundle of papers and methodically arrange himself for an allocution which unquestionable experience proved would be a long one, and which impatience or interruption could only lengthen. It is almost superfluous to say that he was not a good speaker in the parliamentary or platform sense of the word. But he had a plain, energetic, vigorous manner which made him always intelligible, always impressive, and sometimes in an indescribable way almost eloquent. Not unfrequently he produced peals of laughter by the sudden introduction of some thoroughly nautical expression; indeed, it must be owned in various instances by the interjection of some vehement nautical adjuration rapped out with the genuine intonation of the quarter-deck. We shall have to speak casually of his parliamentary career, and the objects to which he mainly devoted it, hereafter. For the present it is sufficient to say, that he was listened to and respected in the House of Commons, not merely because of the sense of his long services, not merely because of his naval position and personal character, but also because he had the merit, prized almost beyond all others in that House, that he only spoke on subjects which he understood, and always thoroughly knew what he was talking about. His loss was therefore felt in the House, and although his career there had not been very long or very continuous, there was a general sense of something missed which ought to be present when the opening of the session of 1861 showed that the place of Charles Napier knew him no more.

It has fallen to the lot of his adopted son, Major-General Elers Napier, to write the life of the brave old Admiral. Let us say in the outset, that the work is carefully and conscientiously done. From a biography thus produced we do not expect a rigid impartiality. Many questions affecting the judgment and naval skill of Sir Charles Napier have raised warm debate in England; and upon some of these it would be impossible that a relative so closely attached could pronounce a thoroughly impartial opinion. But if there be any partiality in the work before us, it is only the natural leaning toward one so loved and admired; it is not an exaltation of the subject of the biography by the unjust depreciation of others. That Sir Charles Napier had many and grave

faults of judgment and temper, it would be scarcely possible to deny. His relative and biographer hardly, indeed, denies them; but he could not be expected to criticise them and their consequences with the perfect rigor of impartiality. It is certainly not to the discredit of Major-General Napier that he seems to claim for his relative a somewhat higher rank among the naval heroes of Britain than posterity will probably feel inclined to award him. It may always remain a matter of question whether any man who ever lived possessed a more consummate capacity, a more perfect genius, for naval warfare than Lord Dundonald. He never had the opportunity of achieving that greatness which his wonderful exploits, performed with little scope and under many difficulties, led the world to believe him capable of. But the world has, we think, full material on which to form a precise judgment as to the rank which the late Charles Napier may claim among the great English Admirals. We do not think we form a hasty or an ungenerous conclusion, when we express an opinion that the place thus assigned by history, distinguished and conspicuous although it unquestionably must be, will be at least a grade lower than that awarded to the late Thomas Cochrane.

But the biography of such a man as Charles Napier is a very welcome and a very valuable addition to the history of the age. As a mere story, such a work may form a study over which the coming generation will hang with delight. It will be the study of a character which perhaps abounded most in just those qualities it is the tendency of ordinary civilization and city life to discourage and depress; and the tendency of every age is sure to have so much predominance of its own, that some counteracting influences of example must operate beneficially. Exuberant energy and absolute self-reliance, with all or most of the corollary defects of these qualities, could scarcely be more fully personified than in the biography now before us.

Charles Napier was born on the sixth of March, 1786, at his father's residence, Merchiston Hall, near Falkirk, in the county of Stirling. He was the second son of the Hon. Captain Charles Napier, himself a seaman. In his early boyhood he attended the classes of the High School of Edinburgh, and, we are told by his biographer, evinced the warmest partiality, even then, for the sea, spending all his leisure moments in building miniature ships and boats. His father had a decided objection to Charles ever entering the navy, and opposed the wish of his son as strongly as the father of Thomas Cochrane opposed the future sailor's early predilections. The objection, however, was got over in the instance of Charles Napier as well as in that of Cochrane, and at thirteen years of age, the subject of our memoir entered the Renown, seventy-four-gun vessel of war, as a midshipman. He was to have joined his ship by taking passage in the Martin, a government sloop then lying in Leith Roads; but owing to some delay in the sailing of that vessel, he went in a coasting brig to London, and thence to Spithead, where the Renown lay. It was well for the young midshipman that chance so directed his first trip. The Martin put to sea soon after, and presently disappeared forever into darkness. Whether she struck somewhere, leaked, and finally foundered, or whether, as some have conjectured, she caught fire and burned to the water's edge when out at sea, has never become known. She sailed from Leith and never came into any port; and, happily for him and fortunately for the naval history of his day, young Charles Napier was not one of her passengers. Our hero is described by the present Sir Augustus Clifford, then for a short time a midshipman on board the Renown, as, at this period of his life, "a fine, sturdy, energetic boy, small for his age, but active and very strong."

Those were days when a sailor had plenty of chances for the acquirement of all the duties of his profession. England may be described as having been, about the period of Napier's early services, in a condition of chronic warfare. Perhaps we never again shall see captains of the Cochrane and Napier stamp—perhaps no Englishman will ever again have the same opportunities for the development of individual capacity in that special direction. If we could see the slightest prospect of the world's settling speedily down to more pacific habits, and more friendly international relations, we might gladly record the disappearance from history of the old British sea-king race. But Europe has seen as much of war from 1848 to 1861 as during almost any equal period

of her history. It is not to the growth of a reign of peace that we owe the non-appearance of new Nelsons, Collingwoods, or Napiers: it is not merely because during recent years we have had no great naval engagements that no great captains of the Dundonald stamp have indicated their existence. Our sea-warriors will for the future be men of a different type. Steam, gunnery, and science, as expanded in our present generation, will soon remove from the navy its specialty for developing those extraordinary resources of individual energy, daring, and expedient, which made a great captain in the days of the Impérieuse or the saucy Arethusa. As the greatest of generals during recent generations differs from Gustavus Adolphus, or Alexander of Parma, so will England's naval heroes in the future differ from Cochrane and Napier. The qualities to insure success will be quite other qualities than the personal energy, daring, and fertility of expedient, by which Dundonald so often converted despair into hope, and at the very ultimate moment extorted victory from reluctant fate. The change which has been long since accomplished in the military service must very soon fulfill itself in the navy. If La Gloire and the Warrior ever, in the evil chances of fortune, come to an engagement, victory will declare herself in obedience to quite other tactics and principles of action than those which made the triumph of Trafalgar or the Nile.

But Charles Napier lived in the old days, when personal courage and genius still ruled the waves. He saw a goodly amount of active service during his first years in the navy. The Renown sailed as part of a squadron to act upon the western coast of France, and her boats were actively engaged in several keen and spirited affairs. The *vates sacer* of the *Gazette* did not indeed record the deeds which a midshipman performed in these engagements, but we may conclude with the biographer, that Charles Napier did not fail to act a becoming and gallant part. The Renown afterward proceeded to Ferrol, an expedition which proved a failure; and thence the squadron sailed for the Mediterranean, cruising chiefly off Cadiz or Toulon, under Lord Keith, until the Peace of Amiens in 1802. The first Admiralty record of Charles Napier's doings under fire is in reference to the assisting of the garrison of Porte Ferrajo, in the island of Elba, in 1801.

After the renewal of the war with France, Napier was transferred to the Egyptienne, a forty-four-gun frigate taken from the French. During six months of active employment in the channel and off the coast of France, this vessel made several captures, and Charles Napier began more and more to learn the warlike part of his profession. During this period of his history an incident occurs which indicates the temperament of the youth, and shows him *iracundus*, *acer*, then as in the later days when even in peace he made hot war upon somebody—now on Sir James Graham, and now on Lord John Russell, and again on Lord Clarence Paget. The captain of the Egyptienne used some language toward Napier which, although only a midshipman, the latter considered unduly dictatorial and haughty, and therefore regarded as an offense. He could not, however, in the position he then held seek the satisfaction for which he longed. But he nursed his wrath until the first opportunity, although it did not come for years. Finding himself at last in a position of independence and equality as regarded his former captain, he sent a message to the latter, recalling the insult of past days and insisting upon a hostile meeting. The meeting did actually take place, but by the intervention of the seconds something like a reconciliation was arranged, and no shots were exchanged.

We need not follow Charles Napier through the course of his services on board the Mediator, the Renommée, and the Courageux. In November, 1807, he received his first command. He was then promoted to the rank of acting commander, and received the charge of the brig Pultusk. With this vessel he performed one or two exploits by no means inconsiderable. In August, 1808, he was removed into the Recruit; and in the September following had a smart action with the Diligente, French corvette, off Antigua. The enemy finally escaped, but the action became somewhat memorable from the fact that the young commander had his thigh broken by a shot, and was thus visited with a lameness which never entirely left him. It was in the Recruit that he performed such service in chasing, retarding, and annoying

the French vessel D'Haupoult, that on the surrender of the French admiral to the British squadron, the former paid a very handsome compliment to Napier and his little craft. On delivering up his sword, the French admiral asked the name of the vessel which had so harassed and pursued him, and being told that she was called the Recruit or Conscript, he replied, says the biographer, "with a sad smile and a shake of the head, *Recruit?* —no, that no conscript—that one very old soldier."

After this comes a brief pause in Napier's naval career. He did not receive from the Admiralty the command which he expected, although he was allowed to retain the rank of post-captain, conferred upon him for his services by Sir Alexander Cochrane. He returned therefore to Scotland, attended the University of Edinburgh, and studied modern languages, history, chemistry, and mathematics. Being asked whether he would not also attend the lectures on moral philosophy, then given by an eminent professor, Napier, we are told, replied, characteristically: "I can't say that I know exactly what moral philosophy means, but whatever it is, I'll have a rap at it."

During his stay in Scotland he became an ardent and fearless, although not perhaps very accomplished or graceful rider, and had many a gallop after the hounds. Smollett would probably have been surprised could he have heard the remark made by Sir Charles Napier's biographer, to the effect that every sailor is in these days a bold rider. In the time of Commodore Trunnion and Lieutenant Hawser, the seaman had not attained this reputation.

But Charles Napier was not a man who could long devote himself to the study of moral philosophy, or even the somewhat more congenial pursuits of the hunting-field. Weary of a shore-going life, "not having," in his own words, "interest to get employed and unwilling to be idle," he cast about him for some scene of action in harmony with his adventurous tastes. Naturally enough his mind fixed upon the army in Portugal, under the command of Lord Wellington. He had more than one reason for desiring to see some of the sights then tempting adventurers and idlers to that part of the world. In the first place, he belonged, even in his earliest years, to that race of beings now fast fading, we do not grieve to say, off the earth, who liked fighting of any kind for mere fighting's sake. "Charley Napier," says an old messmate, "was never thoroughly happy unless seated astride a four-and-twenty pounder, with shot and shell whistling about his ears!" From felicity of this kind he was very unwilling to absent himself awhile; and Wellington's campaigns seemed to offer him the most favorable chance then attainable any where upon earth. But he had another reason too—for he wished to pay a visit to his cousins, that band of renowned and heroic brothers, then attached to Lord Wellington's army, each of whom was afterward to achieve a distinct individual celebrity of his own. George Napier was then a captain in the Fifty-second Light Infantry; William, the historian of the Peninsular War, held equal rank in the Forty-third; both these regiments were attached to the Light Division; and Charles, the future conqueror of Scinde, had obtained a few months of absence after the events of Corunna, and joined Lord Wellington's army as an amateur.

Charles Napier, the seaman, landed at Oporto in September, 1810, and in time to be present at the memorable battle of Busaco. Immediately on landing he made for the head-quarters of the British army, and arrived "late on the night of the 25th September, 1810, tired out, and nearly famished, at the bivouac-fire on the hights of Busaco, round which, in various attitudes, reclined a group of British officers, amongst whom he easily recognized his three brother-cousins, Charles, George, and William Napier." There is something peculiarly attractive and picturesque about this meeting of the Napiers around the camp-fire. A painter might select a far less striking subject than the moment of greeting, when the young seaman, thus unexpectedly arrived, was recognized by his heroic group of cousins on the hights of Busaco.

Charles Napier staid to see the whole of the action, and to be delighted with the more brilliant, varying, and comprehensive aspect of war, as it shows itself on land. He witnessed the scenes which took place during the two following days until the close of the great Busaco action, in the company, principally, of his namesake, the future hero of Scinde. Indeed, during some of the preliminary

skirmishes, he received a wound in the leg. On the 27th, the day of the battle of Busaco, the pair were in the thickest of the fight. Our Charles Napier accompanied the army of Lord Wellington in his retreat to the famous lines of Torres Vedras, within which he remained until the month of November following. He was a frequent guest at Wellington's table, and amused the conqueror not a little by the simplicity and *brusque* energy of his remarks. Napier did not much appreciate, at this time, the consummate skill of Wellington's tactics, and could hardly understand why the army should remain so quietly entrenched behind its unassailable lines, while its French adversaries were so close at hand. Napier had then, and since, the same faith in a sudden rush upon an enemy as Garibaldi has in the present day. From a letter written by his cousin, Charles Napier, we learn that "Lord Wellington lately said to him, (our Charles Napier,) 'I could easily beat the French, but England has no other army, and it would cost me ten thousand men; so we must have prudence, and fight when they must lose men, and we not.'"

It was probably during these brief campaigning experiences that Napier acquired the taste for operating on land which he afterward so strikingly displayed. His ambition appears to us to have led him more to the career of a soldier than to that of a sailor. In Portugal, and in Syria, the exploits which he performed with apparently the most delight to himself were those in which he assumed the soldier's part, and led a band of followers to a bayonet-charge over rock or sand, and to the rout of a suprised enemy who had believed their position unassailable. The days of Prince Rupert or General Monk would have very well suited Black Charles, (as the Napier cousins used to call him,) when the hero who had led a cavalry charge to-day might direct the maneuvers of a squadron to-morrow.

In 1811, Napier was appointed to the Thames, a thirty-two-gun frigate, and was employed in the Mediterranean, chiefly on the coast of Calabria. He had a sort of roving commission to harass the enemy as much as he could; and this was just the kind of service in which he delighted. During his adventures here he captured the island of Ponza—an exploit to which he always looked back with great pride, and which furnished him with a *nom de guerre* of which he was no little vain. As Don Carlos de Ponza he assumed the command of the Portuguese fleet, twenty years after; and as Carlos de Ponza he drew up a tender of his services to Garibaldi twenty-six years still nearer to our own time.

After the capture of Ponza, Napier was appointed to the Euryalus, a vessel of much superior capacity to the Thames, and was engaged in the blockade of Toulon.

When the war with France terminated so far, in 1814, by the overthrow of Napoleon, Captain Napier was appointed to take part in the expedition up the Potomac, the government having determined to bring the struggle then going on with America to as prompt a close as possible. Napier, with his Euryalus, was the second in command of the Potomac expedition; and has himself left to the public a very vivid, and even to unprofessional readers, a very intellligible account of the intricate and difficult nature of the undertaking, and the manner in which the difficulties were met and conquered. In this expedition, and in the subsequent operations against Baltimore, Captain Napier rendered the most signal service. The commander of the Potomac expedition said in his dispatch: "To Captain Napier I owe more obligations than I have words to express." The government fully appreciated the results of the operations, but unaccountably overlooked the services of the second in command. While various promotions and honors were distributed to other officers engaged in the affair, "Captain Napier," says his relative and biographer, "received nothing for his exertions but a shot in the neck." In June, 1815, however, he received the Companionship of the Bath. Shortly after, the Euryalus was paid off, Napier married a lady to whom he had been long attached, and a blank of many years took place in his career of active naval service.

Those years comprised some peaceful seasons of domestic happiness in England and in the neighborhood of Paris, and a long course of incessant traveling through France, Italy, and Switzerland. During this tour, which was accomplished, characteristically enough, in an enormous traveling-carriage, driven four-in-hand by Napier himself, and by him styled "the three-decker," our gallant Captain achiev-

ed, we believe, the only poetic feat which it was given to his varied career to master. It was when visiting the island of St. Pierre, the favorite retreat of Jean Jacques Rousseau, that the heroic sailor received the first and last inspiring visit from the muse. In the Stranger's-book of the little hotel the visitor may read the following lines:

"The English, who travel more than all other nations together,
Collect in great towns to enjoy the delights of the weather.
But here in this isle, formed for love and delight,
Few seem to have soul to pass even the night!
They come but their names to inscribe in the room of Rousseau,
Take a short walk, and away from the island they go.
Returning to England, they talk of the beauties they've seen,
And drive other fools to follow the course they have been.
The writer of this, known by the name of Mad Charley ——,
Passed a whole week in the island of St. Pierre.
Its charms and its beauties ne'er his senses could pall;
He'd sooner live here than at Merchiston Hall!"

Over rhythm and rhyme Captain Napier appears to have dashed with as little regard for appearance or for consequences as over a hedge on the back of a hunter, or through the rigging of a chase when at the head of his boarders. His solitary specimen of the poetic, we fear, does not equal even the immemorial scrap which fame assigns to Julius Cæsar.

Napier was never idle. He engaged himself, even while on his travels, in plans for reforming the Board of Admiralty, and improving the discipline and character of the navy—improvements and reforms then, indeed, most painfully needed, and even yet by no means fully accomplished. Some of his suggestions have since been carried into effect; others were still receiving his persevering and energetic advocacy up to the last month of his public service in the House of Commons. He always advocated earnestly such a fundamental alteration in the constitution of the Board of Admiralty as would render it independent of the changes of Ministry — a measure which is still believed to be a most needful reform by many who are well qualified to pronounce an opinion.

Sometimes in descriptions of engagements at sea, stormings of forts, runnings ashore, cuttings out, quarter-deck life, colonial scenes, and even "dignity balls" in Barbadoes—Napier exercised a fluent and a dashing pen by constant contributions to the *United Service Magazine*. He also entered largely, and we regret to say very unsuccessfully, into speculations for the navigation of the river Seine by iron steamers. He suggested, and himself applied and adopted, plans for the adaptation of paddles to be worked by winches to vessels of war. In the rare moments when he had actually nothing else to do, he corresponded largely with his friends, and, indeed, appears to have been a very model correspondent; for during his most active days of dangerous and harassing service afloat and ashore, he always found spare moments in which to write long and frequent letters to family, relatives, friend, and mere acquaintances. The motto of St. Aldegonde, "*Repose ailleurs*," seems to have been the principle upon which, through the whole of his busy and restless life, this stout seaman always acted. Idleness or inactivity would seem to have been for him not merely a punishment, but an impossibility.

In the year 1830, Napier, being then in command of the Galatea, forty-two guns, was dispatched to Lisbon upon the delicate and important mission of demanding satisfaction from the *de facto* government of Don Miguel for the seizure of certain ships off the Western Islands, together with a restitution of the vessels detained. "In this position so novel," says a recent French writer, Baron de Suacre, quoted by Napier's biographer, "he exhibited such self-command and dexterity, as to insure the success of his mission. He obtained by his negotiations the satisfaction which was demanded by his government, whilst the French, who had equal claims on Don Miguel, were compelled to have recourse to hostilities in order to obtain their ends." Napier, indeed, was generally very proud of his diplomatic feats, the peculiar skill of which consisted, we suspect, in the frankness with which the downright sailor at once announced his demands and his *ultimatum*, and the distinctness with which he made it understood that

he must have what he claimed. Indeed, his biographer, although naturally not disposed to diminish any of his gallant relative's claims to admiration, makes a *naïve* remark upon this passage of our hero's life, which seems to betray a half-conscious appreciation of the secret of Charles Napier's diplomatic successes. "Captain Napier," says his biographer, "was successful in this his first attempt at diplomacy, exemplifying the old saying, that the best diplomatist—the one most readily enforcing attention and respect—is a British man-of-war." But Napier's first diplomatic exploit had important results for himself and for the government with which he had to treat.

The struggle between the Constitutionalists of Portugal, supporting the claims of the Queen, Donna Maria de Gloria, and the upholders of Don Miguel, soon assumed an active and earnest character. At one period the Azores, or Western Isles, alone afforded some few stand-points retained by the followers of the Queen under the leadership of Don Pedro. Count Villa Flor, afterward Duke of Terceira, had succeeded by bold and determined measures in becoming master of the Azores, in the name of Donna Maria. During the attack upon some of the islands, it was thought necessary by the British government that the interests of British merchants should be protected, and the Galatea, under Napier's command, was dispatched from Spithead for the purpose, on the seventeenth of May, 1831. Napier arrived at the scene of struggle in June, and remained for about two months looking after British interests during the contest between the Constitutionalists and the upholders of Don Miguel. Here he became acquainted with the Duke of Terceira and the leaders of the Constitutional or Pedroite party, and here he formed those connections which led him to take so important a part in the struggle for the succession of Portugal and the dethronement of Don Miguel.

Napier, upon his return to England, kept up his correspondence with the leaders of the Constitutional party, and frequently urged upon them the wisdom of bringing the contest to a close by a dash upon Lisbon. An emissary from the Constitutionalists arrived in London in September, 1832, to press upon the British government the cause of the young Queen, and Captain Napier rendered him active assistance in procuring and fitting out some vessels. The result of these facts was, that an offer was finally made to Napier to accept the command of the Constitutional fleet, and after a variety of negotiations had been gone through, and several difficulties got over, he decided upon accepting the post. He took upon this occasion, for the purpose of evading the penalties of the Foreign Enlistment Act, the *nom de guerre* of Carlos de Ponza, derived, as we have already said, from one of his early achievements. On the fifteenth of June, 1833, Napier wrote to his wife from on board the Rainha (where he had hoisted his flag) off Oporto—"The fate of Portugal will be decided in six weeks." He kept his word; for the fate of Portugal in that struggle may fairly be said to have been decided by the battle off Cape St. Vincent, and the victory of St. Vincent was won on the fifth of July, 1833.

It seems almost superfluous to speak of the preliminary difficulties which Napier had to encounter before he reached the critical moment of hand-to-hand struggle. Divided councils, deficient means, hesitating purposes, undisciplined crews, ragged Falstaffian bands of followers—every one wanting to be master, and no one willing to follow—every one having his own pet way of winning the game, and reluctant to give a chance to any other; these are some of the characteristics of every struggle which has to be carried on in the same way, and under the same difficulties as that of the Constitutionalists against Don Miguel. *De facto* almost invariably possesses in the opening of a contest all the advantages over *de jure* which resources, discipline, and clear perception of its own purpose can give. Against these disadvantages *de jure* can only oppose popular enthusiasm (which, while victory remained undecided, was not perhaps very clearly manifested in the Portuguese cause) and such a special combination of daring, energy, command, and readiness as Charles Napier brought to the aid of the side he championed.

With his fleet, such as it was, Napier put to sea on the second of July to look out for the squadron of Don Miguel. Napier had three frigates, a schooner and a brig. On the third of July he came in sight of the fleet of Don Miguel, which consisted of two line-of-battle ships, two

frigates, three large corvettes, two brigs, and a smaller vessel. The superiority of the Miguelite fleet was even greater in numbers of men and in weight of metal than would appear from the bare enumeration of the vessels engaged on either side. Circumstances prevented Napier's closing with his enemy until the fifth, when he seized his opportunity and went at once into action. It was a desperate hand-to-hand encounter. "Being satisfied," says one who took part in it, "that one hundred and seventy-six guns could not fight three hundred and seventy-two, every man looked to his sword as the weapon by which the victory must be won. We were determined to win it." Not a shot was fired from either side until Napier's fleet were within four hundred yards of the sternmost ship of the enemy's weather-line, and then the Miguelites poured in a tremendous fire. The Rainha frigate, Napier's vessel, was immediately by his orders laid alongside the Rainha liner, the Miguelite ship of war—(the similarity of names is a somewhat curious coïncidence)—and Napier himself, with his young step-son, another Charles, and followed by his boarders, scrambled from their small frigate on board the line-of-battle ship, and after a fierce cutlass fight captured her in somewhat less than a quarter of an hour. Before many minutes the battle was all over—decided by the astonishing *élan* and resolution of the Constitutionalists, who found themselves in possession of two heavily-armed ships of the line, one frigate, and a corvette of eighteen guns. "I hope my friends in England," said Napier, writing to his wife the morning after the victory, "will allow that I have done the business well; three frigates, a schooner, and a brig, to take two sail of the line and two frigates, is no bad day's work." Next day the captors and the captured entered the Lagos Bay. Napier, for this conspicuous service, received the personal thanks of Don Pedro, who assured him that "he had placed the queen upon the throne," the Admiralty-in-chief of the Portuguese fleet, and the title of Viscount Cape St. Vincent—a title which, however, he never assumed in England, and which the British government, in answer to his subsequent application, declined, not very unreasonably, to allow him to bear at home.

Lisbon surrendered, and the victorious Admiral entered the Tagus in triumph. The enthusiasm of the populace when the Miguelites abandoned the city was immense, and Napier's entrance was a kind of triumphal procession. In the fervor of the moment he was hailed as the liberator of Portugal. Nor did the praise seem exaggerated, for although the naval victory was not the immediate cause of the abandonment of Lisbon, yet it was a great contributing impulse even toward that event, and there can be no possible doubt that it was the decisive moment which settled to all practical purposes the issue of the struggle. Many chances and circumstances might have subsequently prolonged the contest beyond the time it actually lasted; but it seems impossible to doubt that the splendid success of Napier's audacious attempt upon the Miguelite fleet sealed the fate of the Miguelite cause.

We do not mean to follow the history of the Portuguese war of succession, which was closed by the quadruple alliance, signed on the twenty-third of April, 1834, between England, France, Spain, and Portugal. Donna Maria's right to the throne of Portugal was formally acknowledged, England and France binding themselves to sustain it if needful by force of arms. On the twenty-sixth of May Don Miguel capitulated, and the struggle was over. But we should merely call attention to the fact that Napier performed other services for the cause he had espoused besides the capture of the Miguelite fleet; that he undertook, on his own account, what he called "a little campaign" in the northern provinces, in which, impatient at the delay of the Constitutionalists to take decisive measures, he captured two seaport towns and two fortresses. He received but slender encouragement when undertaking this extraordinary enterprise, which he accomplished with forces almost ludicrously disproportionate and ill-appointed; and had he failed he might have met with a very unpleasant reception from the government in whose cause, although not with their sanction, he ventured on this tour of amateur soldiering. It would be impossible to deny that during his services in Portugal, Napier exhibited not merely that courage and promptitude which were expected of him, but a number of other characteristics eminently fitting a man for command under trying and difficult cir-

cumstances, and which probably few even of his closest friends had ever looked to see him thus develop. It is not surprising that Napier always looked back with pride and pleasure to this period of his career. It was that passage of his life which won the most glory, undimmed by cavil. Even his Syrian exploits were made the theme of much disputation, criticism, and censure; but the successes which he won during his short Portuguese career had the rare good fortune to be acknowledged alike by enemies and by friends. Perhaps, had they been less warmly acknowledged, it might have been much better for Napier's subsequent career. Such extraordinary feats of victory are not often to be repeated, and his is a dangerous and precarious reputation which rests upon a renown thus acquired. An ordinary admiral would have quitted the Baltic during the Crimean war with credit and even honor, had he returned home as Charles Napier did. But the British public were furious against their too celebrated admiral, because he could not find the opportunity of performing in the service of Queen Victoria the feats he had accomplished in the cause of Donna Maria; because he could not enact upon the walls of Cronstadt and Sweaborg the *tableaux* of triumph which he had accomplished upon the fleet of Don Miguel.

An interval of peace ensued in the life of Napier. He returned from Portugal, and again essayed to obtain an entrance into the House of Commons. We say again, for during a previous interval he had made an unsuccessful attempt upon the borough of Portsmouth. Like Dundonald, he was strongly ambitious of a parliamentary career — chiefly, however, in the hope of advancing the views of naval and admiralty reform which he cherished. In 1834, he canvassed Portsmouth once more; but the interest of government candidates appearing too powerful, he retired from the field without attempting a hopeless and vexatious contest. He commenced his first attempt at a book, *The History of the War of the Succession in Portugal*, and he published in various newspapers and magazines, the letters upon impressment, upon the best mode of manning the navy, on promotion, and kindred subjects, which were for the most part reïssued subsequently in his work entitled *The State of the Navy*. Despite the painful vehemence and personal acrimony which characterized most of his writings on such themes as these, it can not be denied that Napier offered very many valuable suggestions for the improvement of the service, most of which he lived to see carried into effect. It was the misfortune of Napier's temper, that he always personified an abuse or an objection. In any defective arrangement of the naval service, he only saw the malignant perverseness or the stolid immovability of the First Lord; in any objection raised to one of his own suggestions or arguments, he discovered a personal enemy of Charles Napier. This peculiarity of temper and the mode of conducting a dispute which it engendered, prevented the recognition of many of Napier's best suggestions until other advocates had taken them up; and, indeed, caused many people to overlook altogether the great ability and practical knowledge of the man himself, and to see in him only an arrogant, egotistic, vain-glorious, crotchety grievance-monger. Some of his views on naval affairs are even yet ahead of the growth of public opinion; some of them have been already passed by, although singularly advanced when we consider the time at which they were propounded, and the source from whence they came. The system of corporal punishment Napier detested. He did not, indeed, under the existing circumstances of the service, see his way to advocating its entire and immediate abolition; but he had no faith in its general efficacy; he preferred adopting almost any other means of maintaining discipline; he stoutly championed several mitigations of the system; and he looked forward to the time when it might be reformed altogether. Afloat, Napier was a strict and even a stern disciplinarian, but he was the kind of man whom crews respect and love; for his personal attention and his personal interest in every man who served under him, were just the qualities which seamen prize in a commander.

In 1837 Napier stood for Greenwich as a Reformer, political and naval, and was defeated. We may presume that he soon began to grow tired of life ashore, uncheckered by any more stirring event than an election contest. Even during this quiescent interval he had been forming many schemes for once more breaking away into active life, and had very se-

riously contemplated giving his services to the Constitutional cause in Spain, which had obtained the military coöperation of his friend, the present General Sir De Lacy Evans. Opportunity, however, soon arose for him to occupy himself in a field where the service was less harassing, and probably brought more glory—certainly, more gratitude.

In 1838 Napier was appointed to the command of the Powerful, eighty-four guns, and was shortly afterward ordered to join Sir Robert Stopford's squadron in the Levant. Then commenced the series of exploits which Napier has himself recorded in his *War in Syria.*

The circumstances which led to England's taking action in the struggle between the Ottoman government and the Pasha of Egypt are too well known to need minute recapitulation. The restless ambition, the energy, and the talents of Mehemet Ali rendered him a terrible enemy to the Porte, his nominal suzerain. He had determined upon seizing and retaining Syria, and had, through his son, Ibraham Pasha, obtained from time to time such signal advantages over the Turkish armies, that at one period nothing seemed to intervene which could prevent his march straight upon Scutari. Russia, appealed to by the Porte, sent a squadron into the Bosphorus, and negotiations took place which staved off the aggressive action of Mehemet Ali for a while; but only for a while. His severe measures in Syria—which was made over to him as part of his pashalic—caused a native insurrection to break out: there seemed every prospect that he would take advantage of the occasion which the repression afforded to secure his entire independence of the Porte, if not, indeed, to further his schemes upon the throne of Constantinople itself. In this situation of affairs, further complicated by the sudden death of the Sultan, and the elevation to the throne of the boy Abdul Medjid, (the late sovereign of the Ottoman empire,) England, Russia, Austria, and Prussia intervened, France at this point declining to coërce Mehemet Ali, for the protection of the integrity of Turkey.

We are at present interested merely in Napier's share of the war. Circumstances threw him into a very prominent position; and, indeed, only very strong restraining influence could have kept him at this period from taking a prominent position where an active struggle was proceeding. He effected a landing at D'Jounie Bay, on the coast of Syria, and with a force of marines and of Turks proceeded to an attack upon Sidon. One of the Turkish officers under his orders, then Omar Bey, has since made his name famous through the world as the foremost hero of the earlier stages of the late Eastern war. The storming of Sidon was accomplished in about five hours. The storming force consisted of nine hundred allies and five hundred Turks; the town was protected by a fort and a citadel, its line of wall being defended by twenty-seven hundred men, who were nearly all taken prisoners. Regarding the share which Napier personally took in the storming of Sidon, there has been much disputation. In his usual *brusque* and somewhat vain-glorious manner, he describes himself almost as another Coriolanus; and the boast, "alone I did it," naturally provoked remonstrance and anger. That Napier did not actually take the most prominent, or, at all events, the first prominent part in the storming operations themselves, seemed to result clearly enough from the discussion which followed. But that his personal counsels and personal energy created the series of operations, of which the storming of Sidon was a part appears to us altogether beyond controversy. When, therefore, Napier represented himself as having stormed the town of Sidon, he may not unreasonably have thought that he was justified in attributing to himself a success which he had prepared and planned, and which even in the very operation itself he mainly helped to accomplish.

Here, too, as in Portugal, he set about a little campaign on his own account. He advanced into the mountains at the head of a very queerly-appointed and indiscriminate "army," and routed the Egyptians in several encounters. In the affair of Boharsef he attacked the mountain position of Ibraham Pasha himself, and by a desperate bayonet charge dislodged the formidable warrior and the troops whom the Turkish soldiers had come to regard as almost invincible. Napier may fairly be said to have won this battle himself; for only his indomitable energy and headlong daring could have induced some of his followers to attempt such an exploit. The phrase "followers" does not very correctly describe the rela-

tions which sometimes existed between soldiers and commander. For it not uncommonly happened in those mountain skirmishes that Napier's Turkish troops lost heart, and that the commander had to drive his men to the charge before him with a cudgel, a bayonet, or even a handful of stones. But the Admiral's biographer altogether repudiates the story of Napier's having ridden to his Syrian victories mounted on a donkey. Wherever he rode, he bestrode, we are told, a splendid gray charger. But we fear the fable has taken too strong a hold upon the public mind to be dislodged by any truthfulness of confutation. We still persist in believing that the Duke of Wellington did say, "Up, Guards, and at them!" and, despite of Admiral Robinson, we hold to Nelson's signaled expectation that every man will do his duty. So we can not hold out any hope to Major-General Napier that his contradiction will at all efface from the public mind the familiar picture of his gallant relative trotting to battle across the Syrian sands in his shirt-sleeves, in a straw hat, and mounted on a donkey, which he urges to activity with a cudgel.

The siege of Acre, at which Napier assisted, and in which, indeed, he bore practically the leading part, was the concluding exploit of this war. This affair, we need hardly remind any reader, led to an amount of disputation about the manner in which Napier obeyed the orders of his chief, and the manner in which he placed his ship, which it would be utterly unprofitable to enter upon. It is enough to note the fact that the capture of Acre took place after a bombardment of about three hours. Then, having begun the war, Napier resolved to end it. With a characteristic audacity, he made a Convention with Mehemet Ali on his own responsibility, by which he undertook to insure to the ambitious chief his reïnstatement in the government of Egpyt, on condition that Ibrahim Pasha should evacuate Syria. Diplomacy stormed and raged a good deal about this extraordinary piece of amateur negotiation. "I shall either," wrote Napier jocularly, "be hanged by the government for this, or made a bishop." But the terms of the Convention were recognized as on the whole advantageous, and Napier's Syrian services, military, naval, and diplomatic, received as much *éclat* and public approval as even his ardent and egotistic nature could desire. He thus briefly noted himself the progress of the war: "Begun by me on the 10th of September, at D'Jounie, and finished by me on the 22d of January, at Alexandria."

Napier's Syrian successes were his last great events of a brilliantly warlike character. He returned to England, and had at last the gratification to obtain a seat in Parliament at the hands of the constituency of Marylebone. Later still, he sat, as we all know, for Southwark. Meantime, he was occupied in farming, in authorship—writing the history of the Syrian war—advocating naval reforms in various publications, and on the floor of the House of Commons. He suffered a serious calamity in the loss of the gallant step-son who had fought by his side in the boarding of the Portuguese Rainha.

His parliamentary career we have already briefly noticed. It was not successful or brilliant in the sense which the debater or the government official attaches to the words. No man is influential in the House who goes in merely to advocate certain special objects, and who stands aloof from political combinations. Napier did not seek to be a successful politician, nor could he have accomplished the object if he had sought it. The House of Commons is a very jealous mistress, and will not brook divided attentions. To win a great success there, a man must be, above all other things, a member of Parliament. The lawyers, the sailors, the soldiers, who sit in the House, even when they are men of great capacity and eloquence, remain lawyers, soldiers, and sailors in Parliament, and nothing more. They are in the House, but not of it. Napier was a thorough sailor, and did not wish to be any thing else. He did not make many powerful friends—partly because of his determined adherence to any purpose he had in view; partly, it must be owned, because of his excitable temper and brusque manners. Although the tone of the House had undergone a thorough change since the days when Croker used to be put up to talk Cochrane down, yet it hardly could be expected that non-reforming officials in general should entertain a great predilection for Sir Charles Napier.

The last great chapter in the life of Napier was, as we need scarcely observe, the Baltic campaign of 1854. His bio-

grapher has entered at full length—not unreasonably, we freely admit—into the whole history of that series of events, and the dreary disputation it engendered, including even the foolish and exasperating speeches delivered by Sir Robert Peel to some after-dinner assemblies. We do not think it necessary to go over the history of events which can not yet have faded from the mind of even the most thoughtless. Enough to remind our readers that Sir Charles Napier was sent out in command of the Baltic fleet during the Russian war, and that, owing to his character for irresistible daring, his friends and admirers, insisted on believing that Cronstadt and Sweaborg would crumble at the sound of his first cannon. It is only justice to say that, so far as the public ever learned, the preliminary braggadocia was all performed by Sir Charles Napier's friends, and not by himself. Napier took command of the fleet, and from the moment of the sailing the public began to look out for the announcement of the fall of Cronstadt. Every week was expected to bring dispatches from Napier, announcing that he had dictated terms to Russia from the center of St. Petersburg. Cronstadt did not fall, Sweaborg stood firm, and the Emperor of Russia enjoyed undisturbed occupation of St. Petersburg. Napier came to the deliberate conclusion, shared in by all his naval council, and by the French naval commanders, that Cronstadt and Sweaborg were impregnable, except under certain conditions which his resources could not supply. It was obvious that, if he had made an attempt on Cronstadt, and failed, he would have subjected his fleet, in the necessarily crippled condition which would have followed the attack and the failure, to almost certain destruction from the fleet of the Russians. Two officers, one English and one French — both military men — furnished reports in favor of an attack on Sweaborg. With the deliberate judgment of himself, his admirals, and the admirals of the French fleet, pointing directly the other way, Napier did not act upon the suggestion. Until the moment when public opinion grew vehement in England, the Admiralty had always been urging and insisting that Napier should be cautious in every step he took. He therefore brought home his fleet safe, and left Sweaborg and Cronstadt unassailed. Whether by any combination of energy, daring, and good-luck, an attempt upon either could at the time have succeeded, or, even if successful, would not have led to ulterior disasters of an irreparable nature, must always remain a matter of dispute. But we think, looking calmly back upon the risks to be run, the doubtful chances of success, and the terrible, incalculable consequences of failure, it is impossible to say that Napier did not exercise a wise discretion in refusing to obey the demands which the Admiralty, goaded on by public clamor at home, began at last to substitute for the counsels of caution they had been previously enunciating. We have recently had an example in America of the danger of conducting a war in obedience to the directions and the demands of mere popular opinion. We can not think that the Admiralty of the day were guiltless of the folly of altering their counsels to suit the temper of a similar outburst of popular opinion in our own country.

Right or wrong, when Napier returned to England, his *prestige* was gone. Suppose Garibaldi, immediately after his amazing successes in Sicily and Naples, had been placed in command of an immense Italian army, and sent out to attack the Quadrilateral. Very naturally all his friends would trumpet over Europe that he would be in Venice in a month, and that no fortress raised by human hands could withstand his conquering progress. All Europe would await in eager expectancy the news of his first victory, and even the calmest would possibly yield to the popular belief in some miraculous achievement crowning the attempt. And suppose Garibaldi, after carefully surveying the redoubtable fortresses, came to the deliberate conclusion that it would be impossible to reduce them, and marched all his army back safe and sound into Italy without striking a single blow. Perhaps he would, in doing so, have shown more of the capacity of a great general and warrior than in the capture of Palermo and the victory of the Volturno. But how would public opinion greet its returning hero? Very much, we should think, as many classes of Englishmen were inclined to welcome back Charles Napier, when he returned with his fleet from the Baltic.

Napier chafed and stormed, assailed the Admiralty, the Cabinet—every body who had any share in the indignity which

he understood to be put upon him when he was ordered to strike his flag. It would be impossible to justify some of his language; but, considering the man and the circumstances, not impossible to palliate and excuse it. The electors of Southwark believed Napier to have been wronged, and returned him as their representative, in order that he might have an opportunity of defending himself in the face of his assailants. We all remember the debates which followed; and we shall now merely say that, although opposed to one of the most accomplished debaters who ever sat in Parliament, (carried only the other day to his grave,) Napier made a gallant battle, and, on the whole, in the general estimation of independent opinion, came off victorious. But it would be idle to deny that much of his renown as a daring warrior had faded for the time; and even at the close of the session of 1860, when, in the debate on fortifications, Lord Palmerston made a cruel joke about Napier's experience of the impregnability of certain Russian fortresses, the House could not resist the provocation, but laughed and cheered as at a palpable hit.

The rest of Napier's life may be told in a few lines. He still attended to his parliamentary duties; he planned, as we have said, giving his aid to Garibaldi in the summer of 1860; he interested himself as ever in all that concerned seamen and ships; and he died on the 6th of November in that same year. His death created a profound sensation, but it would have created more sensation still if it had not come so closely upon that of his old friend, Thomas Cochrane.

That Napier was a seaman of extraordinary capacity, energy, and daring, no one now thinks of disputing. The passing injustice which accused him of failure in the Baltic expedition will soon, we trust, be forgotten, and the man will be restored to the place he deserved among our naval heroes. As we have already intimated, we do not claim for him a place among the foremost. We do not believe he could, under any circumstances, have been a Nelson or a Collingwood; and if he had the daring, he had not the extraordinary resources of Dundonald. But he was, in every way, a remarkable man —in many respects a representative of a class which is fading out of our history. His relative has done well to compile his biography, which, however we may dissent from many of its views, and feel inclined to qualify some of its eulogy, discloses in its hero the character of a warm-hearted, true, and earnest man—of a capable, a gallant, and a successful seaman.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE CONTEST IN AMERICA.

BY JOHN STUART MILL.

The cloud which for the space of a month hung gloomily over the civilized world, black with far worse evils than those of simple war, has passed from over our heads without bursting. The fear has not been realized, that the only two first-rate Powers who are also free nations would take to tearing each other in pieces, both the one and the other in a bad and odious cause. For while, on the American side, the war would have been one of reckless persistency in wrong, on ours it would have been a war in alliance with, and to practical purposes, in defense and propagation of slavery. We had, indeed, been wronged. We had suffered an indignity, and something more than an indignity, which, not to have resented, would have been to invite a constant succession of insults and injuries from the

same and from every other quarter. We could have acted no otherwise than we have done: yet it is impossible to think, without something like a shudder, from what we have escaped. We, the emancipators of the slave—who have wearied every court and government in Europe and America with our protests and remonstrances, until we goaded them into at least ostensibly coöperating with us to prevent the enslaving of the negro—we, who for the last half-century have spent annual sums, equal to the revenue of a small kingdom, in blockading the African coast, for a cause in which we not only had no interest, but which was contrary to our pecuniary interest, and which many believed would ruin, as many among us still, though erroneously, believe that it has ruined, our colonies—*we* should have lent a hand to setting up, in one of the most commanding positions of the world, a powerful republic, devoted not only to slavery, but to pro-slavery propagandism—should have helped to give a place in the community of nations to a conspiracy of slave-owners, who have broken their connection with the American Federation on the sole ground, ostentatiously proclaimed, that they thought an attempt would be made to restrain, not slavery itself, but their purpose of spreading slavery wherever migration or force could carry it.

A nation which has made the professions that England has does not with impunity, under however great provocation, betake itself to frustrating the objects for which it has been calling on the rest of the world to make sacrifices of what they think their interest. At present all the nations of Europe have sympathized with us; have acknowledged that we were injured, and declared, with rare unanimity, that we had no choice but to resist, if necessary, by arms. But the consequences of such a war would soon have buried its causes in oblivion. When the new Confederate States, made an independent power by English help, had begun their crusade to carry negro slavery from the Potomac to Cape Horn, who would then have remembered that England raised up this scourge to humanity not for evil's sake, but because somebody had offered an insult to her flag? Or even if unforgotten, who would then have felt that such a grievance was a sufficient palliation of the crime? Every reader of a newspaper to the furthest ends of the earth, would have believed and remembered one thing only—that at the critical juncture which was to decide whether slavery should blaze up afresh with increased vigor or be trodden out—at the moment of conflict between the good and the evil spirit—at the dawn of a hope that the demon might now at last be chained and flung into the pit, England stepped in, and, for the sake of cotton, made Satan victorious.

The world has been saved from this calamity, and England from this disgrace. The accusation would indeed have been a calumny. But to be able to defy calumny, a nation, like an individual, must stand very clear of just reproach in its previous conduct. Unfortunately we ourselves have given too much plausibility to the charge. Not by any thing said or done by us as a government or as a nation, but by the tone of our press, and in some degree, it must be owned, the general opinion of English society. It is too true, that the feelings which have been manifested since the beginning of the American contest—the judgments which have been put forth, and the wishes which have been expressed concerning the incidents and probable eventualities of the struggle—the bitter and irritating criticism which has been kept up, not even against both parties equally, but almost solely against the party in the right, and the ungenerous refusal of all those just allowances which no country needs more than our own, whenever its circumstances are as near to those of America as a cut finger is to an almost mortal wound — these facts, with minds not favorably disposed to us, would have gone far to make the most odious interpretation of the war in which we have been so nearly engaged with the United States, appear by many degrees the most probable. There is no denying that our attitude toward the contending parties (I mean our moral attitude, for politically there was no other course open to us than neutrality) has not been that which becomes a people who are as sincere enemies of slavery as the English really are, and have made as great sacrifices to put an end to it where they could. And it has been an additional misfortune that some of our most powerful journals have been for many years past very unfavorable exponents of English feeling on all subjects connected with slavery: some,

probably, from the influences, more or less direct, of West-Indian opinions and interests: others from inbred Toryism, which, even when compelled by reason to hold opinions favorable to liberty, is always adverse to it in feeling; which likes the spectacle of irresponsible power exercised by one person over others; which has no moral repugnance to the thought of human beings born to the penal servitude for life, to which for the term of a few years we sentence our most hardened criminals, but keeps its indignation to be expended on "rabid and fanatical abolitionists" across the Atlantic, and on those writers in England who attach a sufficiently serious meaning to their Christian professions, to consider a fight against slavery as a fight for God.

Now, when the mind of England, and, it may almost be said, of the civilized part of mankind, has been relieved from the incubus which had weighed on it ever since the Trent outrage, and when we are no longer feeling toward the Northern Americans as men feel toward those with whom they may be on the point of struggling for life or death; now, if ever, is the time to review our position, and consider whether we have been feeling what ought to have been felt, and wishing what ought to have been wished, regarding the contest in which the Northern States are engaged with the South.

In considering this matter, we ought to dismiss from our minds, as far as possible, those feelings against the North, which have been engendered not merely by the Trent aggression, but by the previous anti-British effusions of newspaper writers and stump orators. It is hardly worth while to ask how far these explosions of ill-humor are any thing more than might have been anticipated from ill-disciplined minds, disappointed of the sympathy which they justly thought they had a right to expect from the great anti-slavery people, in their really noble enterprise. It is almost superfluous to remark that a democratic government always shows worst where other governments generally show best, on its outside; and that unreasonable people are much more noisy than the reasonable; that the froth and scum are the part of a violently fermenting liquid that meets the eyes, but are not its body and substance. Without insisting on these things, I contend, that all previous cause of offense should be considered as canceled, by the reparation which the American government has so amply made; not so much the reparation itself, which might have been so made as to leave still greater cause of permanent resentment behind it; but the manner and spirit in which they have made it. These have been such as most of us, I venture to say, did not by any means expect. If reparation were made at all, of which few of us felt more than a hope, we thought that it would have been made obviously as a concession to prudence, not to principle. We thought that there would have been truckling to the newspaper editors and supposed fire-eaters who were crying out for retaining the prisoners at all hazards. We expected that the atonement, if atonement there were, would have been made with reservations, perhaps under protest. We expected that the correspondence would have been spun out, and a trial made to induce England to be satisfied with less; or that there would have been a proposal of arbitration; or that England would have been asked to make concessions in return for justice; or that if submission was made, it would have been made, ostensibly, to the opinions and wishes of Continental Europe. We expected any thing, in short, which would have been weak, timid, and paltry. The only thing which no one seemed to expect is what has actually happened. Mr. Lincoln's government have done none of these things. Like honest men, they have said in direct terms, that our demand was right; that they yielded to it because it was just; that if they themselves had received the same treatment, they would have demanded the same reparation; and that if what seemed to be the American side of a question was not the just side, they would be on the side of justice; happy as they were to find after their resolution had been taken, that it was also the side which America had formerly defended. Is there any one, capable of a moral judgment or feeling, who will say that his opinion of America and American statesmen is not raised by such an act, done on such grounds? The act itself may have been imposed by the necessity of the circumstances; but the reasons given, the principles of action professed, were their own choice. Putting the worst hypothesis possible, which it would be the hight of injustice to enter-

tain seriously, that the concession was really made solely to convenience, and that the profession of regard for justice was hypocrisy, even so, the ground taken, even if insincerely, is the most hopeful sign of the moral state of the American mind which has appeared for many years. That a sense of justice should be the motive which the rulers of a country rely on, to reconcile the public to an unpopular, and what might seem a humiliating act; that the journalists, the orators, many lawyers, the Lower House of Congress, and Mr. Lincoln's own Naval Secretary, should be told in the face of the world, by their own government, that they have been giving public thanks, presents of swords, freedom of cities, all manner of heroic honors, to the author of an act which, though not so intended, was lawless and wrong, and for which the proper remedy is confession and atonement; that this should be the accepted policy (supposing it to nothing higher) of a democratic republic, shows even unlimited democracy to be a better thing than many Englishmen have lately been in the habit of considering it, and goes some way toward proving that the aberrations even of a ruling multitude are only fatal when the better instructed have not the virtue or the courage to front them boldly. Nor ought it to be forgotten, to the honor of Mr. Lincoln's government, that in doing what was in itself right, they have done also what was best fitted to allay the animosity which was daily becoming more bitter between the two nations so long as the question remained open. They have put the brand of confessed injustice upon that rankling and vindictive resentment with which the profligate and passionate part of the American press has been threatening us in the event of concession, and which is to be manifested by some dire revenge, to be taken, as they pretend, after the nation is extricated from its present difficulties. Mr. Lincoln has done what depended on him to make this spirit expire with the occasion which raised it up; and we shall have ourselves chiefly to blame if we keep it alive by the further prolongation of that stream of vituperative eloquence, the source of which even now, when the cause of quarrel has been amicably made up, does not seem to have run dry.*

Let us, then, without reference to these jars, or to the declamations of newspaper writers on either side of the Atlantic, examine the American question as it stood from the beginning—its origin, the purpose of both the combatants, and its various possible or probable issues.

There is a theory in England believed perhaps by some, half believed by many more, which is only consistent with original ignorance, or complete subsequent forgetfulness, of all the antecedents of the contest. There are people who tell us that, on the side of the North, the question is not one of slavery at all. The North, it seems, have no more objection to slavery than the South have. Their leaders never say one word implying disapprobation of it. They are ready, on the contrary, to give it new guarantees; to renounce all that they have been contending for; to win back, if opportunity offers, the South to the Union by surrendering the whole point.

If this be the true state of the case, what are the Southern chiefs fighting about? Their apologists in England say that it is about tariffs, and similar trumpery. *They* say nothing of the kind. They tell the world, and they told their own citizens when they wanted their votes, that the object of the fight was slavery. Many years ago, when Gen. Jackson was President, South-Carolina did nearly rebel (she never was near separating) about a tariff; but no other State abetted her, and a strong adverse demonstration from Virginia brought the matter to a close. Yet the tariff of that day was rigidly protective. Compared with that, the one in force at the time of the secession was a free-trade tariff. This latter was the result of several successive modifications in the direction of freedom; and its principle was not protection for protection, but as much of it only as might

* I do not forget one regrettable passage in Mr. Seward's letter, in which he said that "if the safety of the Union required the detention of the captured persons, it would be the right and duty of this Government to detain them." I sincerely grieve to find this sentence in the dispatch, for the exceptions to the general rules of morality are not a subject to be lightly or unnecessarily tampered with. The doctrine in itself is no other than that professed and acted on by all governments—that self-preservation, in a state, as in an individual, is a warrant for many things which at all other times ought to be rigidly abstained from. At all events, no nation which has ever passed "laws of exception," which ever suspended the *Habeas Corpus* Act or passed an Alien Bill in dread of a Chartist insurrection, has a right to throw the first stone at Mr. Lincoln's Government.

incidentally result from duties imposed for revenue. Even the Morrill Tariff (which never could have been passed but for the Southern secession) is stated by the high authority of Mr. H. C. Carey to be considerably more liberal than the reformed French Tariff under Mr. Cobden's Treaty; insomuch that he, a Protectionist, would be glad to exchange his own protective tariff for Louis Napoleon's free-trade one. But why discuss on probable evidence, notorious facts? The world knows what the question between the North and South has been for many years, and still is. Slavery alone was thought of, alone talked of. Slavery was battled for and against, on the floor of Congress and in the plains of Kansas; on the slavery question exclusively was the party constituted which now rules the United States; on slavery Fremont was rejected, on slavery Lincoln was elected; the South separated on slavery, and proclaimed slavery as the one cause of separation.

It is true enough that the North are not carrying on war to abolish slavery in States where it legally exists. Could it have been expected, or even perhaps desired, that they should? A great party does not change suddenly, and at once, all its principles and professions. The Republican party have taken their stand on law, and the existing Constitution of the Union. They have disclaimed all right to attempt any thing which that Constitution forbids. It does forbid interference by the Federal Congress with slavery in the slave States; but it does not forbid their abolishing it in the District of Columbia; and this they are now doing, having voted, I perceive, in their present pecuniary straits, a million of dollars to indemnify the slave-owners of the district. Neither did the Constitution, in their own opinion, require them to permit the introduction of slavery into the Territories, which were not yet States. To prevent this, the Republican party was formed, and to prevent it they are now fighting, as the slave-owners are fighting, to enforce it.

The present government of the United States is not an abolitionist government. Abolitionists, in America, mean those who do not keep within the Constitution; who demand the destruction (as far as slavery is concerned) of as much of it as protects the internal legislation of each State from the control of Congress; who aim at abolishing slavery wherever it exists, by force, if need be, but certainly by some other power than the constituted authorities of the slave States. The Republican party neither aim nor profess to aim at this object. And when we consider the flood of wrath which would have been poured out against them if they did, by the very writers who now taunt them with not doing it, we shall be apt to think the taunt a little misplaced. But though not an abolitionist party, they are a free-soil party. If they have not taken arms against slavery, they have against its extension. And they know, as we may know if we please, that this amounts to the same thing. The day when slavery can no longer extend itself, is the day of its doom. The slave-owners know this, and it is the cause of their fury. They know, as all know who have attended to the subject, that confinement within existing limits is its death-warrant. Slavery, under the conditions in which its exists in the States, exhausts even the beneficent powers of nature. So incompatible is it with any kind whatever of skilled labor, that it causes the whole productive resources of the country to be concentrated on one or two products, cotton being the chief, which require, to raise and prepare them for the market, little besides brute animal force. The cotton cultivation, in the opinion of all competed judges alone saves North-American slavery; but cotton cultivation, exclusively adhered to exhausts in a moderate number of years all the soils which are fit for it, and can only be kept up by traveling farther and farther westward. Mr. Olmstead has given a vivid description of the desolate state of parts of Georgia and the Carolinas, once among the richest specimens of soil and cultivation in the world; and even the more recently colonized Alabama, as he shows, is rapidly following in the same downhill track. To slavery, therefore, it is a matter of life and death to find fresh fields for the employment of slave labor. Confine it to the present States, and the owners of slave property will either be speedily ruined, or will have to find means of reforming and renovating their agricultural system; which can not be done without treating the slaves like human beings, nor without so large an employment of skilled, that is, of free labor, as will widely displace the unskilled, and so depreciate the pecuniary value of the slave, that the

immediate mitigation and ultimate extinction of slavery would be a nearly inevitable and probably rapid consequence.

The Republican leaders do not talk to the public of these almost certain results of success in the present conflict. They talk but little, in the existing emergency even of the original cause of quarrel. The most ordinary policy teaches them to inscribe on their banner that part only of their known principles in which their supporters are unanimous. The preservation of the Union is an object about which the North are agreed; and it has many adherents, as they believe, in the South generally. That nearly half the population of the Border Slave States are in favor of it is a patent fact, since they are now fighting in its defense. It is not probable that they would be willing to fight directly against slavery. The Republicans well know that if they can reestablish the Union, they gain every thing for which they originally contended; and it would be a plain breach of faith with the Southern friends of the government, if, after rallying them round its standard for a purpose of which they approve, it were suddenly to alter its terms of communion without their consent.

But the parties in a protracted civil war almost invariably end by taking more extreme, not to say higher grounds of principle, than they began with. Middle parties and friends of compromise are soon left behind; and if the writers who so severely criticise the present moderation of the free-soilers are desirous to see the war become an abolition war, it is probable that if the war lasts long enough they will be gratified. Without the smallest pretension to see further into futurity than other people, I at least have foreseen and foretold from the first, that if the South were not promptly put down the contest would become distinctly an anti-slavery one; nor do I believe that any person, accustomed to reflect on the course of human affairs in troubled times, can expect any thing else. Those who have read, even cursorily, the most valuable testimony to which the English public have access, concerning the real state of affairs in America — the letters of the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Russell—must have observed how early and rapidly he arrived at the same conclusion, and with what increasing emphasis he now continually reïterates it. In one of his recent letters he names the end of next summer as the period by which, if the war has not sooner terminated, it will have assumed a complete anti-slavery character. So early a term exceeds, I confess, my most sanguine hopes; but if Mr. Russell be right, heaven forbid that the war should cease sooner, for if it lasts till then, it is quite possible that it will regenerate the American people.

If, however, the purposes of the North may be doubted or misunderstood, there is at least no question as to those of the South. They make no concealment of *their* principles. As long as they were allowed to direct all the policy of the Union; to break through compromise after compromise, encroach step after step, until they reached the pitch of claiming a right to carry slave property into the Free States, and, in opposition to the laws of those States, hold it as property there; so long, they were willing to remain in the Union. The moment a president was elected of whom it was inferred from his opinions, not that he would take any measures against slavery where it exists, but that he would oppose its establishment where it exists not, that moment they broke loose from what was at least, a very solemn contract, and formed themselves into a Confederation professing as its fundamental principle not merely the perpetuation, but the indefinite extension of slavery. And the doctrine is loudly preached though the new Republic, that slavery, whether black or white, is a good in itself, and the proper condition of the working-classes every where.

Let me, in a few words, remind the reader what sort of a thing this is, which the white oligarchy of the South have banded themselves together to propagate, and establish, if they could, universally. When it is wished to describe any portion of the human race as in the lowest state of debasement, and under the most cruel oppression, in which it is possible for human beings live, they are compared to slaves. When words are sought by which to stigmatize the most odious despotism exercised in the most odious manner, and all other comparisons are found inadequate, the despots are said to be like slave-masters, or slave-drivers. What, by a rhetorical license, the worst oppressors of the human race, by way of stamping on them the most hateful character

possible, are said to be, these men, in very truth, are. I do not mean that all of them are hateful personally, any more than all the inquisitors, or all the buccaneers. But the position which they occupy, and the abstract excellence of which they are in arms to vindicate, is that which the united voice of mankind habitually selects as the type of all hateful qualities. I will not bandy chicanery about the more or less of stripes or other torments which are daily requisite to keep the machine in working order, nor discuss whether the Legrees or the St. Clairs are more numerous among the slave-owners of the Southern States. The broad facts of the case suffice. One fact is enough. There are, heaven knows, vicious and tyrannical institutions in ample abundance on the earth. But this institution is the only one of them all which requires, to keep it going, that human beings should be burnt alive. The calm and dispassionate Mr. Olmsted affirms that there has not been a single year, for many years past, in which this horror is not known to have been perpetrated in some part or other of the South And not upon negroes only: the *Edinburgh Review*, in a recent number, gave the hideous details of the burning alive of an unfortunate Northern huckster by Lynch-law, on mere suspicion of having aided in the escape of a slave. What must American slavery be, if deeds like these are necessary under it? and if they are not necessary and are yet done, is not the evidence against slavery still more damning? The South are in rebellion not for simple slavery; they are in rebellion for the right of burning human creatures alive.

But we are told, by a strange misapplication of a true principle, that the South had a *right* to separate; that their separation ought to have been consented to, the moment they showed themselves ready to fight for it; and that the North, in resisting it, are committing the same error and wrong which England committed in opposing the original separation of the thirteen colonies. This is carrying the doctrine of the sacred right of insurrection rather far. It is wonderful how easy and liberal and complying people can be in other people's concerns. Because they are willing to surrender their own past, and have no objection to join in reprobation of their great grandfathers, they never put themselves the question what they themselves would do in circumstances far less trying, under far less pressure of real national calamity. Would those who profess these ardent revolutionary principles consent to their being applied to Ireland, or India, or the Ionian Islands? How have they treated those who did attempt so to apply them? But the case can dispense with any mere *argumentum ad hominem*. I am not frightened at the word rebellion. I do not scruple to say that I have sympathized more or less ardently with most of the rebellions, successful and unsuccessful, which have taken place in my time. But I certainly never conceived that there was a sufficient title to my sympathy in the mere fact of being a rebel; that the act of taking arms against one's fellow-citizens was so meritorious in itself, was so completely its own justification, that no question need be asked concerning the motive. It seems to me a strange doctrine that the most serious and responsible of all human acts imposes no obligation on those who do it of showing that they have a real grievance; that those who rebel for the power of oppressing others, exercise as sacred a right as those who do the same thing to resist oppression practiced upon themselves. Neither rebellion, nor any other act which affects the interests of others, is sufficiently legitimated by the mere will to do it. Secession may be laudable, and so may any other kind of insurrection; but it may also be an enormous crime. It is the one or the other, according to the object and the provocation. And if there ever was an object, which, by its bare announcement, stamped rebels against a particular community as enemies of mankind, it is the one professed by the South. Their right to separate is the right which Cartouche or Turpin would have had to secede from their respective countries, because the laws of those countries would not suffer them to rob and murder on the highway. The only real difference is that the present rebels are more powerful than Cartouche or Turpin, and may possibly be able to effect their iniquitous purposes.

Suppose, however, for the sake of argument, that the mere will to separate were in this case, or in any case, a sufficient ground for separation. I beg to be informed *whose* will? The will of any knot of men who, by fair means or foul,

by usurpation, terrorism, or fraud, have got the reins of government into their hands? If the inmates of Parkhurst Prison were to get possession of the Isle of Wight, occupy its military positions, enlist one part of its inhabitants in their own ranks, set the remainder of them to work in chain-gangs, and declare themselves independent, ought their recognition by the British government to be an immediate consequence? Before admitting the authority of any persons, as organs of the will of the people, to dispose of the whole political existence of a country, I ask to see whether their credentials are from the whole, or only from a part. And first, it is necessary to ask, Have the slaves been consulted? Has *their* will been counted as any part in the estimate of collective volition? They are a part of the population. However natural in the country itself, it is rather cool in English writers who talk so glibly of the ten millions, (I believe there are only eight,) to pass over the very existence of four millions who must abhor the idea of separation. Remember, we consider them to be human beings, entitled to human rights. Nor can it be doubted that the mere fact of belonging to a Union in some parts of which slavery is reprobated is some alleviation of their condition, if only as regards future probabilities. But even of the white population, it is questionable if there was in the beginning a majority for secession any where but in South-Carolina. Though the thing was predetermined, and most of the States committed by their public authorities before the people were called on to vote; though in taking the votes terrorism in many places reigned triumphant; yet even so, in several of the States, secession was carried only by narrow majorities. In some the authorities have not dared to publish the numbers; in some it is asserted that no vote has ever been taken. Further, (as was pointed out in an admirable letter by Mr. Carey,) the Slave States are intersected in the middle, from their northern frontier almost to the Gulf of Mexico, by a country of free labor—the mountain regions of the Alleghanies and their dependencies, forming parts of Virginia, North-Carolina, Tennessee, Georgia, and Alabama, in which, from the nature of the climate and of the agricultural and mining industry, slavery to any material extent never did, and never will, exist. This mountain zone is peopled by ardent friends of the Union. Could the Union abandon them without even an effort, to be dealt with at the pleasure of an exasperated slave-owning oligarchy? Could it abandon the Germans who, in Western Texas, have made so meritorious a commencement of growing cotton on the borders of the Mexican Gulf by free labor? Were the right of the slave-owners to secede ever so clear, they have no right to carry these with them; unless allegiance is a mere question of local proximity, and my next neighbor, if I am a stronger man, can be compelled to follow me in any lawless vagaries I choose to indulge.

But (it is said) the North will never succeed in conquering the South; and since the separation must in the end be recognized, it is better to do at first what must be done at last; moreover, if it did conquer them, it could not govern them when conquered, consistently with free institutions. With no one of these propositions can I agree.

Whether or not the Northern Americans *will* succeed in reconquering the South, I do not affect to foresee. That they *can* conquer it, if their present determination holds, I have never entertained a doubt; for they are twice as numerous, and ten or twelve times as rich. Not by taking military possession of their country, or marching an army through it, but by wearing them out, exhausting their resources, depriving them of the comforts of life, encouraging their slaves to desert, and excluding them from communication with foreign countries. All this, of course, depends on the supposition that the North does not give in first. Whether they will persevere to this point, or whether their spirit, their patience, and the sacrifices they are willing to make, will be exhausted before reaching it, I can not tell. They may, in the end, be wearied into recognizing the separation. But to those who say that because this may have to be done at last, it ought to have been done at first, I put the very serious question—On what terms? Have they ever considered what would have been the meaning of separation if it had been assented to by the Northern States when first demanded? People talk as if separation meant nothing more than the independence of the seceding States. To

have accepted it under that limitation would have been, on the part of the South, to give up that which they have seceded expressly to preserve. Separation, with them, means at least half the territories; including the Mexican border, and the consequent power of invading and overrunning Spanish America for the purpose of planting there the "peculiar institution" which even Mexican civilization has found too bad to be endured. There is no knowing to what point of degradation a country may be driven in a desperate state of its affairs; but if the North *ever*, unless on the brink of actual ruin, makes peace with the South, giving up the original cause of quarrel, the freedom of the territories; if it resigns to them when out of the Union that power of evil which it would not grant to retain them in the Union—it will incur the pity and disdain of posterity. And no one can suppose that the South would have consented, or in their present temper ever will consent, to an accommodation on any other terms. It will require a succession of humiliations to bring them to that. The necessity of reconciling themselves to the confinement of slavery within its existing boundaries, with the natural consequence, immediate mitigation of slavery and ultimate emancipation, is a lesson which they are in no mood to learn from any thing but disaster. Two or three defeats in the field, breaking their military strength, though not followed by an invasion of their territory, may possibly teach it to them. If so, there is no breach of charity in hoping that this severe schooling may promptly come. When men set themselves up, in defiance of the rest of the world, to do the devil's work, no good can come of them until the world has made them feel that this work can not be suffered to be done any longer. If this knowledge does not come to them for several years, the abolition question will by that time have settled itself. For assuredly Congress will very soon make up its mind to declare all slaves free who belong to persons in arms against the Union. When that is done, slavery, confined to a minority, will soon cure itself; and the pecuniary value of the negroes belonging to loyal masters will probably not exceed the amount of compensation which the United States will be willing and able to give.

The assumed difficulty of governing the Southern States as free and equal commonwealths, in case of their return to the Union, is purely imaginary. If brought back by force, and not by voluntary compact, they will return without the territories, and without a fugitive slave law. It may be assumed that in that event the victorious party would make the alterations in the Federal Constitution which are necessary to adapt it to the new circumstances, and which would not infringe, but strengthen, its democratic principles. An article would have to be inserted prohibiting the extension of slavery to the territories, or the admission into the Union of any new slave State. Without any other guarantee, the rapid formation of new free States would insure to freedom a decisive and constantly increasing majority in Congress. It would also be right to abrogate that bad provision of the Constitution (a necessary compromise at the time of its first establishment) whereby the slaves, though reckoned as citizens in no other respect, are counted, to the extent of three fifths of their number, in the estimate of the population for fixing the number of representatives of each State in the Lower House of Congress. Why should the masters have members in right of their human chattels, any more than of their oxen and pigs? The President, in his Message, has already proposed that this salutary reform should be effected in the case of Maryland, additional territory, detached from Virginia, being given to that State as an equivalent: thus clearly indicating the policy which he approves, and which he is probably willing to make universal.

As it is necessary to be prepared for all possibilities, let us now contemplate another. Let us suppose the worst possible issue of this war—the one apparently desired by those English writers whose moral feeling is so philosophically indifferent between the apostles of slavery and its enemies. Suppose that the North should stoop to recognize the new Confederation on its own terms, leaving it half the territories, and that it is acknowledged by Europe, and takes its place as an admitted member of the community of nations. It will be desirable to take thought beforehand what are to be our own future relations with a new power, professing the principles of Attila and Genghis Khan as the foundations of its Constitution. Are we to see with indifference

its victorious army let loose to propagate their national faith at the rifle's mouth through Mexico and Central America? Shall we submit to see fire and sword carried over Cuba and Porto Rico, and Hayti and Liberia conquered and brought back to slavery? We shall soon have causes enough of quarrel on our own account. When we are in the act of sending an expedition against Mexico to redress the wrongs of private British subjects, we should do well to reflect in time that the President of the new republic, Mr. Jefferson Davis, was the original inventor of repudiation. Mississippi was the first State which repudiated, Mr. Jefferson Davis was Governor of Mississippi, and the Legislature of Mississippi had passed a bill recognizing and providing for the debt, which bill Mr. Jefferson Davis vetoed. Unless we abandon the principles we have for two generations consistently professed and acted on, we should be at war with the new Confederacy within five years about the African slave-trade. An English government will hardly be base enough to recognize them, unless they accept all the treaties by which America is at present bound; nor, it may be hoped, even if *de facto* independent, would they be admitted to the courtesies of diplomatic intercourse, unless they granted in the most explicit manner the right of search. To allow the slave-ships of a confederation formed for the extension of slavery to come and go free, and unexamined, between America and the African coast, would be to renounce even the pretense of attempting to protect Africa against the man-stealer, and abandon that continent to the horrors, on a far larger scale, which were practiced before Granville Sharp and Clarkson were in existence. But even if the right of intercepting their slavers were acknowledged by treaty, which it never would be, the arrogance of the Southern slave-holders would not long submit to its exercise. Their pride and self-conceit, swelled to an inordinate hight by their successful struggle, would defy the power of England as they had already successfully defied that of their Northern countrymen. After our people by their cold disapprobation, and our press by its invective, had combined with their own difficulties to damp the spirit of the free States, and drive them to submit and make peace, we should have to fight the slave States ourselves at far greater disadvantages, when we should no longer have the wearied and exhausted North for an ally. The time might come when the barbarous and barbarizing power, which we by our moral support had helped into existence, would require a general crusade of civilized Europe, to extinguish the mischief which it had allowed, and we had aided, to rise up in the midst of our civilization.

For these reasons I can not join with those who cry peace, peace. I can not wish that this war should not have been engaged in by the North, or that being engaged in, it should be terminated on any conditions but such as would retain the whole of the territories as free soil. I am not blind to the possibility that it may require a long war to lower the arrogance and tame the aggressive ambition of the slave-owners, to the point of either returning to the Union, or consenting to remain out of it with their present limits. But war, in a good cause, is not the greatest evil which a nation can suffer. War is an ugly thing, but not the ugliest of things; the decayed and degraded state of moral and patriotic feeling which thinks nothing *worth* a war, is worse. When a people are used as mere human instruments for firing cannon or thrusting bayonets, in the service and for the selfish purposes of a master, such war degrades a people. A war to protect other human beings against tyrannical injustice; a war to give victory to their own ideas of right and good, and which is their own war, carried on for an honest purpose by their free choice—is often the means of their regeneration. A man who has nothing which he is willing to fight for, nothing which he cares more about than he does about his personal safety, is a miserable creature who has no chance of being free, unless made and kept so by the exertions of better men than himself. As long as justice and injustice have not terminated *their* ever-renewing fight for ascendency in the affairs of mankind, human beings must be willing, when need is, to do battle for the one against the other. I am far from saying that the present struggle, on the part of the North-Americans, is wholly of this exalted character; that it has arrived at the stage of being altogether a war for justice, a war of principle. But there was from the beginning, and now is, a large infusion of that element in it; and this is increasing, will increase, and if the

war lasts, will in the end predominate. Should that time come, not only will the greatest enormity which still exists among mankind as an institution, receive far earlier its *coup de grâce* than there has ever, until now, appeared any probability of; but in effecting this the free States will have raised themselves to that elevated position in the scale of morality and dignity, which is derived from great sacrifices consciously made in a virtuous cause, and the sense of an inestimable benefit to all future ages, brought about by their own voluntary efforts.

From Chambers's Journal.

HOW MISS PHIPPS BECAME MRS. PHILLIPS.

A LEAP-YEAR STORY.

Authors and artists have imposed some most ridiculously untruthful types of character upon us. For example, what is the conventional notion of the British old maid? Thanks to those unchivalrous caricaturists, the phrase suggests a picture of a lady with a figure like a ramrod, and a face like a winter-apple—a crab-apple—reserving her small remnant of sour milk of human kindness for her cat, as afraid of the men as Horace's Chloe, and feasting like a ghoul upon the mangled reputations of her youthful sisters. Well, now, my reader, look round your circle of acquaintance, and tell me honestly how many of such vestal virgins you can find. *I* never met with one, and, with your permission, will introduce you to a little body who is the very opposite of that abominable portrait—my friend, Miss Phipps.

As plump as a partridge, as blithe as a mavis, bright-eyed as a robin, Aunt Rhoda—as she is called in some dozen families into which she has been lovingly adopted—is in request for all our merry-makings, and lights up the sick-rooms, to which she will go just as willingly, like a very substantial sunbeam. She doesn't petrify into a hand-crossed effigy in men-folk's company, but roundly rates the bad taste of bachelors in having suffered her so long to continue single. Of course, like all women who are good for any thing, (it is only your selfish people—moral oysters—who shut themselves up, and take no interest in their neighbors,) she is fond of a bit of gossip; and, being a hot-tempered little dame, she can occasionally say a sharp thing of, though far more frequently *to*—for she likes every thing above board—any one who has happened to offend her, or, which is a far easier mode of rousing her wrath, who has offended her friends. But there is not a grain of malice in her heart. She blurts out exactly what she thinks in a volcanic burst, and there is an end—a far preferable mode of procedure, in my opinion, to the polite, smiling way in which phlegmatic people dribble out their spite, in such small contributions that a grievance will last them for a month.

Such is Miss Phipps as, on the last night of 1855, she sits in her doll's house of a cottage in Pogis Parva, entertaining a tiny party of village friends. Her elder sister, Harriet—also a maiden—is really the mistress of the house; but she, good, quiet soul, resigns the lead in every thing to bustling Rhoda, who not unfrequently bullies her, in a good-natured way, to stir her into life, and whoms he watches, half-admiringly, half-anxiously, as one might watch the china-endangering pranks of a frisky kitten playing with the table-cloth.

The hearts of the Misses Phipps are large, but their means are small; a party at their house, therefore, is an "event."

They do the thing well, however, when they attempt it. Their neatest of little parlors—although the process seems very much akin to the painting of the lily—is tidied up for hours beforehand. The best china—white as snow, with sprigs and rims of gold—is daintily dusted. The heirloom silver tea-pot and cream-jug are scoured until the quaint old plate seems almost ashamed of that spotless polish, which brings out in such bold relief its bygone fashion. Cake, both of seed and plum, is cut up into the genteelest of blocks and wedges. Wafer bread-and-butter is arranged in graceful circling sweeps, with bunches of laurustinus in the center. A round tower of toasted muffins rises on the fender-"footman." The home-cured ham is slivered into semi-transparent slices, and wreathed with classic parsley. The preserves and marmalade, for the manufacture of which the Misses Phipps enjoy a five-miles' fame, are poured, like liquid gold and rubies, into their shallow receptacles of crystal. Wax-candles are placed in readiness for lighting on the tea-table, in massive silver sticks, (the Misses Phipps have "seen better days,") with verdant coronals. One bottle of port and one of sherry are decanted, and put aside with the plates of almonds, and raisins, and oranges, for pre-cœnal refreshment. The supper-tray is ready-laid; and then, after sundry injunctions to the extemporized parlor—as well as kitchen—maid to "mind her manners," the sisters go up stairs to wash their hands, give the last touch to their toilet, and to see once more that the bedroom is in a fit state for the reception of their guests when they visit it for the purpose of "taking off their things."

Bonnets and boas, muffs, shawls, and mantles have lain upon the counterpane for some hours, when my tale begins. Supper has been dispatched; and, to counteract the richness of the hot game-pie, (Pogis Parva is in a noted sporting county, and you may be sure that popular Aunt Rhoda has not to buy the birds she cooks so deftly,) the assembled ladies, with their feet upon the fender, and their skirts turned back over their knees, are sipping "just a leetle very weak brandy-and water." Their tongues have not been idle at any time of the evening, but now, lubricated by that gentle stimulant, they wag like poplar leaves. It is amusing to note the effect of after-supper alcohol, however much diluted, on the feminine brain. The topic of conversation is a Mr. Phillips, a shy, autumnal bachelor, who has recently taken up his residence in Pogis. So very shy is he, that he has had his pew in church screened, not only in front, but also at the sides, with lofty curtains, above which, when he stands up, the top of his head can just be seen by his fellow-worshipers, and behind which, at the close of the service, he remains *perdu* until the church is empty, having taken care to be the first to enter it. All the week long, he never stirs from his own premises, which he would seem to have selected for the sake of a brick wall and a high holly-hedge, which shut them in on all sides. The rector is the only person who has visited him, and he reports that Mr. Phillips is an intelligent and well-informed, but most ridiculously nervous, man, with a perfect horror of womankind. His servants, to whom he rarely speaks, can give no further gratification to their village gossips' curiosity about him than by telling them what he has for dinner—that he spends the day in reading in his study, or moping in his garden, and that they often overhear him walking up and down his bedroom at night, talking to himself.

Here is a mine of mystery for rural speculation! Our ladies, irate at his misogynism, for the most part are very uncharitable in their conjectures. The rector's wife believes him to be a concealed atheist. Why can not he show his face at church, she asks, like a decent Christian? Mrs. Squills, the surgeon's spouse, suggests that night-walking and talking point to remorse of some great crime—perhaps a murder. Swindling finds more favor in the eyes of Mrs. Brown, the retired tradesman's wife. She would like to know whether Phillips *is* his name, and how he got his money. "Perhaps he's a coiner," whispers, in an awe-struck voice, her daughter Belinda, a great reader of romances. Miss Harriet Phipps, who is suspected of having had a love affair long ago, is the only one not censorious; *she* hints that blighted affections may have caused his melancholy. But this compassionate hypothesis, in common with all its unkind predecessors, Aunt Rhoda scornfully scouts. In her opinion, the man is merely an absurd hypochondriac old bachelor, who has grown

half-silly through living by himself, and having no one else to care for; and, as usual, sharp-sighted little Aunt Rhoda is right. She vows, moreover, that she will rout him out, and make him take a wife, and do some good in the village, instead of haunting his house like a selfish old ghost.

"Why not ask him yourself, Aunt Rhoda?" says Miss Brown; "next year is leap-year, you know."

"Well," laughs Aunt Rhoda, "if I can't manage it any other way, I *will*."

"O Rhoda!" exclaims shocked Sister Harriet.

Thus they sit chatting until the bells burst out with their joy-peal at the birth of the new year, when, with many expressions of surprise at the quickness with which the time has flown, they give each other the customary hearty greeting of the hour; and then the visitors clog and cloak, and scatter to their homes, the rector's wife tossing her head contemptuously when she meets the Methodists coming out from their "watch-night" service in their little meeting-house—in which manifestation of scorn I can not sympathize with Mrs. Rector, there seeming to me to be a deal of solemn poetry in that rite. The few minutes before midnight, passed kneeling and in silence, whilst the clock ticks audibly in the hushed chapel, as if it were the heart of the dying year fast hastening to its final throb, struck me, when once I witnessed the service, as being about the most thrilling time I ever spent.

Leap-year is not three days old, when, in company with Mrs. Squills, Aunt Rhoda presents herself at the gate of Holly Lodge, and requests to be ushered in to the presence of its owner. In vain does wondering John, the janitor, inform her that "Master don't see nobody, Miss." He *must* see *her*, as she has come on business. But when they are seated in the drawing-room, comes a request for the ladies to send in their message, as Mr. Phillips is too unwell to leave the library. "Very well, then, we'll go to him, John," says the undaunted little woman; and go she does, dragging her companion with her. Mr. Phillips, a tall, pale-faced man, with twitching lips and quivering fingers, starts from his chair at the apparition. Since they *have* bearded him in his den—caught him sitting on his form, perhaps, would be a more appropriate figure—he tries hard to be polite, kicks over the coal-scuttle in a nervous attempt to hand them seats, and stammers out a welcome, to which, however, his startled eyes give a decided contradiction. He looks a little relieved when he finds that the intruders have come for no more formidable purpose than to solicit a subscription to their Coal and Blanket Fund, and permits them to put down his name for a munificent sum, evidently hoping to bribe them into a speedy departure; but still Aunt Rhoda stays, rattling on about the weather, and the neighborhood, and general news, until his look of pain changes into a look of puzzle, and eventually into one of semi-pleasure. It is a novel and not altogether disagreeable sensation to have the stagnant waters of his existence stirred. Women, he finds, like other reputed monsters, are not quite so terrible when closely scanned; he can talk, after a bit, without stuttering and blushing, and when his visitors leave, escorts them not only to the hall-door, but also to the garden-gate.

Other local charities afford pretexts for other calls. Ruthlessly does little Rhoda bleed his purse, affirming that she ought to extract heavy fees for the good that she has done him. And, indeed, he is marvelously improved. He no longer denies himself to the village ladies, all of whom Rhoda introduces to him in turn. He ventures outside his gate on the week-days; he joins the Book Club, and attends its meetings—at first, indeed, with the scared look of a snared thing, but he gets used in time to hearing his own voice in company, and proves a valuable acquisition to the society, not only by his suggestions as to the selection of their literature, but also from the interesting nature of his conversation. His front curtain at church is now undrawn, and rumor says that he looks a good deal more at Aunt Rhoda than at the rector. Belinda Brown, who is rather an old young lady, adds that it is really immodest for Miss Rhoda Phipps—*she* doesn't "aunt" her now—to call so often at his house; but she supposes that her *age* protects her.

At this spite and tattle Aunt Rhoda only laughs. In all honesty of purpose, she simply tried to win a fresh patron for her poor clients, and to convert a sullen recluse into an agreeable neighbor. She has succeeded, so let rumor and Belinda Brown say what they please. It must be owned, however, that she takes a great interest in her *protégé*, and champions him

on all occasions against Harriet, who, now that her love-theory has proved false, and he lives like a commonplace gentleman instead of a romantic hermit, is rather apt —with a most mild malignity, however —to depreciate him.

New-Year's eve has come again; and a little after eleven the sisters are sitting—this time without company—in their little parlor, when they hear a knock at the front-door. Rhoda, much astonished, runs to open it, and is still more surprised when Mr. Phillips enters. He has had a sad relapse—his *mauvaise honte* has come back as bad as ever. He can hardly be persuaded to be seated; he fidgets with his hat; he looks askance at Miss Harriet, as if annoyed by her presence, but turns pale with fear when by chance she rises, as if about to leave the room; he hems and haws; he begins sentences, and never ends them. "Deeply grateful to Miss Rhoda"—"object for existence"—"not let the year close," are the only intelligible portions—and these but partially intelligible—of his fragmentary utterances. Miss Rhoda soon understands him, however, and cheerily exclaims: "*I* know what you mean, Mr. Phillips; but you'll never say it, if I don't help you, for we can't send Harriet up into the bedroom this cold night; and if I wait till the clock strikes, I shall lose my chance of helping you. You want me to marry you, don't you? There, Harriet! I said this time twelvemonths that I'd ask him, and see I *have*."

Neither Harriet, snugly housed in, nor we who visit at her happy, hospitable home, (the Holly Hedge has been cut down,) have had any reason to regret that Miss Rhoda Phipps became, a month afterward, Mrs. Henry Phillips.

From the North British Review.

GUIZOT AND THE PAPACY.*

This is a very clear, clever, in some respects well-reasoned, yet withal inconclusive plea for reäction—both civil and ecclesiastical—in Italy. It may seem strange that it should be so, when we think of the author. Yet to those who have carefully studied some of M. Guizot's previous writings, the conclusions to which he has come in the present volume, however they may cause regret, can scarcely excite surprise. With all his strong sympathies for liberty, and his fine historical appreciation of the moral conditions of civilization, and even his healthy Protestant religious feeling, M. Guizot has always shown great timidity in political speculation, and a lack of hearty faith in human progress. Both as a statesman and an historian, he is deficient in liberal passion. Throughout his *History of the English Revolution*, or his later *Life of Cromwell*, the great character of the Protector never kindles him into admiration, nor moves him with a throb of excitement. The vehement patriotism of Milton is unintelligible to him. He holds the balances of judgment too gravely, and he looks on with too cold and critical a glance, to allow himself to be touched by the onward sweep of political enthusiasm. His is, in short, rather a philosophical than an active love of liberty. He is a *doctrinaire* still more than a patriot; above all, he is an anti-revolutionist. The very name or idea of revolution frights all his political sensibilities.

The present volume is born of these peculiarities. It breathes throughout the most devoted love for liberty in the *abstract*. It appreciates with clear intelligence, and expounds with a facile and experienced ability, the fundamental cor

*L'Eglise et La Société Chretiennes en 1861. Par M. Guizot. Paris. 1861.

ditions both of civil and religious independence. Especially, it is instinct in every page with a grave moral earnestness, almost rising into enthusiasm, yet never entirely carried away. It is didactic, impressive, solemn—the summing up by a veteran statesman of the complexities of a great question, as before the bar of conscience and of history. The premises are sound, or nearly so; the argument is powerful, and, in part, fair; yet the issue is felt to be wrong. The conclusions outweigh the reasoning, and do not follow from the principles. Prepossessions have crept in and decided the result; and the reader, who has been straining his attention to catch the sequence of thought by which the maintenance of the Papacy in all its integrity is shown to be a deduction from the broadest consideration of religious toleration, is quietly put off by assumptions, which would just as easily have settled the question without any argument at all.

The occasion of the volume is no doubt known to most of our readers, and is explained by M. Guizot in his opening chapter. In the course of last spring, he took the chair at a public meeting of the "Society for the Encouragement of Primary Instruction among the Protestants in France," and then, among other observations addressed to the meeting, spoke as follows:

"A melancholy disturbance affects a large portion of the general Christian Church—I say a melancholy disturbance; it is my own opinion that I express, and that I desire to express. Whatever differences, and even divisions, may be among us, we are all Christians, and the brethren of all Christians. The security, the dignity, the liberty of all Christian churches, equally belong to the whole of Christendom. It is Christendom as a whole that suffers, when great Christian churches suffer. It is the entire Christian edifice against which the blows are directed, which now strike one of its chief structures. Under such trials, our sympathy is due to the Christian Church in all its extent."

These words, it may be imagined, gave rise to a good deal of discussion. Many Roman Catholics hailed them, and thanked the speaker for them. Many Protestants greatly blamed him, and felt disquieted by his language. Some of his most intimate friends, M. Guizot says, "expressed their affectionate regret." Moreover, he had already exposed himself to comment, from the language he had used regarding Italy, in welcoming Lacordaire as a member of the French Academy. He felt it necessary, therefore, that he should explain his views further. The present volume is the consequence. He disclaims in it a controversial spirit, for which, he says, he has no turn. He can understand and sympathize with the keenness of personal debate, of which he has had enough in his day; but controversy, conducted from the closet or study, is distasteful to him. "It is a tournament in which minds display themselves, and not a combat in which destinies are at stake. Self-love becomes more and more chafed and excited, according to its peculiar bias; and vanity is gratified, instead of truth triumphing." His object, accordingly, is not to reply to his critics, but to expound more fully his own opinion regarding the recent and continuing state of Italy, and especially regarding the attacks which have been made upon the Papacy.

His argument is, in the first instance, of a general character, affecting the whole position of the Christian Church, and the dangers to which it is at the present day exposed. So far M. Guizot carries us along with him: in his argument he has at once our convictions and our sympathies. There is both great truth and great importance in the views developed in his early chapters, and in the extended episode entitled, "Our Mistakes and our Hopes," inserted in a later chapter. These views are also so pertinent to the present state of theological speculation in our own country, as well as in France, that we shall briefly call attention to them before proceeding to challenge the conclusions which he has drawn in his more special argument on the subject of Italy and the Papacy.

All Christian churches, M. Guizot argues, should be united in the face of a common danger. A common enemy is assaulting their gates, and even the very citadel of spiritual truth. It is not merely the Christian religion as a social institution that is in peril, but it is the Christian faith itself that is attacked: Materialism, Pantheism, Rationalism, Historical Criticism, are all merely different names for the aggression to which Christianity is every where exposed. This aggression, indeed, is no novelty. More than once already, and notably in the last century, has Christianity been exposed to it. It triumphed then against its numerous ene-

mies, and it will triumph no less in its present struggle. But the evil of the contest is great, although the issue may not be doubtful. Many souls suffer; and society is weakened and injured by the blows directed against its faith, even if they should not prove mortal. Faith shall not perish, but it is necessary for it to recognize its perils, to look them fairly in the face, and to collect all its forces in order to surmount them.

M. Guizot rightly apprehends that the chief point of all the attacks now made upon Christianity is the denial of the Supernatural. It is here that, in all its shapes, unbelief centers. Its governing thought is, that the world and man, alike in his moral and his physical being, are solely under the dominion of general laws, which are immutable and necessary. The idea of a higher Will controlling these laws, or in any case traversing them, is quietly disowned and set aside.

The question of the "Supernatural" is at once a difficult and extended one, and M. Guizot does not profess to handle it in all its bearings; but there is something very impressive and very interesting in the chapter to which he has given this title. As the mature thought of a veteran historian and thinker, it well deserves attention.

"It is upon faith," he says, "or an inner instinct of the Supernatural, that all religion rests. I do not say every religious idea, but whatever religion is positive, practical, powerful, durable, and popular. Every where, in all climates, at all epochs of history, and in all degrees of civilization, man is animated by the sentiment—I would rather say the presentiment—that the world which he sees, the order of things in the midst of which he lives, the facts which regularly and constantly succeed each other around him, are not *all*. In vain he makes every day, in this vast universe, discoveries and conquests; in vain he observes and learnedly verifies the general laws which govern it; his thought is not inclosed in the world surrendered to his science; the spectacle of it does not suffice his soul; it is raised beyond it; it searches after and gets a glimpse of Something else; it aspires higher both for the universe and itself; it aims after another destiny—another Master.

'Par delà tous ces cieux le Dieux des cieux réside.'

So Voltaire has said; and the God who is beyond all the skies is not Nature personified, but a Supernatural Personality. It is to this higher Personality that all religions address themselves. It is to bring men into communion with him that they exist. Without this instinctive faith of men in the Supernatural—without a spontaneous and invincible aspiration toward it, religion would be impossible.

"Alone of all beings here below, man prays. Among his moral instincts, there is none more natural, more universal, more unconquerable than prayer. The child inclines to it with a ready docility. The old man recurs to it as a refuge against decay and isolation. Prayer ascends from young lips which can scarcely murmur the name of God, and from dying lips which have scarcely strength to pronounce it. Among every people, famous or obscure, civilized or barbarous, we meet at every step with acts and forms of invocation. Wherever men live, in certain circumstances, at certain hours, under the influence of certain impressions of soul, the eyes are elevated, the hands join themselves, the knees bend, in order to implore or to render thanks—to adore or to appease. With transport or with trembling, publicly, or in the secret of his heart, it is to prayer that man applies, in the last resource, to fill the void of his soul, or to help him to bear the burden of his destiny. It is in prayer that he seeks, when every thing else fails him, support for his weakness, consolation in his sorrows, hope for his virtue.

"No one can mistake the moral and internal worth of prayer, independently of its efficacy to attain its object. The soul throws off its burdens, and once more raises itself—quiets, and fortifies itself—by prayer. It finds in turning to God the same feeling of relief—of return to health and repose—that the body finds in passing from a heavy or tempestuous air into a serene and pure atmosphere. God comes to the aid of those who pray, before and apart from the effort which they make that he shall hear them.

"Will he hear them? What is the external and definite efficacy of prayer? Here is the mystery, the impenetrable mystery of the designs and of the action of God upon each of us. So much we know, that whatever way he acts upon our external or internal life, it is not we who alone dispose of them according to our own thought or will. All the names which we give to that part of our destiny which comes not from ourselves—chance, fortune, nature, fate—are so many vails with which, in our ignorant impiety, we cover the truth. When we use such phrases, we refuse to see God where he is. Beyond the narrow sphere which incloses our power and action, God reigns and acts. There is in the simple act of prayer—so natural and universal—the expression of an instinctive and universal faith in the permanent and continually free action of God upon man and his destiny. 'His ways are not our ways.' We walk in them without knowing it. To believe without seeing, and to pray without foreseeing, is the condition which God has imposed upon man in this world as to all that transcends its limits. It is in the knowledge and admission of this Supernatural Order that faith and religious life consist.

"That this instinctive faith in the Superna-

tural should be also the source of many errors and superstitions, no one dreams of disputing. Here, as every where, it is the lot of man to have the good and the evil incessantly mingled in his destiny, and in his works as in himself; but it by no means follows from this inevitable admixture, that our great instincts have no significance, or that they only mislead us when they elevate us. Whatever may be the delusions which attend our highest aspirations, it remains certain that the Supernatural is firmly fixed in the instinctive faith of man, and that it is the condition—the *sine qua non*—as it is the veritable object and essence, of all religion."

It is not necessary to pursue the direct train of M. Guizot's thoughts farther, but it seemed desirable to fix the attention of our readers upon this clear and eloquent statement of the grounds upon which human faith in the Supernatural rests. It is cheering, amid so many uncertain or despairing voices, and the hardening sound of materialistic self-confidence, to listen to such a faithful testimony to the reality of a higher life containing and encompassing ours—a life beyond nature, and not confined by its unvarying changes. The recent spirit of speculation, if it has done nothing else, has at least exposed more plainly than before the ultimate divergencies of thought out of which all philosophy springs. There is the thought which not only starts from nature, but never goes beyond it, which regards man in all the exquisite and wonderful combination of his powers as only nature's highest product, and the laws which govern his whole being as immutably fixed in material springs, however subtly and impenetrably these may be hidden. Materialism, Pantheism, Rationalism in all its forms, is the offspring of this thought. God, and Truth, and Eternity may be terms in the mouth of all of these; but they are and can be nothing to such a mode of thought, except the delusive watchwords of superstition or the by-play of an ungrounded imagination. The higher thought upon which all spiritual philosophy and Christianity alike rest, stands in clear contrast to this. According to it, man is more than the creature of nature; he is nature and yet spirit—having his present being amid the unchanging activities of the former, yet also allied to a Higher Being, in whom alone he truly lives. While it is the very condition of the first mode of thought to exclude the Supernatural, and to treat all its supposed intimations as mere delusions, it is the essential principle of this higher thought to recognize the Supernatural every where as a lofty and primal Order transcending and embracing the lower order of nature, and traversing it where, for wise and good purposes, it may seem fit to do so. Man, according to this view, is characteristically a spiritual being; nature is merely his temporary environment; his true life is above it — with God, of whom all his moral instincts indubitably witness.

It is a God who thus reveals himself to man in conscience and in Scripture who is the only true God, as M. Guizot points out in the chapter with which he follows up that on the Supernatural. The Hebrew and Christian God, in contrast to that of all false religions, is no personification of the forces of nature, nor of the human faculties, nor of the heroes of the human race. He is the Creator of man and of nature. He existed before them, and remains essentially distinct and independent. He is the only eternal, all-subsisting Being, always and every where active, who maintains and governs whatever he has created, and to whom alone the faith and worship of his creatures are due. In place of such a living and true God, it is the aim of modern unbelief, according to our author, to set up a merely abstract God, no less an idol of man's invention than the gods of ancient paganism; "for he is nothing else than man and the world confounded, and erected into God by a science which believes itself profound, and which would not be considered impious. In place of Christianity, its history, its doctrines, and those grand solutions of our destiny and those sublime hopes of our nature which it unfolds, it proposes to us pantheism, skepticism, and the perplexities of learning."

It is in the face of such common dangers, touching the very essence of Christianity, that M. Guizot thinks that all Christians are bound to unite in order to defend their common faith, their common religious home. "They have various dwellings; but it is their common territory, the place which contains them all, which is now assaulted." There is the more reason why they should thus unite and live in peace, that they have perfect liberty to do so. The true principles of religious liberty are now at length fully understood. Thanks, not so much to any of the churches, as to the gradual pro-

gress of liberal opinion in the laity, the moral rights of individuals and of societies are now widely acknowledged. Every one is allowed to think as he likes, and Christian churches are for the most part free to proclaim and work out their own ideas of the truth according to their own plans.

We here approach the key to M. Guizot's warm argument in behalf of the Papacy, and it is necessary therefore to notice closely his words. In what does religious liberty consist? he asks; and he gives the three following answers:

The right for individuals to profess their faith, and to practice their worship; to belong to what religious society they please; to remain in it or secede from it.

The right of different churches to organize and govern themselves internally, according to the maxims of their faith and the traditions of their history.

The right of believing members and ministers of different churches to teach and propagate, by moral and intellectual means, their faith and worship.

He combats at some length the idea, that complete religious liberty is incompatible with the connection of Church and State. The connection appears to him at once sound in principle, and advantageous in its consequences to both parties. Apart from the Church, the State becomes materialized; it loses the moral force which naturally belongs to its alliance with the principles and sentiments of religion; it becomes unsanctioned and unconsecrated. Absolutely separated from the State, again, the Church falls easily a prey to exaggerations of doctrine and precepts; it fails alike in stability and dignity, in experience and moderation; it loses the wider intelligence that springs from the legitimate necessities of civil government. In the name of its heavenly origin and its divine mission, it shows a hard and unreasonable front to human sentiments and the ordinary interests of life. It breeds sectaries and mystics rather than Christians.

It is necessary that civil and religious society remain profoundly distinct, and neither invade nor oppress each other. But it is not true that, in order to escape this danger, they should remain quite strangers, or that they can not, for the good and honor of both, contract a public and mutually supporting alliance.

M. Guizot then reviews in an interesting chapter the state of the Protestant Church in France, in its peculiar relation to the prevalent attacks upon Christianity, and the imperfect state of its constitutional development. We can not, however, pause to consider his views on this subject, but pass on to his consideration of the Roman Catholic Church, and the fundamental conditions of its liberty as regarded by him.

His position is simply this, that the temporal power of the Papacy is as much a normal and constitutional element of the Roman Catholic Church, as the consistories and synods of the Protestant Church are an essential part of its government. Religious liberty, in the full extent of its meaning, implies that every church shall have free scope for its own characteristic mode of action, its agencies of government, and the rules and traditions which preside over them. He puts the case in this way. If any one was to say to the Protestant Church in France, "You shall have no synods, no central power of externally controlling your affairs; each of your local churches will remain isolated and independent to do as it pleases, and to decide according to its own will the great questions which interest Protestantism"—would not this be held to be a direct infringement with the liberties of the Protestant Church? Or, if the British Parliament, in granting to the Roman Catholics permission to profess their faith openly, had yet interdicted them from holding any relations with the Papacy—these relations forming an essential part of the Roman Catholic religion—could religious liberty be said to exist in England? Could the English Catholics be satisfied with a measure of liberty which interfered with one of the fundamental provisions of their ecclesiastical constitution?

"No one," M. Guizot argues, "can be ignorant that, independently of religious dogmas, two essential characteristics distinguish the organization and position of the Roman Catholic Church. It has a general and sole head, whom all Catholics, however scattered abroad in different states, acknowledge. This head is at once the spiritual prince of Catholicism, and the temporal prince of a small European state. A keen debate exists at present on this subject. Some profess that the union of the two characters is not necessary to the Papacy, and that it might preserve its spiritual power without retaining its temporal sovereignty. Others maintain the necessity of the temporal sovereignty for the free and certain exercise of the spiritual power. I do not

enter into this debate. I do not examine here the system of government of the Catholic Church; it is its liberty, and its right to liberty, only that I defend. The twofold character of the Papacy is a fact consecrated by ages—a fact developed and upheld throughout all vicissitudes, all struggles, all distractions of Christendom. And yet we believe it possible to lay violent hands upon this fact, and to alter it at pleasure, and even destroy it, without interfering with the religious liberty of the Catholics! We can despoil the spiritual chief of the Catholic Church of a character and a position which this Church for ages has looked upon as the garantee of its independence, and yet pretend that we do not trammel and mutilate Catholicism! There are even those who maintain that the Catholic Church has never hitherto been free, but is only about to be so. A *free Church* is the principle which some maintain in the name of the State, at the very moment that the State is taking away from the Church its constitution and its property!"

It will be evident from these remarks, which we consider it due to M. Guizot to give in full, what is the peculiar and very unusual position he occupies as a Protestant thinker and politician. It was not to be expected that we should find him echoing the commonplaces of political Protestantism which are familiar among ourselves. From the author of the *History of Civilization* we would not anticipate any depreciatory or even rigorous criticism of the Roman Catholic Church. We remember the very broad and tolerant views of that work, which was among the first to set in a popular light before Protestants the great civilizing agency of the Roman Church, as it extended its influence over the barbarian nationalities which had overwhelmed and destroyed the landmarks of the ancient empire of the West. To a mind of such expansive historical sympathy as M. Guizot's, which looks at Christianity not so much as a system of definite truth as a great social institution, it is natural to regard Roman Catholicism not merely kindly, but benevolently. Its dogmatic errors, and even its practical delinquencies, fall into the shade; while its historical grandeur, its beneficent influences, its notable deeds of piety and charity, its world-wide fame, and now its world-wide sorrows, come prominently into light.

Admitting all these, however—granting so far the historical position of M. Guizot, the accuracy of which it is not our part at present to dispute—it appears to us that a fair reply may be made to his argument out of the very concessions now made. For, whence, we may ask, have come the present attacks upon the temporal power of the Papacy, and the integrity of the Roman Catholic Church, supposing that its integrity is involved in the maintenance of its temporal sovereignty? It may please our author to look upon these attacks as the expression of a merely revolutionary and destructive spirit. But this is not a view that can satisfy any political student, who is able without prejudice to contemplate the course of events. It is notorious that they have been long preparing — that they have not been directed in any degree by the dogmatic prejudices of Protestants; that, on the contrary, they have sprung up in the bosom of Catholicism itself, and been directed by those who profess themselves devoted Catholics. Is it not possible, then—taking the broadest historical view of the question—that the temporal power of the Papacy has outlived its usefulness, and that it is falling to pieces of its own corruption? It is not a case of violence, so much as of internal dissolution. For more than a dozen years now, the Papacy has only been preserved in its temporal sovereignty by French bayonets. Let these bayonets be withdrawn, and the decayed fabric would not stand a day. And is not this sufficient proof that the law of historical progress has overtaken the Papal power, and that this power is destined to enter on a new career, or take some new development in the very act of parting with its outworn temporal character?

M. Guizot is not insensible to this view of the question, but he puts it aside, and brings prominently into view the aggressive character of the Piedmontese policy. "In order to attain its ends, Piedmont," he says, "is obliged to trample under foot the rights of nations in despoiling the Pope of the estates of which he is sovereign, just as it tramples under foot the rights of religious liberty in overturning the constitution of the Catholic Church, of which the Pope is the head. Such necessities," he adds, "are the condemnation of the policy which impose them." But surely he overlooks here entirely the main justification of the Piedmontese policy. Why has it been forced into this position of active hostility to the Papacy? Is it from the mere desire of aggression? Is it even solely from the legitimate impulse to possess

Rome as the national capital of the Italian kingdom — a political necessity which is owned by our author? Is it not also, and more urgently than all, from the fact, that the Roman government has lost all power of self-protection, and is in consequence a center of disturbance and revolutionary excitement for the whole of the rest of Italy? The Pope has ceased to govern. If the French troops were withdrawn, his power would collapse forthwith, and the only alternative would be, Piedmont or anarchy. This is a necessity, surely, which must excuse such a movement as that of Piedmont—a movement which, in all the circustances, has been singularly characterized by an absence of violence—by the weapons of rational argument and expostulation, rather than of revolution.

The pervading fallacy of the volume before us, lies in the complacent assumption throughout, of the revolutionary character of the Italian movement. It is needless to argue about a name; and this movement may or may not be properly styled revolutionary. But M. Guizot is too well informed a student of history not to know that there are two very different kinds of revolutionary movement — the one theoretical and anarchical; the other, moral and well-ordered—the issue of necessities which are irresistible, and yet which aims to guide rather than to disturb. The plotting of Mazzini and his *confrères* may be of the former kind. It has been marked throughout by that "logic which stifles justice and reason," as our author says. It lived in a region of ideas; it fed itself on theories. It designed the destruction of the Papacy, because it was opposed to its ideal schemes. We may grant that the argument of our author applies to such a system of revolution. But it is the peculiar boast of the recent and present movement in Italy, that it is of an entirely different character. It has not been born merely of ideas; it has not been pushed forward under the impulse of theories. The great man that initiated it, and that guided it till its complicated threads fell from his dying grasp, no doubt cherished his own lofty schemes. He saw beyond the necessities of the hour to the glorious vision of an Italian kingdom, united and completed; and he did not hesitate at the consequences that must be faced in pursuing this his vision. Like every other great statesman, he was not a man to be deterred by circumstances that might appear revolutionary, when once he had entered on his great work. But his work itself, in its origin and conception, was not revolutionary, but conservative. It was in the interests of order, and not of disorder. He felt the Italian soil every where heaving beneath his feet. The explosion, he knew, must come. It was not the radical but the constitutional instinct that placed him at the head of it. He watched and saw his opportunity, and seized it with the hand of a consummate master; but he did not excite the forces that made it. Neither he, nor any one concerned in the movement, did so. This was the work of the long train of Italian misgovernment under Austrian inspiration. This had wrought its inevitable issue; it had at length become intolerable. The national feeling was at length roused to such a pitch, that it could hold no longer; and no sooner was the Austrian power broken by the help of the arms of France, than the excited feeling burst its bounds every where; and the idea of a united Italy became not merely a dream, but an approaching fact.

It is the absence of any recognition of this popular movement in Italy that renders M. Guizot's elaborate argument entirely without value—without application to the exigencies of the case. He every where reasons as if the Italian movement were a mere private affair of M. Cavour, got up by him and others to serve their own purposes. At the best, he sees, or pretends to see, no where below the surface of state intrigue, and the revolutionary mechanism which has been here and there necessarily called into operation. These, which are the mere symptoms of the real state of national excitement in Italy, are to him every thing. But surely it does not require his historical penetration to know that a great national movement, like that which has taken place in Italy, is not to be got up by any ingenuity of state-craft, nor even by any impulses of revolutionary dogmatism.

He mourns over the expulsion of the local governing powers in Tuscany and Parma, and in Naples. An Italian Confederation, he thinks, would have assured Italian liberty better than "Piedmontese domination under the name of Italian unity." The Grand Duke of Tuscany

would have imbibed Italian sympathies, and given himself to the cause of Italian liberty, as soon as the Austrian tyranny was broken; and even the King of Naples would have learned to identify himself with the national interests, and given himself to the task of liberal government. All this is barely possible; but who can believe it probable. At any rate, it is clear that the Italian people did not believe in any such regeneration of the Italian governments. Had they not been tried over and again, and found wanting? Had not Naples been placed under the ban of civilized diplomacy? And all without effect. It had gone on from worse to worse, until the Bourbon dynasty had become utterly odious—a thing to be swept away before the first breath of national commotion. Could any thing but a genuine national sympathy have enabled Garibaldi's volunteers to march triumphantly, as they did, from Palermo to Naples? Could any thing but an utter bankruptcy of all moral respect and authority have driven a king and queen—the latter not without heroic qualities—forth from their hereditary dominions without commiseration, or the regrets of any but those degraded or bigoted classes of the community which had shared with them in their tyranny—its tools or its advisers?

And to return to our more immediate subject, the Papacy. Do not all things make it evident that, as a civil government, it is incorrigible—incapable of improvement? Let it be that the union of the temporal and spiritual power has hitherto constituted its peculiar character as a government. Let it be that this union is an historical inheritance, and not a wicked imposture. Our author argues this at length. The peculiar character of the Papal government, he maintains, is a growth of historical necessity, and not of pretended principle and unscrupulous ambition. These have had their influence in forming it, as many other governments in the world. But historical exigency is its true explanation. The Papacy acquired territory first in Rome, then in the neighborhood, then in other parts of Italy, by successive and diverse titles—in the first instance, as a municipal magistracy, and finally, as a territorial sovereignty, exercising the full rights of royalty. Its possessions and sovereign authority have come to the Papacy as a natural appendix and necessary support of its great religious position, and in proportion as that position has developed and strengthened. The donations of Pepin and Charlemagne, M. Guizot urges, were merely among the chief incidents of a progress that was inevitable in the peculiar circumstances of the Bishopric of Rome, surrounded as it was by popular regard and royal deference.

But supposing all granted that may be said on this subject of the venerable historical grandeur of the Papacy as a temporal sovereignty, this is no valid argument in favor of the perpetuity of that sovereignty. It may not the less be effete and worn out, that it has existed so long and is so venerable with years. It is, in fact, of the very antiquity of its machinery, and the immobility that comes from the pressure of its long-descended traditions, that much of its practical inefficacy for any thing save oppression arises. It is dying, well-nigh dead, just because it is so old. Even if we could look at it from M. Guizot's point of view, with a fond regret for its great history and its many renowned traditions, we should yet be unable to see any grounds for perpetuating a power that had lost all vitality and capacity of good. The "sick man" can not be saved, when his sickness is so obviously unto death.

But we must not forget that M. Guizot's point of view is a singular one for a Protestant. He knows full well that there are not many Protestants, even on the Continent, that can be brought to see the matter simply in the historical light in which he contemplates it. The vehement disapprobation which his words called forth when they were first uttered, was enough to show this. And our British Protestantism could much less regard such words favorably. It may be that it is less tolerant—less gifted with historic sympathy; but assuredly it has not learned to dissociate from the Papacy its dogmatic and impious pretensions, and to regard it merely as an oppressed institution—as a suffering cause—even in its present extremity. That extremity may not be a subject of vehement congratulation to British Protestants, There are many among them who have no disposition to rejoice over the helpless miseries of an old man, who is only able to maintain his seat by the help of the arms of one whom he is yet forced to regard with suspicion and distrust. Not

even Dr. Cumming, we fancy, has the heart to rejoice over such a plight.

Yet neither British nor French Protestants can put out of sight the impiety and crimes which have made the Papacy infamous as a power of spiritual oppression, and frequently of civil disorder, throughout many stages of its career. They can not forget, what M. Guizot seems to do, that there are not merely developments, but stern retributions, in history. And, now that the hour of weakness and darkness has come to the Papacy, they do not rejoice, but neither do they remonstrate. They pause, and look on with earnest anxiety. They watch the movement of the drama, and they are prepared to welcome the result.

Certainly there is no intelligent Protestant in this country who sees, in the present disaster of the Papacy, the mere maneuvers of Count Cavour, or the intrigues of Piedmontese policy. Whatever may have been the operation of these, the effect has not been produced by them. It has been coming slowly, but inevitably, for years. The ruin has been working for generations. A higher finger than that of any earthly policy has written decay on a fabric which once towered so proudly, and, exalting itself to the skies, so often forgot the Christian spirit of which it professed to be the embodiment.

It may be that the overthrow of the Pope's temporal sovereignty may leave Italy very much changed from the Italy of tradition and historical association. But, valuable as these elements of civilization are—and we would not wish to underrate their value—there are yet higher and more valuable elements of human well-being. The moral springs of civilization are deeper than any mere traditions, and may require to be purified and enriched at the expense of associations that are no longer adornments of the living, but merely trappings of the dead. Whatever may be the destiny of the Papacy—whether its temporal power may pass away swiftly in name as in reality, or linger still for some years—we can not doubt that there is a glorious future before regenerated and united Italy. The aspirations of freedom gather around it from every land. There is that in M. Guizot's heart that witnesses to his hopes for it, notwithstanding his fears and his prejudices. His chivalry in behalf of the Pope has obscured, but not extinguished, his faith in human progress. Let him rest assured that the interests of the Catholic Church will only suffer, in the great crisis through which Italy is passing, so far as is necessary to the higher interests of the Italian nation, and the advancement of European civilization.

From Chambers's Journal.

LADY TRENT'S PICTURE.

STERN Roman nose, and high white forehead, with beautiful soft hair, which showed no symptoms of grayness or decay. Yes, it would have made a fine picture, had it ever been finished. You want to know why it was not; well, be patient with me, and I will tell you all about it.

I was butler to the late Sir Frederick, and, from causes and reasons which it does not matter about detailing, I was very much in my lady's confidence, as I had been in her husband's. I say this that you may not question how or why such and such things came to my knowledge; my lady being pleased to make of me more a counselor and friend, than a superannuated servant. I meant to begin my story at Christmas, but I must just go back a month to the first mention of the picture. I remember it well. The young baronet—that is, the present Sir Frederick—was about to leave home for a month, to return on Christmas-eve

and they were sitting together, just before parting, himself, his mother, and a young lady, who had been with my lady about a year as a sort of companion; for Sir Frederick was often away, and my lady disliked solitude.

They were talking about a fashionable artist who was then in the neighborhood.

"He has taken the Honorable Miss Courtenay," said my lady, "and every body considers it a splendid portrait. She is very beautiful."

"Haughty, rather," said Sir Frederick indifferently. "But now I think of it, you should have had yours taken, mother. Why don't you?"

My lady frowned a little at his indifference to the name she had mentioned, but then a pleased smile stole over her face as it turned to her son.

"Do you wish for an old woman's likeness, Frederick?"

"Certainly, if you mean yourself. But it is a libel to call yourself an old woman."

Then the baronet wished them good-by; a reminder from his mother following him that he must on no account delay his return, as there was to be a grand party on Christmas-eve to celebrate it.

A half-smile was on Sir Frederick's lips, and he turned and looked into the room again, as though to say some additional parting words to Miss Prescott, his mother's companion, but her head was bent steadily over her work, and she never stirred.

Some time after that, I knew that the fashionable artist was coming to take my lady's portrait.

"I wished to have it finished before Sir Frederick returns," said my lady; "but the gentleman is so much engaged, that I suppose it will be impossible. My dear"—to Miss Prescott—"you will read to me during the sittings, that I may forget what is going on. People never look lifelike when they know they are being perpetuated."

The picture was begun, and the voice of the young companion might have charmed the painter as well as his sitter into forgetfulness, to judge from the slow progress he made; but they tell me that is always the way with a great genius.

The month passed away, and all was bustle and preparation. You think it cold now, perhaps, but one such winter as that was is enough in a person's lifetime. The robins were dead about the hedgerows, and throstles and blackbirds lay cold in the pathways, with their little claws sticking up, as though in mute deprecation of the bitter snow which fell upon them. But, in spite of the cold, no hands were busier among the laurels and Christmas roses than the hands of Annie Prescott. I like to think of her as she was then, and fancy, as I can sometimes, that the last few years are all a dream of my worn-out old brain. There was a gladness about her always, orphan though she was, and friendless; perhaps it was that she knew of a Friend whom none trust in vain—I don't know; I only know that if she had been a Trent born I could not have loved her better than I did. But at this time there was a greater charm about her even than usual—a softened grace, a sort of hush of expectation, and an unusual tenderness toward Lady Trent; and my lady, in her rare gentle moods, was wont to stroke her hair, and call her "my child," and "my dear little girl," and say she should be lost without her.

My lady might have been more prudent, but in her great pride and absorption in her own plans, it never entered her head that any thing could mar them.

I wish I could give you an idea of the decorations for that party, but I can not, and nothing is worse than a weak description. The rooms were thrown open, blazing with light; the chandeliers laughed upon the wreaths of holly and the beautiful flowers; the musicians were assembled, and had begun a little toying with their instruments; and yet Sir Frederick was not come; at least no one thought he was; but as I watched my lady pass down the rooms into a conservatory, which formed a sort of finish to the prospect, a man's step came quickly behind me, and Sir Frederick held out his hand, as he always did, to greet me.

"Where is ——"

I did not wait for him to finish, but pointed to the conservatory, telling him my lady was there.

"Oh!—my mother," said Sir Frederick, looking round vacantly. Then he recollected himself. "In there, is she?"

And he marched off toward the conservatory. I saw him come out with my lady on his arm, looking as proud as

Juno, and never noticing her son's rather absent manner and slow step. The latter quickened, however, suddenly, as Lady Trent called out: "Annie, child, where are you hiding? Come and speak to Sir Frederick."

And Miss Prescott came forward from her corner. I have said before that I am not apt at description, so I shall only say of Miss Prescott that I have never seen any one or any thing so beautiful as she was that night in her simple dress, with the holly-berries glancing in her hair. I was not surprised that my lady stopped short and surveyed her with a look that had certainly more surprise than pleasure in it; nor did I wonder at the glow which came over Sir Frederick's face as he held her hand for a moment.

"Umph!" said my lady shortly. "That will do, child. Is any one come? You had better see if you can be of use."

By and by, the rooms began to fill. I ought perhaps to define my position in Lady Trent's establishment, but I hardly know how. I was not butler any longer; my lady generally liked me to be near her, and to take her orders, and also to listen to her outbursts of anger or pride, when any thing annoyed her; nay, she liked even to ask my advice, too, though, of course, she never followed it.

I was near my lady when the Honorable Miss Courtenay and her brother were announced, and seeing the sparkle in her eye as she went forward to receive them, it came over me like a flash of light that there was a plan in Lady Trent's busy brain which would fail, and bring trouble over the house.

Sir Frederick also was occupied among the guests, and his mother's eye passed from Miss Courtenay to him proudly. Well, he was a son to be proud of, but not with such a pride as hers. He was young, only wanting a few weeks of his majority, and handsome, as all the Trents were. But as I looked from one to the other, I saw in his straight black brows and resolute mouth that if his wishes clashed with those of his mother, she would find that he was a Trent in disposition as well as in feature, and no baby to be coërced into doing her will.

I am not going to give a history of the party; it seemed to me that all went merry as a marriage-bell, but my old eyes ached with the light and the dazzling dresses and movements of the dancers. Sir Frederick had been dancing with Miss Courtenay, and they came up together to Lady Trent laughing.

"We have been talking about your great lion, the artist, mother. Miss Courtenay has fallen in love with something he calls his painting-blouse, and wants all mankind to adopt the costume."

"I merely made the remark that it was foreign-looking and becoming," said Miss Courtenay, turning round to favor me with a look of scornful amazement. I daresay she did wonder at my impertinence in venturing to stand where I might breathe the same air as she did.

"It put me in mind, however," said Sir Frederick, "of my picture—yours, I mean—that is, the one you promised me; so I came to ask how it advances. Is it finished?"

"Not quite. They tell me three or four more sittings will be necessary."

The baronet made a grimace. "I wanted to judge of the lion's style. May one look at it?"

"No, no," said Miss Courtenay. "You should never look at ——'s pictures in an unfinished state. Have patience. If you really want to judge of the style, you can see mine."

They passed on; and my lady, turning to me, saw that I was watching them, as she was. Her thoughts would not be restrained, but came out exultingly: "A handsome couple, Radford."

I bit my lips, and made a venture. I hardly know why I did it, knowing that I should do no good; but it grieved me to see my lady settling in her own mind a thing which I felt would never come to pass. "Yes," I said deferentially; "but not equally matched—not suited to each other."

"Why not?" asked my lady sharply.

"I can not pretend to judge," I said with greak meekness; "but it seems to me that a haughty wife would never do for Sir Frederick. Something gentler and quieter ——"

"Silence!" cried my lady still more sharply. "You know nothing about it, James Radford."

And I was silent. But I did know something about it, for all that; and I knew also why my lady's eyes followed her son's movements so anxiously, and why there had come upon her suddenly a nervous disquiet, which she tried to

shake off, and could not. She was thinking if—there was hardly a possibility—but if he *should* disappoint her in that matter.

I was thinking of this also in a dreamy sort of way, when, by the merest chance, having been on an errand for my lady, I found myself entangled in a curtain which had hidden one part of the conservatory. As my arm pushed it aside, I saw two figures within, and I knew at once instinctively who they were. A white little hand, which had been perhaps resting on Sir Frederick's arm, was clasped closely in his fingers, and he was drawing it nearer to him, as though he would never let it go again; and his head was bent to look down into the face, which I could hardly see for the leaves of a great orange plant—I knew whose it was, though—and I heard him say: "My darling, to-morrow I will tell her. Have no fears; she can not help loving you."

All this has taken longer to write than it did to happen. I dropped the curtain, but as I did so, my eyes met the eyes of a face opposite—outside the conservatory, but looking in.

It was a ghastly face; it was distorted with passion; the very skin seemed stretched tight over the cheek-bones, and the eyes shone like the eyes of a tigress.

It was my Lady Trent. And I shuddered, thinking to myself Sir Frederick's words: "She can not help loving you." I knew how much love there was in that watcher's heart for one who had dared to thwart her. For the rest of that night there was a glamour over Sir Frederick's eyes, and he saw no alteration in his mother's manner, if, indeed, there was one; but when the festivities were over, and the guests all gone, she bade her son good-night, or rather good-morning, at once, carrying Annie Prescott away with her. The baronet suppressed an exclamation of annoyance; it was useless to be impatient, and to-morrow would settle all.

Lady Trent was not down-stairs early the next morning, but she was first in the breakfast-room, and had waited patiently a full hour before Sir Frederick joined her, uttering an excuse for his laziness. His glance of inquiry round the room did not pass unnoticed, nor his look of discontent, and yet the cup in Lady Trent's hand was as steady as though she had not known that a struggle must come.

"I want to talk to you, Frederick," said my lady, in her calmest voice. "In a few weeks, you will be of age."

"Yes."

"Thinking as I do," proceeded her ladyship slowly, "that it is absolutely necessary for a man of your rank and position to marry early, I have not heard without anxiety the gossip which rumor has from time to time set afloat respecting your attentions to different young ladies. I have, however, the greatest trust in you; and when the world took your name on its lips, and joined it to that of one every way worthy—I mean Miss Courtenay——"

"You are joking, mother!" burst out Sir Frederick. "Miss Courtenay would as soon marry the man in the moon."

My lady smiled—a wan, forced smile.

"You are modest, Frederick. Suppose I were able to assure you that Miss Courtenay thinks——"

"It doesn't make a spark of difference to me what she thinks, or does not think."

"You speak hastily, and without consideration. Recollect that a man in your position can not always afford to follow up his romantic notions, and sacrifice the future to a piece of boyish folly. You owe it to yourself, and to the society in which your wife should be received, to choose one whom that society would be justified in receiving. In mentioning Miss Courtenay's evident preference for you, I can not help seeing that in all the country round there is not one so fit——"

"To rule over a household of white negroes, and worry her husband into shooting himself."

"You are incoherent. I wish you would speak of this matter seriously, as one in which I am vitally interested."

"So I will," said Sir Frederick, again looking round discontentedly. "I am glad you have given me an opening. In fact, I——"

"You may as well begin your breakfast, Frederick," cried my lady, in a voice of unusual sharpness, for she wanted to stop his confession. "It is useless to wait for Miss Prescott."

"Why?"

"Because she is not coming."

"Not coming?"

"Not coming."

By this time, a little bright spot stood on each of my lady's cheeks, and her eyes were glistening. When Sir Frederick next spoke, he looked her full in the face, and she knew that she must answer him.

"Where *is* Miss Prescott?"

"She has left me, and has gone to her friends."

"What friends?"

"I do not know, and it does not matter. Miss Prescott, the poor companion, is and can be nothing to Sir Frederick Trent, that he should make such searching inquiry concerning her."

"Miss Prescott is a clergyman's daughter and a lady. When did she go?"

"This morning."

Sir Frederick looked at the window. The snow-flakes were filling the air, and dropping silently on the white earth, and the branches drooped under their feathery burden. Not a muscle of the baronet's face moved, but it was a shade paler than usual, as he turned to the table and ate his breakfast silently.

Lady Trent was astonished. Could it be possible that she had mistaken her son, and he had simply been amusing himself with the little companion, since he took it so quietly? At any rate, she was emboldened to return to Miss Courtenay, and went rambling on about the duties of rank and position, and the probability of the Honorable George Courtenay dying unmarried, even if he survived the old lord, when of course a sister's son would be the next heir. But Sir Frederick was thinking of his darling out in the pitiless snow and bitter wind, and he heard not a word of what his mother was saying to him. He was thinking of the little soft hand he had held so tight in his own, never dreaming, alas! that this mother, who had always made him an idol, would now throw obstacles in the way of his wishes; he was thinking of the fair hair with the holly-berries in it—of the blue eyes that would not look up at him as he spoke—and of the little wife he had vowed to cherish and to love as his own soul forever. Who was going to part them?

So he got up from the table quietly, with his face very pale, but his lips firm, and when he reached the door, he said, holding it open: "Mother, last night I promised to take Annie Prescott to my heart and home, as the dearest treasure earth holds for a man. Since you have turned her adrift, and will not tell me where she is gone, I am going to seek her, and I never mean to come back till she is found."

Sir Frederick had been away a fortnight—a weary fortnight. People talked about him, and wondered at his sudden journey; and those who came to call on my lady did not fail to express their wonder. But she bore it bravely, and put off the questions with cheerful commonplaces. You see she was not the woman to show how the fox's little teeth were pinching under her velvet bodice. The Signor Something — I forget his name—had called once, but my lady was not disposed to sit to him then; he must come again.

One morning, I was summoned to Lady Trent's presence earlier than usual; she was sitting at a writing-table with a letter before her, open, and another sealed and addressed. It was one of my lady's peculiarities that she never spoke to any one without looking them full, and almost savagely in the face. In some measure, Sir Frederick had inherited the trick. She turned and faced me then as usual, but with her hands clasped together.

"I have kept no secrets from you, James Radford."

I bowed, believing her, but not knowing exactly what to say.

"I have received a letter from my son. He has found the—the person he went in search of. He—— You can read it, as I wish you to take my answer."

I read the letter. It was one of mixed appeal and determination. I thought there were parts of it which ought to have softened a mother's heart, but I suppose they did not.

"The answer is here," said my lady, giving me the sealed letter, which was addressed to a hotel in Paris. "I knew that Miss Prescott was gone to France, to some distant relatives. How Sir Frederick discovered it, I do not know, neither does it matter. My answer to his letter is a solemn oath that if he persists in his folly and perpetrates this shameful marriage, I will never see his face again. I will keep my vow. In the mean time, Radford, instead of sending this letter by post, I wish you to take it, because there is a chance that the sight of you, and the memories you bear about with you, may

bring the prodigal to a better mind. If you can do any thing, you will only add still more to the gratitude which the Trents owe you."

I attempted no remonstrance, because I knew that it would be useless. I might have urged that I was old, and unfit for a long journey, but I knew what my lady would think of such an excuse. I said, however, merely: "I will go, but I shall not succeed."

My journey was interesting to myself, but would be so to no one else. It will be sufficient to say that I saw Sir Frederick, and gave him the letter. His face grew very pale as he read it; then he turned to me, with my lady's own look.

"Radford, tell my mother that I came of age yesterday, and was married this morning."

There was nothing to be done but to hurry home as fast as I could. And yet, when my journey was over, and I stood at the gate of the lime avenue, I lingered. The interlaced boughs overhead threw their shadows behind me and before me, and a sharp east wind buffeted me, but I lingered because I dreaded the future. When I did go in at last, I found that my lady was giving a sitting to the fashionable artist. She sent for me, however, as soon as she heard of my arrival, and I went up, almost glad of the presence of a third person, to delay, as I thought, my tidings.

But I was mistaken. There was to be no delay, though she looked at me with eyes which expressed absolutely nothing.

"What news have you, James Radford?"

"Madam," I said, "I was too late."

My lady got up and went to look at the picture; she put up her eye-glass and examined it carefully.

"A pity it can not be finished," she said; "but as I shall never look like that again, I will have nothing more done to it. Set it against the wall, Radford, and let it remain there as it is. Do you hear?"

And Lady Trent left the room, with a bow to the astonished artist. I would have followed to tell her Sir Frederick's message in full, but she stopped me.

"You will never speak to me on this subject again, Radford. See that the portrait-man is paid, and let him go."

Of course the news of Sir Frederick's marriage soon spread, and people came with a pretense of congratulating his mother, but in reality to see how she took it. My lady, however, escaped all that by giving out that she was too unwell to see any one.

And she had told the truth. She never was like herself afterward. That searching look of hers became the glare of a wild animal, and she had fits of passion which terrified every unlucky servant who happened to be near her. Letters continued to come from Sir Frederick, and when they came she put them straight into the fire, unopened; and would sit with her chin on her hands, watching them curl up and burn with a savage satisfaction. At last she grew so bad that no one but myself dared to go near her, and as there seemed to be no one in authority, I wrote to Sir Frederick, telling him all particulars.

He answered my letter almost in person; that is to say, he sent a messenger on to bid me break his arrival as gently as I could to his mother. That was a pleasant task; but I knew no one else would do it if I shrank back. My news brought forth the most terrible fit of passion I had ever seen. My lady had taken an oath which she could not keep. She knew as well as I did that she could not forbid Sir Frederick his own house, and if she remained in it she must see him. Suddenly she grew quite quiet, and came up to me.

"James Radford, you know I swore that I would never see my son again; and I never shall. Hush! Don't you talk to me. When will he be here?"

"I expect him every minute."

"I am going to my own room to rest. Let no one disturb me to-night at least."

We waited more than an hour anxiously. Several times I stood outside my lady's door, but she was quiet, and I really hoped there might be a change. Then I heard the gate of the avenue, and wheels. As they came rattling up the sweep, a noise in my lady's room, and then a succession of screams, most horrible and unearthly, filled my ears till I was stunned; then all was still. Servants came rushing to the spot, and my lady's maid among them, with scared looks and terrified gestures.

"You had better go in," I said.

But the door was locked or bolted inside. I put my shoulder against it, and burst it open. My lady was lying on the

floor, dead, with a pool of blood about her. She had broken a blood-vessel.

Hardly knowing what I did, I went down to meet Sir Frederick. I suppose I must have looked the horror I felt, for he started back when he saw me, crying out: "For God's sake what is it, Radford? My mother——"

I signed to him to be quiet, while his wife put her little hand in mine, and looked up at me wistfully. It was a sad home-coming for her, after all. I took her into the library, and made her sit down, promising to send my lady's maid, but knowing that I should not dare to do it, even if that young person had not been in a violent fit of hysterics up-stairs. Then I told Sir Frederick. At first, he was like one mad, accusing himself of having killed his mother, and talking so wildly, that I was obliged to try to stop him.

"Sir Frederick, you did not kill her, but her own passion. Heaven have mercy upon her and us! Some body must tell your wife."

Perhaps nothing else would have calmed him, but that did. I led him to the library-door. I saw Miss Annie—pardon, it is the last time; henceforth she is Lady Trent—sitting like a child where I had placed her, gazing into the fire; and tears were rolling down her cheeks as she gazed. I saw Sir Frederick go up and kneel beside her, putting his arm round hers tenderly; and I saw her dear face turn naturally to its rest on his shoulder. Then I shut the door quietly and went my way, for I knew that if there was any comfort for them on the earth, those two would find it in each other.

When I heard you say, "I wonder why that picture was never finished," that weary time came up vividly before me, and I have told the story.

From the London Eclectic.

WHAT I SAW IN ICELAND.*

ICELAND has become, from year to year, the center of more interest to travelers and naturalists, and even to that far inferior order of character, the tourist. Capitalists are taking possession of its shores, and forming vast fisheries there. And even the critical Germans are piercing into the country, and disentangling the myths and other marvels of the wild and weird island. Among the travels published, Dr. Henderson's still seem to us the most interesting, perhaps with the exception of Sir George Mackenzie's. We wonder, indeed, that, with some additions, so valuable a work remains out of print, or at any rate, that subsequent travelers do not avail themselves of quotations from his book, to bring before the reader's eyes scenes more vividly described than they seem to possess the power to do. It is possible that its very evident and simple piety may create a prejudice against it. Its allusions to Scripture, and illustrations drawn from Scripture, are no doubt unsavory, and, to most readers, distasteful; but it is no doubt one of the most delightful volumes of Arctic travel we have. We thought so twenty-five years since, and our opinion has undergone no change.

* *The Oxonian in Iceland; or, Notes of Travel in that Island in the Summer of* 1860, *with Glances at Icelandic Folk-Lore and Sagas.* By the Rev. FREDERICK METCALF, M.A., Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford. Longman, Green, Longman & Roberts. 1861.

Letters from High Latitudes. By Lord DUFFERIN. John Murray. 1838.

Iceland; or, The Journal of a Residence in that Island during the years 1814 *and* 1815. By EBENEZER HENDERSON. 1818.

Iceland: Its Volcanoes, Geysers, and Glaciers. By CHARLES S. FORBES, Commander, Royal Navy. Murray. 1860.

Journal of a Tour in Iceland in the Summer of 1809. By WILLIAM JACKSON HOOKER, F.R.S. and L.S. Two volumes. Longmans and Murray. 1813.

But, as we said, the world is away to Iceland; and, while Dr. Dasent translates for us the most antique and stirring sagas, and does his best to set before his readers the life of the ancient ages, when the island was the home of adventurous vikings and warlike bards, Mr. Metcalf sets off upon a tour to see the abode of the ancient "hardy Norseman." *The Oxonian in Iceland* is very pleasant reading—sketches of saga lore, little descriptive gleams of Iceland scenery and Iceland homes. It is very unlike Dr. Henderson's book in one of its characteristics. It has no quiet pious emotion; it is full of the spirit of a rollicking Oxford fast man.

It is desirable not only to know persons, but places; not only men, but the earth; hence *we* determined to try to run over some spot, and to do our best to enable other people to see it. Some will say, why Iceland? It would not be a sufficient answer to say that *we* are very fond of ices; and when the tastes are very strong that way, what must it be to wade perpetually over mountains of them? What is more to the purpose, we have always been very fond of Iceland. It fascinated our imagination when we were boys; we always cared a great deal more for it than we ever did for Greece or Rome. Romulus and Remus always seem to us very poor things by the side of Odin or Thor; and Theseus a very indifferent character compared with Hacon. Then we will back the Eddas any day against the Iliad; and, in fact, what is Rome to us? and what do we care either for Rome or Greece? But had it not been for

"The hardy Norseman's house of yore,"

neither we nor England would have been in existence at all at this moment; and we always said, if God gave us the money and the opportunity, we would not waste either in sentimentality among the "isles of Greece," but aim at a higher sort of game, and see that wonderful isle where fire and frost contend for the mastery; and, indeed, there is no doubt it is the most miraculous little spot on our earth. No; there is no other may be compared to it for a moment. Look at your map. There it lies, in the Atlantic, on the very confines of the Polar circle; a land thrown up by a volcano; a land, the whole of which seems to be ever grumbling and getting itself and other people into hot water, because it can't become a volcano; a perpetual puzzle to geologists, who don't know what to make of that mysterious Surturbrand, which serves them instead of coal, although its very name shows what they think of its origin; *Surtur* (devil's) *brand* (torch)—the devil's torch. They get their wood from the ocean; and they get their sea codfish from their inland lakes. Their stalactites are the result of fire rather than water; for there ice and fire are on the best terms with each other, and their dark ducks swim about in their boiling hot lakes. We don't believe there is another spot of earth where the wildest imagination may find itself so outstripped by the strange freaks and grotesque ways of nature. So we always said to ourselves, that if we had the chance we would go any where; we should like much to eat dates in Bethany, drink sherbet in the Valley of Sweet Waters, just outside Constantinople; sip coffee with the Sheik in some old tomb in Petræa; have a yacht to coast off Smyrna; make the tour of the Balkans; task the hospitality of the good, brave people of Montenegro, and prowl among the strange ghâts of the Himalayas—but, before going any where else, we said to ourselves, Remember, you are under an obligation to spend a winter and a summer in Iceland.

We don't see that it matters to any body how we got there, or why, or in what capacity we went there. The reader may go himself two or three times during the summer months of every year, and may see some fine things in his way, too; may touch at the *Faroes*, and may see *Thors*haven; and then the first view of Iceland, and its vast ice mountains towering to an immense hight, crowned with snow. Most travelers will first touch at *Rekiavic*. The simplicity of the people is a little changed since thirty years—since when, as Dr. Henderson landed, the whole population came forth, saying: "Peace, peace! come in peace, and the Lord bless you!" This is the capital of Iceland; but it is only a village, with the disadvantage of sometimes possessing a few drunken, lazy sailors. It lies, however, near to the grand objects of Iceland—that is, it is about forty miles, equal in England to about a thousand, from the Geysers. But you scarcely step beyond Rekiavic before you find yourself surrounded by the evidences of the effects of subterranean fire

—the dismal ruins of mountains which were of old times convulsed by the contending elements. They poured forth immense quantities of lava, and so their own foundations gave way; the structure has fallen in, and the burning continued till the fusible parts were entirely calcined. As we pass along, the masses of rock lie intermingled with the lava, so that the horses could only proceed cautiously over dangerous chasms with sharp lacerating points. We passed over this place on the road to Hafuarfiord, only a few miles from Rekiavic, at night, and it gave us the first taste of what Icelandic traveling would be like.

One of the great objects of attraction to us in Iceland, was the vast antique plain of the *Thingvalla*,—that is, the place of the old Icelandic Parliament. It is not very complimentary to call a man *a thing* now, but in the old Icelandic lore it stood for the wisest and highest of these men. We shall see it presently, meantime let us set off. In Iceland, to walk would be out of the question; there are no carriages, no carts, the only thing on which any transit can be made is the horse, and such horses! but then, if they are not beauties, they are sure-footed. The procession we made in our journey was like nothing so much as a band of tinkers, (with our baggage, and even ourselves, we made a pretty large cavalcade,) yet we gratified our self-esteem by thinking that we resembled an Oriental caravan. All the horses are usually tied to each other, and sometimes the last brute breaks the rein; thus, if the guides are careless, why, you may proceed a mile or two before it is discovered that half the cavalcade is missing—not so wise as the Arab who fastens a bell to the last camel in his caravan.

We reached the plain of the Thingvalla across a plain entirely covered with lava. We looked over the whole plain around us; and behind and before, nothing could be seen but sheets of lava. We came to the brink of a frightful crater, called the Almannagia. We began to despair; we thought we were nearly at the end of our journey, and now nothing was to be seen but this horrid gorge; the wild and rugged grandeur of the scene only distressed us in the fear of our future lengthy journey. The fissure or gap could not in some places be less than a hundred or eighty feet deep, and nearly three miles in length; but we had to advance, and when we arrived at the bottom, we found ourselves, with considerable ease, entering a vast, spacious green valley; it was the spot of the famous court of Iceland. Yes, this was the judgment-hall of the ancient times; here amidst scenery the wildest and most horrific, they held their councils, maintaining the terrors of a law by no means merciful, amidst the overwhelming grandeurs and majesties of nature. It was a spot "of singular wildness and devastation, on every side the effects of most tremendous convulsions and disorder, while nature sleeps now in death-like silence amidst the horrors she has formed." This was the place where were recited all the ancient sagas. Here the national faith was changed, Christianity was acknowledged, and heathenism was overturned. We all remember the well-known instance of the publication and reception of Christianity in our own country; so here, while the heathen and those opposed to Christianity were arguing against its introduction, in all the ardor of dispute, a messenger came running in to say that subterranean fire had broken out in the district of Olfas; the High Priest Thorrdr exclaimed: "Can it be matter of surprise that the gods should be angry at such speeches?" Then Saorri Sodi replied: "Were the gods angry then at the period when this very earth on which we stand was burning?" The force of the argument was admitted, and an act for the abolition of public acts of idolatry was passed. It must be admitted that it was a cold conversion to Christianity. It was very much in the way of a compromise. The exposure of infants, and eating horseflesh, were to be permitted; nay, more, Thor and Freya might be sacrificed to, but not publicly. Moreover, a good many were ready to be baptized, but stipulated for warm water. This little prejudice was humored; can we wonder at it in such a cold country so well provided with hot springs? We passed the spot where many an unhappy woman for infanticide, at a later period, was mercilessly bound in a sack and consigned to the lake; where culprits were beheaded, and many a miserable old creature was burnt for witchcraft; remove a little of the earth and you find plenty of burnt bones. But we were impatient to get on to the *geysers*. In a kingdom of wonderful wonders, these perhaps are the most

wonderful. There is nothing tame in Iceland; all is vast and magnificent. To be sure, the great geyser does not seem to be what he was. Time was when he cast up his volumes of hot water to a hight of three hundred feet, lately he has dwindled down to a hundred and fifty—to a hundred; nor was the distance from the Thingvalla more than an appreciable number of miles. It was late in the afternoon when, turning the foot of a lofty mountain, we saw from the rising and convolving clouds of vapor that we were near to one of the most magnificent scenes in nature. The plain was covered with these hot springs, and one vast basin we saw was filled with beautiful pellucid hot water. We had an opportunity of looking at the wonderful fountain, wonderful even in stillness; but the old fellow is singularly capricious, and as just before we arrived he had expended his rage, we calculated on waiting for some time, perhaps days, before we might be able to receive the gratification of his wrath. We therefore proceeded to pitch our tents—night was coming on, and houses are not plentiful in Iceland; he who travels must do as the snails do, he must carry his house with him. Perhaps it may occur to most of my readers, that this is scarcely a comfortable mode of traveling, nor so pleasant as the same method in the burning deserts of Asia. There is a change sometimes from the tent to the old church. Not treated with too great reverence, the old plain building is frequently the inn of the traveler, as it was ours; and as usually the first object which meets the eye is the coffin of the present living minister, suspended and waiting for occupation, it produces any feelings rather than pleasant ones. Even in traveling too, we come upon houses in a strange way. It is possible to climb, as some have done on horseback, to the roof of the house, and not to know where you are, till, on examination, we find the horse's hoofs in the chimney. A bear was no wiser, Commander Forbes tells us, than to walk up, and to fall down the chimney. Poor Bruin! he was caught and killed, and as the people eat every thing, they ate him. Alas! in traveling, moreover, you can not always calculate on fire; the surturbrand, the only kind of fuel, is sometimes churlish, and will not burn. And perhaps you can conceive few situations more uncomfortable than these tents, the rain rushing down in torrents, the wind howling as if all the demons of Icelandic tradition were broke loose, perhaps a distance of twenty miles from any farm, and no possibility of any fire. This for a first night's encampment does not seem inviting, and we confess some thoughts ran through our soul to the effect that people who left comfortable English firesides and came a geyser-hunting, were at best a kind of ass. However, a spirit-lamp soon made a cup of fine black coffee; and after the first night or two the discomforts vanished before the gradual acclimatization and weariness, and then night comes down amidst those grandeurs as no where else, with very wonderful impressiveness. There is not an inch of English, Scotch, Welsh, or Irish ground where a man may be so lonely; the mountains by night amidst the surrounding blackness are like "snow in Salmon," their snow-white crests gleaming in the wonderful moonlight; and when the surturbrand will burn, then the glorious camp-fire lights up the surrounding scenery, and brings into impalpability and mystery all things around, and the weariness too: no dreams there. Altogether, we very much question whether a night in a tent in the Icelandic desert is not preferable to a night in the desert of Cairo.

But what is that? We started to our feet at a rumbling beneath us, sounding like the throb of an earthquake. We rushed to the door of our tent—but all was still as yet, save the vaporizing fast young geysers over the plain. But at last it came. Did you ever stand before that curious window, in the Strand, in London, and notice those cylindrical jets of water throwing up balls and catching them again? so, in one vast cylinder, of one hundred feet, surrounded by immense volumes of vapor and cloudy spray—so were the waters of the great geyser, boiling hot. From the descending spray the spectator may be easily scalded, unless he is very careful. Stones, vast stones, thrown into the geyser or into the crater, were thrown up and held aloft for four or five minutes. Still how wonderful seemed the eruption of Strokr and this geyser! Rockets of water, boiling up, presented a scene of the most marvelous fascination. If you could conceive some of those exhibitions of fireworks in the Surrey Gardens, removed from meanness

to majesty—water instead of fire—in the midst of a black, bleak desert, instead of a crowded city, it might convey some idea to you. This is one of the world's mysteries—solved, but still wonderful. Rather see it as unsolved, the scenery of desolation amidst those black mountains. Now, a fresh people talk in their vulgar slang of "*doing the geysers*"—a little holiday over mountains and roads of cast-iron; but then, there, amidst those marvels, how insignificant! A raven, while we were looking at the whole, came and perched near us; and, in his wicked, diabolical way—so thoroughly human—looked at it, and looked at us, as if to say: "What do *you* think? *I'm* perfectly at home here." He seemed like many of those to whom nothing is wonderful, only a gratification to a momentary sensation.

While we are upon these miracles of fire, we may as well say that we passed many other hot springs on our way to the still more wonderful, if possible, sulphur springs of Krabla, the great volcanic mountain. This is one of the most desolate and horrible scenes. The lake of the sulphur springs is perpetually wrapt in a dismal gloom, reflected from the black neighboring mountains. There is death-like silence—while the pillars of vapor proceeding from the surface of the water, only tend to finish the melancholy scene, leading the mind to thoughts upon the fire, lying at no great depth from the surface of the earth. The lake is forty miles in circumference; but it has been so filled with lava that its depth is but four fathoms and a half. Here are the sulphur mines. Ascending a terrific pass terminated by an abrupt precipice, we were able to look down, and immediately beneath the brink, at a depth of six hundred feet, lay a row of large caldrons of boiling mud—roaring, splashing, sending forth dense vapors, intercepting the rays of the sun. The boldest stroke of fiction could convey no idea of the awfulness of this scene. Near to this, winding our way beyond the crags, we came to a deep fissure—a crater about three hundred feet in circumference—and then a vast column of black liquid roared and steamed aloft. The eruptions took place every five minutes. It is no wonder that the whole scenery of this mountain suggests to the nation the name it bears of Krabla, or hell. Such a scene wonderfully realizes the description of the wicked in Jeremiah, which could only have been pictured from some such scene: "Behold, I am against thee, O destroying mountain, saith the Lord, which destroyest all the earth: and I will stretch out mine hand upon thee, and roll thee down from the rocks, and make thee a burnt mountain." Same allusion also in Job.

Leaving the Krabla, we had yet to see the vast and wonderful cave of Surtshuller, and if possible Hecla. And now the desert over which we had to travel exceeded all through which we had passed before—it was ruin indeed. It was an "abomination of desolation." As one said, the demon of misrule and upside-downism seemed every where triumphant. Wrecks of fractured lava—quagmires of melted glue. The scene made one's flesh creep, and teeth and tongue to chatter. This is desolation! On one side we saw regions of ever-during ice—on the other clouds of smoke from magazines of fire, where the geysers were playing forth thin vapors. Sometimes the fog swept over our whole path—and then again the fog cleared away; and, even in the desert, what scenery we had—what clouds of pomp and splendor—zigzag streaks of ruddy gold, shooting athwart the dappled flakes of opaline pink: then those snow-kings wore a crown of rubies. Oh! we said, to spend some days in those ice-built courts! The sunsets were glorious—the nights were most beauteous! At last, we left the region "where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds perverse—all monstrous—all prodigious things."

Passing along the foot of the mountains, our companion made a sudden stop, and pointed to a house in the distance, at the entrance of the valley of *Oxnadal*. "That," said he, "was the residence of *Thorlaxon Sira*." John Thorlaxon was the greatest poet Iceland, in these modern days, has produced. He translated Milton, and wrote himself some noble odes. He was the minister of Oxnadal. There he ministered for many years for the annual stipend of a sum represented to us by £6 5s. He also translated Klopstock's *Messiah*. He was a fine English, German, and Danish scholar—a circumstance not extraordinary. The books of the parish ministers are very few, but their learning is usually considerable—perhaps because their books are few. Mr. Metcalfe gives

a very entertaining portrait of an Icelandic scholar, and the portrait is typical, and represents many such who may be found in every Icelandic neighborhood:

"In this humble abode dwelt one of those men who are to be found only in Iceland. Thorsten Thorstensen, a tall, gaunt, gray-haired man, his cheeks arabesqued by the cares and hardships of three-score winters, was mending a fishing-net outside his dwelling. Upon being informed, by Snorri, that the English priest had come to see his library, he conducted us with great readiness into a narrow chamber; the receptacle of much learning and — more dirt. Here were piled in utter confusion, several printed books and manuscripts. Thorsten is the son of a student, and grandson of a clergyman, and himself a great reader, book-collector, and transcriber. Wherever a leaf was missing from a printed volume, I found its place supplied by a pen-and-ink copy of what was gone, in a hand almost like copperplate. Here is a book published, without date, by N. Fischer, of Amsterdam, being a collection of verses in Dutch, French, English, German, and Latin, descriptive of the most remarkable events in the Bible, with many good engravings. Taking up a very musty fusty tome, I find it is the life and acts of Dr. Faustus. A woman enters the cell at this moment most opportunely with a bowl of fresh milk, which helps to wash down the dust that had escaped from its leaves into my throat.

"Here, again, is an old manuscript containing ballads, lullabies, and charades. Here is a copy of a saga, never printed; entitled *Barthi Birtu og Skaryi Skinu*, relating the doings of some of the ancient dwellers in these parts, before Thangbrand come to drub them into Christianity; how that a mystic light was seen hovering over Gravarös three nights running, and how a man gifted with second sight, upon being consulted thereon, said it portended a coming change of religion; and how all the bonders round soon became Christians, save and except the functionary of the heathen temple. Whereupon the converts tumbled the temple about his ears, and showed him how his gods were no gods, but mere idols of wood and stone. By the by, I can not hear that any such mysterious light has been seen, since the Romish priests have come to convert the country. So the portents are not encouraging for them. Meantime, Thorsten has rumaged out of the dust and cobwebs a beautiful written copy of the Jonsbok, the book of laws, sent by King Magnus Lagabeter of Norway to Iceland. As is often the case with Icelandic manuscripts, the paper was very brown. This is due, I am told, to the ink, which was a decoction of willow sprigs, etc; which, though black and bright at first, dried very slowly, and in process of time gave the above tint to the paper. This prize, which I acquired for a small consideration, was sold to the bibliomanist by one Magnus, who assured him that it was '*eldgammel*,' at least three hundred years old. A beautifully illustrated example of this book may be seen at the Museum in Copenhagen.

"'And now, Thorsten,' said Snorri coaxingly, 'just recite to us a bit out of one of the sagas; the stranger wishes to satisfy himself, whether your memory really is so good as he has heard it is.' Thorsten seemed to have become quite a different being, all life and animation, the moment he got among his books, like that giant of the classic mythology, who acquired a fresh lease of vital energy the moment he touched his mother earth. His wrinkled face was flushed, and his eye lit up with a new lustre, and he gave a strange look of conscious pride and humility mixed—if that is a bull it must be taken by the horns and removed in the second edition—'What is it to be then?' he asked. 'From Grettisaga,' replied I; 'there, where he is murdered,' holding the book in my hand to verify his accuracy. Off the old fellow started, reciting the very words of the saga with extreme volubility. Snorri then tried him in the Eyrbyggia saga, the Laxdaela saga, and the Svarfadal saga, with the same result; and 'now a bit of Niála,' said I; and away went the reciter at the same rapid pace. In short, he was not to be posed. The Landnama was the only saga he did not profess to remember; and no wonder, for it contains some three thousand names of persons, and fourteen hundred names of places, and is often merely a dry catalogue. This was all very remarkable; but Snorri informed me that he is not the only man in the neighborhood gifted with these extraordinary powers of memory.'"

The human life in this strange, wild island, is of the most extraordinary description; but it is also singularly romantic and beautiful. Readers and lovers of Shakspeare's *Tempest*, you might find it all rather realized there than in the famed *Bermoothes*. Rely upon it, that every house has its ancient and fish-like smell—you may, we fear, see some creatures not unlike a Caliban; while the princely Prospero seems here to wave his wand and extort from nature her wonders. Here is more than the tricksy Ariel; nor is it difficult to conceive, in some caves, the wild whispers chanting, "Come unto these yellow sands." More than this, the isle is full of noises. But I shall be giving altogether too romantic a conception of things.

It is difficult to give a right conception of the Icelander's home. You might think it a most cheerless, wretched place. Iceland is poor compared to Ireland; but Iceland knows nothing of the misery of the Irish hut.

There are few villages, as we should regard them—houses grouped together. Frequently several families may be found

in one farm. The *tun* is carefully walled round with blocks of lava, and within this inclosure, in the winter, are all the human and other creatures. There is a brisk fire, but this gives the principal light to the house. There is a queer mixture of scythes and saddles, dried cods' heads, and the side of colt, which is said to taste like veal. Overhead—stores of moss and angelica, coffee and sugar-candy, old clothes and spinning-jennies, fishing-nets and cradles—in the one a litter of kittens, and in the other the hope of the family—strings of wet stockings, and dogs at every step. Up the ladder is the dormitory, running the whole length of the house—the entire establishment sleeping together, and any other strangers that may drop in. Compared with our notions of comfort, it looks very wretched. During the long winter, the care of the cattle and the sheep, which are kept in the house, depends on the men. During this season they never get beyond the parish church; but they seldom fail there if it be possible to attend. Then there are fabricators in iron, and in copper and wood, necessary. Some of the men are wonderfully expert as silversmiths. They prepare hides for shoes, and ropes of hair or wool. Then comes the Icelandic *evening*. All people can read in Iceland. There is an universal spirit of intelligence. They are also, perhaps, the finest caligraphists, or writers, in Europe. Their writing is really often as fine as copper-plate. As the night sets in, in every farm, in the winter, between three and four in the evening, the lamp is trimmed and hung up, and all the members of the family take their places, while one is selected from the rest who reads aloud to all. Do you ask what they read by that Icelandic lamp? Why, let us tell you, that the veneration for the sacred Scriptures is perhaps greater in Iceland than in any other country in Europe. The Bible is the companion of the Icelander's lamp; and, indeed, Iceland does illustrate how the Bible possesses the power to make life tolerable, and even charming, in the most adverse, not to say even wretched circumstances. It is often not till near midnight that the sacred readings begin. They read the Psalms, they sing—the whole family joining in devotions. So the *morning* devotions are performed by the lamp. When the Icelander awakes he salutes no person till he has saluted God. He usually hastens to the door, adores there the Author of his being; then steps to the house and says to the family: "God grant you a good day."

But Iceland is the land of poetry—it is the land of *Sagas* and *Eddas*; and with these the winter hours are wiled away. All the stories told by Grimm—all those so industriously collected by Dasent, have been received there from age to age, and are received there still. Histories and mythologies, to recite which would seem to stamp any Englishman learned, are the familiar talk by the Icelandic lamp—the stories of Asmundr, the stories of Seamundr, and of Thor. Then there are those who recite, and they never become weary of reciting or hearing recited, the rhythmic sagas. This is an untrodden field of literature almost with us—those alliterative chants, in themselves a rough and rugged music, in which the old Sea-kings still live.

Lord Dufferin's translation of Hacon will be known to our readers. We quote it, for it vividly presents the Icelandic saga:

"KING HACON'S LAST BATTLE.

I.

"All was over: day was ending
As the foeman turned and fled.
Gloomy red
Glowed the angry sun descending;
While round Hacon's dying bed,
Tears and songs of triumph blending,
Told how fast the conqueror bled.

II.

"'Raise me,' said the King. We raised him—
Not to ease his desperate pain;
That were vain!
'Strong our foe was—but we faced him:
Show me that red field again.'
Then, with reverent hands, we placed him
High above the bloody plain.

III.

"Silent gazed he; mute we waited,
Kneeling round—a faithful few,
Staunch and true—
Whilst above, with thunder freighted,
Wild the boisterous north-wind blew,
And the carrion-bird unsated,
On slant wing around us flew.

IV.

"Sudden on our startled hearing,
Came the low breathed, stern command—
'Lo! ye stand?
Linger not, the night is nearing;
Bear me downward to the strand,
Where my ships are idly steering
Off and on, in sight of land.'

V.

"Every whispered word obeying,
Swift we bore him down the steep,
O'er the deep,
Up the tall ship's side, low swaying
To the storm-wind's powerful sweep,
And—his dead companions laying
Round him—we had time to weep.

VI.

"But the King said—'Peace! bring hither
Spoil and weapons—battle-strown,
Make no moan;
Leave me and my dead together,
Light my torch and then—begone.'
But we murmured, each to other,
'Can we leave him thus alone?'

VII.

"Angrily the King replieth:
Flash the awful eyes again,
With disdain—
'Call him not *alone* who lieth
Low amidst such noble slain;
Call him not alone who dieth
Side by side with gallant men.'

VIII.

"Slowly, sadly, we departed:
Reached again that desolate shore,
Nevermore
Trod by him, the brave true-hearted—
Dying in that dark ship's core!
Sadder keel from land ne'er parted,
Nobler freight none ever bore!

IX.

"There we lingered, seaward gazing,
Watching o'er that living tomb,
Through the gloom—
Gloom! which awful light is chasing—
Blood-red flames the surge illume!
Lo! King Hacon's ship is blazing;
'Tis the hero's self-sought doom.

X.

"Right before the wild wind driving,
Madly plunging—stung by fire—
No help nigh her—
Lo! the ship has ceased her striving!
Mount the red flames higher—higher!
Till—on ocean's verge arriving,
Sudden sinks the Viking's pyre—
Hacon's gone!"

It would be too much to expect them not to be *superstitious*, amid such scenery, belonging to such a race; and they will talk to you very credulously of things which might have been. They have a strange familiarity with beasts; seals they call King Pharaoh's people, who were drowned in the Red Sea; they still form a human community at the bottom of the ocean, only their outer man is disguised by those wraprascal seal-skins. Once a year they cast them, and romp about like sailors after a long voyage; and if you can surprise them, and carry off a skin, the owner of it continues man or woman for the term of his or her natural life. Once on a time a peasant saw lots of them at their revels, and secured the skin of a charming young lady, and he made her his wife. They had two children — lived happily. The skin he kept in his strong box, and always carried the key in his pocket; but one Christmas day he put on his best clothes and went out; his wife stopped at home; he had left the key in his pocket; when he returned he found the chest open, the bride gone; she never came again; only a beautiful seal used to swim near the shore and bring the children pearls.

The raven is another of these weird creatures. The farm of Skiderstadin: all its inhabitants lived in sin, and forgot God; all except a gentle girl, the best and gentlest; she never thought of herself, but of doing good to others, among the rest *a raven*, who had his nest close at hand. One Sunday, farmer and men were at work, the raven came, hopped several paces before the girl; she followed; just then down thundered the rock, and overwhelmed the farm and all its ungodly inhabitants; all except the girl; the raven saved her; destruction could not come nigh her. But we should think this raven song more in keeping:

"Hark! the raven at the lattice
Croaketh, hark! so drearily,
'From your board, good-man, a morsel,
Just a morsel give to me.'

"Answers good man, wrathfully,
'Hence, avaunt! you rascal daw;
Scant of grace and ugly are ye,
Evil bird of crooked claw.

"'Stay a moment! hast thou any
News to tell me? tell it quick!'
'From your board, good-man, a morsel,
Just a morsel let me pick.

"'Early on the fells this morning,
Early I was on the leas,
Spied a lamb, half-dead and frozen,
Resting faintly on its knees.

"'Joyous sight it was to look at—
Such a dainty meal in store!
From your board, good-man, a morsel,
Just a morsel give—no more.

"'In its side a hole so deftly
To the heart with bill I tore;
Straight the feeble knees 'gan failing—
Sank the lambkin in its gore.'

"'Raven, croaking at the lattice,
Live you shan't an instant longer;
Horrid, greedy, loathly raven,
Cursed be your cruel hunger!'

"Scythe-shaft seizing, from the cottage
Out the good-man runs amain,
Smites to death the ugly raven
Croaking at the window-pane."

Such are the Icelanders—their traditions, their ways. Even among the peasants are those who are famous scholars—men expert in many languages and in many thoughts. Some of their ways may not seem of the cleanest; and, although they are very fond of kissing strangers, it is a severe ordeal, and from all women to be shunned, with every feeling of respect. Mr. Hooker very ungallantly says:

"Before going out of the house, I was anxious to make some trifling present to the mistress of it—a little, dirty, ugly old woman, by no means free from cutaneous diseases. I presented to her a snuff-box; but her modesty would at first only allow her to suppose that I meant the contents of it for her. As soon, however, as she was made to understand that the box also was to be included in the gift, I had the mortification to find myself, before I was aware of it, in the embraces of this grateful old lady, from which I extricated myself with all possible haste, and performed a most copious ablution at the nearest stream."

Snuff-taking is prodigious. It is, perhaps, one of the most disagreeable features among the generality of Icelanders, both men and women, that their nostrils are always covered with the precious dust; no wonder, for their mode of taking it is, to hold the head back, insert into one of the nostrils the mouth of the box; thus, by two or three gentle shakes, a sufficient quantity is admitted into the nose to produce the desired effect. In the higher circles, living is pleasant. A favorite dish is sago, claret, and raisins; this is their soup. Very popular, also, are waffles, or pancakes; and, to do them honor, waken them at what time you may in the night, for shelter or for help, there is ever a hearty welcome; the everlasting coffee is always ready, or a bowl of skier, or milk. Their open-handed hospitality contrasts wondrously with the niggardly meanness recorded by travelers in the Southern States of America.

"Sir George Mackenzie gives the following strongly-drawn picture of an Icelandic house, which, unfortunately, is applicable to too many of them: 'The thick turf walls, the earthen floors, kept continually damp and filthy, and the personal uncleanliness of the inhabitants, all unite in causing a smell insupportable to a stranger. No article of furniture seems to have been cleaned since the day it was first used, and all is in disorder. The beds look like receptacles for dirty rags; and, when wooden dishes, spinning-wheels, and other articles are not seen upon them, these are confusedly piled up at one end of the room. There is no mode of ventilating any part of the house; and, as twenty people sometimes eat and sleep in the same apartment, very pungent vapors are added, in no small quantity, to the plentiful effluvia proceeding from fish, bags of oil, skins, etc. A farmhouse looks more like a village than a single habitation. Sometimes several families live inclosed within the same mass of turf. The cottages of the lowest order of people are wretched hovels—so very wretched that it is wonderful how any thing in the human form can breathe in them."—*Travels in Iceland*, p. 115.

This seems very wretched; but our memory can rest on more pleasant scenes. As to the Icelander, he is happy:

"Thus every scene his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart.
Dear is the shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear the hill that lifts him to the storms;
And as the babe, when scaring winds molest,
Clings close and closer to its mother's breast,
So the wide whirlwind and the torrent's roar
But bind him to his native mountains more."

But, for the present, we bid farewell to Iceland. It is, no doubt, a mystery. Its domed mountains are all hollow; they have poured forth their fire and lava torrents till they are empty; the Surtshuller caverns are an illustration of this—they are the solution of the mystery. It is full of marvels, and nothing more marvelous than the happiness of its people. It is a wondrous land, where the sun shines at midnight, and where he leaves the people altogether for almost months in the year. Yet, even in that darkness, the Sun of Righteousness shines with healing in his wings.

From the London Eclectic.

PURITAN WOMANHOOD.*

THIS very interesting work we had proposed to make the subject of a much longer notice than we have any space for this month; but just as we were closing our last sheet we alighted upon a singularly intolerant and truthless review of the work, in the pages of the *Athenæum* for December twenty-first. Poor Mr. Anderson! We have no acquaintance with him, or with any kith or kin of his or his publishers; but we profoundly commiserate his feelings upon the perusal of the attack of the celebrated literary grunter. We determined to introduce the volumes to the notice of our readers this month, in order, if possible, to the measure of our influence, to check the influence of the fearfully excited state of feeling beneath which the writer was moved. The opinions of the writer upon historical things may be gathered if we quote at length the passage we refer to. When reviewers themselves become indecent, they are put beyond the pale of those courtesies which usually compel a respectful silence with reference to cotemporary opinions:

"But the rancor of Mr. Anderson's temper does not reach its full hight till it is roused by the recollection of the Act of Uniformity—'*that grievous persecution of Black Bartholomew*,' *as Dissenters are wont to call it. It is not enough for him to shed tears of commiseration over the two thousand ejected clergy*, '*who were generally the most orthodox, learned, and devoted ministers of the Church*,' but he must also calumniate the pious scholars who were promoted to the places left vacant by the Nonconformists. 'That so large a number of ministers should voluntarily sacrifice their livings, with all their prospects of advancement in the Church, and should expose themselves and their families to poverty, contempt, and persecution, rather than do violence to their consciences, presented, indeed, an example of self-immolating devotion to duty honorable to the Puritan character and commendatory of the Christian faith. But the ejectment of so many excellent ministers, and *the filling of their places with ignorant, profane, scandalous, and erroneous men*, was deeply injurious to the cause of religion at the time, and the melancholy effects are felt by the Church of England even at the present time.' Such are the words of Mr. Anderson, who, besides being an appointed minister of a Christian persuasion, makes loud professions that he is a champion of religious tolerance."

Such is the opinion of the *Athenæum*: the ejectment of Black Bartholomew was not persecution! Most merciful literary dictator! There are very few of the dicta of the *Athenæum* which bear receiving without very much independent examination; but in all matters where religion or religious freedom are concerned we beg to caution our readers against this paper. Indeed, a certain writer, not very extreme in his opinions and expressions where Puritan opinions and practices were to be avowed or defended—one Lord Macaulay—has been far more "ignorant, profane, scandalous, and erroneous" than Mr. Anderson. There was an age when two sparrows were sold for a farthing. We have no doubt that this writer would sell all the religious opinions in the world for the same price. It is not difficult to see the price at which he appraises them. He belongs to an order of men who are not led by any of the ordinary opinions of honesty of purpose; he is one of a noble and singular race, able, with the immortal Dixon, to wreathe a laurel for the mendacity of Bacon, till it is hid behind a mass of rhetorical foliage, and to wreathe a crown of thorns and contempt for the magnanimity of the Howes and Owens, and Baxters, Caryls, Alleines, and Gales — a singularly able and very distinguished editor. Well, the ejected Nonconformist ministers are known; and for those who filled their places, they also are known. Has not Lord Macaulay made them live to us if it were necessary, in the pages of his history? and even in the present number of the *Eclectic*, does not the portrait of Dr. Warner, sketched by Mr. Thackeray, realize most

* *Memorable Women of the Puritan Times.* By the Rev. JAMES ANDERSON, author of the Ladies of the Reformation, Ladies of the Covenant, etc. In 2 vols. London: Blackie & Son.

of the clergymen of the age of the first princes of the house of Hanover and the latest Stewarts? And have we not the humor of Fielding with Parson Trulliber? And have we not the satires of Bishop Hall?

These volumes of Mr. Anderson fill a vacant niche in the annals of Puritanism. It was very natural that the biographer of the ladies of the Reformation and the Covenant, should commemorate the heroines of Puritanism. As yet their memories have not been grouped together. The fine, free spirit of the writer of the *Athenæum* would have included the Countess of Derby in these biographies: a lion-hearted woman, truly; and a bitter persecutor. This was not necessary. It is enough to fulfill the idea of the biographer, and to honor that royal womanhood which fostered in innumerable families the spirit of piety and patriotism. The women of the household of Cromwell—his mother, his wife, and daughters—that eccentric, amazon-like woman, Mrs. Bendish, Cromwell's granddaughter, in whom the grandfather seemed to survive, or live again; Lucy Hutchinson; Margaret Baxter, the mighty Puritan's beautiful and noble wife; those hallowed martyrs, the Lady Alicia Lisle, condemned to the stake, but mercifully beheaded, for giving bread and a poor shelter to a traitor; and Elizabeth Gaunt, actually burnt for the same crime—hard measure for giving a cup of cold water to a supposed wandering, houseless beggar. Passionless dilettantes, like the writer of the *Athenæum*, Bombalette, think all this is right enough—perhaps could themselves have been the judge to condemn, or the traitor to eat the bread and give the information. But a man, with sympathies like our author, might be pardoned if he felt rancor here; though not one word that looks like rancor have we been able to discover in his volumes. The wife of John Bunyan, and the friend of Bunyan, Agnes Beaumont, furnish interesting sketches. Nor has the writer confined himself to the women of our own country; Mrs. Bradstreet, Mrs. Winthrop, and the women of Puritanism in America, receive also some notice in the first volume. Those readers who know Mr. Anderson's previous volumes, will not expect a lively or pictorial style; but every life is interesting. Bombalette, whom we have already quoted, is a most uncomfortable reviewer; thus we read, in the notice of Lady Vere, that "it is composed of cumbrous passages from letters that, dragged from the obscurity and quiet of the State papers and Birch's MSS., are, to no good purpose, now, for the first time, printed." Further on we read:

> "The materials out of which Mr. Anderson has composed his two volumes are, for the most part, to be found in biographies and biographical collections that are well known to all persons conversant with modern English literature. As a book-maker he advances no claim to originality, but honestly mentions the shelf and the drawer from which he has taken each ingredient for his hotch-potch. It would, therefore, be as unfair to blame him for errors not his own, as it would be out of place to give him praise for the more or less interesting pieces of information which he has taken, without labor, from other investigators."

These are rather irreconcilable opinions. In the article a good deal is said about "wondering lies," and an attempt is made to kill one so called in the frequently alleged genealogical relationship between the families of Charles Stewart and Cromwell. The writer may look nearer home for some of these houseless wanderers. The paragraph quoted above is contradicted by the preceding snarl at the authorities for the life of Lady Vere; but indeed, there is not a word of truth in the criticism. Without showing elaborate erudition and research, the volumes do show extensive reading, and refer "to books and biographical collections," which, so far from being well known to all persons conversant with "modern English literature," are many of them only to be met with by an acquaintance with books and papers, discoverable after much diligent and painstaking examination; they show a thorough acquaintance with the history and literature of the period. We very heartily commend this "hotch-potch" to the notice of our readers. It is a most animating recital of the lives of those whose names we have indicated, and many others; and it is none the less entertaining, because sometimes, by hitherto unpublished or but little known letters and narratives, the subject of the story has been compelled to become an autobiographer.

We have referred to the sketch of Mrs. Bendish, Cromwell's granddaughter, and Dr. Watts's friend. We are at issue

here with Bombalette again. Bombalette thinks this is the best memoir of the collection; it is nothing of the sort. Mr. Anderson has not in this availed himself of all the materials he might have found; but those to whom this remarkable creature has been hitherto unknown, will read of her with great interest. She occupied a comparatively humble and uninfluential position; but she was in character, as compared with her grandfather, exactly what Elizabeth was as compared with Henry VIII. What think our readers of these following little anecdotes? Her veneration for Cromwell was unbounded:

"Inspired with this enthusiastic devotion to the memory of her grandfather, and inheriting no small portion of his courage, she valiantly defended his reputation, especially his saintship, against whoever should assail it. Her friends, giving way to her foibles, or laughing at them, did not choose to enter into disputation with her. But she frequently met with strangers who were loud in casting aspersions on his memory. In such cases she was not the woman to sit in timid silence, and hear her grandfather calumniated. Her wrath was excited, and she resented every such attack as a personal injury.

"On one occasion, when she was traveling in a London stage-coach in company with two gentleman to whom she was an entire stranger, the conversation turned upon Cromwell, whose character and conduct were criticised with much acrimony by the two gentlemen. Impatient at hearing the indignities done to the honored name of her grandfather, she, after her usual manner, took up with great spirit, the argument in his defense, and extolled him with all the rapture to which she was prompted by her enthusiastic admiration of his virtues and graces. She tried to make it clear to her opponents that he was a man of consummate patriotism and piety. But by all her rhetoric she failed to carry conviction to their minds. One of them in particular became extremely hot and violent against Cromwell, whom he branded with every term of opprobrium, deriding his pretensions to patriotism and sanctity, and stigmatizing him as a cold-blooded traitor and tyrant. This virulence she thought was very insolent, and to her it was very provoking. She pronounced the imputations to be false and calumnious. But the more she defended her grandfather, the more outrageous was her opponent in his abuse. She became in a corresponding degree excited, and the controversy increased in vehemence. If toward the end of the stage, the violence of the dispute was abated, this arose rather from exhaustion of breath than from the want of wrath or of words to prolong it. After they had alighted from the coach, and had taken some refreshment, Mrs. Bendish advanced to the gentleman who had been her principal opponent in the controversy, and politely requested that she might be permitted to speak with him apart. 'Surely, madam,' he replied, and they withdrew to another apartment; upon which she told him, with great composure, 'that he had in the grossest manner belied and abused the most pious man that ever lived; that Cromwell's blood that flowed in her veins would not allow her to pass over the indignities cast on his memory in her presence; that she could not handle a sword, but that she could fire a pistol as well as he, and she demanded immediate satisfaction to the injured honor of her family, insisting that if he would not incur the charge of cowardice, he should not make her sex the pretense for declining to accept her challenge.' The gentleman, as might be supposed, was amazed at the remarkable strain of this address, but on discovering her relationship to the man he had reviled, of which before he was ignorant, and perceiving that the controversy had now assumed a somewhat serious aspect, he had good sense enough to soften down. 'Notwithstanding,' he immediately replied, 'all that I have said in disparagement of the character of Oliver Cromwell, who I now understand to have been your grandfather, he unquestionably possessed many great qualities which I honor as much as you or any one, and had I known or suspected your relation to him, I would certainly not have said one word on the subject to give you offense. I regret having wounded your feelings by the asperity with which in the heat of contradiction I may have treated his memory, and I sincerely ask your pardon for my rudeness.' By this apology he succeeded in appeasing her resentment; and they prosecuted the remainder of their journey together with a degree of friendly feeling and good humor, if not of mutual confidence. But in the course of the conversations that followed, Cromwell's character was not again brought under discussion."

This anecdote almost contradicts what Mr. Anderson says further on:

"Under all circumstances, Mrs. Bendish possessed the uncommon power of maintaining great mental equanimity. Gloomy and distressful impressions seldom dwelt long upon her mind. 'Serve the Lord with gladness,' 'Rejoice evermore,' were her mottoes. Whatever, therefore, might be the character of her lot, whether afflictions or calamities befell her, or whether her affairs were prosperous, she made all equally matter for rejoicing. The former, not less than the latter, had been sent by God, in wisdom, mercy and love. If prosperity smiled upon her, it awakened her gratitude. If adversity spread its dark cloud around her—and her lot was more generally adverse than prosperous—this awakened even a profounder gratitude in her mind, because she believed that disappointments, vexations, and afflictions were necessary parts of the merciful discipline of Providence; and such were the effects of her religious sentiments on her uncommonly elastic mind, that her spiritual joy, like the thermometer, usually rose the higher the greater the heat

of the furnace of affliction into which she was cast. Her religious sentiments were rigidly Calvinistic; and being little troubled with doubts about her election to the kingdom of heaven, of which indeed she was usually as certain as of her own existence, this became to her a fountain of never-failing joy, under all the sufferings of life."

. . . . . .

"One of her schemes was the grazing of cattle. She attended the neighboring fairs to sell and buy her cattle, traveling in a single horse chaise. In these journeys scope was afforded for the display of some of the peculiar traits of her character — her courage and her fervent, undoubting trust in the protection of Providence. She traveled by night as readily as by day. and was never deterred by bad roads or bad weather, or by her unacquaintance with the road. In encountering the perils of these journeys, it would be to state only a part of the truth to say that she was perfectly fearless—to encounter them afforded her positive enjoyment. She has been heard to say that in the darkest night, in a wild open heath, with the roads of which she was totally unacquainted, while overtaken by the most dreadful thunderstorm, she has not only maintained her calmness and presence of mind, but been perfectly happy, singing some one or other of the Psalms, and believing beyond a doubt that her chaise was surrounded by guardian angels. This strong apprehension of a protecting Providence rising into an invincible courage, while springing originally from faith in God, was doubtless nourished and invigorated by the peculiar ardor of a singularly enthusiastic temperament."

. . . . . .

"These visits she paid at nine, or ten, or eleven o'clock at night, and she generally staid till about one o'clock in the morning. Yet late as were these hours, and unseasonable as they were accounted in those sober days, such was the respect and deference which she universally commanded, that she always received a kind and friendly welcome. None of her friends ever presumed to disturb her in her habits by complaining of this, or of other similar irregularities, as to which she had a license conceded to her which would not have been conceded to any other person. On her paying these visits, her dress, though in a fashion of her own, and always plain, was yet becoming and graceful. 'Splendid indeed she never was,' says Doctor Brookes; 'her highest dress being a plain silk; but it was usually of the richest sort, though, as far as I can remember, of what is called a Quaker's color; and she wore besides a kind of black silk hood or scarf, that I rarely if ever observed to be worn by ladies of her time, and though hoops were in fashion long before her death, nothing I suppose could have induced her to wear one. Yet there was something in her person, when she was dressed, and in company, that could not fail of attracting at once the notice and respect of any stranger that entered the room wherever she was, though the company were ever so numerous, and though many of them might be more splendid in their appearance.' When in the society of her fr ends she would drink wine freely; but her memorialists record, what we are happy to learn, that she never partook to excess. The aid of wine was not necessary to impart a charm to her conversation, which without any such exciting cause was sprightly, animated, emphatic, and racy, pervaded by strong masculine sense, great dignity of manner, and a most engaging address. She especially delighted to expatiate on the olden times of her grandfather; and to hear her speak about them was extremely interesting, from the much curious information illustrative of them, which she had always at command, and from the many memories connected with them, that were awakened, as her friends witnessed her manner, and looked upon her countenance, which so strikingly resembled that of her revered ancestor. Religion was also a theme on which she delighted to converse, and when this became the topic of conversation she was observed to kindle into rapture. After mutual interchange of thought and feeling with her friends, especially if religion had been the subject of their discourse, she was generally so elated that seldom would she depart, though it were twelve o'clock at night or later, without joining with them in singing a psalm. She then would take her leave, and proceed with great hilarity to her home, which was often at a considerable distance.

"In making these visits she was mounted on an old mare, which had been, for many years, the trusty companion of her peregrinations and adventures. The mare, it would appear, was distinguished, like her mistress, by sundry peculiarities and freaks, which were as well known at Yarmouth as the vagaries of the old lady. On this mare she generally rode, till toward the close of life, when, feeling the increasing infirmities of age, she got her persuaded, though with some difficulty, to draw a chaise, in which she seated herself with genuine dignity. She would never allow a servant to accompany her in these nightly excursions. Her loneliness afforded her scope to indulge in her musings and eccentricities, upon which the presence of an attendant would have been a disagreeable intrusion. And she had no fear of danger. God, she said, was her guard, and she would have no other. About one o'clock in the morning, the hour to which her visits were usually protracted, she mounted on the mare, or placed herself in the chaise, and started for home. No sooner had she taken her seat and all was right, than the faithful animal, obedient to the word of command, began to move, while Mrs. Bendish began to sing in merry mood a psalm of David, or one of Watts's hymns, in notes rather loud than melodious, thus bidding defiance to the imaginary specters of the night—a greater proof of heroism than may at first sight be supposed, for our worthy forefathers were far from being free from a superstitious dread of danger from this imaginary source. 'This,' says Hewling Luson, in de-

scribing her journeys homeward from his father's house, 'I have often heard; and thus the two old souls, the mare and her mistress, the one gently trotting, the other loudly singing, jogged on, the length of a short mile from Yarmouth, which brought them home.'"

We have quoted at length from the sketch of this interesting and remarkable woman, especially because we believe hers is now almost a forgotten name; and these extracts appropriately represent the character of these two very delightful volumes, and are, therefore, a reply to the *Athenæum*. They are written in a very calm, and subdued, and Christian spirit. In conclusion, we may say we never estimated the reviewer's office and function very highly. A reviewer may be useful in pointing attention to the admirable and excellent; but when he forgets his business, and simply uses his pages as a channel for indecent accusation and malevolent falsehood and calumniation, readers need to be cautioned. If we ever sin in this way, we trust some strong hand will condescend to punish us.

From Chambers's Journal.

LAPIDARIES OF THE URAL.

The geographical student is of course familiar with the chain of the Ural, which in the Tartar language signifies girdle, denominated by the Russians *Kammennoï-Porgas*, the "Girdle of Rocks." It runs nearly north and south, almost on the confines of Europe and Asia, and though it attains to no great elevation, its loftiest pinnacle not exceeding sixteen hundred feet in hight, is perhaps, on account of its productions, one of the most remarkable ranges of mountains in the world. From the city of Kasan, eastward for many hundred miles, the country rises so as to constitute in fact, though not in appearance, an immense table-land, with a mean elevation of eight hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea. Very extraordinary phenomena are discovered in portions of this tract, where deep valleys have been formed by depressions or sinkings of the earth, occasioned by the existence, far below, of an endless series of caverns, whose roofs sometimes suddenly collapse, and precipitate into the gulf thus formed the whole superincumbent mass of rocks and earth, with the forests, villages, and streams which previously covered and beautified its surface. How these subterranean hollows were formed, whether by the mining operations of some forgotten races of men, or by the slow and subtle action of water kept perpetually flowing by telluric heat, may possibly never be explained; but the whole structure of our planet in that part of its surface abounds with unresolved problems, which will remain to exercise the scientific activity of future generations.

The soil to a great depth is impregnated with copper, throughout an area of a hundred thousand square miles, while iron and lead, silver, platina, and gold present themselves at intervals, alternating with the rarest gems, diamonds and rubies, topazes, beryls, and emeralds, chalcedonies and sapphires, onyxes, jaspers, and agates of gigantic proportions. Had this exhaustless source of national wealth existed near the center of a civilized empire, it would probably have led to the erection of a metropolis superior to all the great capitals on record. Egyptian Thebes owed its splendor and magnificence to the vicinity of the quarries of sandstone at Hajjar Silsilis, and of granite at Assouan; but these are mere handfuls of rocks compared with the mighty quarries of the Ural, presenting hundreds of miles of porphyry and granite, sienite and crystal, quartz and malachite, interspersed

with gems, auriferous sands, and cubes of virgin gold. Far as this wild region now lies beyond the limits of European civilization, it is incessantly traversed, mapped out, and studied by scientific travelers, whose imaginations are inflamed by the prodigious blaze of riches which they know to exist every where beneath their feet. Already, east and west, north and south, the approaches to these mountains are inhabited by people superior in dress, manners, comforts, and dwellings to those of any other portion of the Russian empire. Great lines of well-constructed roads, radiating from the mines, stretch away toward China and Eastern Turkestan, on the one hand; and toward Perm, Kasan, Moscow, and Nishnii-Novgorod, on the other. Here, during the summer months, the stranger frequently encounters the gold and platina caravans, the several divisions of which usually meet at Ekaterinburg on Lake Iset, in the month of March, and journeying slowly westward, reach the vast fair of Nishnii about July, and St. Petersburg much later. Close upon the heels of these caravans come others with tea from the Chinese frontier, or with bear-skins, wolf-skins, ermine, and sable from Northern Siberia.

What effects the social changes now going on in Russia may produce in the population of the mining districts, it is impossible to foresee; but up to this time, the owners of many of the noblest mansions in Ekaterinburg have been serfs, the property of nobles residing at Moscow or St. Petersburg, or traveling in Southern Europe. We can hardly realize to ourselves, by the utmost stretch of fancy, such a state of society. With slavery, we habitually associate ideas of sordid toil, a timid gait, cringing manners, coarse food, the lash, the knout, straw, rags, and hovels. In Russia, the man who is the property of another, and, theoretically, on a level with his cattle, may often be seen dressed in costly furs, inhabiting a splendid dwelling, dining off silver and gold plate, and waited upon by hosts of domestics, who watch his nod as if he were a prince. Yet all these things may melt away, like the component parts of a mirage, at the touch of the aristocratic owner, who may sell this superb epicure, together with his wife and children, or reduce him in a moment to the condition of the most indigent peasant, working from half-past four o'clock in the morning, with little intermission, till seven at night, for less than a penny a day. Still, the owners of the serfs are too much alive to their interests to amuse themselves by accomplishing such a transformation, which would be killing the goose that lays the golden egg. Satisfied that they are able, whenever it pleases them, to achieve such an act of tyranny, they are generally wise enough to abstain from the exercise of their power, and to leave these industrious slaves in the enjoyment of the profits which they derive from skill and enterprise; yet, as examples of a caprice so insane and reckless are not wanting, the wealthy serfs, however enviable their condition may appear, are incessantly haunted in secret by apprehensions of this calamity.

Of course, the Ural lapidaries are, like most of their neighbors, serfs. Taste, it is said, they possess in the cutting and engraving, though not in the setting of gems. But what is this taste? Has it any analogy to that which, in ancient Greece, influenced the gem-engraver, when he sculptured on the face of amethyst or ruby exquisite forms of beauty, goddesses, nymphs, or heroes, engaged in epic achievements or religious ceremonies? The stones commonly engraved for seals are amethyst, crystal, and jasper, though the Siberian traders often prefer seals in gold or other metals, which they love to display in their ice-bound homes, under smoking roofs, reeking with the smell of caviare or dried fish. The passion for precious stones is supposed to be an accompaniment of barbarism, because it is found in its greatest strength among eastern nations, who have not made great progress in civilization; but we must distinguish between the predilections of barbarians, who may be said to heap up jewels on their persons that they may suggest ideas of grandeur in those around them, and the love of precious stones for their intrinsic beauty. On entering Ekaterinburg, the traveler is almost immediately surrounded by men, women, and children, with trays of precious stones suspended before them, and the gems are offered for sale at comparatively low prices. These street-dealers are employed by lapidaries, who purchase the stones at a cheap rate, and cut and polish them on their own account;

or by the merchants who work the mines, and adopt this humble method of disposing of the produce of their excavations. Among the most favorite ornaments displayed for sale on these trays, a majority are made of jaspers of different colors, which are in great request throughout Russia. Occasionally, a fine topaz is seen, but the name of this gem is liberally bestowed on various kinds of crystal, which have no claim whatever to be so denominated. Perhaps the most beautiful produce of the Ural mines is the sapphire, a stone of the richest celestial blue, not of one uniform color like glass, but varied with lighter and darker hues, disposed like diminutive clouds over the face and through the body of the gem, which is of the softest and most delicate transparency. It was through a large flake of sapphire that the Arabian prince looked, until, as the rays of light converged and played upon his eyes, he fancied himself to be gazing upon the interior of paradise. In fact, as your sight penetrates into the innermost parts of the sapphire, if you omit to notice its dimensions, you may easily imagine you are looking into the summer sky.

It is not, however, at Ekaterinburg that you behold, in all their lustre and variety, the jewels of the Ural, but at the great mart of Nishnii-Novgorod, where the wealthy dealers in gems arrange them for sale in tempting contrasts, placed in the most advantageous light, relieved against a background of gold, or some other substance calculated to bring out all their beauty. As far back as the beginning of the seventeenth century, merchants from Meshed, Bokhara, and Samarcand, penetrated as far north as Siberia, and took back with them, in exchange for the silks and perfumes of Southern Asia, jewels wherewith to adorn the arms and bosoms of their ladies, and the scepters and crowns of their princes. At a later period, the ciphers, mottoes, and fanciful devices engraved on the seals of the Russians, have suggested to the inhabitants of Mohammedan countries ideas of talismanic influences. These nations, at once ignorant and fanciful, invariably attach a mysterious signification to unknown characters, especially when impressed on precious stones, in the countries of the unbelievers. We were once shown, as a talisman of the greatest potency, a regimental button of an English soldier who had fallen on the field of Aboukir.

To revive the taste for precious stones in the more polished countries of Europe, it will be necessary that they should pass from the domain of female ornaments and princely pomp into that of art, which implies an immense advance in civilization. The men who anciently distinguished themselves in this department of art have had their names transmitted to posterity with those of great sculptors and painters. Thus, the artist who engraved the head of Sextus Pompeius is known to have been Agathangélus; Evodus engraved the head of Julia, daughter of Titus; while a man of the unmusical name of Gnaios gave birth to the most sublime specimen of the art in the head of the young Hercules, engraved on a sapphire, preserved in the Strozzi cabinet at Rome. In the British Museum collection of engraved gems, there is a carnelian, bordering for richness of color upon the ruby, with a female figure in intaglio, which, when held up to the light, exhibits the form in as great perfection as could be represented by a statue five feet high. We remember seeing a beryl at Naples, with a figure of Venus rising out of the sea—prrbably a copy of the famous Venus Anadyomene, which, for the perfection of beauty, equaled the loveliest of the twelve statues of that goddess in the Museo Borbonico. Few stones were more rarely engraved in antiquity than the ruby; partly on account of its hardness, but partly also because it was itself more rare. We have, however, seen a figure of Victory on a ruby not quite so large as the thumb-nail, which might dispute the palm of excellence with the above-mentioned head of Hercules. Held up between the eye and the sun, the goddess appeared to dilate and throw out a glory around her, which displayed her form in all its majesty, with a proud triumphant countenance turned slightly toward the spear, to intimate it was with that she had accomplished her work. Within the periphery of a stone of similar dimensions, no less than twenty-six figures, in appropriate attitudes, and engaged in characteristic actions, have been engraved by a Greek artist, whose labors only become visible in all their delicacy by the aid of a powerful microscope,

which demonstrates that they could not have been wrought without the assistance of that instrument, supposed to have been unknown to the ancients. Another artist represented a chariot drawn by four horses in full gallop, and directed by a charioteer, on a gem so small that it could be covered by the wing of a fly. This delicate and beautiful branch of art was so extensively practiced in Greece, that innumerable galleries all over Europe are now filled with the gems which have been accidentally preserved; and there is seldom an excavation undertaken in Rome, Naples, Athens, Corinth, or any other ancient city, which does not bring to light new and exquisite specimens.

These considerations suggest one of the uses to which the treasures of the Ural may hereafter be applied. We say hereafter, because, notwithstanding that ciphers and mottoes, with certain fantastic devices, are habitually engraved on gems by Russian artists, they exhibit, properly speaking, no approaches to art Men have indeed appeared, both in Germany and Italy, able to imitate so exactly the gem-engravers of antiquity, that their productions have passed with ordinary judges for genuine antiques. The younger Pichler, for example, engraved, during the last century, on a white transparent carnelian, the figure of a young man bearing a *trochus* or hoop, which, having been stolen from the artist, was sold as an antique, and passed through the hands of a number of connoisseurs without exciting the slightest suspicion, till, by a strange chance, it came again into the possession of the artist himself, who, of course, recognized his own workmanship. It has been a question among antiquaries, whether the ancient gem-engravers executed their work with the wheel, or with fine steel instruments tipped with diamond. From the appearance of some unfinished gems, it seems perfectly evident that the wheel was used, but we must not on that account discard the theory that fine separate instruments were likewise employed. May not the artists have executed the first rough labor with the wheel, and then finished off with a diamond graver? In the Ural, the lapidaries divide the softer stones with iron wheels, but employ copper disks which turn on an axis in cutting the harder, and to intensify their power, cover them with powdered jasper impregnated with iron. No observer, however, capable of conveying a correct idea of their art has yet visited Ekaterinburg, so that we are compelled to depend for information on the rough untechnical accounts of scientific travelers, wholly unacquainted with the delicate processes of ancient art.

It has often excited surprise that artists in most countries, and in nearly all ages, have exhibited a tendency to religious enthusiasm, and have usually belonged to sects remarkable for the wildness of their doctrines and practices. The fact, however, may easily be accounted for. To excel in art, requires the prevalence of the imagination over most other faculties; and wherever this is the case, the mind is prone to indulge in dreams, and to seek to satisfy its longings by modes of belief and conduct lying out of the common road. So at Ekaterinburg the lapidaries are generally seceders from the orthodox Greek Church, and belong to sects, the members of which, whether with or without reason, are commonly accused of putting out the lights after the performance of their religious worship, and indulging, like some of the early heretics, in excesses and abominations not to be described. In all likelihood, these reports originate in the hostility of the orthodox, who launch against the seceders the weapons of calumny, in revenge for their having quitted the common pale. But no traveler has hitherto been at the pains to clear up these points, though a large portion of the inhabitants of the mining capital have joined the heresy of the lapidaries, and are equally guilty or innocent with them. There is perhaps some probability, that in the gloomy regions in which fortune has stationed them, superstition exerts extraordinary power over the mind, and leads to the performance of fantastic rites and ceremonies analogous to the temper and disposition of the Russians, who, in their proneness to the indulgences of sense, unite the intrepid recklessness of Asiatics with the craft and cunning of Europeans.

No conjecture can probably be made which would approximate to any thing like truth respecting the length of time that will be required to people and civilize Siberia. The government of the Czars has made numerous spasmodic ef-

forts for the purpose of directing eastward the stream of population, but hitherto with no great success, because the laws and institutions of the country, cooperating with the peculiarities of the climate, effectually check the development of any civilizing system. Despotism is a poor nursing-mother to an infant community. Wages such as were paid in England in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries would at this moment be thought extravagant at Perm, Ekaterinburg, and Tobolsk. The greatest incentive to industry is consequently wanting, exactly as among the negro races of Africa, who are content, like the inferior animals, with mere existence, because the forms of society to which they find themselves subjected are calculated to insure them nothing more. At present the vast tyranny of Russia is in the throes of change, and the whole world may be said to be looking as anxiously in the hope of beholding some extraordinary political birth. Siberia is included in the circle of these agonies, complete deliverance from which can only be effected by shattering the whole fabric of Russian despotism, and creating a number of independent communities within the present limits of the empire.

There seems, however, to be no reason why independent communities may not yet be created in that part of the world where the Kalmuks, the Kirghis, the Nogais, the Karismians, the Mongols, and the Mantchous, have been at various times at once powerful and exempt from external authority. Many persons seem to anticipate the regeneration of Asia from the Russians, who have lately displayed immense activity on the Amoor and the borders of the Northern Pacific; but nearly every colony they have planted between the Volga and Kamtschatka has proved feeble and sickly, and ultimately died out. An illustration on a small scale of this truth is supplied by the present condition of a palace in the neighborhood of Nevyansk, belonging to the family of Yakofleff. Built and furnished in the Dutch taste during the reign of Peter I., it has remained ever since uninhabited, though, in obedience to their distant lords, the vassals of the family still keep the edifice in repair, and the furniture in good condition. When a traveler patronized by the government presents himself, he is admitted and entertained with princely magnificence, at the expense of the distant owners, who have never seen their Siberian palace, and can probably form no idea of the splendor and luxuries it contains. The walls are hung with ancient paintings, grim and smoky with age; the cellars are stored with French, Hungarian, and Atlantic wines, and the tables are bountifully supplied with a profusion of game and other delicacies from the forests of the Ural. But the solitude of the vast apartments oppresses the mind, suggesting the idea of decayed grandeur or of a mushroom civilization, scorched into apparent maturity by the arbitrary application of a fierce heat like that of a larch-fire, and then left to wither and fall to pieces unheeded. Should Russia ever possess respectable institutions, its Siberian territories might gradually become inhabited, even under the rule of an emperor. The mineral riches of the earth — the gold, the silver, the platina, the iron, the copper, the marbles, and the endless varieties of precious stones — would of themselves supply an ample revenue, and constitute the nucleus of a respectable system of civilization. Possibly the first step toward such a state of things is now being taken in Russia. Serfdom, virtually, if not actually, is at at end; the slaves are either in insurrection or on the verge of it; the nobles are all but at war with the government; and out of this political and social chaos a new order of things will probably proceed, which may make the Volga the eastern boundary of Russia, give rise to a new metropolis in the Ural, and pour the wealth of its mines through many new channels into Southern Asia.

From the St. James's Magazine.

TUBULAR RAILWAY, OR PNEUMATIC DISPATCH.

NATURE abhors a vacuum; and where one exists, does its best, by the pressure of the atmosphere, to put an immediate end to so abnormal a condition. In these volunteering days, when every man has his rifle at his elbow, this aversion of our great parent may be simply demonstrated. Wrap tow steeped in oil round the head of the ramrod till it fits accurately into the bore of the weapon, and then insert it at the muzzle. If, by applying the mouth to the nipple, the air in the barrel be now drawn out, a vacuum will be caused, and the pressure of the atmosphere, acting on the outside of the ramrod-head, will instantly force the rod to the end of the barrel. If the hammer be then allowed to fall on the nipple so as to shut out air in that direction, it will be found that this same atmospheric pressure is so perceptible as to prevent the withdrawal of the ramrod from the gun without the exercise of considerable strength. The difficulty must, however, in this case be attributed rather to the awkwardness of the apparatus than to the actual force to be overcome; for, as the weight of the atmosphere is but fifteen pounds on the square inch, the ramrod, from its small superficies, can not have to sustain a pressure of more than five pounds.

Let the rifle-barrel be extended to the length intervening between two specified places, and increase its diameter sufficiently to admit whatever is to be sent along the tube, and we have at once a groundwork for atmospheric propulsion. Traveling by this means was tried experimentally some years before the locomotive took charge of its living burden. As early as 1810, Medhurst, a Danish engineer of eminence, recommended that pipes of comparatively small size should be laid down for the transmission of letters. They were to be attached to a piston fitting into the pipe; and, on the air beyond the piston being exhausted by an air pump, the piston would rush forward at great speed so long as the vacuum in front of it lasted.

The next invention was Vallance's, of which a working model was exhibited at Brighton in 1827. His proposition was to have a tube similar in principle to Medhurst's, but six feet in diameter, and to make the piston a traveling-carriage, in which passengers should sit. On this system many people were drawn along his tube; yet, whatever its capabilities for locomotion might have been, the travelers of that day had not had experience even of ordinary railway tunnels—too common now with us to excite a momentary fear—and could not bring themselves to tolerate the idea of performing a whole journey in a close pipe, without light, and without communication with the exterior. Such a system might have answered for goods; but was—then at least—out of the question for men and women. In order, therefore, to make atmospheric propulsion available practically, it was necessary to find some method of transferring to passengers and freight outside the tube the motion of the piston, which itself must obviously be within it.

The difficulty was solved by an American gentleman named Pinkus, who patented, in 1835, what he called the Pneumatic Railway. His invention was taken up by Messrs. Clegg and Samuda, of London, who made some improvements in the design, and brought capital to aid in bringing it practically before the world. To these gentlemen belongs, therefore, whetever credit attached to the Atmospheric Railways,* and, although in the history of science that project must be included in the chapter of failures, we must not on that account refuse to accord them very great credit indeed for a spirited attempt—on which they staked

* There was an Atmospheric Railway between Paris and St. Germains, over which we have repeatedly traveled.—ED. ECLECTIC.

large sums of money—to introduce an entirely strange source of locomotion, which, had it succeeded, would have rivaled steam on every railway. Merit can not always command success; nor is failure universally the sign of a weakly-devised scheme. The idea of the atmospheric system was so plausible, and gave such fair promise, that even Robert Stephenson—comprehensive and instantaneous as was his grasp of a subject—was unable to decide whether its good or evil attributes preponderated, until, after seeing it work on the Dalkey line, he had laboriously sifted every particular of its actual operation.

The system of Pinkus, as improved by Clegg and Samuda, comprised an atmospheric tube forty inches in diameter, through which the piston worked, on the air being exhausted before it. Along the top of this tube was a horizontal slit, covered by a leather flap-valve, fastened on one side and free to rise on the other, though, when unused, kept as close down as possible, and well lubricated with grease to preserve it in an air-tight condition. Attached to the piston was a perpendicular piston-rod, connecting it with a railway-carriage running on rails above parallel to the atmospheric tube. The piston-rod raised the valve as it passed; a roller behind immediately replaced it in its former position; and another apparatus dropped a fresh supply of the lubricating compound. The piston extended sufficiently far in front of the piston-rod to prevent the raising of the leather valve admitting air into the exhausted portion of the tube; but a lever was provided to enable the conductor to lift the valve in front of the train, so as, in case of accident, to decrease or destroy the vacuum, and annihilate the motive power. Now, the pressure of the atmosphere on a circular disk forty inches in diameter is about eight and a half tons; and, if a deduction be made for friction, any dead-weight less than the remainder would be overcome by the action of this piston. With the additional assistance of light iron wheels rolling easily on smooth metal rails, of course a far heavier burden than this mere dead-weight could be propelled at great speed by the same pressure on the disk. Theoretically the plan was perfect, and seemed especially adapted to hilly districts, where economy demanded steep gradients and sharp curves. Such a line was presented admirably between Kingstown and Dalkey, in Ireland, and there, accordingly, the atmospheric tube was first tried. A speed of thirty to forty miles an hour was easily procured, and the trains went over the hills in capital style. Financial and mechanical difficulties appeared, however, from the very beginning. The tube, when exhausted, persisted in leaking slightly at its joints, and greatly at the valve, where the lubricating oil dried up from the sun's heat, and the leather warped. Then the expense of working was also found more considerable than had been anticipated; and the necessity of having duplicate exhausting engines at each end with steam constantly up, lest the failure of one should paralyze the whole traffic, added a heavy item to the capital already invested. The more important tubes laid down on the same principle from London to Croydon, and on the South Devon Railway, with exhausting engines every three miles, only tended to confirm the experience of the Dalkey company. These exhausting engines cost a great sum for maintenance: a large machine of many horses power constantly at work, and a similar engine with steam up ready to work in case of need, might well be thought formidable obstacles to a dividend. Passengers were sufficiently plentiful, but the cost of conveyance so far exceeded that by locomotive engines, while the derangements were so frequent and provoking, that all the companies supporting the principle were at length compelled reluctantly to abandon it, as wholly incapable of contending with the cheaper and more certain locomotive. The only atmospheric railway which survived for a short time this general failure, was a working model which many of my readers, who were juveniles then, will remember to have traversed at the Polytechnic with boyish glee, and not without some danger of an upset into the adjoining canal. Ah! the Polytechnic was a real boys' paradise then, and had not degenerated to its present hybrid state, where Marionettes are as likely to be met with as working steam-engines, and where gayly-dressed dolls rival the diving-bell in attraction.

For several years the question of using the atmosphere for a motive power lay dormant, until, a few seasons ago, the

Electric and International Telegraph Company resorted to it as a speedy method of communicating between the head office in Lothbury and the branch offices at the Stock Exchange and Cornhill. Messages from all parts of Europe, which arrived at the head office, and had to be immediately forwarded to these branch destinations, were so numerous, and so dependent for their value on the most rapid possible transmission, that they would have required a large number of wires connecting the stations, and a considerable staff of telegraphists to work them. The whole of this extra annual expense is saved by the employment of a small pneumatic dispatch-tube, attached to the piston, in which is a felt bag capable of containing a large bundle of written messages as received in Lothbury. A few strokes in the cylinder of an air-pump suffice to exhaust the tube, and the piston, when set at liberty, is quickly shot to the other end; scarcely more time elapsing in the delivery of the messages than would have been necessary for their dispatch downstairs and across the road at Lothbury.

This tube reaches a total length of about three quarters of a mile, and has been found perfectly successful—saving time and labor in a remarkable degree. The great element of its answering, as compared with Messrs. Clegg and Samuda's atmospheric railway, is undoubtedly the fact that the entire work is carried on *within*, and that, consequently, there is no need of any valve or communication with the air outside. Under this condition, the preservation of a vacuum becomes merely dependent on the joints in the pipe being properly secured; and they must be sorry navvies indeed who are unable to lay down and join pipes so that they shall duly exclude the air.

Availing themselves of the principle so successful in this last instance, the Pneumatic Dispatch Company propose to apply it on a larger scale to the relief of the streets of London from much of the parcel and mail-cart traffic. Their design is to lay tubes under the main thoroughfares, to establish suitable exhausting engines, and to run frequent trains of trucks between different parts of the metropolis. For this purpose their tube is to be no longer the small pipe of the Electric Telegraph Company, but a tunnel-shaped channel of cast-iron, two feet nine inches in hight, and averaging two feet five inches in width. Rails will be fixed in the bottom corners for the passage of the trucks with as little friction as possible. The trucks themselves are iron vehicles, ingeniously formed so that their bodies shall occupy the whole interior of the tube, while the wheels are sunk into the sides, and have free play on the rails below, without interfering in any way with the complete filling of the tube by the carriage.

The success of this scheme, in a mechanical sense, has been amply proved at the experimental works which the company have instituted on the river margin adjoining the Battersea station of the Brighton railway. For just a quarter of a mile by the side of the stream may now be observed a black, sinuous object, more like a ribbed worm than any thing else, sometimes completely buried, then rising a few feet, and again curving out of sight. This is their experimental tube, of the size which the actual apparatus is intended to have. At its Nine Elms end, in a small shed, is the steam-engine for working it, accompanied with barometers to show the pressure exerted within the tube, and other necessary appliances. To those fond of elegant machinery it must be no small treat to be permitted to view the occasional operation of this remarkable machine. The pipe is so laid as to represent at different parts the curves and inclines of leading London streets; the slope of Snow Hill occurring in one part, that of Holborn Hill in another. Several curves of more or less sharpness are inserted to prove the capability of the trucks surrounding them without hindrance — a feat they perform in a really marvelous manner in the case of the last and sharpest curve, which is made with a radius of no more than forty feet.

Resort is not had to the air-pump for the exhaustion of this tube, the means adopted being simply the centrifugal motion of the air in a large hollow wheel, or double fan, revolving rapidly, and driving every thing, air and dust included, from the center toward the circumference. This wheel consists of two sheets of iron, each twenty-one feet in diameter, three feet apart at their center, but approaching at the circumference to within a few inches of each other. It receives a rotary and very rapid motion through

the agency of as exquisite a little high-pressure steam-engine as ever left the factory of Messrs. Boulton and Watt. "She's a sweet little thing!" said the engineer in charge; "we can work her to a'most any power:" a capability which, we may hope, for the sake of spectators, that worthy mechanic does not test too severely. The ordinary power, however, of the engine is stated to be fifteen horses.

On the end being closed by an iron door, and communication opened with the hollow wheel, if the latter be set in motion, the air at its center is by centrifugal force driven in successive whirls to the circumference, whence it is thrown forth into the atmosphere. This action is very apparent, even with slow revolutions of the wheel, if a handkerchief be held at any point near the open exterior of the disk; and when the rotation is rapid, the draft is so great that it is even difficult for a man to stand his ground against it. As the air originally at the center is forced outward, a fresh supply is sucked in until, with very little delay, the whole tube is exhausted, or at least subjected to a partial vacuum. When the engine is working at its full power the disk is able to exhaust the tube now laid at Battersea (a quarter of a mile) in from twenty to thirty seconds. Immediately the end of one truck is inserted in the farther extremity of the tube, it begins to be sucked toward the exhausting apparatus at the near end, and, together with other carriages attached to it, travels subterraneously to its destination at the rate of about twenty-five miles an hour.

Let us now station ourselves in the engine-house, with the great revolving fan creating such a whirlwind that the sound of the voice is entirely drowned in the roar. The attendants are watching a signal, which is moved when the train reaches a point about thirty yards away: the instant that signal records its approach, the valve is shut, while the trap-door closing the end of the tube is opened and the trucks, having accomplished the last few yards through the momentum previously acquired, emerged gently from their dark route into the open air. The sensation of seeing these curious vehicles appear, suddenly and quietly, in the midst of the deafening tornado produced by the revolving fan, is very strange: they glide, seemingly without noise, one after another from their narrow opening, much as a worm might slip stealthily from its hole amid a drenching shower.

Not far different, either, from a worm's speedy withdrawal into his slimy burrow is the appearance of a train of trucks starting on their journey from the opposite end of the experimental tube. Standing in the open to receive their imaginary load, they are pushed forward till the end of the first enters the tunnel and fills it. At a given signal the suction from the other extremity commences; one by one the trucks disappear, and in a few seconds are lost in the black abyss of pipe, through which the eye seeks in vain to penetrate. Though gone from view, they are, however, by no means out of hearing, for the noise these iron springless carriages make as they run, and—to judge by the sound—jolt over the rails, is very considerable. The long, cylindrical tube is, moreover, so admirable an acoustic conductor, that even words spoken at one end are distinctly audible, a quarter of a mile off, at the other, provided, of course, the channel be empty. As the train reaches the point where the exhausting process is stopped, a report is heard at the end whence it started similar to, and as loud as, the explosion of a pistol. The cause of this report, unlike any heard at the opposite end, where the action really producing it takes place, has not yet been satisfactorily explained.

So rare an opportunity of testing the sensations of the body under peculiarly unpropitious circumstances was not to be neglected. Who should say what physiological phenomena, what extraordinary experiences, might not be evolved from being shot — feet foremost — through a dark pipe, in which, if any thing happened, there would be no possibility of helping one's self? Alas! there were no such results; the journey was accomplished safely, and with no stronger effect than a considerable shaking. Lying at length on a mattress in the bottom of a truck, a cloak is thrown over the passenger to preserve him from the dust, with which, perhaps from the tube being now but rarely used, the tunnel is disagreeably filled. His conveyance enters its prison; the noise is abundant; the jolting no less so—about what might be felt if lying on the floor of a railway car-

riage, but less than that of an omnibus over a paved road—the idea of time taken in the journey, of course, exaggerated; otherwise no remarkable sensation beyond one of extreme delight at again reaching the light of heaven. The pneumatic dispatch is certainly not the mode of traveling a man with plenty of time at his disposal would select; but where speed is greatly an object, it might be welcome to many—in the absence of a more orthodox railway—as a means of evading the delays of crowded streets. I may mention here that it is part of the design of the company to carry passengers—*if they will go.*

The first operation which the company proposes to itself is, the establishment of connecting links between the general post-office and the several head offices of the postal districts, with intermediate stations about every half-mile. The western central office, in Bloomsbury, is intended to be the earliest placed in communication with head-quarters. If these tubes answer—as it is confidently anticipated by the projectors that they will—the system will be gradually extended, first to the railway termini, next to the metropolitan suburbs, and lastly, perhaps, by longer routes to more distant towns.

That the arrangements will give satisfaction, in a mechanical point of view, can not be doubted: how far their success will extend as a pecuniary speculation is a question for very careful consideration. The carts and vans used for postal purposes in the metropolis cost eleven thousand pounds annually, and this sum the directors would reckon upon receiving. The railway small parcels are computed to produce thirty-eight thousand pounds a year to the agents delivering them: of this, too, the company calculates on taking to itself a handsome share. Then there is the internal delivery of parcels and small packages through the Parcels Delivery Company, the carriers, the porters, and a hundred other channels, from which a fair revenue must almost certainly be derived, especially as the Pneumatic Dispatch Company intend assuming the functions of commissionaires, in addition to those of carriers. In their estimate the directors would add to all this the profit arising from conveyance of passengers. What that gain may be, I decline to calculate, as I also decline to receive with any faith their calculations on the subject. Working men may, as they expect, avail themselves of this means of transporting themselves from their suburban homes to building or other business in different parts of London; and men of all grades may possibly be glad at times of so rapid a mode of reaching their occupation or their pleasure; but there must certainly be the contrary chance that few or none will be disposed to trust themselves to a journey in a recumbent, helpless posture, though a dark, cavernous hole, subject, in idea at least, to invisible misfortunes. That such objections may be unreasonable, I do not deny; for, in point of fact, the danger will be infinitely less than that encountered in a railway tunnel, and, indeed, the way of traveling generally would be as safe as any rapid description of motion devised by man well could be. Collisions are impossible, from the very principle of the invention. A break-down would involve no worse catastrophe than delay and temporary imprisonment in a dark cell; for the exhaustion of air is never sufficient to cause suffocation, and the trucks could in a short time be pushed or drawn by mechanical force to the nearest station. *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*, and it is perfectly possible that once testing the anticipated discomfort of a pneumatic subterranean journey, passengers might be willing to submit to the darkness, the jolting, and disagreeable sensations, for the sake of such speedy exit at a distant point.

All these are sources of income necessarily difficult to compute until some section of the work be really open. On the other hand, the cost of apparatus and construction must be heavy, and shareholders should carefully balance accounts between probable investments and probable returns before any large outlay is incurred. Still, all must wish well to this very ingenious, and indeed beautiful design. It would, if boldly carried out, effectually relieve London streets of much troublesome light traffic, and would afford at once to shopkeepers and customers the advantage of immediate communications in all directions. This generation will indeed have seen strange things in its days: Railways spread throughout the land, subjugating fire and water to the service of man; Electricity raised invisibly from the earth, and only allowed

to return to it after surrendering him its power as his obedient familiar, bearing his messages with celerity that would astonish Puck himself, albeit that sprite could

> "Put a girdle round about the earth
> In forty minutes:"

Even Earth has been called to account, and a precious and useful metal evolved from smelted clay. Lastly, to complete the victory over the ancient elements, Air is made to subserve the purposes of commerce, and to rival the most agile steed in its submissive power of producing motion.

From the London Review.

SUBSECIVÆ BROWN.*

It has been said that a man might as well have no name at all, as only be called John Smith; and the like may be said of John Brown. It is amazing that remembering names are a capital in trade, parents do not more conscientiously realize their responsibility. Those John Browns are every where. How can they have any individuality or social being? It is the same with our literature as with our professions, it is thronged with the Browns. True, they are not all Johns. First and foremost, we have the famous Norwich physician, dear old Sir Thomas; and we have the nasty Brown, who never rises in literature beyond the dignity of *Tom;* and we have "Estimate Brown, and Capability Brown, and Simon Brown, and Brown the Brunonian;" and we have Pastoral Browne, and Brownist Brown; and we have Brown the great pudding-eater of Kent; and then the lamented chemist, Samuel Brown. And we have the tough old martyr Ossawatomie Brown—a witness and a martyr we will maintain him to be, although not one of the wisest; but martyrs usually are not very wise. We have the Bishop Brown, author of the *Analogy*, and Self-Interpreting Brown, of Haddington, the ancestor of our present author, whose memory he prizes so highly; and we have preachers and physicians innumerable named Brown; and in this very book we have John Brown the father, and John Brown the son. We therefore think that we are guilty of no impertinence in giving, as a distinctive patronymic to our author, the designation he has adopted for his book. A man can scarcely hope for immortality by the name of John Brown; but he may walk down to posterity with tolerable individuality by the epithet of Subsecivæ Brown.

The volumes of Dr. Brown are the most delightful of desultory volumes—just the books for charming the hours of people who have not too much attention to spare, and who desire the results and pleasures of learning without its toils. They are full of wisdom, and freshness, and fun. Choice little pieces of manifold reading are set in the frame of strong and probing language. Anecdotes, innumerable and new, most of them personal, give the reader the shock of hearty laughter, and leave behind a pleasant, unconscious healthfulness like that we receive from a long walk in the country. The physician who can turn his idle hours to such account as the author of these volumes, must not only be a singularly-gifted man; but, we may be sure, that if he is not enlarging his own practice, he is doing what is even far better—he is adding to the health of society; he is doing his best to make many natures whole. Wisdom is conveyed frequently in conversational hints; and we trust we do no injustice to the *Horæ* of Dr.

* *Horæ Subsecivæ.* By John Brown, M.D., F.R.S.E. A Second Series.

Brown when we place them beneath the class of conversational literature. They have much in them of the very best order of *ana;* a page would refresh many a mental or moral invalid. We do not see any great amount of professional, gold-headed-cane dignity; the boots of our author's style do not creak. Some readers might say that occasionally he is content to appear even rather slipshod: but then, how else would the reader see an idle man? and if we do catch our writer in his dressing gown, he is at ease in his study. We never find him wanting in self-respect, nor ever deficient in cheerful urbanity. He talks to us like a muscular man, and a strong and competent scholar, and has a way of favoring us with pleasant little snatches of classical reading or criticism, in the most communicative and instructive style, delightfully removed from pedantry, and never imposing the necessity for such attainments on his readers. The paper on "Presence of Mind, or Happy Guessing," is a good illustration of this. It is but a succession of wisely-told anecdotes on nearness of the Νοῦς, or the combination of power and promptitude in character. Here is an illustration of the want of this Νοῦς:

"That wise little man, Dr. Henry Marshall, little in body but not little in mind, in brain, and in worth, used to give an instance of this. A young, well-educated surgeon attached to a regiment quartered at Musselburgh, went out professionally with two officers who were in search of 'satisfaction.' One fell shot in the thigh, and in half an hour after he was found dead, the surgeon kneeling pale and grim over him, with his two thumbs sunk in his thigh *below* the wound, the grass steeped in blood. If he had put them two inches higher, or extemporized a tourniquet with his sash and the pistol's ramrod and a stone, he might have saved his friend's life and his own—for he shot himself that night."

And here are illustrations of the possession of this Νοῦς:

"One more instance of nearness of the Νοῦς. A lady was in front of her lawn with her children, when a mad dog made his appearance, pursued by the peasants. What did she do? What would you have done? Shut your eyes and think. She went straight to the dog, received its head in her thick stuff gown, between her knees, and, muffling it up, held it with all her might till the men came up. No one was hurt. Of course, she fainted after it was all right."

"I once saw a great surgeon, after settling a particular procedure as to a life-and-death operation, as a general settles his order of battle. He began his work, and at the second cut altered the entire conduct of the operation. No one not in the secret could have told this; not a moment's pause, not a quiver of the face, not a look of doubt. This is the same master-power in man, which makes the difference between Sir John Moore and Sir John Cope."

"Mrs. Major Robertson, a woman of slight make, great beauty, and remarkable energy, courage, and sense, (she told me the story herself,) on going up to her bedroom at night—there being no one in the house but a servant-girl, in the ground floor—saw a portion of a man's foot projecting from under the bed. She gave no cry of alarm, but shut the door as usual, set down her candle, and began as if to undress, when she said aloud to herself, with an impatient tone and gesture, 'I've forgotten that key again, I declare;' and, leaving the candle burning, and the door open, she went down-stairs, got the watchman, and secured the proprietor of the foot, which had not moved an inch. How many women or men could have done, or rather been all this!"

Of another order is the following classification of qualifications for a physician; indispensable qualifications also for other than physicians:

"The prime qualifications of a physician may be summed up in the words, *Capax*, *Perspicax*, *Sagax*, *Efficax*. *Capax*—there must be room to receive, and arrange, and keep knowledge; *Perspicax*—senses and perceptions, keen, accurate, and immediate, to bring in materials from all sensible things; *Sagax*—a central power of knowing what is what, and what it is worth, of choosing and rejecting, of judging; and finally, *Efficax*—the will and the way—the power to turn all the other three, capacity, perspicacity, sagacity to account, in the performance of the thing in hand, and thus rendering back to the outer world, in a new and useful form, what you had received from it. These are the intellectual qualities which make up the physician, without any one of which he would be *mancus*, and would not deserve the name of a complete artsman, any more than proteine would be itself if any one of its four elements were amissing."

He has the happiest way of turning to account anecdotes, which may be gathered plentifully from the volumes: here is one of William Nicholson, the poet, the author of that extraordinary ballad full of weirdness, the "Aiken Drum":

"There is one story about him which has always appeared to me quite perfect. A farmer, in a remote part of Galloway, one June morning before sunrise, was awakened by music; he had been dreaming of heaven, and when he found himself awake, he still heard the strains.

He looked out, and saw no one, but at the corner of a grass field he saw his cattle, and young colts and fillies, huddled together, and looking intently down into what he knew was an old quarry. He put on his clothes, and walked across the field, every thing but that strange wild melody, still and silent in this the 'sweet hour of prime.' As he got nearer the 'beasts,' the sound was louder; the colts with their long manes, and the nowt with their wondering stare, took no notice of him, straining their necks forward entranced. There, in the old quarry, the young sun 'glintin'' on his face, and resting on his pack, which had been his pillow, was our Wandering Willie, playing and singing like an angel—'an Orpheus, an Orpheus.' What a picture! When reproved for wasting his health and time by the prosaic farmer, the poor fellow said: 'Me and this quarry are lang acquant, and I've mair pleesure in pipin to thae daft cowts, than if the best leddies in the land were figurin away afore me."

The author enjoys a laugh at his profession, and is not offended if his readers augh with him:

"It is told of another of our Gallic brethren, that having discovered a specific for a skin disease, he pursued it with such keenness on the field of the patient's surface, that he perished just when it did. On going into the dead-house, our conqueror examined the surface of the subject with much interest, and some complacency —not a vestige of disease or life—and turning on his heel, said: '*Il est mort guéri!*' Cured indeed! with the disadvantage, single, but in one sense infinite, of the man being dead; dead, with the advantage, general, but at best finite, of the *scaly tetter* being cured."

Laughing at the orthodox in the schools of physic, the homeopathists must allow him to have his joke at their expense:

"Many years ago, a countryman called on a physician in York. He was in the depths of dyspeptic despair, as often happens with the chawbacons. The doctor gave him some plain advice as to his food, making a thorough change, and ended by writing a prescription for some tonic, saying: 'Take *that*, and come back in a fortnight.' In ten days Giles came in, blooming and happy, quite well. The doctor was delighted, and not a little proud of his skill. He asked to see what he had given him. Giles said he hadn't got it. 'Where was it!' 'I took it, sir.' 'Took it! what have you done with it?' 'I *ate* it, sir! you told me to *take* it!' We once told this story to a homeopathic friend, adding: 'Perhaps you think the iron in the ink may be credited with the cure.' 'Well,' said my much-believing friend, 'there is no saying.' No saying, indeed! and no thinking either! such matters lie at least in the region of the non-knowable."

The following gives to our author a fine text for a very useful sermon, introducing the paper, "With Brains Sir:"

"'Pray, Mr. Opie, may I ask what you mix your colors with?' said a brisk dilettante student of the great painter. 'With *brains*, sir,' was the gruff reply—and the right one. It did not give much of what we call information; it did not expound the principles and rules of the art; but if the inquirer had the commodity referred to, it would awaken him; it would set him a-going, a-thinking, and a-painting to good purpose. If he had not the wherewithal, as was likely enough, the less he had to do with colors and their mixtures the better."

Again:

"'Who made you?' was asked of a small girl. She replied, 'God me that length,' indicating with her two hands the ordinary size of a new-born infant; 'and I growed the rest mysel.' This was before Topsey's time, and is wittier than even ''Spects I growed,' and not less philosophical than Descartes' *nihil* with Leibnitz's *nisi* as its rider."

Our author is a Landseer in his affection for dogs, and his power of painting them. He is able to know the true human feeling, that they are fellow-mortals, and sometimes one thinks even something more; he could enter into the feeling so eloquently expressed by Ruskin, and especially apply it to his dogs. "There is in every animal's eye a dim image and gleam of humanity; a flash of strange light through which their life looks out, and up to our great mystery of command over them, and claims the fellowship of the creature if not of the soul." The story of "Rab and his Friends," is one of the most perfect and varied pieces of its compass any where to be met with; but the Doctor has had a very extensive canine acquaintance—we had almost said of every variety of canine character, but we are reminded that the characters of dogs are as various as the characters of men. Some of these acquaintance are far from respectable, they have a very medical-student air about them, and look as doubtful as the members of that distinguished, but not universally respected class.

"Jock was one of these sad ne'er do weels, he was insane from his birth; at first *amabilis insania*, but ending in mischief and sudden death. He was an English terrier, fawn-colored; mother's name Vamp, (Vampire,) and his father's Demon. He was more properly *daft* than mad; his courage, muscularity, and prodigious animal spirits making him insufferable, and never allowing one sane feature of himself any chance. No sooner was the street door open, than he was throttling the first dog pass-

ing, bringing upon himself and me endless grief. Cats he tossed up into the air, and crushed their spines as they fell. Old ladies he upset by jumping over their heads; old gentlemen by running between their legs. At home, he would think nothing of leaping through the tea-things, upsetting the urn, cream, etc., and at dinner the same sort of thing. I believe if I could have found time to thrash him sufficiently, and let him be a year older, we might have kept him; but having upset an Earl when the streets were muddy, I had to part with him. He was sent to a clergyman in the island of Westray, one of the Orkneys; and though he had a wretched voyage, and was as sick as any dog, he signalized the first moment of his arrival at the mange, by strangling an ancient monkey, or 'puggy,' the pet of the minister—who was a bachelor—and the wonder of the island. Jock henceforward took to evil courses, extracting the kidneys of the best young rams, driving whole hirsels down steep places into the sea, till at last all the guns of Westray were pointed at him, as he stood at bay under a huge rock on the shore, and blew him into space. I always regret his end, and blame myself for sparing the rod.

"Toby was a more decent dog. He had, it would seem, an inbred vulgar air, but he was a dog of great moral excellence—affectionate, faithful, honest up to his light, with an odd humor as peculiar and as strong as his tail. My father, in his reserved way, was very fond of him, and there must have been very funny scenes with them, for we heard bursts of laughter issuing from his study when they two were by themselves; there was something in him that took that grave, beautiful, melancholy face. One can fancy him in the midst of his books, and sacred work and thoughts, pausing and looking at the secular Toby, who was looking out for a smile to begin his rough fun, and about to end by coursing and *gurrin'* round the room, upsetting my father's books, laid out on the floor for consultation, and himself nearly at times, as he stood watching him — and off his guard and shaking with laughter. Toby had always a great desire to accompany my father up to town; this my father's good taste and sense of dignity, besides his fear of losing his friend (a vain fear!) forbade, and as the decision of character of each was great and nearly equal, it was often a drawn game. Toby ultimately, by making it his entire object, triumphed. He usually was no where to be seen on my father leaving; he however saw him, and lay in wait at the head of the street, and up Leith Walk he kept him in view from the opposite side like a detective, and then, when he knew it was hopeless to hound him home, he crossed unblushingly over, and joined company, excessively rejoiced, of course.

"One Sunday he had gone with him to church, and left him at the vestry-door. The second Psalm was given out, and my father was sitting back in the pulpit, when the door at its back, up which he came from the vestry, was seen to move, and gently open; then, after a long pause, a black shining snout pushed its way steadily into the congregation, and was followed by Toby's entire body. He looked somewhat abashed, but sniffing his friend, he advanced as if on thin ice, and, not seeing him, put his forelegs on the pulpit, and behold! there he was, his own familiar chum. I watched all this, and any thing more beautiful than his look of happiness, of comfort, of entire ease when he beheld his friend—the smoothing down of the anxious ears, the swing of gladness of that mighty tail—I don't expect soon to see. My father quietly opened the door, and Toby was at his feet, and invisible to all but himself; had he sent old George Peaston, the 'minister's man,' to put him out, Toby would probably have shown his teeth and astonished George. He slunk home as soon as he could, and never repeated that exploit."

Our author thinks—

"Every family should have a dog; it is like having a perpetual baby; it is the plaything and the crony of the whole house. It keeps them all young. . . . And then he tells no tales, betrays no secrets, never sulks, asks no troublesome questions, never gets into debt, never coming down late for breakfast, or coming in through his Chubb *too early* to bed—is always for a bit of fun, lies in wait for it, and you may, if choleric, to your relief, kick him instead of some one else, who would not take it so meekly, and, moreover, would certainly not, as he does, ask your pardon for being kicked."

A faithful attachment to dogs and an entrance into their humor is usually the companion of a like attachment to mankind. Dr. Brown quotes—and we see, in all his quotations, what ought always to be seen in a quotation, but which is seen so seldom—his evident relish in it—he quotes the touching saying of Sir Walter Scott: "The misery of keeping a dog, is his dying so soon; but to be sure, if he lived for fifty years, and then died, what would become of me?" Our author has a keen glance for men and characters and things; his essays reveal much of that noblest power of man—imagination; that *communis sensus* of the faculties; our readers will remember many illustrations of this in the first series of the *Horæ Subsecivæ*—how happy this is of Hobbes of Malmsbury, "like a bear in his arctic cave, muttering protests against the universe, nursing his wrath as the only thing with which to warm and cheer that sullen heart, a palace of ice, symmetrical, beautiful, strong, but below Zero—we admire much his intrepid air, keen and clean teeth, his clear eye, his matchless vigor of grip, his redeeming love for his cubs, his dreary

mistake of absolute cold for heat, frozen mercury, burning as well as molten gold —we would try to get him to give up his cold fishy diet, his long winters of splendid darkness, and come and live with us like a Christian."

It is this power which enables our writer to interest so much with his notes on art; he speaks to the sympathies of spectators; he is not an art critic, but possesses, in a great degree, the power to tell the story of a picture — there are many of these very well worth reading, which, however, suggest the thought of being added to fill up the volume; he does not concern himself with the painter's art, but he enters into the poetry and meaning of the picture—thus Paul Delaroche's—

"Cromwell regarding the dead body of Charles I. This last is a truly great and impressive picture—we hardly know one more so, or more exactly suited for art. The great Protector, with his well-known face, in which ugliness and affection and power kept such strange company, is by himself in a dark room. And yet not by himself. The coffin in which Charles, his king, is lying at rest, having ceased from troubling, is before him, and he has lifted up the lid and is gazing on the dead king—calm, with the paleness and dignity of death—of such a death, upon that fine face. You look into the face of the living man; you know what he is thinking of. Awe, regret, resolution. He knows the full extent of what has been done—of what *he* has done. He thinks, if the dead had not been false, any thing else might have been forgiven; if he had but done this, and not done that; and his great human affections take their course, and he may wish it had been otherwise. But you know that having taken his gaze, and having let his mind go forth in its large issues, as was his way, he would again shut that lid, and shut his mind, and go away certain that it was right, that it was the only thing, and that he will abide by it to the end. It is no mean art that can put this into a few square inches of paper, or that can raise this out of any ordinary looker-on's brain. What a contrast to Napoleon's smooth, placid face and cold eyes, that rough visage, furrowed with sorrow and internal convulsions, and yet how much better, greater, worthier, the one than the other! We have often wondered if they had met at Lützen, or at some of the wild work of that time, what they would have made of each other. We would lay the odds upon the Brewer's Son. The intellect might not be so immense, the self-possession not so absolute, but the nature, the whole man, would be more powerful, because more in the right and more in sympathy with mankind. He would never try an impossible thing; he would seldom do a wrong thing, an outrage to human nature or its Author; and for all that makes true greatness and true courage, we would not compare the one with the other. But to return to our artist."

It is this which enables our author to sketch with this strength and vigor of hand, pencil and coloring, the preaching of Dr. Chalmers:

"We remember well our first hearing of Dr. Chalmers. We were in a moorland district in Tweeddale, rejoicing in the country, after nine months of the High School. We heard that the famous preacher was to be at a neighboring parish church, and off we set, a cartful of irrepressible youngsters. 'Calm was all nature as a resting wheel.' The crows, instead of making wing, were impudent and sat still; the cart-horses were standing, knowing the day, at the field gates, gossiping and gazing, idle and happy; the moor was stretching away in the pale sun-light—vast, dim, melancholy, like a sea; every where were to be seen the gathering people, 'sprinklings of blithe company;' the country-side seemed moving to one center. As we entered the kirk we saw a notorious character, a drover, who had much of the brutal look of what he worked in, with the knowing eye of a man of the city, a sort of big Peter Bell—

> 'He had a hardness in his cheek,
> He had a hardness in his eye.'

He was our terror, and we not only wondered, but we were afraid when we saw *him* going in. The kirk was full as it could hold. How different in looks to a brisk town congregation! There was a fine leisureliness and vague stare; all the dignity and vacancy of animals; eyebrows raised and mouths open, as is the habit with those who speak little and look much, and at far-off objects. The minister comes in, homely in his dress and gait, but having a great look upon him, like a mountain among hills. The High School boys thought him like a 'big one of ourselves,' he looks vaguely round upon his audience, as if he saw in it *one great object, not many*. We shall never forget his smile! its general benignity; how he let the light of his countenance fall on us! He read a few verses quietly; then prayed briefly, solemnly, with his eyes wide open all the time, but not seeing. Then he gave out his text; we forget it, but its subject was, 'Death reigns.' He stated slowly, calmly, the simple meaning of the words; what death was, and how and why it reigned; then suddenly he started, and looked like a man who had seen some great sight, and was breathless to declare it; he told us how death reigned—every where, at all times, in all places; how we all knew it, how we would yet know more of it. The drover, who had sat down in the table-seat opposite, was gazing up in a state of stupid excitement; he seemed restless, but never kept his eye from the speaker. The tide set in—every thing added to its power, deep called to deep, imagery and illustration poured in; and every now and then the theme—the simple, terrible

statement, was repeated in some lucid interval. After overwhelming us with proofs of the reign of Death, and transferring to us his intense urgency and emotion; and after shrieking, as if in despair, these words, 'Death is a tremendous necessity'—he suddenly looked beyond us as if into some distant region, and cried out: 'Behold a mightier!—who is this? He cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah, glorious in his apparel, speaking in righteousness, traveling in the greatness of his strength, mighty to save.' Then, in a few plain sentences, he stated the truth as to sin entering, and death passing upon all. Then he took fire once more, and enforced, with redoubled energy and richness, the freeness, the simplicity, the security, the sufficiency of the great method of justification. How astonished and impressed we all were! He was at the full thunder of his power; the whole man was in an agony of earnestness. The drover was weeping like a child, the tears running down his ruddy, coarse cheeks — his face opened out and smoothed like an infant's; his whole body stirred with emotion. We all had insensibly been drawn out of our seats, and were converging toward the wonderful speaker. And when he sat down, after warning each one of us to remember who it was, and what it was, that followed death on his pale horse, and how alone we could escape—we all sunk back into our seats. How beautiful to our eyes did the thunderer look — exhausted — but sweet and pure! How he poured out his soul before his God in giving thanks for sending the Abolisher of Death! Then, a short psalm, and all was ended.

"We went home quieter than we came; we did not recount the foals with their long legs, and roguish eyes, and their sedate mothers; we did not speculate upon whose dog *that* was, and whether *that* was a crow or a man in the dim moor — we thought of other things. That voice, that face; those great, simple, living thoughts, those floods of resistless eloquence; that piercing, shattering voice—'that tremendous necessity.'"

The most delightful gem of the present volume is the long letter to Dr. Cairns, upward of a hundred pages, out of the book of four hundred, devoted to a portrait of the author's father, the celebrated John Brown, of Edinburgh. It is a beautiful monograph, on a father's memory. Why can we not have such biographies? Not we believe so much because we have not men who might be the subjects of them, but principally because biographers stretch a canvas so large that concentration of interest and effect are lost to the reader, being lost sight of to the writer. If readers and relatives could content themselves with a hundred instead of five hundred pages, much every way might be gained. The paper to which we refer, deserves a mention as honorable; it ought to secure a fame and name as lasting for its subject and its writer, as the beautiful little lifelets of Isaac Walton. We should like to see it printed by itself, and then we should like to see a copy in the hands of every student for the Christian ministry. We need more pastors and teachers, molded on the model of John Brown; at present, the Christian ministry, in many directions, seems to be running to seed, without conserving itself.

Looking over what we have written, we find we have done little but praise this, or, rather, we may say, these "*Horæ*," for we have referred to the first as well as to last. We fear we have laid ourselves open to the charge of indiscriminate approval; yet we could, did space allow, break a lance with our author upon some of his verdicts; indeed, our Physician, no doubt, loves and hates in a lump, he does not parcel out his affections; of this we have many proofs; but we have, indeed, received so much pleasure, that we are not minded to be very discriminating. These volumes are, certainly, almost alone as desultory literature, and in reading them we have had just the kind of pleasure we have experienced when kept waiting in a rarely selected library, and, taking down volume after volume, were gratified to find that some judicious reader had underlined or annotated. They are among the most delightful, comprehensive, and scholarly that the press has for a long time produced; we may apply to them the words of our author's favorite poet, Tennyson:

"For Beauty, Good and Knowledge are three sisters
That doat upon each other; friends to man—
Living together under the same roof."

We have quoted so much we fear to quote more; every reader will, of course, go through this volume for himself; but there is one other extract we must do ourselves and our readers the pleasure of presenting to them. It is called, "Her last half-crown:"

"Hugh Miller, the geologist, journalist, and man of genius, was sitting in his newspaper office late one dreary winter night. The clerks had all left, and he was preparing to go, when a quick rap came to the door. He said, 'Come in,' and, looking toward the entrance, saw a little ragged child all wet with sleet. 'Are ye Hugh Miller?' 'Yes,' 'Mary Duff wants ye.' 'What does she want?' 'She's deein.' Som misty recollection of the name made him a

once set out, and with his well-known plaid and stick, he was soon striding after the child, who trotted through the now deserted High Street, into the Canongate. By the time he got into the Old Play House Close, Hugh had revived his memory of Mary Duff; a lively girl who had been bred up beside him in Cromarty. The last time he had seen her was at a brother mason's marriage, where Mary was 'best maid,' and he 'best man.' He seemed still to see her bright young careless face, her tidy shortgown, and her dark eyes, and to hear her bantering, merry tongue.

"Down the close went the ragged little woman, and up an outside stair, Hugh keeping near her with difficulty; in the passage she held out her hand and touched him; taking it in his great palm he felt that she wanted a thumb. Finding her way like a cat through the darkness, she opened a door, and saying, 'That's her!' vanished. By the light of a dying fire, he saw lying in the corner of the large empty room something like a woman's clothes, and on drawing nearer, became aware of a thin pale face and two dark eyes looking keenly but helplessly up at him. The eyes were plainly Mary Duff's, though he could recognize no other feature. She wept silently, gazing steadily at him. 'Are you Mary Duff?' 'It's a' that's o' me, Hugh.' She then tried to speak to him, something plainly of great urgency, but she couldn't, and seeing that she was very ill, and was making herself worse, he put half-a-crown into her feverish hand, and silently returned to his own home by the way he came, musing deeply on the sad mutations which occur in human life."

From the St. James's Magazine.

A BOAT SONG.

FOR THE NAVAL RESERVE.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

Lift her along—
Stout hearts and strong!
Let our oars fall in time
To the rhyme
Of our song!
Old England's mighty seamen,
The masters of the deep,
Have left to us—their sons, my lads—
Their ancient sweep to keep;
To make our bright flag honored
Alike by friend and foe,
As far as Ocean's waters roll—
As far as breezes blow!
Then three cheers for our Queen:
And three cheers for our Land;
And three cheers for the hearts that love us!
And three times three
For the British Flag,
That floats on the breeze above us!

Give her good way—
Light hearts and gay!
And our oars in their beat
Shall repeat
The old lay!
Old England's mighty vessels
But wait the voice of war
To spread their grand wings on the gale,
And wake their thunder's roar;
And England's foes again should find,
Amid the battle's smoke,
The same staunch English wooden walls—
The same stout hearts of oak.
Then three cheers for our Queen:
And three cheers for our Land:
And three cheers for the hearts that love us!
And three times three
For the British Flag,
That floats on the breeze above us!

Steadily swing—
Hearts for a King!
And our oars in their chime
Shall keep time
As we sing!
Old England's mighty Charter,
It still remains the same:
Oppression still her standard hates—
Still Freedom loves her name!
And calmly still her people

In God repose their trust,
Nor change the Peace they love for War—
Save when that War is just!
Then three cheers for our Queen:
And three cheers for our Land:
And three cheers for the hearts that love us!
And three times three
For the British Flag,
That floats on the breeze above us!

Lift her along—
Stout hearts and strong!
While our oars in their beat
Still repeat
The old song!
Three cheers for our Queen:
Three cheers for our Land:
Three cheers for the hearts that love us!
And three times three
For the dear old Flag,
That floats on the breeze above us!

[Note. A little change in words might render this a fitting song to Yankee Land and the old Flag of Stars and Stripes.—Editor of the Eclectic.

From Titan.

A LEAF FROM THE SECRET HISTORY OF RUSSIA.*

THE EDITOR'S PREFACE.

Some hours after the death of the Empress Catherine, her son, the Emperor Paul, ordered Count Rostoptchine to put the seals upon her papers. He was himself present at the arrangement of these papers. Among them was found the celebrated letter of Alexis Orloff, in which, in a cynical tone, and with a drunken hand, he announced to the Empress the assassination of the husband, Peter III. There was also a manuscript, written entirely by the hand of Catherine herself, and inclosed in a sealed envelope, bearing this inscription: "To his Imperial Highness, the Cesarewitch and Grand Duke Paul, my beloved son." Under this envelope was the manuscript of the memoirs which we have published.

The manuscript terminates abruptly toward the close of the year 1759. It is said that there were with it some detached notes, which would have served as materials for its continuation. Some persons affirm that Paul threw these into the fire; but nothing certain is known upon this point. Paul kept his mother's manuscript a great secret, and never intrusted it to any one but the friend of his childhood, Prince Alexander Kourakine. The prince took a copy of it. Some twenty years after the death of Paul, Alexander Tourgeneff and Prince Michael Worontzoff obtained copies from the transcript of Kourakine. The Emperor Nicholas having heard of this, gave orders to the secret police to seize all the copies. Amongst them was one written at Odessa, by the hand of the celebrated poet Pouschkine. A complete stop was now put to the farther circulation of the memoirs.

The Emperor Nicholas had the original brought to him by the Count D. Bloudoff; read it, sealed it with the great seal of state, and ordered it to be kept in the imperial archives, among the most secret documents.

To these details, which I extract from a notice communicated to me, I ought to add that the first person who spoke to me on the subject was Constantine Arsenieff, the preceptor of the present Emperor. He told me, in 1840, that he had obtained permission to read many secret documents relative to the events which followed the death of Peter I., up to the reign of Alexander I. Among these documents, he was authorized to read the memoirs of Catherine II. (At that time he was teaching the Modern History of Russia to the Grand Duke, the heir presumptive.)

* *Memoirs of the Empress Catherine II., written by Herself.* With a Preface by A. Herzen. Trübner & Co.

During the Crimean War, the archives were transferred to Moscow. In the month of March of 1855, the present Emperor had the manuscript brought to him to read. Since that period one or two copies have again circulated at Moscow and St. Petersburg. It is from one of these that we now publish the Memoirs. As to their authenticity, there is not the least room to doubt. Besides, it is only necessary to read two or three pages of the text to be quite satisfied on the point.

We have abstained from all corrections of the style, in every case in which it was not evident that the copy presented some fault of transcription.

Passing to the Memoirs themselves, what do we find?

The early years of Catherine II.—of that woman-emperor, who occupied for more than a quarter of a century all contemporary minds, from Voltaire and Frederick II., to the Khan of the Crimea and the Chiefs of the Kirghis—*her young days described by herself!* . . . . What is there for the editor to add to this?

In reading these pages, we behold her entering on the scene, we see her forming herself to that which she afterward became. A frolicsome girl of fourteen, her head dressed "*à la Moïse*," fair, playful, the betrothed of a little idiot, the Grand Duke, she has already caught the disease of the Winter Palace—the thirst of dominion. One day, while "perched" with the Grand Duke upon a window-sill, and joking with him, she saw Count Lestocq enter; "Pack up your things," he said, "you are off for Germany." The young idiot seemed but little affected by the threatened separation. "It was pretty nearly a matter of indifference to me also," says the little German girl; "*but the crown of Russia was not so*," adds the Grand Duchess.

Here we have, in the bud, the Catherine of 1762!

To dream of the crown, however, was quite natural in the atmosphere of that court; natural not only for the betrothed of the heir-presumptive, but for every one. The groom Biren, the singer Rasoumowsky, the Prince Dolgorouky, the plebeian Menchikoff, the oligarch Volynski—every one was anxious for a shred of the imperial mantle. The crown of Russia, after Peter I., was a *res nullius*.

Peter I., a terrorist and reformer, before all things, had no respect for legitimacy. His absolutism sought to reach even beyond the tomb. He gave himself the right of appointing his successor, and instead of appointing him, he contented himself with ordering the assassination of his own son.

After the death of Peter, the nobles assembled for deliberation. Menchikoff put a stop to all discussion, and proclaimed as empress his old mistress, the widow of a brave Swedish dragoon, slain upon the field of battle, the widow of Peter also, to whom Menchikoff had resigned her "through devotion" to his master.

The reign of Catherine I. was short. After her, the crown passed from head to head as chance directed; from the once Livonian tavern-keeper, to a street-boy (Peter II.;) from this street-boy, who died of small-pox, to the Duchess of Courland, (Anne;) from the Duchess of Courland to a Princess of Mecklenburg, (wife of a prince of Brunswick,) who reigned in the name of an infant in a cradle, (Ivan;) from this boy, born *too late* to reign, the crown passed to the head of a woman born *too soon* — Elizabeth. She it is who represents legitimacy.

Tradition broken, the people and the state completely separated by the reforms of Peter I., *coups d' état* and palace revolutions were the order of the day; nothing was fixed. The inhabitants of St. Petersburg, when retiring at night, knew not under whose government they should awake in the morning; they consequently took but little interest in changes, which, after all, did not essentially concern any but a few German intriguers, become Russian ministers, a few great nobles grown gray in perjury and crime, and the regiment of Preobrajensky, which disposed of the crown like the Pretorians of old. For all others, every thing remained unchanged. And when I say others, I speak only of the nobles and officials; for as to the great silent people—that people prostrate, sad, stupefied, dumb—it was never thought of. The people was beyond the pale of the law, and passively accepted the terrible trial which God had sent it, caring little for the specters which mounted with tottering steps the ascent to the throne, gliding like shadows, and disappearing in Siberia, in the dungeons. The people was sure to be pillaged in any case. Its social condition, therefore, was beyond the reach of accident. What a strange period! The imperial throne, as we have

elsewhere said, was like the bed of Cleopatra. A crowd of oligarchs, of strangers, of panders, of minions, led forth nightly an unknown, a child, a German; placed the puppet on the throne, worshiped it, and, in its name, gave the knout to all who presumed to question the arrangement. Scarcely had the chosen one time to become intoxicated with the delights of an exorbitant and absurd power, and to condemn his enemies to slavery or torture, when the succeeding wave raised up another pretender, and the chosen of yesterday, with all his followers, was engulfed in the abyss. The ministers and generals of one day were the next on their way to Siberia, loaded with chains.

This *bufera infernale* carried away people with such rapidity, that there was not time to get accustomed to their faces. Marshal Munich, who had overturned Biren, rejoined him on a raft, stopped upon the Volga, himself a prisoner, with chains on his feet. It is in the struggle of these two Germans, who disputed the empire of Russia as if it had been a jug of beer, that we may retrace the true type of the *coups d' état* of the good old times.

The Empress Anne died, leaving the crown, as we have just said, to a child only a few months old, under the regency of her lover Biren. The Duke of Courland was all-powerful. Despising every thing Russian, he wished to civilize us with the lash. In the hope of strengthening himself, he destroyed, with a cold-blooded cruelty, hundreds of men, and drove into exile more than twenty thousand. Marshal Munich got tired of this; he was a German as well as Biren, and, besides, a good soldier. One day the Princess of Brunswick, the mother of the little Emperor, complained to him of the arrogance of Biren. "Have you spoken on this subject to any one else?" asked the Marshal. "I have not." "Very well, then; keep silent, and leave every thing to me." This was on the 7th of September, 1740.

On the 8th, Munich dined with Biren. After dinner, he left his family with the Regent, and retired for a moment. Going quietly to the residence of the Princess of Brunswick, he told her to be prepared for the night, and then returned. Supper came on. Munich gave anecdotes of his campaigns, and of the battles he had gained. "Have you made any nocturnal expeditions?" asked the Count de Lœwenhaupt. "I have made expeditions at all hours," replied the Marshal, with some annoyance. The Regent, who was indisposed, and was lying on a sofa, sat up at these words, and became thoughtful.

They parted friends.

Having reached home, Munich ordered his aid-de-camp, Manstein, to be ready by two o'clock. At that hour they entered a carriage, and drove straight to the Winter Palace. There he had the Princess awakened. "What is the matter?" said the good German, Anthony Ulrich, of Braunschweig-Wolfenbüttel, to his wife. "I am not well," replied the Princess. And Anthony Ulrich turned over and slept like a top.

While he slept, the Princess dressed herself, and the old warrior conferred with the most turbulent of the soldiers in the Preobrajensky regiment. He represented to them the humiliating position of the Princess, spoke of her future gratitude, and, as he spoke, bade them load their muskets.

Then leaving the Princess under the guard of some *forty* grenadiers, he proceeded with *eighty* others to arrest the chief of the state, the terrible Duke of Courland.

They traversed without impediment the streets of St. Petersburg; reached the palace of the Regent; entered it; and Munich sent Manstein to arrest the Duke in his bed-chamber, living or dead. The officers on duty, the sentinels, and the servants, looked on. "Had there been a single officer or soldier faithful," says Manstein, in his memoirs, "we were lost." But there was not one. Biren, perceiving the soldiers, endeavored to escape by creeping under the bed. Manstein had him forced out: Biren defended himself. He received some blows from the butt-ends of their muskets, and was then conveyed to the guard-house. The *coup d' état* was accomplished. But something stranger still was soon to follow.

Biren was detested; that might explain his fall. The new Regent, on the the contrary—a good and gentle creature, who gave umbrage to no one, while she gave much love to the Ambassador Linar—was even liked a little from hatred to Biren. A year passed. All was tranquil. But the court of

France was dissatisfied with an Austro-Russian alliance which the Regent had just concluded with Maria Theresa. How was this alliance to be prevented? Nothing easier. It was only to make a *coup d' état*, and expel the Regent. In this case, we have not even a marshal reverenced by the soldiers, not even a statesman. An intriguing physician, Lestocq, and an intriguing ambassador, La Chétardie, are sufficient to carry to the throne Elizabeth, daughter of Peter I.

Elizabeth, absorbed in pleasures and petty intrigues, little thought of overturning the government. She was led to believe that the Regent intended to shut her up in a convent. She, Elizabeth, who spent her time in the barracks of the guards, and in licentious excesses, ... better make herself Empress! So also thought La Chétardie; and he did more than think; he gave French gold to hire a handful of soldiers.

On the 25th of November, 1741, the Grand Duchess, dressed in a magnificent robe, and with a brilliant cuirass on her breast, presented herself at the guard-house of the Preobrajensky regiment. She exposed to the soldiers her unhappy condition. They, reeking with wine, cried out: "Command, mother, command, and we will slaughter them all!" The charitable Grand Duchess recoils with horror, and *only* orders the arrest of the Regent, her husband, and their son—the *baby*-emperor.

Once again is the old scene repeated. Anthony Ulrich, of Braunschweig, is awakened from the most profound slumber; but this time he can not relapse into it again, for two soldiers wrap him up in a sheet, and carry him to a dungeon, which he will leave only to go and die in exile.

Again is the *coup d' état* accomplished. The new reign seems to go on wheels. And, once more, nothing is wanting to this strange crown . . . . . but an heir. The Empress, who will have nothing to do with the little Ivan, seeks one in the episcopal palace of the Prince-Bishop of Lubeck. It is the nephew of the Bishop whom she selects, a grandson of Peter I., an orphan, without father or mother, and the intended husband of the little Sophia Augusta Frederica, Princess of Anhalt-Zerbst-Bernburg, who resigned all these sonorous and illustrious titles to be called simply . . . . *Catherine II.*

And now, after all that has been said, let the reader picture to himself what must have been the nature of the medium into which destiny had cast this young girl, gifted, as she was, not only with great talent, but also with a character pliant, though full of pride and passion.

Her position at St. Petersburg was horrible. On one side was her mother, a peevish, scolding, greedy, niggardly, pedantic German, boxing her ears, and taking away her new dresses to appropriate them to her own use; on the other, the Empress Elizabeth, a coarse and grumbling virago, never quite sober, jealous, envious, causing every step of the young Princess to be watched, every word reported, taking offense at every thing, and all this after having given her for a husband the most ridiculous Benedict of the age.

A prisoner in the palace, she could do nothing without permission. If she wept for the death of her father, the Empress sent her word that she had grieved enough: "That her father was not a king, that she should mourn him longer than a week." If she evinced a friendship for any of her maids of honor, she might be sure the lady would be dismissed. If she became attached to a faithful servant, still more certain was it that that servant would be turned away.

Her relations with the Grand Duke were monstrous, degrading. He made her the confidante of his amorous intrigues. Drunk from the age of ten, he came one night, in liquor, to entertain his wife with a description of the graces and charms of the daughter of Biren; and as Catharine pretended to be asleep, he gave her a punch with his fist to awaken her. This booby kept a kennel of dogs, which infested the air, at the side of his wife's bed-chamber, and hung rats in his own, to punish them according to the rules of martial law.

Nor is this all. After having wounded and outraged nearly every feeling of this young creature's nature, they began to deprave her systematically. The Empress regards as a breach of order her having no children. Madame Tchoglokoff speaks to her on the subject, insinuating that, *for the good of the state*, she ought to sacrifice her scruples, and concludes by proposing to her a choice be-

tween Soltikoff and Narichkine. The young lady affects simplicity, and takes both — nay, Poniatowsky into the bargain; and thus was commenced a career of licentiousness in which she never halted during the space of forty years.

What renders the present publication of serious consequence to the imperial house of Russia is, that it proves not only that this house does not belong to the family of Romanoff, but that it does not even belong to that of Holstein-Gottorp. The avowal of Catherine on this point is very explicit—*the father of the Emperor Paul is Sergius Soltikoff.*

The Imperial Dictatorship of Russia endeavors in vain to represent itself as traditional and secular.

One word more before I close.

In perusing these Memoirs, the reader is astonished to find one thing constantly lost sight of, even to the extent of not appearing any where—it is *Russia and the people.* And here is the characteristic trait of the epoch.

The Winter Palace, with its military and administrative machinery, was a world of its own. Like a ship floating on the surface of the ocean, it had no real connection with the inhabitants of the deep, beyond that of eating them. It was the *state for the state.* Organized on the German model, it imposed itself on the nation as a conqueror. In that monstrous barrack, in that enormous chancery, there reigned the cold rigidity of a camp. One set gave or transmitted orders, the rest obeyed in silence. There was but a single spot within that dreary pile in which human passions reäppeared, agitated and stormy, and that spot was the domestic hearth; not that of the nation, but that of the state. Behind that triple line of sentinels, in those heavily ornamented saloons, there fermented a feverish life, with its intrigues and its conflicts, its dramas and its tragedies. It was there that the destinies of Russia were woven, in the gloom of the alcove, in the midst of orgies, *beyond* the reach of informers and of the police.

What interest, then, could the young German Princess take in that *magnum ignotum*, that people *unexpressed*, poor, semi-barbarous, which concealed itself in its villages, behind the snow, behind bad roads, and only appeared in the streets of St. Petersburg like a foreign outcast, with its persecuted beard and prohibited dress — tolerated only through contempt.

It was only long afterward that Catherine heard the Russian people seriously spoken of, when the Cossack Pougatcheff, at the head of an army of insurgent peasants, menaced Moscow.

When Pougatcheff was vanquished, the Winter Palace again forgot the people. And there is no telling when it would have been once more remembered, had it not itself put its masters in mind of its existence, by rising in mass in 1812, rejecting; on the one hand, the release from serfdom offered to it at the point of foreign bayonets; and, on the other, marching to death to save a country which gave it nothing but slavery, degradation, misery, and the oblivion of the Winter Palace.

This was the second *memento* of the Russian people. Let us hope that at the third it will be remembered a little longer.

A. Herzen.

Are the Grapes Sour?—The subjoined letter has been addressed to the *Daily News:*

"Sir: Being here for a day or two, I have observed in your paper of yesterday (which fell in my way this morning) an account of a meeting of Finsbury electors, in which it was discussed whether I should be invited to become a candidate for that borough. It may save some trouble if you will kindly allow me to confirm the sensible gentleman who doubted at that meeting whether I was 'quite the sort of man for Finsbury.' I am not at all the sort of man, for I believe nothing would induce me to offer myself as a parliamentary representative of that place, or any other under the sun. I am, etc.,

"Charles Dickens.

"*Newcastle on-Tyne, Nov. 21st,* 1861."

A DREADFUL GHOST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"SUCH a dreadful ghost!—oh! such a dreadful ghost!"

My wife, who was luckily sitting by me, was at first as much frightened as I was, but gradually she succeeded in quieting both me and herself, which indeed she has a wonderful faculty for doing.

When she had drawn from me the cause of my terrified exclamations, we discussed the whole matter, in which we differed considerably; and on this subject we invariably and affectionately do. She is a perfectly matter-in-fact, unimaginative, and unsuperstitious individual, quite satisfied that in the invisible, as in the visible world, two and two must make four, and can not, by any possibility, make five. Only being, with all her gentleness, a little thick-headed, she does not see the one flaw in her otherwise very sensible argument, namely, the taking for granted that we finite creatures, who are so liable to err, even in material things, can in things immaterial decide absolutely upon what is two and what is four.

> There lives more faith in honest doubt,
> Believe me, than in half your creeds.

And it is just possible that when the evil one tempted our forefather to eat of the tree of knowledge, he was laughing, as maybe he often laughs now, to think what a self-conceited fool a man must be, ever to suppose that he *can* know every thing.

When I preach this to my helpmate—who is the humblest and sweetest of women—she replies, in perhaps the safest way a woman can reply to an argument, with a smile; as she did, when, having talked over and viewed on all sides my Dreadful Ghost, she advised me to make it public, for the good of the community; in which we agreed, though differing. She considered it would prove how very silly it was to believe in ghosts at all. I considered—but my story will explain that.

She and I were, I thought, invited to a strange house, with which, and with the family, we were only acquainted by hearsay. It was, in fact, one of those "invitations on business," such as literary persons like myself continually get, and which give little pleasure, as we are perfectly aware from what motives they spring; and that if we could pack up our reputation in a portmanteau, and our head in a hat-box, it would answer exactly the same purpose, and be equally satisfactory to the inviting parties. However, the present case was an exception; since, though we had never seen our entertainers, we had heard that they were, not a show-loving, literary-lion-hunting household, but really a *family*—affectionately united among themselves, and devoted to the memory of the lately-lost head. He was a physician, widely esteemed, and also a man of letters, whose death had created a great blank, both in his own circle and in the literary world at large. Now, after a year's interval, his widow and three daughters were beginning to reäppear in society; and at the British Association meeting, held at the large town which I need not particularize, had opened the doors of their long-hospitable house to my wife and me.

Being strangers, we thought it best to appear, as I would advise all stranger-guests to do, at the tail-end of the day, when candle-light and fire-light cast a kindly mystery over all things, and the few brief hours of awkwardness and unfamiliarity are followed by the nocturnal separation—when each party has time to think over and talk over the other—meeting next morning with the kindly feeling of those who have passed a night under the same friendly roof.

As my wife and I stepped from our cab, the dull day was already closing into twilight, and the fire only half-illumed the room into which we were shown. It was an old-fashioned, rather gloomy apartment—half study, half sitting-room; one end being fitted up as a library, while at the other—pleasant thoughtfulness, which al-

ready warmed our hearts toward our unseen hosts!—was spread out that best of all meals for a hungry, weary traveler, a tea-dinner. So hungry were we, that this welcome, well-supplied, elegant board was the only thing we noticed about the room, except one other thing, which hung close above the tea-table, on the paneled wall.

It was a large full-length portrait, very well painted—the sort of portrait of which one says at once, "What a good likeness that must be!" It had individuality, character—the soul of the man as well as his body; and as he sat in his chair, looking directly at you, in a simple, natural attitude, you felt what a beautiful soul this must have been; one that even at sixty years of age—for the portrait seemed thus old—would have shed a brightness over any home, and over any society where the person moved.

"I suppose that must be the poor Doctor," said my wife, as her eyes and mine both met upon the canvas face, which glimmered in the fire-light with a most life-like aspect, the gentle benevolent eyes seeming to follow one about the room, as the eyes of most well-painted full-face portraits do. "You never saw him, Charles?"

"No; but this is exactly the sort of a man he must have been."

And our conviction on the matter was so strong, that when the widow came in, we abstained from asking the question, lest we strangers might touch painfully on a scarcely-healed wound.

She was a very sweet-looking little woman—pale, fragile, and rather silent than otherwise. She merely performed the duties of the tea-table, whilst the conversation was carried on with spirit and intelligence by her three daughters—evidently highly accomplished women. They were no longer young, or particularly handsome; but they appeared to have inherited the inexpressible charm of manner which, I had heard, characterized their lost father; and they had, my wife whispered me, a still greater attraction in her eyes (she had, dear soul! two little daughters of her own growing up)—which was the exceeding deference they paid to their mother, who was not by any means so clever as themselves.

Perhaps I, who had not married a woman for her cleverness, admired the mother most. The Doctor's widow, with her large, soft, sorrowful eyes, where the tears seemed to have dried up, or been frozen up in a glassy quietness, was to me the best evidence of what an excellent man he must have been—how deeply beloved, how eternally mourned!

She never spoke of her husband, nor the daughters of their father. This silence—which some families consider it almost a religious duty to preserve regarding their dead, we, of course, as complete strangers, had no business to break; and, therefore, it happened that we were still in the dark as to the original of that remarkable portrait—which minute by minute took a stronger hold on my imagination, my wife's too—or that quality of universal tender-heartedness, which in her does duty for imagination. I never looked at her but she was watching either our hostess, or that likeness, which she supposed to be the features which to the poor widow had been so deservedly dear.

A most strange picture! It seemed, in its wonderfully true simulation of life, to sit, almost like an unobserved, silent guest, above our cheerful and conversational table. Many times during the evening I started, as if with the sense of a seventh person being in the room—in the very social circle—hearing every thing, observing every thing, but saying nothing. Nor was I alone in this feeling; for I noticed that my wife, who happened to sit directly opposite to the portrait, fidgeted in her chair, and finally moved her position to one where she could escape from those steady, kindly, ever-pursuing, painted eyes.

Now I ask nobody to believe what I am going to relate; I must distinctly state that I do not believe it myself; but I tell it because it involves an idea and moral, which the reader can apply if he chooses. All I can say is, that so far as it purports to go—and when you come to the end you will find that out—this is really a true story.

My wife, you must understand, sat exactly before the portrait, till she changed places with me, and went a little way down the oblong table, on the same side. Thus, one of us had a front, and the other a slightly foreshortened view. Between us and it was the table, in the center of which stood a lamp—one of those reading-lamps which throw a bright circle of light below them, and leave the upper half of the room in comparative shadow. I thought it was this shadow, or some fanciful flicker of the fire which caused a peculiarity in the eyes of the portrait. They

seemed actually alive—moving from right to left in their orbits, opening and closing their lids, turning from one to the other of the family circle with a variable expression, as if conscious of all that was done or said.

And yet the family took no notice, but went on in their talk with us—choosing the common topics with which unfamiliar persons try to plumb one another's minds and characters, yet never once reverting to this peculiar phenomenon—which my wife, I saw, had also observed, and interchanged with me more than one uneasy glance in the pauses of conversation.

The evening was wearing on—it was nearly ten o'clock, when looking up at the picture, from which, for the last half-hour, I had steadily averted my gaze, I was startled by a still more marvelous fact concerning it.

Formerly, the eyes alone had appeared alive; now the whole face was rounded. It grew up, out of the flat canvas as if in bass-relief or like one of those terribly painful casts after death — except that there was nothing painful or revolting here. As I have said, the face was a beautiful face—a noble face—such an one as, under any circumstances, you would have been attracted by. And it had the coloring and form of life—no corpse-like rigidity or marble whiteness. The gray hair seemed gradually to rise, lock by lock, out of the level surface—and the figure, clothed in ordinary modern evening-dress, to become shapely and natural — statuesque, yet still preserving the tints, of a picture. Even the chair which it sat upon—which I now perceived to be the exact copy of one that stood empty on the other side of the fire, gave a curious reality to the whole.

By-and-by, my wife and I both held our breaths—for, from an ordinary oil-painting, the likeness had undoubtedly become a life-like figure, or statue, sitting in an alcove, the form of which was made by the frame of the picture.

And yet the family took no notice; but appeared as if, whether or not they were conscious of the remarkable thing that was happening, it did not disturb them in the least—was nothing at all alarming or peculiar, or out of the tenor of their daily life.

No, not even when, on returning with a book that I had gone to fetch from the shelves at the further end of the room, my poor little wife caught my hand in speechless awe—awe, rather than fear—and pointed to the hitherto empty chair by the fireside.

It was empty no longer. There, sitting in the self-same attitude as the portrait—identical with it in shape, countenance, and dress—was a figure. That it was a human figure, I dare not say, and yet it looked like one. There was nothing ghastly or corpse-like about it, though it was motionless, passionless—endowed as it were with that divine calm which Wordsworth ascribes to Protesilaus:

Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,
Brought from a pensive though a happy place.

Yet there was an air tenderly, pathetically human in the folding of the hands on the knees, as a man does when he comes and sits down by his own fireside, with his family round him; and in the eyes that followed, one after the other, each of this family, who now quietly put away their several occupations, and rose.

But none of them showed any terror—not the slightest. The presence at the hearth was evidently quite familiar—awaking no shudder of repulsion, no outburst of renewed grief. The eldest daughter said—in a tone as natural as if she were merely apologizing to us heterodox or indifferent strangers for some domestic ceremonial, some peculiar form of family prayer, for instance:

"I am sure our guests will excuse us if we continue, just as if we were alone, our usual evening duties. Which of us is to speak to papa to-night?"

It was *him* then—summoned back, how or why, or in what form, corporeal or incorporeal, I knew not, and they gave no explanation. They evidently thought none was needed; that the whole proceeding was as natural as a man coming home at evening to his own hearth, and being received by his wife and children with affectionate familiarity.

The widow and the youngest daughter placed themselves one on each side of the figure in the chair. They did not embrace it or touch it, but regarded it with tender reverence, in which was mingled a certain sadness; but that was all. And then they began to talk to it, in a perfectly composed and matter-of-fact way—as people would talk to a beloved member of a family, who had been absent for a day or longer from the home circle.

The daughter told how she had been shopping in town; how she had bought a shawl and a bonnet "of the color that papa used to like;" the books that she had brought home from the library, and her opinion of them; the people she had met in the street, and the letters she had received during the day; in short, all the pleasant little chit-chat that a daughter would naturally pour out to an affectionately interested *living* father; but which now sounded so unnatural, so contemptibly small, such a mixture of the ludicrous and the horrible, that one's common-sense and one's sense of the solemn unseen alike recoiled.

No answer came; apparently none was expected. The figure maintained its place, never altering that gentle smile—reminding one of the spectral Samuel's rebuke to the Witch of Endor—"Why hast thou disquieted me, to bring me up?" or of that superior calm with which, after death, we may view all these petty things which so perplexed us once, in ourselves and in those about us.

Then the widow took up the tale, with a regretful undertone of complaint running through it. She told him how dull she had been all day; how in the preparations of these strangers (meaning my wife and me—how we shivered as the eyes of the figure moved and rested on us!) she had found various old letters of his, which vividly revived their happy wedlock days; how yesterday one of his former patients died, and to-day a professorship, which he meant to have tried for, had been given to a gentleman, a favorite pupil; how his old friends, Mr. A—— and Sir B. C.—— had had a quarrel, and every body said it would never have happened had the Doctor been alive—and so on, and so on, to all of which, the figure listened with its immovable silence—its settled, changeless smile.

My wife and I uttered not a word. We sat apart, spell-bound, fascinated, neither attempting to interfere, nor question, nor rebuke. The whole proceeding was so entirely beyond the pale of rational cause and effect, that it seemed to throw us into a perfectly abnormal condition, in which we were unable to judge, or investigate, or escape from, the circumstances which surrounded us.

We know nothing—absolutely nothing—except the very little that Revelation hints at, rather than directly teaches, of the world beyond the grave. But any one of us who has ever seen a fellow-creature die—has watched the exact instant when the awful change takes place which converts the body with a soul to the corpse without a soul, must feel certain—convinced by an intuition which is stronger than all reasoning—that if the life beyond, to which that soul departs, be any thing, or worth any thing, it must be a very different life from this—with nobler aspirations, higher duties, purer affections. The common phrase breathed over so many a peaceful dead face, "I would not bring him back again if I could," has a significance, instructive as true; truer than all misty philosophical speculations, tenderer than all the vagaries of fond spiritualists, with big hearts and no heads worth mentioning. If ever I had doubted this, my doubts would have been removed by the sight which I here depict—of this good, amiable, deeply-beloved husband and father—returning in visible form to his own fireside; no ghastly specter, but an apparition full of mildness and beauty, yet communicating a sense of revolting incongruity, utter unsanctity, and ridiculous, degrading contrast between mortal and immortal, spirit in the flesh, and spirit out of the flesh, stronger than I can attempt to describe.

That the dead man's family did not feel this, having become so familiar with their nightly necromancy that its ghastliness never struck them, and its ludicrous profanity never jarred upon their intellect or affections, only made the fact more horrible.

For a time, long or short I can not tell, my wife and I sat witnessing, like people bound in a nightmare-dream this mockery of mockeries, the attempt at restoring the sweet familiar relations of the living with the living, between the living and the dead. How many days or months it had lasted, or what result was expected from it, we never inquired; nor did we attempt to join in it; we merely looked on.

"Will papa ever speak?" entreated one of the daughters; but there was no reply. The Figure sat passive in its chair—unable or unwilling to break the silent barrier which divides the two worlds, maintaining still that benign and tender smile, but keeping its mystery unbroken, its problem unsolved.

And now my wife, whose dear little face was, I saw, growing white and con-

vulsed minute by minute, whispered to me:

"Charles, I can bear this no longer. Make some excuse to them—we will not hurt their feelings. Don't let them think we are frightened, or disgusted, or the like; but we must go—I shall go mad if I do not."

And the half-insane look which I have seen in more than one of the pseudo-spiritualists of the present day—people who twenty years ago would have been sent to Bedlam, but now are only set down as "rather peculiar," rose in those dear, soft, sensible eyes, which have warmed and calmed my restless heart and unquiet brain for more than fifteen years.

I took advantage of the next pause in the "communications," or whatever the family called them, to suggest that my wife and I were very weary, and anxious to retire to rest.

"Certainly," politely said the eldest daughter. "Papa, Mr. and Mrs. ——," naming our name, "have had a long railway journey, and wish to bid us all goodnight."

The appearance bent upon us—my wife and me—its most benevolent, gentle aspect, apparently acquiescing in our retiring; and slowly rose as if to bid goodnight—like any other courteous host.

Now, in his lifetime, no one had had a warmer, more devoted admiration for this learned and lovable man than I. More than once I had traveled many miles for the merest chance of seeing him, and when he died my regret at never having known him personally, never having even beheld his face, was mingled with the grief which I, in common with all his compatriots, felt at losing him so suddenly, with his fame at its zenith, his labors apparently only half done.

But here, set face to face with this image or phantasm, or whatever it was, of the man whom living I had so honored—I felt no delight; nay, the cold clearness of that gaze seemed to shoot through me like a chill of horror.

When, going round the circle, I shook hands with the widow and daughters, one after the other, I paused before *that chair;* I attempted to pass it by. Resolutely I looked another way, as if trying to make believe I saw nothing there; but it was in vain.

For the Figure advanced noiselessly, with that air of irresistibly charming, dignified courtesy, of the old school, for which, every body said, the Doctor had been so remarkable. It extended its hand—a hand which a year ago I would have traveled five hundred miles to grasp. Now, I shrank from it—I loathed it.

In vain. It came nearer. It touched mine with a soft, cold unearthly touch. I could endure no longer. I shrieked out; and my wife woke me from what was, thank heaven only a dream. . . . . .

"Yes, it was indeed a Dreadful Ghost," said that excellent woman, when she had heard my whole story, and we had again composed ourselves as sole occupants of the railway carriage which was conveying us through the dead of night to visit that identical family whom I have been dreaming about—whom, as stated, we had never seen.

"Let us be thankful, Charles, that it was a mere fantasy of your over-excited imagination—that the dear old Doctor sleeps peacefully in his quiet grave; and that his affectionate family have never summoned him, soul or body, to sit of nights by their uncanny fire-side, as you horribly describe. What a blessing that such things can not be."

"Ah!" replied I—"though, as Imlac says in *Rasselas*, 'that the dead can not return, I will not undertake to prove;' still, I think it in the highest degree improbable. Their work here is done; they are translated to a higher sphere of being; they may still see us, love us, watch over us; but they belong to us no more. Mary, when I leave you, remember I don't wish ever to be brought back again; to come rapping on tables and knocking about chairs, delivering ridiculous messages to deluded inquirers, and altogether comporting myself in a manner that proves, great fool as I may have been in the body, I must be a still greater fool out of it."

"And Charles," said the little woman, creeping up to me with tears in her eyes, "if I must lose you—dearly as I love you—I would rather bury you under the daisies and in my heart; bury you, and never see you again till we meet in the world to come, than I would have you revisiting your old fire-side after the fashion of this Dreadful Ghost."

SCULPTURES FROM HALICARNASSUS AND CNIDUS.

Amongst the most valuable and interesting additions which have been made in our day to the collections of ancient art belonging to the country are unquestionably the sculptured remains, the result of the excavations conducted by Mr. C. T. Newton, when Vice-Consul at Mitylene, on the site and in the neighborhood of the mausoleum at Halicarnassus, now known by the Turkish name of Budrum, in Asia Minor. These works are of the date of the middle of the fourth century before the Christian era—the very best period of Greek art; and their interest and value to the connoisseur and the student of art can not be overrated, being superior to that of many of the collections which now fill the spacious avenues of the British Museum. Unfortunately, however, though they arrived in the course of the years 1857 and 1858, no space has as yet been provided for their display; and they have consequently ever since been huddled away out of sight in a temporary glass shed erected for the purpose under the portico of the building. In now drawing attention to the fact, we do so in the hope that we may partly be the means of inciting the government and the trustees of the Museum, to some effort to make provision for the exhibition of these treasures—treasures long sought and coveted by all the enlightened governments of Europe—in the course of the great gathering of the industrial and artistic intelligence which is to take place this year. It is well known that at different periods the government of France, Russia, Prussia, and Austria have sent expeditions of men of science and learning in search of the site of this stately tomb, justly dignified as one of the seven wonders of the world; and though fate decreed that its discovery should be the result of British intelligence, skill, and enterprise; yet, having possessed ourselves of the exquisite remains which rewarded our researches, we should justly incur the reproach of selfishness and barbarous ingratitude if we refused to participate the enjoyment of their inspection with our foreign visitors assembled together in the one common cause of the promotion of art. But we will not further urge a suggestion, the importance of which will, we trust, be acknowledged and practically acted upon by those having authority in the matter.

This justly celebrated tomb was erected about the year 355 B.C., by Queen Artemisia to the memory of her husband, Mausolus, King of Caria, or rather of Halicarnassus; the word Mausoleum being derived from his name. Mausolus died immensely rich, and his queen, who was tenderly attached to him, and inconsolable at his death, resolved to expend all the treasure he left to her upon the production of a monument which should surpass any thing of the kind that had yet been seen.

Pliny gives an account of the details of the building, and of its position on the shore of the harbor of Halicarnassus. He describes the building as being surrounded by thirty-six columns, and surmounted by a pyramid tapering to a point by twenty-four steps, and with a marble chariot on the summit. The whole hight was one hundred and forty feet, and the length on the north and south sides sixty-three feet, the two fronts being somewhat less; the total circumference of the site, four hundred and eleven feet. Four of the most eminent sculptors of antiquity were employed to adorn the sides — Scopas working on the eastern side, Bryaxis on the north, Timotheus on the south, and Leochares on the west. In addition to these a fifth sculptor, Pythis, was employed to execute the marble *quadriga*, by which the whole mausoleum was surmounted.

Nothing is known of the state of the structure for the first four centuries after it was built; but from the commencement of the Roman empire we find it constantly mentioned — as by Martial and Lucian in the first century, Pausanias in the second, Gregory of Nazianzus in the fourth century, by Constantine Porphyrogennetus in the tenth century, who states it to be still standing in his day; by Eudocia in the eleventh, and by Eus

tathius in the twelfth century. The last says of it: "It was and is a wonder."

It is not known when it commenced falling into ruin. A general impression is that it owes its original destruction to an earthquake. In 1404, however, the Knights of Rhodes took possession of Halicarnassus, where they built the Castle of St. Pietro, from which the modern name Budrum is a Turkish corruption. Fontanus, the historian of the siege of Rhodes, which occurred in his time, distinctly states that the fortress was constructed out of the materials of the mausoleum. But a considerable portion of the tomb must have existed in the year 1472, as Cepio, who visited Budrum during the expedition of Pietro Mocenigo, noticed it among other ruins in the town. The Castle of St. Pietro was twice subsequently repaired—in 1480 and 1522—and it is probable that on these occasions the sculptures visible above the ordinary surface of the ground were broken up and used as building materials. For ages afterward the very site of this celebrated structure remained a mystery until the discoveries fortunately made by Mr. Newton, and which were commenced in December, 1856. We have not space to go into the details of Mr. Newton's official communications on the subject addressed to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, the ambassador at Constantinople, and copies of which were forwarded to the Earl of Clarendon and the Earl of Malmesbury during their respective tenures of office as secretaries for Foreign Affairs. It is fair to state, however, that Mr. Newton, previous to his going to the East, had been employed during twelve or thirteen years in the British Museum, where he not only acquired a great taste for ancient sculpture and a knowledge of the history of the principal works in it, but had especially directed his attention to the long-debated question of the site of the tomb of Mausolus. It happened fortunately that Mr. Newton was subsequently appointed Vice-Consul at Mytilene, whence he had excellent opportunities of prosecuting his inquiries upon his favorite subject of study. Having at length discovered the spot, which accurately corresponded with the indications given by Pliny, upon a promontory stretching out into the Archipelago; and the necessary means having been placed at his disposal by the British government, he procured the aid of some sappers and miners at Malta, and at once commenced his excavations. After considerable labor, and the removal of twelve houses built by Turkish peasants upon the site, a corner of the foundation was discovered composed of green ragstone. On the eastern side were found the fragments of a Persian warrior, busts, and a great variety of fragments of columns of the Ionic order, and here and in other parts various other remains too numerous to be stated in detail.

One very important matter settled by Mr. Newton's discoveries was as to the plan of the tomb, about which there had been much discussion and many theories, based upon the scanty data left by Pliny. From a communication addressed to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, dated April third, 1857, it appears that the whole area anciently occupied by the building is a parallelogram, of which the western side measures one hundred and ten feet, and the southern one hundred and twenty-six feet, the entire circumference being reckoned at four hundred and seventy-two feet. The whole of this quadrangle is cut out of the native rock to depths varying from two to sixteen feet below the surface of the surrounding fields. Where the rock has failed at the sides the line of cutting is continued as a wall formed of large oblong blocks. The whole of the quadrangle within these lines has been paved with large flags of green-stone one foot thick. It is evident from this statement that the tomb itself, stated by Pliny to have been sixty-three feet in length from east to west, and somewhat shorter from north to south, was contained within a larger area, forming a court or precinct around it, and inclosed probably by an outer wall.

We will now speak of a few of the principal remains discovered and transmitted home by Mr. Newton.

Foremost in importance is a noble statue nearly perfect, though consisting of upward of fifty fragments, and supposed to be that of King Mausolus. This figure is nearly ten feet high, is draped in a tunic and *himation*, and stands in a quiescent, dignified attitude. The character of the head is held by some to resemble the ideal portraits of Alexander the Great, on the coins of Lysimachus, and in several extant marble busts. The face is slightly bearded, the features massive and finely

formed, and the expression full of majesty, intelligence, and thought. The drapery is admirably composed, and executed in the highest style of the best period of Greek art. The fragments of this statue were found in an excavation beyond the northern boundary of the tomb. Having been executed about the year 350 before Christ, we have in it probably the most ancient example of Greek portrait statuary which has yet been discovered.

Another colossal statue, representing a female standing, has been restored as far as possible, though, unfortunately, still wanting a head. It not improbably formed a companion to the preceding in the same group, in which case it would not be an unreasonable conjecture to assign it as that of Artemisia, the founder of the mausoleum. The cast of the figure is noble and easy; the drapery gracefully, nay, grandly, disposed. From the remains of that portion still visible on the shoulders, it appears that the *peplus*, or shawl, which forms the only garment superadded to the tunic, was carried over the head like a vail; and this circumstance, according to Mr. Hawkins, in his report to the trustees of the British Museum, (to which we are indebted for much of the material of this article,) precludes the possibility of connecting with the body the fine head, of which a photograph was sent over by Mr. Newton, and which has no covering but a cap."

The next sculpture we notice is the fragment of an equestrian figure, supposed by Mr. Newton to be that of an Amazon. The rider is draped in a short tunic and *anaxyrides*, or trowsers—a costume which in Greek vase paintings is usually given to Amazons. Mr. Hawkins, however, remarks that in sculpture the legs of these female warriors are generally left bare, "probably from an artistic feeling which delighted to contrast the delicacy of their feminine modeling with the ruder limbs of their male opponents." He therefore thinks it "probable that the draped torso here remaining is that of a man in Asiatic costume, similar to that of the Persians sculptured on the frieze of the Temple of Wingless Victory at Athens." But, whatever it represents, this figure is an admirable specimen of the purest and most informed Greek art, fairly entitled to be placed in the same category as the pedimental figures of the Parthenon; "the body of the animal, modified in form by the throwing back of the weight upon the haunches in rearing, exhibits a subtle observation of anatomical structure."

There are a series of slabs supposed to have formed part of the frieze at the top of the columns forming the four sides of the mausoleum. These slabs were found on the eastern portion of the building, and may therefore be safely attributed to Scopas. The subject of them was the Battle of the Amazons. The various groups, which are full of spirit, speak sufficiently for themselves, and hardly demand description. Two or three other friezes were found, regarding the position of which there is only conjecture, and one of them is in relief. Another appears to represent a chariot; and three portray the Battle of the Centaurs.

Finely-sculptured lions, a leopard, and other animals, were also brought to light. Amongst others were portions of colossal horses, noble in design and perfect in execution. They probably formed a part of the marble quadriga by which the mausoleum was surmounted.

Whilst in this neighborhood, Mr. Newton went over to Cnidus, (famous for the statue of Venus by Praxiteles,) and received information from an intelligent Greek from Calymnos "that he had seen on a promontory a little to the east of Cnidus a colossal marble lion, similar to those found at Budrum, but on a larger scale." Accordingly, this spot was explored in the first instance by Mr. Pullan, and the noble ruin discovered. Mr. Newton truly describes it as a magnificent example of colossal Greek sculpture, worthy to be compared with the finest remains from Halicarnassus. Its dimensions are ten feet in length and six feet in hight from the base to the crown of the head. The body is crouching, the head turned round to the right in the same manner as the lion is represented on many of the Greek coins. It was generally in fine condition; but being found lying on the right side, the left being exposed to the weather, the surface had suffered in some degree, though not to an extent to destroy the main anatomical markings, which retain their original boldness. The entire lion has been sculptured out of one block of Parian marble, with the exception of the fore-paws, which had been united to the body by a joint, and are lost. A part

of the lower jaw and a hind-leg are also wanting. Mr. Newton states: "The original of the design of the artist is presented to the eye with a completeness seldom to be met with in those examples of Greek sculpture which have been preserved to us. No attempt has been made to imitate the natural form of the eye, in the place of which is a deeply-recessed cavity. It is a question whether eyes of metal or of vitreous paste were inserted in these cavities, or whether the deep shadows thus created under the overhanging brows were not designed, when viewed at a distance, to convey to the spectator an impression equivalent to that produced by the living eye. Such a mode of representation by equivalents was adopted by the ancient artists whenever mere mechanical imitation failed to reproduce in art the effect of an object in nature, and this is particularly the case in the treatment of the eye, in the representation of which much variety may be remarked in different branches of ancient art.

This fine piece of sculpture was discovered on the slope of a cliff on a bold headland, opposite to Cape Crio, overlooking the sea, with Cnidus in the distance. On the summit of the cliff were the ruins of an ancient tomb of Doric architecture; and Mr. Newton considers that the lion originally stood at the top of this structure. Mr. Newton hazards the suggestion that the date of this tomb may be assigned to the half-century between 350 and 400 B.C. During this period, Cnidus was a republic, and Mr. Newton is of opinion that "the erection of so sumptuous and conspicuous a tomb to the memory of a private individual seems inconsistent with the jealous spirit of the ancient commonwealths before the age of Alexander the Great. It is more likely that the tomb is a *polyandrion* or public monument, erected to commemorate a number of citizens slain in battle." During the period above suggested, two events of the kind occurred sufficiently important to have given occasion for such a work—the repulse of the Athenians in their attack on Cnidus, B.C. 412, and the defeat of the Lacedemonians by Conon in a sea-fight off this place B.C. 394; but it is not certain that any Cnidians took part in the latter engagement.

Thanking Mr. Newton for his discovery of the lion (which is only one of many trophies sent home from the same site) and his suggestions concerning it, we can not but acknowledge its importance as another example of the Greek mode of treatment of animal life, in which simplicity and grandeur equally prevailed. We have here the true ideal of the king of the forests; and we can not help thinking that its noble outline and expression might be studied with advantage by the accomplished painter intrusted with the modeling of the long-promised lions for the Nelson Monument in Trafalgar Square.

THE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

HAVING presented our readers in the previous number of the ECLECTIC with a portrait of his majesty, the present King of Prussia, we embellish the present number with a beautiful portrait of the Queen. An account of the coronation of their majesties was given in our last issue, with a biographical sketch which had brief allusion to the Queen also. We only subjoin a brief record of her majesty in this number, to accompany and explain the portrait, and refer the reader to pages 403 and 404 of this volume.

The Princess Marie Louise Auguste Catherine, Queen of Prussia, was born September thirtieth, 1811. She is the daughter of Charles Frederick, late Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, Eisenach, and sister of the reigning Grand Duke. She is the mother of Prince Frederick William of Prussia, son in-law of Queen Victoria, to whose eldest daughter he

was married with great splendor in London, January twenty-fifth, 1858. A full account of the magnificent nuptial ceremonies is given in Volume XLIII. of this work, at which the now Queen of Prussia was present.

The coronation ceremonies at Königsberg in October last, when the original of the portrait became Queen of Prussia, were gorgeous and worthy of the occasion.

From Chambers's Journal.

SCIENCE AND ART.

As the year advances, the great International Exhibition grows more and more into the proportions of a great fact. In clear weather, strollers in Hyde Park can see the domes of the vast building rising in the southern sky, and hear a multitudinous noise of hammers; and vehicles may be seen on the way to Brompton laden with elements of the forthcoming display. France, it is said, will outdo her former effort, and present such a spectacle of art and manufacture, taste and design, as will astonish all beholders. Among the contributions from our Australian colony of Victoria will be an obelisk, dead gilt, forty-two feet in hight, and ten feet square at the base, intended to represent the eight hundred tons of gold raised within that colony in the ten years 1851 – 1861; a quantity worth one hundred and four million pounds sterling. Among the objects of art there will appear the bronze statue of Wedgewood, which has been recently cast to be set up as a memorial of the eminent potter at Etruria in the Potteries, after the close of the Exhibition.

The Horticultural Society are striving to improve their opportunity, and have announced eight shows to be held during the season, at which two thousand guineas will be given away in prizes. The shows are to comprise not flowers merely, but useful things, cereals and edible roots, whereby it is hoped alimentary resources may be increased. There is talk of a further attraction in the shape of a visitation by foreign bands of military music, among whom, by permission of the Emperor of Austria, will appear the famous Wellington Band from Vienna. The last part of the *Proceedings* of the Horticultural Society contains a report on one hundred and eighteen varieties of cucumbers grown in the garden at Chiswick in 1861. This large number will probably surprise most readers: it was, however, resolved by experiment into thirty-four sorts only which are fit for cultivation. The best of the non-glaucous sorts is Carter's Champion; and the best of the glaucous bears the name of Dr. Livingstone.

Dissatisfaction has been often expressed at the length of time which elapses between the reception of American news at Queenstown and the arrival of the telegrams in London, especially as the news is current in Liverpool before it is known in the metropolis; and the consequence is, that a new telegraph line is to be established from Queenstown to London direct, crossing Ireland to Wexford, and thence by submarine cable to Milford Haven. The cable is to be of the kind manufactured by Messrs. Silver, coated with India-rubber, which, as experience proves, is a better insulator than gutta-percha. By the completion of this line, as we hear, American news will be known in London five hours earlier than at present.

The Warrior is now going to sea in earnest, and ere long it will be known how she has behaved in a voyage from England to the Mediterranean. Some such test as this was required before a conclusive opinion could be given as to her seaworthiness, or her steaming or sailing qualities. It is said that a change

in the method of steering is essential for ships of such great length and weight, and that it will be found needful to place a rudder at the head as well as the stern. This method answers well in the long transport-vessels recently introduced on the Indus and other rivers in India. There is some talk of doing the steering by one of Armstrong's hydraulic machines, which is perfectly under control, and being worked by cold water, involves no risk of explosion. Another proposition is to light the inside of the great ship with gas, and to make the electric light available for signals. The suggestion of these improvements shows that progress will be made in the building and fitting of what some future poet will describe as our iron walls. Papers on the subject have been read at the United Service Institution; and Mr. Samuda has brought a paper before the Institution of Civil Engineers, "On the Form and Materials for iron-plated Ships."

As regards the materials for ship-building, there is something fresh to be said. We hear from the other side of the Atlantic of iron containing an alloy of manganese and zinc, which is so hard that no file will touch it; while here, at Sheffield, results have been arrived at in the manufacture of iron and steel, which a few years ago would have been thought incredible. Mr. Bessemer now casts an ingot of steel, which when hammered and rolled to the required length, is converted into a railway bar, weighing eighty-four pounds to the yard, superior in quality to case-hardened or steel-faced bars. These latter are liable to crack and laminate, but the homogeneous steel, as Mr. Bessemer's metal is called, is tough and ductile, and has a tensile strength of forty tons to the square inch. It is the opinion of practical men, that all the railways in the kingdom will, in course of years, be relaid with steel rails. A beginning has been made on some lines at stations and places where the wear is greatest; and the steel rails, after nearly a year of service, are found to be scarcely inferior to new. Ordinary rails and points, in similar circumstances, require renewing four times a year. The places referred to are the Pimlico station, some parts of the London and North-western, and of the Caledonian Railway. This exceedingly durable metal will no doubt be properly considered in the new course of experiments on the strongest material for ships' sides about to be instituted; and it ought not to be lost sight of in discussions on the means of lessening the risk of railway traveling. The Society of Arts have given an evening to the consideration of railway management, as looked at from the passengers' point of view; and *The Quarterly*, in a long article, has helped to keep the question afloat.

Among the operations carried on at Sheffield, Mr. Bessemer has shown that the manufacture of great guns is a comparatively quick process. He filled his "converting vessel" with melted pig-iron at twenty minutes past eleven in the forenoon; in thirty minutes, it was converted into fluid steel, and cast in an iron mold four feet long, and sixteen inches square, from which it was taken and forged while still hot; and at seven o'clock in the evening the gun was shaped, and ready for the boring-mill.

It appears that cast-steel bells are growing more and more into use. In Russia and Canada, where the winters are intensely cold, cast-steel bells are preferred for churches and public buildings, as they do not crack when struck even with the temperature below zero; a degree of cold which is often fatal to ordinary bells.

What Mr. Bessemer has done for iron, Mr. Ransome, of Ipswich, has done for stone. His experiments and method of preserving building-stone have been for some time before the public; he has now gone a step further, and has succeeded in manufacturing an indestructible stone from a mixture of sand, chalk, and other substances moistened with silicate of potash. The clay-like substance thus produced is formed into bricks or slabs; these are washed over with a solution of chloride of calcium, and the operation is complete. No baking or drying is necessary; the bricks and slabs harden to the utmost degree, and without warping or twisting. So, if a thin coat be spread on any exposed surface with a trowel, and similarly treated, it hardens in the same way. Dr. Frankland, F.R.S., a first-rate authority, states that Mr. Ransome's stone is harder and more durable than any building-stone now used, except some of the granites and primary rocks.

Dr. M'Vicar has written a paper to

show that geometrical laws may be applied to biological science as well as to astronomy; and to illustrate his argument he brings forward the various forms assumed by animals during hybernation, the forms in which animal and vegetable organisms are developed and matured, and shows how widely the spherical form prevails. The sphere exposes the smallest number of its parts to external influences and secludes and protects within itself the largest number. Animals, during sleep, and hybernation, assume an approximation to a spherical form; hence, from these and other phenomena, the Doctor considers that he demonstrates his argument, and the value and applicability of geometry in the science of life.

The important paleontological question which has been much discussed of late by naturalists is now attracting attention in the far north. Professor Karl von Baer, member of the Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg, has laid a paper before that learned body, on the extinction of animal species from the physiological and non-physiological point of view, and particularly on the disappearance of species cotemporary with man. Those who have paid attention to this important subject will be able to form some notion of the significance of the Professor's proposition. Another paper by the same hand is on a new project for the establishment of oyster-beds on the Russian shores of the Baltic, from which we gather that Russia is about to imitate the good work which has been so successfully begun in England and France in the acclimatization and multiplication of fish.

M. Struve, the Russian astronomer-royal, declares that the great arc of the meridian measured in Russia will have to be remeasured before its exactitude will satisfy the requirements of modern science, because, during the measuring, no allowance was made for the disturbing effects of mountain masses on the instruments employed. This disturbing effect was hardly considered until a few years ago, when Archdeacon Pratt, of Calcutta, investigated it, and communicated the results to the Royal Society in elaborate papers which have been published in the *Philosophical Transactions*. We also hear that the Indian arc, surveyed by Colonel Lambton, will have to be remeasured, with instruments of the present day, which are better fitted for the work than were those manufactured half a century ago. Sir Andrew Waugh's report on the latest operations in India has just been published as a blue-book; in looking through it, we notice a particular concerning cost which is worth attention. The surveying of the mountain regions of the Himalaya was accomplished at a cost of eight shillings a square mile; a sum remarkably insignificant when the danger and difficulty of the work are taken into consideration. Astronomy will ere long make a further advance in India, for the parliamentary grant of one thousand pounds to the Astronomical Society, is to be expended in establishing a hill-observatory near Poonah.

The Swedish exploring expedition to Spitzbergen has confirmed the observations of Sir John Ross and Sir Leopold M'Clintock, that animal life is to be found in the Polar Sea at a depth of twelve hundred and fifty fathoms. The old maps and charts of the latitudes explored, which proved very erroneous, have been rectified; and proofs were found that the Gulf-stream actually touches upon that far northern island. At last Australia has been crossed from south to north; after the sacrifice of many daring adventurers, a small party of four, led by Mr. Burke, traveled all the way from Melbourne to the sea in the Gulf of Carpentaria. But the tale of their enterprise ends sadly. They found a country of grass, wood, and water, and proved that the interior desert or swamp so long assigned to the unexplored inner regions of Australia, has no existence; they showed a practicable way from sea to sea, and returned to the rendezvous to perish of starvation. The mismanagement or neglect which led to the catastrophe reminds us painfully of the terrible disappointment that awaited Captain Franklin and his few miserable companions on their arrival at Fort Confidence from their dreary walk across the Barrens from the Coppermine river.

From the London Times.

MAUSOLUS AND HIS MAUSOLEUM.

During the last few years we have been hearing bit by bit of the excavations and discoveries in Asia Minor, and visitors to the British Museum have been puzzled by unsightly wooden sheds which interfere with the architecture of Smirke. Few persons are aware that the wooden sheds contain the relics of an architecture the most famous in history, and that the diggings at Halicarnassus have brought to light one of the wonders of the world. A complete account of what has been discovered is now put before the public in a magnificent work which will be examined with avidity by every scholar and by every lover of art. It would be an exaggeration to say that the treasures of art which we have obtained from the tomb of Mausolus are of equal importance with the Elgin Marbles or the sculptures of Nineveh, but they are second only to these acquisitions; and the work of discovery and description which Mr. Newton has undertaken and completed under the patronage of the government is an honor, not only to himself, but also to the country. His volumes will have their place in all the great European libraries. One of the Seven Wonders of the World that had been lost has been in effect found; and we in England, who are consulting about princely monuments, are suddenly enabled to look upon the most splendid memorial of classical antiquity.

The title of Mr. Newton's work, although quite correct, is too general. What of it relates to Cnidus and Branchidæ is of the nature of an appendix. The principal portion of it is devoted to Halicarnassus, and by Halicarnassus is meant almost entirely the tomb of Mausolus, which was built there. About half of the plates, and about three fourths of the descriptive portion of the work, are devoted to the Mausoleum, and it is the Mausoleum that will be the center of attraction. All the known facts connected with it are given in a bird's eye view. Mr. Newton has, first of all, compiled very carefully the Carian history in which Mausolus played his part. Then all that is known with regard to the building of his monument is placed before us. Its history through successive ages is minutely followed, until at length it is broken into fragments, its site is unknown, and Achmet, Omar, and Fatima build their houses upon its ruins. Finally, we have a full history of the manner in which the celebrated tomb was discovered, and its treasures acquired by the British government. From the *data* thus obtained, the architect, Mr. Pullan, proceeds to restore the building, placing it before us not merely in its general effect, but also in the utmost detail.

The history of the Carian Satrap Mausolus is interesting; but, after all, the great event of his career, is that he died. His statue has been found, in many fragments, it is true; but the fragments are so complete that only the arms and one foot are wanting. The head is complete enough to afford a good idea of the man, although the artist may have attempted to give to the portrait somewhat of the heroic character. His was evidently a strong, firm nature, very calm and very acute, with penetrative gaze, and sensuous, not sensual, lips. His wife was his sister Artemisia, and to her is usually given the entire credit of having raised the tomb to Mausolus, who died B.C. 353. It is not improbable, however, that the great Satrap may, in conformity with a custom which has not been uncommon among Eastern dynasties, have himself commenced to build the famous monument. Be this as it may, his wife and sister Artemisia, who succeeded to his scepter and ruled with a vigor worthy of himself, decreed to Mausolus the most magnificent funeral obsequies, and diversified her military occupations by attention to the stately pyramid which was to contain her husband's remains.

She died in two years, and did not live to see it finished. Her death is attributed to grief, but it may be doubted whether one who displayed so much political vigor and military prowess as she did could be a victim of melancholy; and the story of her overwhelming grief may be rather an inference from the splendor of her husband's tomb than a fact for which there is direct evidence. It is enough, however, for us, that the tomb was built; that its fame spread far and wide, and is likely to live in languages forever; that it was still standing in the tenth, and even in the twelfth century; and that, after having fallen into ruin, its marble blocks and sculptures being used in the fifteenth century by the Knights of St. John for the Castle of St. Peter, it has now again been brought to light, and at least ideally rebuilt, by the liberality of the British government, and by the zeal of British travelers.

The wish had often been expressed by archæologists and students of art in England that the reliefs and other relics, of the Mausoleum, which were known to exist at Budrum, might be rescued from certain destruction and brought to England; but it was not until 1846 that any thing was done to carry the wish into effect. Sir Stratford Canning (now Lord Stratford de Redcliffe) then obtained a firman authorizing the removal of the marbles from the castle walls. The good work thus begun was slowly prosecuted. Slabs were sent to England; interest was excited; travelers went to explore; and at last, in 1855, Mr. Newton went Budrum, and discovered in the walls of the castle, not only reliefs, but colossal lions—sculptures in the round, which could, on historical evidence, be proved to belong to the school of Scopas. With increased desire he returned, in 1856, to explore still further; and in 1857, aided by royal engineers and sappers, he dug into the earth, and laid bare the ruins of the Mausoleum on their ancient site. The story of his excavations hither and thither is very curious. By little and little the mighty structure could be traced. Here was a column-there a frieze, and there again a fine sta' tue. We have said that the effigy of Mausolus himself was discovered, though it was in more than sixty pieces. All the architectural members of the monument were painted, the colors being pure red and blue. If we understand rightly, where the marble remained white, it was toned down with varnish and wax; but the grounds of sculpture and ornament were all blue, (ultramarine,) while flesh were represented by a dun red, drapery and armor were touched up with various tints, and moldings were picked out with red. This is an instructive statement, both for architects and sculptors, and may supply some further materials for a discussion as to the uses of color. Nor is this the only point of interest to the artist. The character of the sculpture is marked, and indicates a school very different from that of Phidias, though in its own sphere very great. There is more of the real in it—less of the ideal; more of animation and action; more, perhaps, also of voluptuous beauty and of animal passion. As a whole, indeed, these remains are intrinsically worthy of study. The Wonder of the World was really a wonder. Its relics are a wonder still. From the heads of goddesses to the heads of horses, and from the proportions of a façade to the contour of a small molding, all that these architects and sculptors did is marvelous. More than two millenniums have passed away since they drew their lines and handled their chisels, and it seems as if in art the world stood still. We have not yet surpassed these wondrous carvings, that have for ages been rotting in the ground.

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

THE AMERICAN THEOLOGICAL REVIEW for April, 1862.

THE opening article, by Dr. Hickok, of Schenectady, is a profound examination of the leading principles of Modern Philosophy, showing its pantheistic tendency, and the remedy. It includes incidentally a defense of his system against the assaults of the *Princeton Review*. Dr. Goodwin, the acute and able Provost of the University of Pennsylvania, has a condensed and thorough examination of the subject of Religious Education in Colleges. The third article, by Prof. Lawrence, of East-Windsor, is a full and able analysis of Swedenborg's Theory of the Divine-Human, setting forth its pantheistic leanings in a convincing manner. Prof. Tyler, of Amherst, contribues a valuable Exposition of the Homeric Doctrine of Sin, its Expiation and its Penalty, a valuable contribution to classical studies. Prof. Smyth, of Bowdoin College, in the fifth article, subjects Dr. Hessey's Lectures on the Sabbath to a careful scrutiny; his article is a most excellent Sabbath document. The paper on the Origin of Idolatry, vindicates, in a novel way, the theory that it is to be ascribed to Satan, and that Satan was the object of divine honors. The seventh article is an analysis of the three recent works on the Temporal Power of the Pope, by the Italian Passaglia, the French Protestant Guizot, and the German historian Döllinger. The REVIEW also contains the usual full summary of Theological Intelligence, and notices of new books —among the latter, the three recent works on the Oxford controversy, *Aids to Faith*, *Replies to the Essays*, and *Tracts for Priests and People*.

EXPLORATIONS AND ADVENTURES IN EQUATORIAL AFRICA. With Accounts of the Manners and Customs of the People, and of the Chase of the Gorilla, Crocodile, Leopard, Elephant, Hippopotamus, and other Animals. By PAUL B. DU CHAILLU, Corresponding Member of the American Ethnological Society, of the Geographical and Statistical Society of New-York, and of the Boston Society of Natural History. With numerous Illustrations. Pages 531. New-York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers. 1862.

AMONG all the books of African travels and explorations which have been given to the public in the last several years, by different travelers, this volume is, in many respects, the most curious and interesting. Dr. Du Chaillu and his book have occasioned more discussion and criticism in England than is usual. By not a few he has been regarded as a hero of travel, and with great respect and consideration. By others his statements have been severely criticised and called in question. But he seems to have triumphed over his detractors, and maintained his well-earned reputation as an adventurous traveler in the wild and unpeopled regions of Equatorial Africa, as well as extensively among the various nations and tribes of the interior. The journals of this traveler during the four years of his wanderings, are full of exciting and romantic incident. It shows that mankind have much more yet to learn of human history in untraversed lands. The book also abounds in useful information in regard to the interior of the vast continent of Africa.

THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA. A Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge. Edited by GEORGE RIPLEY and CHARLES A. DANA. Vol. XIV. Embracing Words or Names from Reed to Spire. Pages 850, and 8 pages of Index. New-York: D. Appleton & Company, 443 and 445 Broadway. 1862.

WE have received from the publishers the fourteenth volume of this able and valuable work, just issued from the press of the Appletons. It will be seen that this great national work approaches completion. Those who have seen and examined the current volumes will appreciate the well-expended labors of the editors, and in some degree estimate the amount of talent, research, and untiring industry required to prepare, from so many sources, so large a volume as this. We have already commended the current issues of this work, and it can hardly be otherwise than that as soon as the present difficulties are over in our country, a greatly increased demand will be made for this valuable work.

THE WORKS OF FRANCIS BACON, Baron of Verulam, Viscount St. Albans, and Lord High Chancellor of England. Collected and Edited by JAMES SPEDDING, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, ROBERT LESLIE ELLIS, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, etc. Vol. III. Pages 502. Boston: Published by Brown & Taggard. 1862.

WE have received from the publishers another volume of this learned work by that eminent and renowned scholar, Francis Bacon. This volume appears almost entirely written in the Latin Language, and of very beautiful type and dress. This series of volumes, which have been in process of publication for many months, will gratify the eye and the taste of the scholar, and open the great treasures of literary wealth which are found laid up so invitingly in its beautiful pages. The author's name is imperishable. The work is for sale, E. French sole agent, at No. 51 Nassau street, New-York.

LOCH KATRINE IN GLASGOW. —The water supply of Glasgow, from Loch Katrine, is one of those gigantic undertakings which distinguish the engineering enterprise of our generation. It is a work, its engineer tells us, that surpasses the greatest of the nine famous aqueducts which fed the city of Rome. It is also, we think, a happier conception than the largest of our modern works—the New-York aqueduct. For, with a singular invention of the engineer, this magnificent supply of water is brought to Glasgow for the most part through tunnels cut in the solid rock. In truth, the Glasgow aqueduct may be described as almost one continuous tunnel. The difficulties which had to be surmounted were great. Successive ridges of obdurate rock, separated by deep wild glens and mountain torrents, had to be traversed. The hard schistose

groups, the old red sandstone, and the compact clay slate, which constitute the geological character of the Highland mountains, were bored, blasted, and perforated, to furnish a subterranean passage to the pellucid stream which was destined to cool the parched throat of the gigantic city. It is not often we meet with an example of natural obstacles so ingeniously turned into facilities. The cost was of course enormous, something, we believe, about £800,000 sterling. The very blasting materials—the powder and the tape fuses—cost, on the average, about £2000 per mile. The tunnels were connected by a double series of cast iron pipes, four feet in diameter. The inclination the whole length of 35 miles is about five feet per mile. The quantity of water delivered is from 300,000,000 to 400,000,000 gallons per day; that is, from 70 to 80 gallons to each individual of the whole population. The quality of the water is very pure, and so soft, that it is calculated by Mr. Bateman that a saving to the community will be effected in the consumption of such articles as tea and coffee, soap and soda, to the amount of £100,000 sterling in the year. These statistics are in all probability somewhat overcharged; but we must allow for some natural exaggeration on the part of the projectors of so great and successful a work.—*Builder.*

Extraordinary Surgical Operation.—A paper was recently read by Mr. Nunneley, of this town before the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society, on a remarkable case in which that gentleman had successfully removed the entire tongue, for cancer of the organ, and restored the patient to comfort and apparent health. The man, otherwise of robust constitution and in the prime of life, was wasting under the agony of the diseased tongue, and such difficulty of taking food as threatened soon to destroy life by starvation. The operation of extirpating the diseased member was most severe and painful, and, in fact, involved a series of processes extending over several days; but at the end, and when the tongue was finally removed, so rapid was the recovery that the man ate and enjoyed a good dinner the next day, and continues to this time in vigorous health. But what will perhaps still more surprise some people is that he can talk without even a stump or a bit of the root of a tongue. He can pronounce every letter of the alphabet, many of them perfectly, (all the vowels,) most of them distinctly. The three there is the most difficulty in are K, Q, and T, which are difficult and indistinct in the order they are named, K being much more so than T. In conversation he can be readily understood, if not hurried or excited. —*Leeds Intelligencer.*

A NIGHT THOUGHT.

How grandly solemn is this arch of night!
  How wonderfully beautiful and vast!
Crowded with worlds enswathed in living light—
  Coëval with the immeasurable past!
With what a placid and effulgent face
  The mild moon travels 'mid her golden isles,
And on the Earth, asleep in Night's embrace,
  Pours the soft lustre of her quiet smiles!
Can I, O God! who tremble here with awe,
  Doubt the Designer, sneer at the design,
  Nor own that all is of thy wisdom, thine,
Fashioned by thee, and governed by thy law?
I marvel at the being who can see
In these, thy mighty works, no evidence of thee!
—*Chambers's Journal.*

The Volcano of Djebel-Dubbeh.—A letter from Capt. Playfair describes a visit to this volcano during its recent eruption: "The top of the mountain appeared as if it had been white, but was blackened by the fire. We dug in the ashes about a foot and a half deep before reaching the earth. On the mountain we saw nineteen craters, eighteen of which smoke in the daytime, and at night give light like a lamp. One very large crater, about one hundred fathoms long and fifty broad, burns day and night, and throws out stones as large as —— [illegible in the original;] and all these stones are alike. When the stone is thrown up, it ascends in the heavens until it becomes no bigger than a crow, and then it returns to its place and breaks into atoms. When the fire and the stones issue from the crater, they are accompanied by a noise as if of guns. While the stone is in the sky, a rumbling noise is heard, and when it descends it explodes, and another stone ascends in its place. We also saw another wonder at the volcano. About fifteen fathoms from the fire, water rushes out from the ground like the waves of the sea. When the fire comes out, the water is ejected, and ascends to about the hight of a man; and then, after the explosion, it returns to the place whence it came. The place where the fire now comes out is called Arooma. The eruption began on the night of Wednesday, the 27th of Shuwal, 1277, (May 8th, 1861.) The name of the mountain is Dubbeh, distant from Edd about as far as a man can walk between early morning and three P.M. The names of the villages which were burnt near the mountain are Moobda and Ramlo. One hundred and six men and women were killed, and their bodies were not found. The number of animals killed is not known. The distance from the foot of the mountain to the summit is about two hours' walk."

The Princess Alice.—The treaty for the marriage of the Princess Alice with Prince Louis of Hesse has been published. It settles £30,000 on the Prince and Princess, for their joint lives, giving it, after the decease of both, in equal shares among their children, if any. In the event of there being no children, the capital is to go, after the death of both, as the Princess herself may appoint, and, in default of appointment, to her next of kin. Besides this sum, a life-income of £6000 a year is given to the Princess for life, to her sole and separate use. The Grand Duke of Hesse engages in return to give a jointure to the Princess in case she is left a widow, of from £2000 to £4000 a year, according to the circumstances of the case—the former, if Prince Louis were to die *before* he becomes immediate successor to the Dukedom; the latter, if he be the immediate successor at the time of his death.

Lady Holland.—During my residence in London, in 1840, I went, one evening, to pay a visit at Holland House. Lord Holland was dining out—I do not recollect where. I found Lady Holland alone in that long library where, above the books, portraits are placed of the celebrated politicians, philosophers, and writers who had been the friends and habitual visitants of the family. I asked Lady Holland if it often happened that she found herself thus alone. "No," she replied, "but very seldom; but when it occurs I am not without resources;" and, pointing to the portraits, she observed: "I entreat the friends you see there to descend from above; I know the place that each preferred, the arm-chair in which he was accustomed to sit. They come; I find

myself again with Fox, Romilly, Mackintosh, Sheridan, and Horner; they speak to me, and I am no longer by myself." And this haughty, imperious, and capricious woman, who, in the midst of the triumph she had won by her beauty and talents, retained the reputation of coldness and egotism, appeared, as she thus spoke, to be visibly and sincerely affected. From this incident I have preserved a favorable impression of her.—*Memoirs, by M. Guizot.*

A Wonderful Lock.—There is now in course of manufacture, at Wolverhampton, a new patent keyless lock, having 244,140,625 combinations. This lock is the invention of Count Kersolon, a Frenchman, but is now the property, in this country, of a Mr. Loysell. It has five rollers, and each roller is marked with twenty-five letters of the alphabet. If the letter at which it is set should not be discovered, the exhausting of all the variations necessary in that case to the opening of the lock would require an immense expenditure of time. It is intended to place one of these locks upon some iron safes that are being made for exhibition at the forthcoming World's Fair. In one of the safes is proposed to place the sum of £500, which is to fall to the lot of the person who may be fortunate enough to effect an opening of the safe.—*Leeds Intelligencer.*

Telegraphic Cipher.—At the Great Exhibition at Florence, last year, Prof. Giusti exhibited a few lines written in cipher, to which was added an announcement that he who should succeed, while the exhibition lasted, in reading these lines, should be entitled to a prize consisting of a work of art in ivory, of the value of 20,000 francs, to be executed by Prof. Giusti himself, the subject to be at the successful competitor's own choice. A sealed packet, deposited with the royal commission, contained the interpretation of those mysterious lines. The inventor had expressly announced that even the persons of his acquaintance, to whom he had revealed the nature of his system, should be admitted to compete for the prize. The exhibition closed without any candidate for the prize presenting himself; and at length, on the fifth instant, Prof. Giusti, in the presence of the Gonfaloniere of Siena, and a number of distinguished inhabitants of that town, explained the contents of his secret writing, and gave the key of the cipher, which consisted in taking out two letters which meant nothing, and arranging the remaining letters in squares like those of a chess-board, when they might be read off with ease. The advantages of his system are: 1. Simplicity, because the sender writes his dispatch in the common way, and then renders it unintelligible by the addition of one or more signs only known to the person who is to receive it; 2. The impossibility of deciphering the writing without the key, even when the system is known; 3. The facility with which the sender may send the same dispatch to different persons, and yet render each copy unintelligible to all but the one person to whom it is individually addressed, by merely changing the key—that is, the letters to be suppressed. A copy of the cipher has been sent to the King of Italy, who has expressed his admiration of the system.—*Letter from Italy.*

Prof. Tindall, in one of his recent lectures on light, at the Royal Institution, stated that it had been proved, by computation, that light traveled through space at the rate of 192,000 miles in a second, and that it came to us from the sun in seven minutes and a half, while it would take a cannon-ball fifteen years to perform the journey. An express-train, traveling night and day, would require three weeks to go round the earth; light would do it in the interval between two puffs of the engine.

The two hundred miles of submarine cable for the new Telegraph to India Company has been manufactured and shipped by Messrs. Glass, Elliot & Co., within the month stipulated. It is stated that Messrs. Glass, Elliot & Co. have tendered to the English government to lay a cable from Milford Haven to Halifax, by July, 1862, for £700,000, guaranteeing its efficiency for one year.

John Randolph, the American statesman, was one of the most sarcastic men that ever lived. One time a young man attempted to make his acquaintance. He obtained an introduction, and among other remarks said: "I passed by your house lately, Mr. Randolph." "Did you? Well, I hope you always will," was the reply.

Physic, for the most part, is but a substitute for exercise or temperance.

A word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain; while witty sayings are as easily lost as the pearls slipping from a broken string.

Men love women for their natures—not their accomplishments; for their warm feelings, strong sympathies, gentle hearts, and fond dispositions—not for their mental acquirements; and more men of genius marry, and are happy, with women of very common-place understandings, than ever venture to take brilliant wives, and enjoy a showy misery.

The Portrait of Cleopatra.—Perhaps the most interesting of all portraits on ancient coins is that of the famous Cleopatra. Those who look for beauty will be disappointed, but the history of the Queen of Egypt would lead us rather to suppose that she was a woman of great charm of manner and the most highly educated mind. On the silver coin which bears her head and Mark Antony's, she has certainly a face more remarkable for intellect and determination than for beauty.

There is a great difference between the happiness enjoyed with the approbation of conscience, and that which is felt without or against it.

The desire of power to excess caused angels to fall; the desire for knowledge to excess caused man to fall; but in charity, or love, is no excess, neither can man nor angels come into danger by it.

Husband and Wife.—Two persons who have chosen each other out of all the species with a design to be each other's mutual comfort and entertainment, have, in that action, bound themselves to be good-humored, affable, discreet, forgiving, patient, and joyful with respect to each other's frailties and perfections to the end of their lives.

A Man proves himself fit to go higher, who shows that he is faithful where he is. A man that will not do well in his present place because he longs to be higher, is fit neither to be where he is, nor yet above it.

A Concert of Monkeys.—We stopped our boat one day for our accustomed midday rest in the cool shade of one of these stately forests, where there was a beautifully-variegated group of hills, with tufts of timber and gaudy prairies sloping down to the river on the opposite shore. Our men had fallen asleep, as usual, in the boat, and I said to my friend Smyth, who, with myself, was seated on top of the bank: "How awfully silent and doleful it seems!—not the sound of a bird or a cricket can be heard! suppose we have some music." "Agreed," said Smyth; and raising the old Minié, he fired it off over the water. Sam followed with three cracks, as fast as they could be got off! The party in the boat were all, of course, upon their feet in an instant, and we sat smiling at them. Then the concert began—a hundred monkeys could be heard chattering and howling, treble, tenor, and base, with flats and sharps, with semitones and baritones and falsettos, whilst five hundred at least were scratching, leaping, and vaulting about amongst the branches, and gathering over our heads, in full view, to take a peep at us. We sat in an open place, that they might have a full view of us, and we rose up to show ourselves at full length, that their curiosity might be fully gratified. With my opera-glass, which I took from my pocket, I brought all these little inquisitive, bright-eyed faces near enough to shake hands, and had the most curious view of them. I never before knew the cleanliness, the grace, and beauty of these wonderful creatures until I saw them in that way, in their native element and unrestrained movements. Where on earth those creatures gathered from in so short a time, in such numbers, it was impossible to conceive; and they were still coming. Like pigeons, they sat in rows upon the limbs, and even were in some places piled on each other's backs, and all gazing at us. To give the inquisitive multitude a fair illustration, I fired another shot—and another! and such a scampering I never saw before! in half a minute every animal, and every trace and shadow of them were out of sight; nor did they come near us again.

Habit makes every thing Easy.—Make sobriety a habit, and intemperance will be hateful; make prudence a habit, and reckless profligacy will be as contrary to the child, grown or adult, as the most atrocious crimes to any. Give a child a habit of sacredly regarding truth; of carefully respecting the property of others; of scrupulously abstaining from all acts of improvidence which involve him in distress, and he will just as likely think of rushing into an element into which he can not breathe, as of lying, or cheating, or stealing.—*Brougham.*

Those are the most valuable that are the most serviceable; and those are the greatest, not that have the most talents, but that use those they possess the most usefully.

How to Live.—As flowers never put on their best clothes for Sunday, but wear their spotless raiment and exhale their odor every day, so let your life, free from stain, ever give forth the fragrance of love.

A Railway Imagination.—A smart chap with a railway imagination, wants to know how long it will be before they open the equinoctial line.

Philosophical happiness is, to want little and enjoy much; vulgar happiness is, to want much and enjoy little.

The Postage of Letters.—The postage of letters, now so important a branch of the revenue, was first established in the short reign of Richard the Third. The plan was originally formed in the reign of his brother Edward, when stages were placed at the distance of twenty miles from each other, in order to procure the King the earliest intelligence of the events that passed in the course of the war which had arisen with the Scots; but Richard commanded in the expedition, and it is more to his sagacity and talents that the merit of the invention ought to be given. In the reign of the latter the practice was extended over the greater part of the kingdom.

"What shall I help you to?" inquired a lady of a modest youth at the dinner-table. "A wife," was the meek reply. The young lady blushed, perhaps indignantly; and it is said that the kind offices of a neighboring clergyman were requisite to reconcile the parties.

Heated Apartments.—Generally speaking, during winter, apartments are too much heated. Clerks in offices, and other persons of sedentary occupations, when the rooms in which they sit are too much heated, are liable to cerebral congestion and to pulmonary complaints. In bedrooms, and particularly those of children, the temperature ought to be maintained rather low; it is even prudent only rarely to make fires in them, especially during the night. In addition to keeping up only a moderate temperature, the windows of all rooms, whatever the weather, ought to be opened for a time every day, so as to renew the air.

Unmarried Ladies.—The single state is no diminution of the beauties and utilities of the female character; on the contrary, our present life would lose many of the comforts, and much, likewise, of what is absolutely essential to the well-being of every part of society, and even of the private home, without the unmarried female. The single woman is as important an element of social and private happiness as the married woman. The utilities of each are different; but it is vulgar nonsense, unworthy of manly feeling, and discreditable to every just one, to depreciate the unmarried condition.

It isn't enough that men and women should be of the true metal; they should also be *well-tempered.*

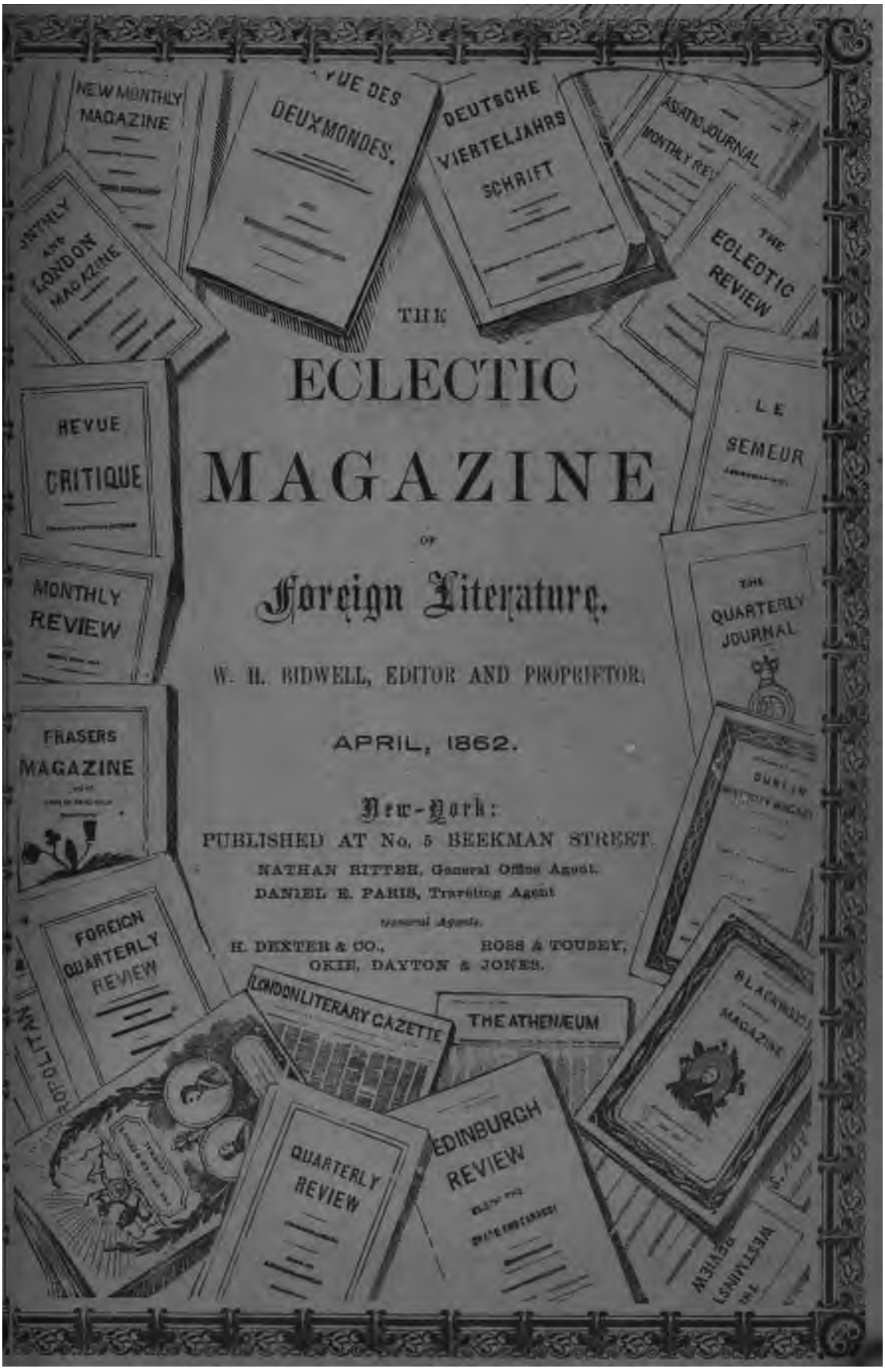
One of the consequences of good breeding is a disinclination, positively a distaste, to pry into the private affairs of others.

As when a blind man is nigh unto a rose its sweetness heraldeth its beauty; so when thou savorest humility, be sure thou art nigh unto merit.

A French marquis meeting Voltaire, said to him, "Is it true, sir, that in a house where I am thought to be witty, you said that I had no wit at all?" "My lord," answered Voltaire, "there is not a word of truth in all the matter. I never was in a house where you were thought to be witty; and I never had occasion to tell any body that you had no wit at all."

Strange but True.—In building a house you raise it, and in pulling it down you raze it also.

The most mischievous liars are those who keep sliding on the verge of truth.



THE

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W. H. BIDWELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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EDITOR'S NOTE.

We can not doubt that our courteous readers will receive the Queen of Prussi or rather her royal portrait, which embellishes our present number, with all the respe due to her queenly dignity and high position on the throne of Prussia.

In the letter-press the subjects are varied. Philosophy of the Ancients wi unlock the treasures of knowledge in those by-gone ages and show their modes thought and reasoning. Spain feels the impulse of a moral and political resurrectio emerging from a long night of superstition. Hon. Mrs. Norton's La Garaye will b read with a touching and poetic interest. History of Civilization in England is bot instructive and suggestive. The reader will pay a tribute of respect to the memor of Admiral Napier, the hero of many a naval battle. The Contest in America is a able article, far surpassing in correctness of views any thing we have read from th side of the water. The article from the pen of Guizot will throw more light on Ital Sights in Iceland will interest the observing and reflecting mind. Lapidaries of th Ural is a curious article about precious stones. The Tubular Railway and its obje is a new mode of conveyance. Other articles of varied interest will please man of our readers.

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We bespeak the kind interest of our friends to increase our list of subscribers, which ha been rapidly increasing with the advent of 1862.

P. S.—We hope an early response to the printed memorandum, to be

American Theological Review.

No. XIII.

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American Theological Review,

For 1862.

EDITED BY

REV. HENRY B. SMITH, D.D.

PROFESSOR IN THE UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, NEW-YORK.

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7. A review of Prof. PARK's Life of Emmons, including a criticism on EMMONS's Theology, is the leading article, from the strong pen of Prof. H. B. SMITH, D.D.
8. The second article concludes the masterly review of Ante-Nicene Trinitarianism, by Prof. ROSWELL D. HITCHCOCK, D.D., valuable and worthy to be read and studied by ministers and students.
9. A searching reply, by Prof. TAYLER LEWIS, LL.D., to the attack of the Princeton Review on Dr. HICKOK.
10. A review of the Memorial Volume of the American Board, by Dr. WORCESTER.

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